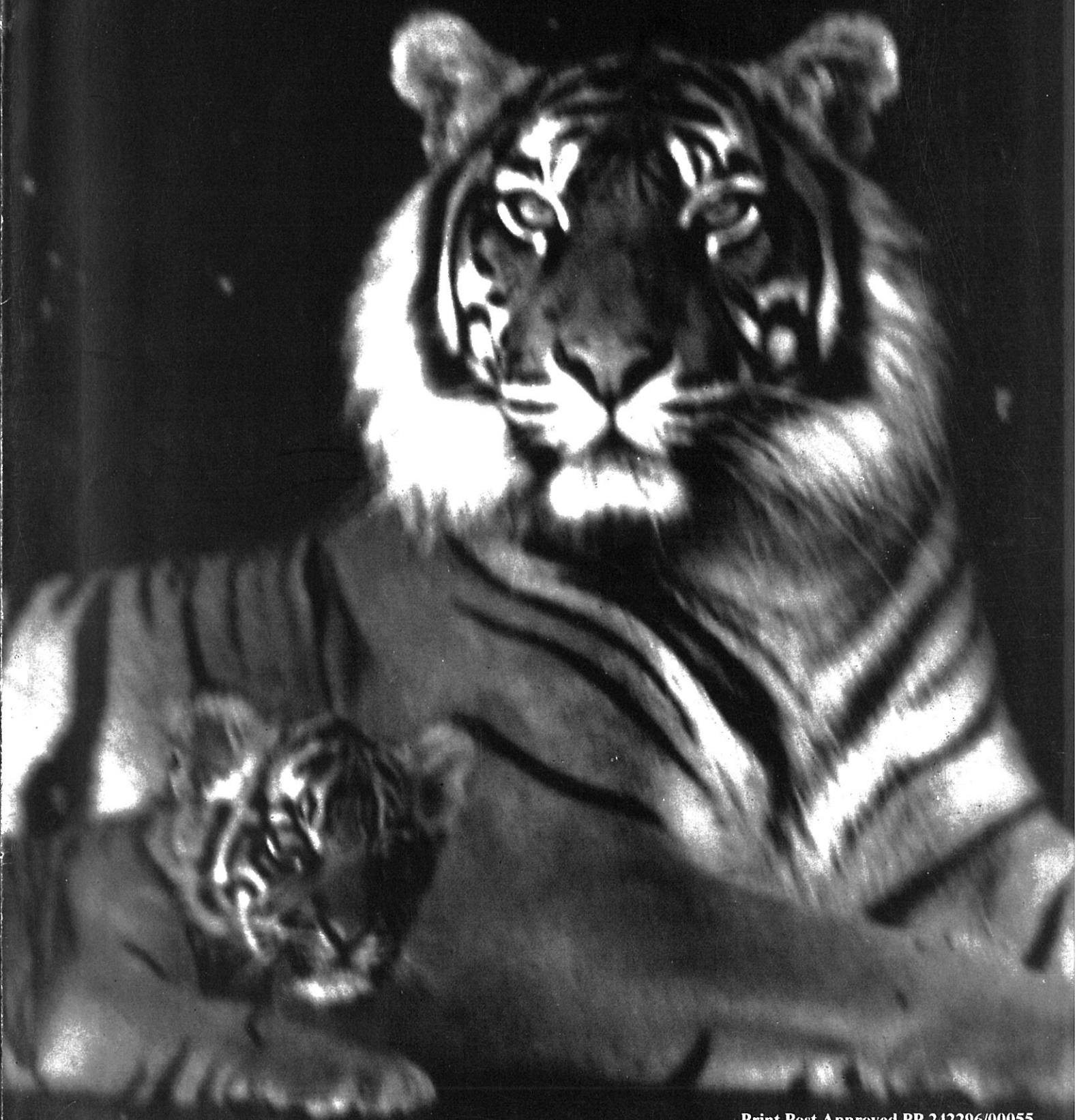


April 1996

The Journal of the Cat Protection Society of NSW

Cat Affairs



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THE CAT PROTECTION SOCIETY OF NSW

Registered Office and postal address: 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, NSW 2042

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Opportunity Shop: 87 Enmore Road, Enmore NSW 2042, 516-2072

Parkland Boarding Kennels: 469 Sunnyholt Road, Blacktown NSW 2148, 626-9333

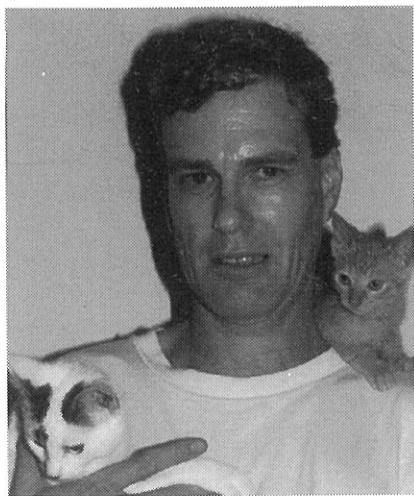


THE PRESIDENT'S PAGE

This year is off to a hectic start. We are being run off our feet with requests to pick up cats and kittens which are being dumped all over the metropolitan area. It is almost as bad as the pre Christmas rush when many owners wanted to get the hapless creatures off their hands in order to go on holidays. The situation is getting out-of-hand in spite of education programs that have been going on for a couple of decades now. To those people and organisations who think that education is the main answer to the problem, we contend that you can only educate those who want to do the right thing. For the others who prefer 'to do their own thing,' to the detriment of the rest of society, only laws and penalties will have any effect.

Congratulations to our Welfare Director, Nance Iredale, who has been appointed to the State Government's Working Party whose members will be drawing up recommendations to the Minister for Local Government, the Hon. Ernie Page, on the proposed Companion Animals Act. Submissions will be called for from interested parties and the public. It is anticipated that this process will go on until approximately April, 1997. The Government will then decide which options to accept.

I would like to introduce our new Chief Executive Officer, Mr Bob Fitzpatrick.



After a high school teaching career spanning a number of years, Bob decided the time had come to turn his talents to another field of endeavour. Fortunately for our Society, he spotted our advertisement for an animal welfare-minded person with compassion for under-privileged cats, to lead our team of welfare officers.

For a first-timer in animal welfare, Bob has adapted to his new role extremely well. He shares the daily traumas encountered in the office and in the field with our 'girls' - Sandy, Melinda, Tania (on maternity leave) and Janelle. Being a father of 3 daughters and a son (as well as 2 cats and a dog), he is 'at home'

with our otherwise all female staff. Even on our worst days when it seems everyone in Sydney wants to surrender cats or kittens Bob's quiet wit gives us some relief. We often find one of the surrendered cats or kittens curled up on his knees while he answers the phone or writes up the books.

One of Bob's most important endowments is his colourful 'turn of phrase' which he has put to very good use in the article he has written on page 3 about the Companion Animal Legislation. We recommend to all our members that they read this article to enable them to understand our policies and to support us by sending letters to the Minister concerned, the Hon. Ernie Page, Minister for Local Government, 151 Macquarie St, Sydney, 2000.

SHIRLEY PIKLER

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VOLUNTEERS ALWAYS NEEDED FOR OPPORTUNITY SHOP

COVER: Sumatran Tiger & cub, new babies at Taronga Zoo. page 10

CENTREFOLD: Selatan and 2 cubs, Taronga Zoo's Sumatran Tigers, page 10

Tiger Photographer: David Grey of Reuters

BACKCOVER: Reflections of Mali: Photographer: Frances Kaukerei

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A vertical column of five hand-drawn sketches of cat faces, each with a unique expression and black-and-white fur pattern, located on the left side of the page.

RENEWALS

Membership in the CPS runs from 1 July 1996 to 30 June 1997. Last year the renewal notifications were not published until August, which meant we 'hounded' you for several issues to bring you back to the fold. This year the CPS has printed a special insert which can be filled in and sent in with your cheque. Or, if you prefer to wait a bit closer to 30 June to renew - you can put the red form on your fridge as a daily reminder.

There are lots of articles of interest coming up - the subject matter for cats is endless. Always keep in mind that Cat Affairs makes a perfect gift. It is not expensive and it keeps coming throughout the year to reinforce your thoughtfulness to the recipient. New memberships provide more funds for the Society to help cats.

It would be a wonderful help to the CPS if **YOU** got someone else to join for the coming year. Anytime you are around cat people - mention Cat Affairs - you would be surprised at the number of people who don't know about Cat Affairs.

YOU can help us increase the membership!!!

We need YOUR help

Sketches by Mignon Parker

THE PROPOSED NSW COMPANION ANIMALS LEGISLATION

This legislation, or rather some of the claims about what it might contain, is creating anxiety among animal lovers. The rhetoric used by its opponents is typically coloured by images of malignant bureaucrats, stormtrooping inspectors and summary executions of disappeared pets.

The whole fantasy seems to be spun out of one detail: the word 'curfew', with its evocation of darker days. What hope is there of reasoned debate about a serious issue when we are distracted by such a fear campaign? Our cats deserve better than this! **Anyway, the real nastiness is already here because there is no law. Cat-Hate can flourish largely unchecked because cats, being legally invisible, are perceived by many to be fair game.**

The dumpers, tormentors, neglectors, mutilators, baiters and drowners (you name them) presently feel that they can act with impunity. Some even boast to us that they are performing a community service, or helping, by curious logic, to protect the environment. The indifferent and the ignorant are almost as bad.

Anti-cat sentiment is also surfacing in more respectable outlets such as strata title regulations and medical journals. (Will there ever be a

research paper which blames cats for skin cancer because the ancient Egyptians worshipped the sun god and cats?)

These people are entitled to their views but would not presume to translate them into cat-bashing behaviours unless they felt the climate was conducive. Evidently they do and it is up to us to retaliate. **Only a law protecting cats will give us power to do so.**

This is the key issue: the proposed law is *not* an attack on cat lovers. On the contrary, if you are a responsible cat owner and a considerate neighbour, you have nothing to fear from the new law. The government is not about to criminalise good citizens. Indeed, as responsible cat owners we ought to be clamouring for the law's introduction. This is a long-awaited opportunity which will be lost if we don't take advantage of it. Any minister prepared to grasp this nettle deserves our backing in the sending of form letters and phone calls. (Refer end of article for sample letter)

What will be in the law is still speculative but it seems likely that the essentials will accord with the Victorian Domestic Animals Act, if only because Victoria's problems were the same as ours. Their (continued page 11)



THE . S C R A T C H I N G P O S T .

ROBIN THOMSEN, Sawtell

I am delighted that you think 'Crispin' is good enough for publication as I wrote it for my own amusement, but several friends have wanted copies and that inspired me to send it in. I've enclosed a photo that shows the tail well, though for such a plume, 'tail' hardly seems appropriate. I sometimes refer to it as 'la plume de ma tante' but that suffers badly in translation. When I took the photo he had just been brushed and combed to remove the sticky grass seeds that are called 'farmer's friend' up here. While grooming him I sometimes sing a little song, 'Did your mother come from Persia?', which goes to the same tune as 'Did your mother come from Ireland'. So here he is, looking quite as saintly as his namesake. (Story on page16).

Unfortunately there isn't a branch of the CPS here on the Central Coast but the RSPCA is very active and has an excellent shelter in Coffs Harbour. I assist where I can in fund raising and in the Support Shop. I read with interest the little stories about your shop in Enmore. We have exactly the same problems here. Keep up the good work for cats everywhere, they need you.

THOMAS FENWICK

I like getting your magazine and I like the big cat photo and reading the stories. This is a picture of me and my cat Ginger Megs. We sometimes call her Ginger Minnie because she is a girl. I love her very much and she is the best thing in my life.



JOAN HAUB, West Wyalong

I have sent you some verses I wrote. I actually did get into showing quite by chance exactly as in the verse (CatTails, page 6). I also show a pedigree and will have another starting soon.

I was at the Desexed Show [in November] but was disappointed that the schedule did not identify other CPS members. Living so far away I have no contact with other members and would have loved to have met any one else showing. [ed note: almost no exhibitor noted CPS affiliation.]

About 5 years ago I got a lovely cat from your society, named Casper, whose owner had died. At 8.5 years he is still going strong. He would not mix with my cats so my mother took him and he adores being the only cat in the house. Recently my mum found him unconscious from a brown snake bite and for 2 days it was touch and go but he came through. After 5 days at the vet a very weak Casper came home. Several weeks later he is his old self again and ruling the roost. One very lucky cat.

KAY [surname undecipherable - sorry!]

I was sorry to hear of the death of Olive Graham. I knew Olive for a number of years having worked with her as a volunteer at the Western Suburbs Hospital. She was a very caring person and very concerned for the welfare of cats. My husband and I had two lovely cats, 1 jet black male we got at 6 weeks. Prince was with us for 8 years but died from jaundice. Our next cat, Penny, was a stray whom we had for 15 years and sadly had to be put down due to kidney disease. We miss them so much. We are now living in a unit and do not have a cat but our next door neighbours have a lovely tabby cat who visits us frequently and we have become quite fond of her.

PRAYER FOR PETS

We give thanks for domestic animals. Those creatures who can trust us enough to come close. Those creatures who can trust enough to be true to themselves. They approach us from the wild. They approach us from the inner world. They bring beauty and joy, comfort and peace. To this miracle and for the lessons of this miracle we give thanks.

Amen

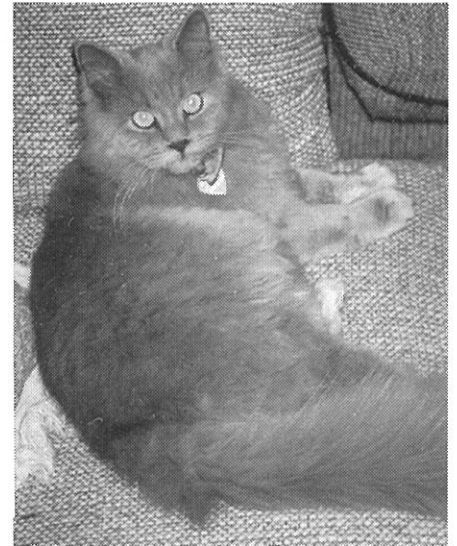
BLANCHE GRIFFITH, Old Mt Druitt

I am a new member. I think your Society is great. I get really annoyed at people who are cruel to cats and other animals. I own a lilac Persian called 'Zac.' Thanks for protecting all the cats. I think that's a great idea. I will always be a member because it's just great.

SAD KITTEN

Blanche Griffith

I'm only here
'cause no one wants me near
As I tell you with a tear.
I'm only a little kitten
Who is freezing cold
I wish I was warm as a mitten.
My coat is like silk
Still no one wants me
I really want some warm milk.



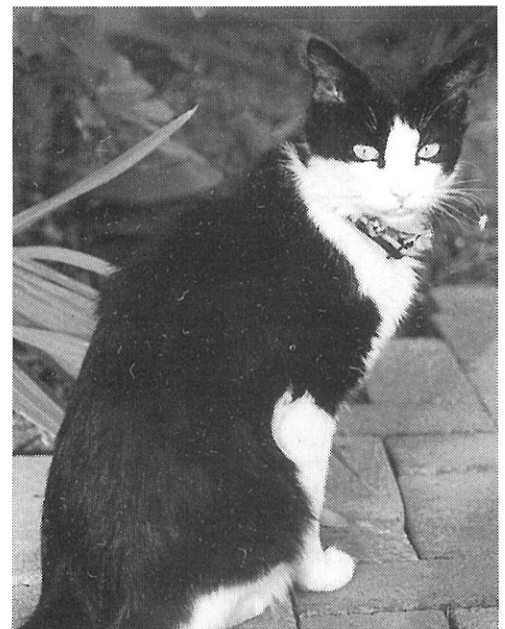
'Zac' owned by Blanche Griffith

The cat has been described as the most perfect animal, the acme of muscular perfection and the supreme example in the animal kingdom of co-ordination of mind and muscle.

Roseanne Ambrose-Brown

*Kittens are wide-eyes, soft and sweet,
With needles in their jaws and feet."*

Pam Brown



PATCH, Michelle & Kelly Hudson

PARKLAND CATTERY

Cat Carers for the CPS

Parkland Cattery is located on Sunnyholt Road, the Blacktown side of Parklea, nestled under a towering stand of trees. Annette Tomlinson has recently taken over management of the cattery after working with the previous managers for 7 years. Annette contracts a set amount of space to the CPS to hold cats and kittens and cares for them until they are adopted.

The CPS section comprises two roomy colony pens and a number of spacious runs. Kittens have the smaller pen and adult cats and older kittens are kept in the larger pen. Any cats that are not happy about sharing quarters are kept in an individual run until the rest are 'put to bed' and then they get a daily chance to play in the colony area.



The cat runs are also roomy so there is a large area for the cats to move around. The main colony pen is built around a thick tree trunk which affords the residents plenty of opportunity to strop their claws and stretch their muscles. The area is roofed for weather protection but there are plenty of benches along the fencing for sun-soakers. The smell is pure country air - there is absolutely nothing to hint of cats until you round the bushes and face the colony enclosure and see the friendly faces watching you.

The selection of cats and kittens changes from week to week. Some may stay for months before finding an adoptive parent but the turnover is normally rapid. During kitten season kittens are all the go and the older cats tend to languish a bit. Annette let off a bit of steam about this inequity. She feels, and rightly so, that an adult cat is as good, if not a better proposition, than a kitten.

Many people have the wrong idea that only a kitten will bond well. Pure myth! You must allow an adult cat longer to adjust to a new home, possibly weeks instead of the days required for most kittens. But given time, love and understanding, an adult cat can love just as intensely as a youngster - and you miss the destructive kittenhood.

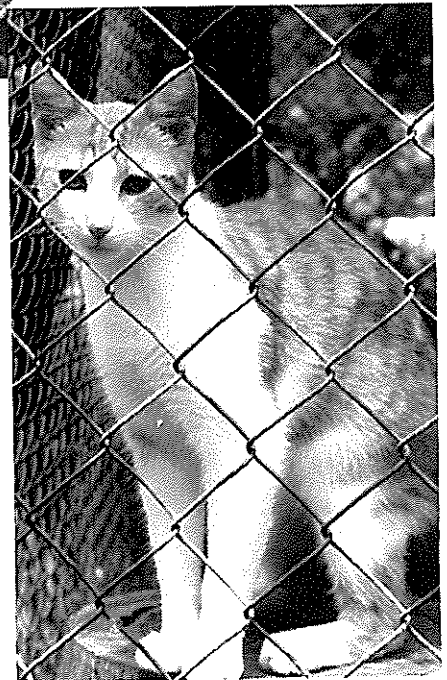
When you buy a pedigree kitten you know what the adult will look like, when you adopt a random bred kitten there is far more

guesswork about the way the kitten will grow. Adopt an adult and you know what you are getting. Granted, there is not the cuteness of chasing shadows or playing roly-poly, but the personality and appearance is defined. It is impossible to tell if a cute and cuddly kitten will be an affectionate cat. With the adults that is a known factor. Annette studies her residents and is more than happy to tell any interested buyer the attributes of various cats. If you want a demanding cat or a sit-by-itself cat Annette can put you on the path of mutual domestic bliss. She cares about the creatures under her guardianship and is keen to help each and every one get a good home.

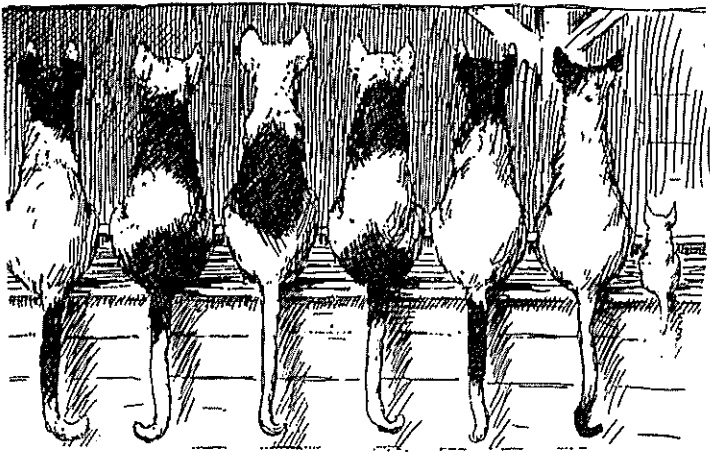
The cats are in good condition and we practically needed sunglasses to dim the shine from the coat of the black and white girl. They all sport shaved sides attesting to recent desexing and all have been microchipped and vaccinated. Each cat costs about \$100 (which does not even cover the cost of desexing, microchipping, and board during their stay at Parkland). It is a paltry amount to pay for a friend who will never pass judgement and will be with you through thick and thin.

The cats and kittens that go to Parkland have already been chosen for people aptitude and tend to be friendly and outgoing. But some personalities are bolder, some quieter and there is a cat to suit everyone. It is like all shopping, some times you find exactly what you want on the first visit, other times you have to try several times before the right one is there. And you can also find exactly what you weren't looking for - but it's right all the same!! But talking to the cats and kittens and handling them is fun and relaxing and it is time well spent.

Anyone interested in getting a new addition is advised to take a run out to Parkland and have a talk to Annette and see her charges. Occasionally she has pedigree cats and often there are random bred cats that show pedigree ancestry to a market degree. Not only will you get a good companion but adopting a CPS Parkland feline gives a cat a chance for a good home and helps in the fight against over population. When you are thinking 'new cat', think Parkland and encourage anyone who is interested in cats to drive out to Parkland and pick their companion from the cats there. **Parkland Cattery, 469 Sunnyholt Rd, Parklea, Ph 626-9333, Annette Tomlinson. Boarding Runs available for dogs and cats.**



CATTALES



DEATH OF A TAILS-MAN??

Lee Wright

Big macho mousers. WOW!! I was at the window and saw the lunge into the vines, heard the squeak of captured prey and then watched in amazement as Yeti backed out, mouth full of mouse, seeking the link between what was between his teeth and what to do with it. There was definitely no connection between genetics and urban reality! His expression was hilariously quizzical. He dropped it and the mouse bolted with a posse of Devons close behind. Yeti was the fastest and emerged with a mousey muzzle and increasing wonderment. I got the camera and 'shot' the mouse clinging to the landing with three confused cats trying to find out how to 'open the tin'. Last seen the creature bolted under the house with the three mouseketeers hot on its heels. The previous mouse that underwent 'Trial by Devon' was still fairly frisky at the end of 4 hours when I put an end to the farce by placing a large rock on it. Next morning a paper thin carcass went into the trash. So much for my gang of Urban Terrorists.

CHAMPURRS SUPREME WIN

Joan Haub

I have a little cream cat,
And Champurrs is her name,
I really didn't think that
She would come to fame.

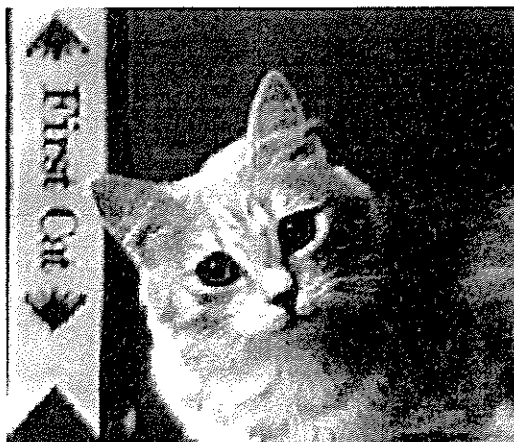
To a domestic show she went,
I didn't think she could win,
But she was hell bent
A show life to begin.

It started in a small way,
A ribbon for appealing face,
Soon a win for 'Best Spay',
And it seems she'd set the pace!

And so it was her dream,
After winning several more
To gain the coveted *Supreme*
And really take the floor.

Then one October day,
She gave the judge a wink
And she really made a play
and won it in a blink!

With Rosette - and trophy for
good measure
She meows about her dream.
And how she won with pleasure
The coveted award *Supreme*.



Champurrs

TRIM THE CAT

As many of you know, the State Library of NSW is requesting donations to facilitate getting a bronze statue of Trim the cat to sit beside the existing statue of his master, Matthew Flinders, on the facade of the Mitchell wing. At a fund raising they 'published' the following letters from, we presume, Trim's diary or letter box.

Mr T Cat

April 1802

The Crows's Nest or the Captain's Cabin

HMS Investigator

Port Jackson, New South Wales

My Dear Master Trim,

I wonder if you would be so kind as to keep your eyes, ears and nose, not to mention your whiskers, alert for any untoward circumstance which may befall my dearly beloved husband. As you know, we had such a short time together and I do depend upon you, as a worthy representative of your race, to report to me quickly on such matters as his health and well being.

Now, my dear Trim, a little word of advice. I think it would be best if you did not try to sleep on Matthew's best naval jacket, nor scratch his hat, nor place paw marks all over his journal. As you know, these items must be saved for posterity - someday someone will erect a stature to my husband and we don't want a cat getting in the way. I long for the day when you both may return safe and sound) but in the meantime I remain most affectionately yours,
Ann Flinders.

HMS Investigator

April 1802

My Dear Mrs Flinders,

A man must have a very high opinion of himself to expect a cat to accompany him on a circumnavigation in such a leaky ship. And the crew are hardly the sort with whom I would ordinarily associate except dear sweet Mr Ferdinand Bauer, the Austrian artist. I have always fallen for the foreign type.

Captain Matthew treats me rather well - but then I don't treat him too badly either. I think you probably did well in marrying him, certainly he will make his name out of this voyage but not if he persists in referring to 'Australia' rather than the more dignified 'Terra Australis'. As you know, Sir Joseph Banks prefers the latter. And if your husband isn't aware of the old adage, 'he who pays the piper calls the tune', he had better learn it for his own sake and for your future married bliss.

As to my diet, a matter of great importance, I am pleased to say that Midshipman John Franklin keeps me very well endowed with rum and milk - you should try it - about which Captain Matthew is not always aware. Please be assured, my dear Mrs Flinders, I shall look after your husband to the best of my abilities.

I remain, your mostly obedient, mostly humble cat,
Trim

*I love my cats because I enjoy my home; and little by little,
they become its visible soul.*

Jean Cocteau

SHOWS

Joan Haub

A friend, early in the morning
She would pack the cats and gear
And just as day was dawning
Go to shows both far and near.
I preferred to stay in bed
No early rise for me
Then the friend she said
This kitten you should see.
She said he probably
A prize or two would win,
I thought him pretty good
And I was taken in.
Now guess who in the morning
Packs the cats and gear
And just as day is dawning
Goes to shows both far and near.

TWICE AS NICE AMBER & CRYSTAL

Melinda Seysan

Amber went limp as she was picked up and handed to me by a man whose hands seemed huge compared to her tiny form. A 3 month old kitten, she seemed listless and devoid of personality, and as I held her I could hear her wheezing and see her eyes running. "This is the self-chocolate Persian we have been keeping for you," the man said.

I didn't know what to say. Lonely after I'd moved out of my pet filled family home, I had rung a breeder to enquire about the availability of Persian or Himalayan kittens. The breeder had assured me that a little self-chocolate that was ready to be homed would be just perfect for me. Now my heart sank. "She doesn't look very well," I said, "Does she have the flu?" "Of course not," he replied, "It's just that we bathed her this morning and she probably caught a little chill while drying. Take her home and she'll be fine in a couple of days."

Unconvinced, I asked to see the other kittens. They were show standard and more expensive, but I had assured my mother that I wouldn't make a pet of a sickly cat. She knew only too well of my soft spot for runts. The show kittens were pretty and healthy but still my heart went out to the little sick kitten. If I didn't take her what would become of her? I paid the \$200, the last of my savings, and took her home. Amber's 'chill' quickly became full blown flu which was cured with vet care. Her running eyes soon shone healthily - a beautiful amber colour, which made it easy to name her.

Amber hid for 3 days, but then learned I was there to love her and we became the best of friends. Though health problems continued to plague her, my initial reaction to her being devoid of personality was very wrong. She blossomed with love, and is a happy, cheeky cat - a valuable addition to my life.

The only thing that bothered me was having to leave her alone while I went to work. She really bonded to me, and although we played in the morning and cuddled in the evening, the hours I was at work must have seemed empty to her. Still, Amber was very special and prone to nerves and I thought another cat as a playmate would only disrupt her life. Again I was wrong.

After a decrease in my work hours I began volunteering at the local animal shelter. It was a constant temptation to bring home kittens and cats, but being on a low budget I resisted. I couldn't really afford another cat as Amber needed regular vet care and I still felt she wouldn't react well to a new addition to the family.

It was a lovely spring day when I made a routine visit to the shelter. I was sitting among the cats when a pretty blue point Himalayan jumped on my lap. This surprised the black cat who was curled up there and also surprised me, as purebreds were unusual in the shelter. The Himalayan didn't mind sharing with the black cat, she just wanted to rub me. She purred and purred and stared at me with crystal clear blue eyes. I knew I'd call her Crystal if she were mine but this would never be. She had fleas crawling over her and matted knots as large as my fist. Spring is busy at the shelter and I volunteered to take her home, get her in shape and bring her back.

Crystal was defleaded, clipped, fed and cuddled - and never went back. Deep down I knew I would keep her - she was hard to resist and I fell in love. She was not micro chipped and had no ID so we were unable to find her owner. I knew if any cat was going to be a good companion for Amber it would be Crystal - she had a very loving and gentle nature. Amber and Crystal quickly became a compatible twosome and I leave for work happy these days. I find evidence of their games in tufts of fur from one end of the house to the other. Now I brush two cats, feed two cats, pay two vet bills - and receive twice as much love. I have no doubt that Amber and Crystal would agree with me, that now life is really twice as nice.



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*"You can keep a dog; but it is the cat who keeps people,
because cats find humans useful domestic animals."*
George Mikes

JEREMY - Nursery Cat

When David Klarnett bought Shrubs and Tubs Nursery in Petersham he got, along with the green stock, two bits of fur stock, kittens from the next door domestic queen. They came through the fence and made the nursery home and there was never any question but that they belonged. They were readily adopted but Sooty wandered off one night, never to be seen again. Jeremy, a silver tabby, was happy with the parameters of his bit of turf and has never had the wandering urge. In fact, if anyone carries him towards the street he wriggles away and bolts back into the security of the fenced yard. He is free to come and go and he roams the entire nursery, but you will never find him beyond the fence line.

Jeremy is an ideal cat for his important public relations position. Whether he is reclining on a bale of lucerne hay, chasing skinks amongst the stock, or (his favourite spot) lying fully in the way at the cash register, he has

become an important drawcard at the nursery. His placid temperament is amenable to anything. Kids lug him around in awkward carry positions and Jeremy happily accepts it. The EFTPOS keypad is placed on his side and he sleeps on. All and sundry stroke him and talk to him and he laps it up and purrs his enjoyment. As a PR agent for cats - Jeremy is unsurpassed.

David originally locked Jeremy in at night but the cat always managed to get out of the storeroom. Once he made it known that he had no intentions of leaving the property his freedom was never restricted. The nursery is open 7 days a week and each morning Jeremy, calling greetings, is waiting out front to meet David as he unlocks the gates and comes in. Jeremy comes when called and stalks any visiting dog - happy to chase the largest one. Anyone wishing to meet Jeremy can see him any day of the week at Shrubs and Tubs, 130 New Canterbury Road, Petersham. He always welcomes new admirers and it is great fun to pat a cat while you're paying for your purchases at the till.



ROSY & TEDDY

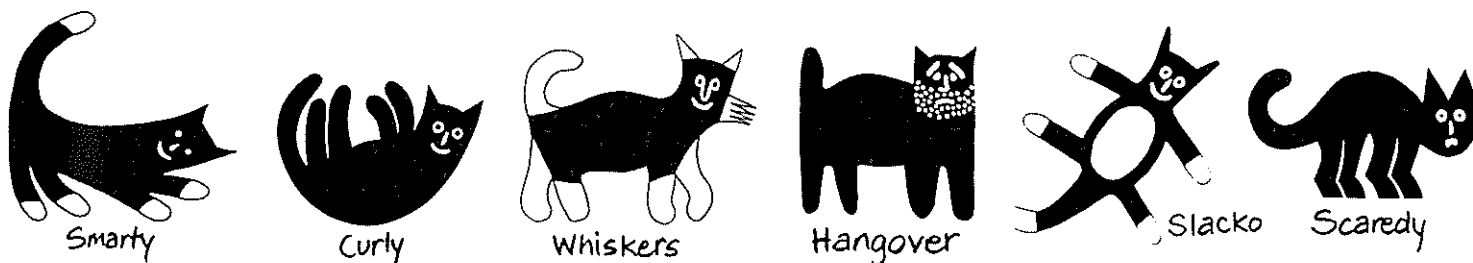
Rosy and Teddy are 'just' moggies. Well, not really just, not by any means. But that must have been in the mind of the person who dumped two kittens in a plastic bag in a Glebe street. But Rosy and Teddy were meant for better things - a working life to be exact. They were rescued by Lucy and Oscar Godoroja, taken into heart and home and became more than just family pets. For these two cats are shop assistants. They do shift work in All Buttons Great and Small, Newtown. They settled into an amicable working relationship where the two cats are seldom in the shop together. One takes up the first roster and charms the customers, often resorting to low tactics (loud purrs and cuddles) to convince a customer that All Buttons is indeed the shop to patronise. When the first cat has been sated by attention the shift automatically changes. Most customers think the shop only has one cat but the more frequent shoppers

- Cute as buttons

are aware of something odd since the two cats don't look alike. The cats do provide an important point of identification as it is not uncommon for someone to phone and ask 'is this the shop with the cat'.

While it might not always be easy to pick the right button for the right outfit with a feline body lying across the fabric - clients regard this frequent occurrence as a mark of approval by the on-duty cat. So two cats almost doomed by an uncaring person, have found their niche in life and repay their owners daily by their devotion and assistance in entertaining customers in this boutique button shop. Even if you don't sew it's worthwhile stopping by just to pat a cat. If you do sew - the selection is wonderful and there is usually on-street parking available, which in itself is a treat! All Buttons Great and Small, 419A King Street, Newtown.

FLAT CATS.



Australians are so accustomed to the fact that so many top brands and specialist items are from overseas that I, for one, was stunned when I discovered that FLAT CATS is Australian. An Aussie Icon that is taking the world by storm has to feature in Cat Affairs so we can all rejoice in the deserved popularity and increasing influence of one of the 'wonders of Oz'. From the pen of FLAT CAT's 'Top Dog'.....

Kathee Lawrence

Over 35 years ago an Australian sat down and invented what is today one of the world's most popular cat characters - Felix the Cat. Now another Australian has created a licensing property that is ready to storm the world with unique charm and character.

Meet FLAT CATS.

Six appealing black and white characters that have been flat out causing a whole new cat sensation in Australia and South East Asia.

From a litter of six basic cat characters - Slacko, Smarty, Curly, Scaredy, Whiskers and Hangover - the family has grown to over 50

products all designed for cat lovers. These include Davenport boxer shorts, ties and t-shirts, mugs, cat collars, Shelta umbrellas, Fossil watches and a range of unique gift cards licensed through Folio Publishing. All perfect for cat lovers who live in a flat (That's why they are called 'Flat Cats!') these moggies don't need feeding or cleaning and keep you company all day.

Designed by Grahame Smith, Senior Art Director and erstwhile Cleo Bachelor of the Year, and marketed by ex-advertising writer Kathee Lawrence, the Flat Cats litter was launched in Australia in 1992 and to the world at the International Licensing Fair in New York in 1994. Recently the fabulous felines have signed major licensing deals with Design Rights in the United Kingdom, Bliss House in the USA and Dentsu in the Japan. With millions of cat lovers worldwide, the duo and their litter expect to be purring as the rest of the world catches on to their success.

"It started from some funny looking flat tin cats and now we are looking at boxer shorts, diaries, placemats and even bike crash helmets here and overseas.... you could say we're becoming very contented Flat Cats!" Kathee added.



WORKING CATS - "ROSIE" of All Buttons Great and Small,

'Intoxicated with the button selection'.

TRIPLE TIGER TRIUMPH AT TARONGA

"How many did you say?" Taronga Zoo's Senior Veterinarian, Dr Larry Vogelneust, was more than a little excited at the news consulting ultrasonographer, Dr Karen Hoffman, had given him. "Three healthy looking cubs," was her answer. Selatan, Taronga's female Sumatran Tiger (*Panthera tigris sumatrae*) was lying relaxed in the treatment room at the Zoo's veterinary clinic undergoing a health check and ultra sound to confirm the keeper's suspicions that she was pregnant.

"Let's just say there was good enough reason to believe that Selatan was pregnant," Dr Vogelneust said with more than a hint of humour in his voice. Sydney Morning Herald photographer, Nick Moir, caught Selatan and Shiva mating. The paper promptly placed it on the front page with the heading: 'Shiva's One Week of Passion'. Female Sumatran Tigers stay on heat for about a week during which time the pair will mate day and night every twenty minutes or so. In the wild the male usually has a territory which overlaps with several territories belonging to females. The gestation period of a Sumatran Tiger is approximately 105 days. Cubs are usually raised by their mother and will remain with her for up to two years when they leave to establish their own territory.

In November 1994, Selatan gave birth to her first litter, a male and a female. Unfortunately the male cub was stillborn and for unknown reasons Selatan's milk supply stopped. Keepers stepped in and began hand raising the female cub. The cub was named Kemiri after a mountain wildlife reserve in Sumatra.

"I nicknamed her 'Moo' because she made this funny noise when she was looking for attention," says Caroline Shennwell, a keeper at Taronga Zoo who became one of Kemiri's surrogate mothers, along with keepers Lesley Small and Nicole Colquhoun. The data we were able to collect while hand raising Kemiri has been invaluable in developing our husbandry practices for Sumatran Tigers. Despite the benefits of hand raising though, we hope that any animal born at the Zoo is raised naturally by its own mother." Caroline is a dedicated worker yet she gets the same look in her eye you see with pet owners when she thinks about her 'Moo'. "Mothering Kemiri was a great experience and something I will always remember."

'More Tiger Tails at Taronga Zoo' read the press release which landed on news desks on 27 October, 1995. The day before Selatan gave birth to three cubs. The phones ran hot with every editor, journalist, and camera crew asking to get the first pictures of Taronga's newest arrivals. While media frenzied for photos, second time mum, Selatan, calmly went about the business of naturally mothering her cubs. Keepers and veterinary staff were so elated that Selatan was caring for the cubs herself that they left them alone for almost two weeks before attempting to examine them.

"It was a difficult wait because we had no idea what gender the cubs were or any other vital statistics. After our experience with Kemiri it was hard not to be involved. Since then we have been able to conduct regular checkups and the difference between these mother raised cubs and Kemiri is amazing. They are growing faster and putting on weight more quickly," said Carolyn. The first check up revealed that the Zoo had three healthy male cubs.

On 11 December, 1995, the media had a photo session during the cub's eight week health check. As the cameras clicked and whirled, the cubs were weighed and inoculated. The interest from the media was only a precursor to the public's reaction to the cubs. "When can we see the tiger cubs?" was probably the most often asked question as the switchboard twinkled like a Christmas tree. Three days after Christmas the cubs made their public debut.

With each passing day the cubs grow bigger and stronger and become more active in their play. Thousands of visitors to Taronga during the summer school holidays packed into the *Cats of Asia* exhibit to watch them wrestle each other, stalk their mum and gaze bemused at the staring faces on the other side of the reinforced glass. How long these playful imps will remain at Taronga Zoo is uncertain. They will eventually assist in the breeding program for Sumatran Tigers which includes zoos around the world. "They will stay at Taronga between 12 - 24 months," says David Pepper-Edwards, Manager Asian Mammals at Taronga Zoo. David is also the Sumatran Tiger Regional Species Co-ordinator (Australasia) and it is his job to find suitable mates and homes for his 3 new charges.

Kemiri has moved to Adelaide Zoo where she will be computer matched with a mate but she still has at least another two years before she is sexually mature. The hope is that she too will become a proud mum and the race to save her species will pick up momentum. "We are fighting against time and poor attitudes to save the Sumatran Tiger from extinction," lamented David. "Poaching for body parts to be used in herbal medicines and destruction of habitats for farming and building materials are the main reasons why these majestic cats are dying at alarming rates. Each year we lose about 1,000 tigers which gives us to the year 2000 before all wild tigers will be extinct."

"It is estimated that between 5000 and 7000 tigers remain in the wild. Of the 8 sub species of tiger, only the Bengal Tiger is left in any significant numbers and 3 species are already considered extinct. Between 300-600 Sumatran Tigers remain in the wild and there are about 200 in zoos. Taronga Zoo has had 12 successful Sumatran Tiger births since first concentrating its breeding program on the species in 1979.

Apart from its commitment to ensuring the survival of the species through captive management, the Zoological Parks Board of NSW is also involved in a major rhinoceros/tiger reserve in southern Sumatra and is supporting conservation work there through habitat preservation. David concluded "Successful breeding of endangered species is an increasingly important activity of zoos as wild populations diminish."

Whiskas has increased its sponsorship of the Sumatran Tiger breeding program, ensuring its success into the future. Taronga Zoo encourages people to sponsor an animal. Any amount donated goes towards food and veterinary costs as well as helping with the long term management of breeding programs for endangered animals. For information please contact: **Taronga Zoo, Animal Sponsorship, PO Box 20, Mosman NSW, 2088**
ph. 02 9969-2888.

FELINE PHARMACOPOEIA

Lynette Shanley
International Society for Endangered Cats

In tropical Asia, where the tiger is considered the supreme symbol of power and cunning, a vast feline pharmacopoeia has been developed. The tail is ground and mixed with soap as an ointment for skin diseases; the bones from the tip of the tail are supposed to ward off evil. Crushed tiger bone added to wine is an old Taiwanese general tonic.

The demand for tiger bones is so great that the Chinese government has now started a tiger farm in the province of Heilongjiang. However, this cannot supply enough bones so the trade in tiger parts is still going on. The poaching of tigers in India and Nepal is on the increase. Poachers are adding poison to the carcasses of tiger kills to kill the tiger.

In Bangkok the bones of a tiger now fetch ten times the price of a skin. Traffic Japan has reported that South Korea imported 1700 kilos of tiger bones between 1985 and 1990. Demand for medicines based on tiger products is also strong in Taiwan.

Sitting on a tiger skin rug is supposed to cure fevers caused by ghosts - don't use it too often or you might turn into a tiger!

Gallstones added to honey are applied to abscesses on the hands and feet: when applied to the eyes it is reputed to prevent persistent watering.

In Bangkok the bones of a tiger now fetch ten times the price of a skin.

Some other beliefs: that tiger's hair can be burned to drive away centipedes; that tiger's brain, mixed with oil and rubbed on the body will cure laziness and acne; that eyeballs rolled into pills will cure convulsions.

Eat the heart of a tiger, it is said, to acquire strength, courage and cunning. Eating the meat of a tiger is supposed to make a person immune to snake bites.

Tiger whiskers are valued as a charm to protect against bullets and to give courage. Tiger claws are carried or worn as jewellery to give courage and afford protection from sudden fright. The floating ribs are carried as a good luck talisman, and the small bones from the feet, tied to a child's wrists, are supposed to prevent convulsions.

Tiger penises are often considered effective aphrodisiacs by ageing Chinese gentlemen. The demand is so strong, a thriving counterfeit tiger penis trade has sprung up. The fakes are made in Hong Kong from ox and deer tendons and sell for about \$20 each.

Some symbolic representations include: Painting tigers on Buddhist temples to scare away malignant spirits: tigers painted on scrolls and hung in houses to keep disease devils out; tigers painted on children's mumps (i.e. the swollen cheeks); and the shoes of small children embroidered with tigers' heads to ward off fevers.

Proposed NSW Legislation (continued from page 3)
legislative responses to these problems were arrived at by a consensus among participating animal-interest groups. We hope the same will happen here. Such a coalition of mainstream representatives has already been formed and we are thrilled that Mrs Nance Iredale, our Welfare Director, has been selected by the Minister to advise on cat issues.

The Cat Protection Society of NSW will press for the following:

1. Registration - saves lives when lost/stray/stolen cats are surrendered
2. Compulsory Desexing - saves unwanted kittens from being born
3. Curfews - saves cats from all that can befall them at night
4. Limiting the number of cats per household - saves cats from irate neighbours

Of necessity, there will be a substantial phasing-in period. We all know that some of us have cats who will just not be confined at night and that some of us have 5 or 6 or more (sometimes a lot more) cats. No one can take your cats from you against your will, provided you obey the two golden rules:

1. Think of your cats
2. Think of your neighbours

Responsible cat owners with lots of cats will be allowed to keep them, but not to replace them above the limit set by their local government. All of the local governments we have spoken to agree on this.

Yes folks, it's local government to which we can all be elected, which will determine such things as numbers and curfews. Don't let the doomsdayers reduce you to a mute black jelly of quivering rage. In the interests of cats, what are YOU going to do about it?

You can write to the Minister along the following lines:

*The Hon Ernie Page
Minister for Local Government
Level 2, 151 Macquarie Street
SYDNEY NSW 2000*

Dear Minister,

I fully support the Government's initiative in introducing legislation for companion animals.

As a responsible cat owner, I realise that such legislation is long overdue and that it is clearly in the best interests of cats, even though it may create controversy initially.

I am confident that the new law will eventually be seen as a landmark in animal welfare history in this state.

Your faithfully,

(Your signature)

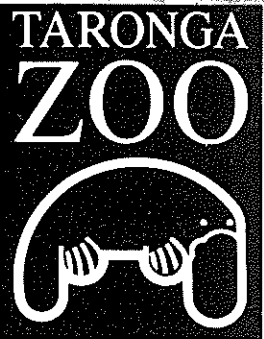
For your convenience, use the letter enclosed in this issue or phone the Minister's office on (02) 251-8498 or fax (02) 251-1442.

It is up to all of us to help in this issue. The cost to you? A 45c stamp and 2 minutes of your time. The hoped for result? A better life with a legal status for our beloved cats.

Bob Fitzpatrick
Chief Executive Officer, the Cat Protection Society of NSW

Sumatran Tigers
Selatan & Cubs

Photo: David Grey, Reuters



IN REMEMBRANCE



JACK WHITEMORE

In memory of Jack Whittemore who passed away 1 November 1995, a man of gentleness and compassion, loved by all who knew him. He and his wife, Flo, gave sanctuary over the years to homeless cats who strayed into their yard. May his spirit fly free.

LADY SKYE

I had a cat named Skye
I wish she didn't die
But one night
She got a fright
And she ran under the car
But she didn't go far
The wheel hit her back
She went all slack
She's no longer alive
She didn't survive
Oh how I cried
When my lovely Skye died
Kerrie Bullock (10 years old), Wagga Wagga

MRS INGEBROG URVIK

who passed away on 7 October 1995. She loved her cats.
Patricia & Walker Johnson

SAM McVAY

In loving memory of Sam, our handsome, loving and wonderful little man. Our love for you continues and deepens as each day goes by. Love always.
Anne, Mum and Dad McVay

TWINKLES, THAI, TWINKIE, THAI-TU

In loving memory.
Carolyn Craddock, Marrickville

POSSUM

My beloved Aphrodite, affectionately known as Possum, my faithful companion for 8 years. She brought a light to my life which is now considerably more empty and at times much more painful than it has ever been. I'm moving from a unit to a house next year and then perhaps another little 'possum' will choose to 'own' me.
Ron Lloyd, Potts Point

TO ALL MY BEAUTIFUL CATS

A donation to help you carry on your wonderful work.
GS Easton, Cremorne

SCUNGE

In memory of our 18 year old tortoiseshell Scunge, more often known as Beautiful. We lost her August 1994 and miss her dearly.
Mrs Noel Ireland, Pymble

DIDDLEE DEE

Throughout her 14 years she had to see where I was and touch me. Such faithful, ceaseless love and companionship is seldom found in humans. Diddlee Dee died suddenly from a kidney complication. Beloved little sweetheart and mate - how I do miss you!
Dorothy Haines, Erina

GINGER TOM

Our friend for over 17 years.
Bettina Cummins, Berowra

GINGER TOM

To see him sleeping on the mat,
You would never, ever think
he was the most fantastic cat
the world had ever known.
Dogs of every size and shape
would turn tail, run like the wind,
it was not safe to stand and gape
when Ginger Tom was on the prowl.
Many times he has come home to me
with torn ears and bleeding nose,
such a frightful sight to see
you would never believe.
So I am glad that he is old
and sleeps so quietly on his mat,
dreaming of his youth so bold,
my warrior cat, my Ginger Tom.

SUZIE

In loving memory of my cat, Suzie, who was my friend and support. A friendly and happy cat, she will always be remembered.
Anne Louise, Richard, Phoebe, Vince and Shoona McGrowdie, Redfern

TUTU

Our dearest little darling Tutu who had to be put to sleep from lung cancer, 11 Sept 95.
Sheila Abnett, Mulwala

YETI

(Pixicato Owen Derful) Most beloved of all, Beloved by all. 5-11-91 to 28-1-1996. Your heart could not handle the love you had to give. Rest in Peace my dearest friend.
Lee Wright

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PET FUNERAL-MEMORIAL SERVICES

Reverend Mary-Elizabeth Jacobs

Reverend Mary Jacobs is an ordained Unity minister. Although Unity is not widely known in Australia, Unity Centres of Positive Living have been established in all capital cities for over 20 years.

Nothing helps us to understand the feelings of those who have lost a beloved pet like having the experience ourselves. Six days before Christmas that is what happened in my family so I write with empathy to others who have had a similar sad experience. A pet who has been a constant companion for a number of years is a valued part of any family. A Pet Funeral or Memorial Service affords the opportunity to say 'Goodbye and Thank You' to this dear friend in an appropriate manner and can be a source of comfort to those who will surely miss him or her. We go through a period of grief and a funeral or memorial service for that pet gives the same closure as does a funeral or memorial service for a human family member.

In the USA, where I did my ministerial training, the practice of holding funeral or memorial services for animals is widely recognised and practised. Many denominations include training in conducting these services as part of their Ministerial Education curriculum.

Services can be held wherever the pet owner wishes - frequently in a garden or close to where the burial is to take place. Something I like to include in these services is the reading of a particular poem which makes a beautiful conclusion to the event. As a cat lover and owner I do feel an affinity with other cat lovers. To me, cats in particular, hold a unique position in the animal realm.

Whether we choose to worship them or think of them in the category of fascinating friends and companions, the sense of loss we feel when we lose our cat is very real and, as with any grieving, it is comforting if the farewell can be affectionate and dignified, a fitting memorial to an animal who has provided us with such pleasure and companionship during its lifetime.

There is a Biblical reference from Ecclesiastes 3:19 that reads: "The fate of humans and the fate of animals is the same; as one dies, so dies the other. They all have the same breath, and man has no advantage over the beasts." It is in our own best interests to take care of or give care to all living creatures. We are thankful for the opportunity to have pets. Many of us have fond memories of pets we had as children or in our adult lives. So we know how much they add to our lives, and we can learn valuable lessons from our pets. They teach us so much about faith and unconditional love - but even more important: they give us the opportunity to express love. We know how easy it is to love our animals, even at times when loving our humans may not be so easy, and we can be thankful for the companionship we have shared with them.

Currently I am conducting a ministry in the North Sydney area but I am available to do Services throughout the metropolitan area. At this time, the fee is \$80 plus a travelling allowance which depends on the distance involved. The fee is the same whether the Service is an actual burial or a memorial for a pet whose burial has already taken place. For each service I conduct for a Society member I will donate \$20 to the CPS. **Bookings may be made by contacting (02) 9954-5692, AH (02) 9955-5178, Fax (02) 9929-4545.**

*Goodbye,
Dear Friend*



COMING TO TERMS
WITH THE DEATH OF A PET
VIRGINIA IRONSIDE

GOODBYE, DEAR FRIEND

Coming to Terms with the Death of a Pet

By Virginia Ironside, HB, Peribo, \$24.95

This book could be as important as a supporting friend to help you cope with the loss of any pet. It has many letters from grieving pet owners who tell what their animal meant to them and how the loss affected them. Highlighting the personal stories is Virginia Ironside's lucid commentary on the various aspects of pet loss, coming to terms with sudden, accidental or euthanasia deaths. She imparts why animals mean so much to so many of us and why their deaths can be harder to bear than a human death. It is a book that can help you grieve and, more importantly, come to terms with grief and loss. Virginia Ironside's writing is compassionate, concise and brings great comfort and solace at a time when we can feel so desolate. Reading it causes some tears but the book shows you that you are not odd, maladjusted or silly. You finish with a greater understanding of your whole grieving process. It is an excellent book for anyone with a pet - and also is an ideal love/friendship/caring gift for a person in your life who is going through the crisis of pet death.

ANIMAL PORTRAITS

Have your four-legged pal immortalised
in *Pastel* by experienced artist

Artwork prepared from your favourite
photographs

Ann Guy

Tel: (02) 371-5408

MESSAGE FROM A LITTLE GHOST

I've explained to St Peter I'd rather stay here, Outside the Pearly Gate
I won't be a nuisance, I won't even purr, I'll be very patient and wait.
I'll lie here 'n play with celestial string, No matter how long it will be
I miss you so much, If I went in alone, It wouldn't be heaven to me.

By Muriel Whitehead Jarvis, reprinted Goodbye Dear Friend

CRISPIN - My 17th Cat

Robin Thomsen

The adoption of a new companion animal is not a matter to be undertaken lightly. The moment you make your choice from the enchanting little creatures on display is the pivot where you commit yourself to perhaps 20 years of being provider, playmate and slave to the little tyrant that you will call friend for the rest of its life. I considered hard and long over the last kitten to be taken into my family. The reaction of the newcomer would be no problem, it was the effect on the 3 resident cats and the reception that would be accorded the latest that concerned me. Big, despotic Halley's Comet, the dominant male 'boss cat', would accept a subservient youngster of either sex. Chloe, Halley's gentle litter-twin, would be happier with a male; but feisty, aggressive little Willow was the problem. Last in, she was jealous of her position. Another female would suffer terribly at her paws. So it was decided; male - and big enough to stand up to Willow.

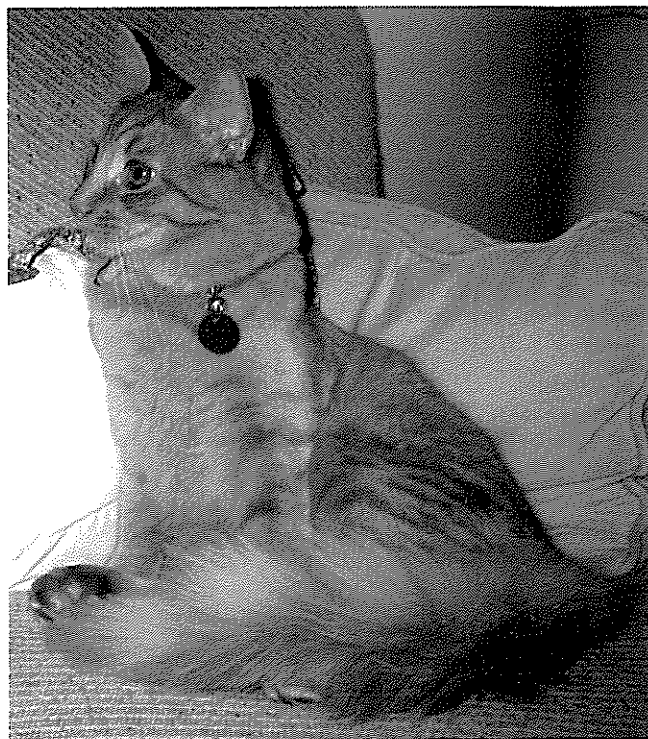
At the animal shelter there were 3 kittens the right age. The little tortie girl I rejected, the others were ginger males. One batted at my fingers and flirted with me. The other sulked at the back of the cage. I rattled my keys on the wire and he threw me a surly look from the corner of his eye, giving the impression of being thoroughly fed up with the shelter, the cage and life in general. I learned that the dog catcher had brought him in a month ago as a stray but he was obviously used to being handled. He was probably the last of a litter, the one that wasn't placed and so abandoned. He was 4 months old, big and strong looking and the one for me. His name came to me immediately; Crispin, the patron saint of cobblers.

He cried all the way home and rattled the bars of the carrier desperately. This was worse than the shelter, this was. At home I had my first good look at him. Eyes, tiger gold, nose too long and a pointed little chin. A face of character rather than beauty. I introduced him to a litter tray, food and drink and left him to explore.

Crispin had two secrets that he kept from me when I saw him at the shelter. The first was a high pitched but musical voice which he used often and to great effect, so that I called him 'My Baby Boy Soprano'. The second was a truly magnificent tail. For the first few days in his new home, he kept that appendage firmly clamped to his belly, but one day I called him and he came running, tail erect, a veritable fountain of long fur falling from it. I was amazed and delighted. Had he shown that tail in the shelter I swear he would not have lasted a day before adoption.

Over the next few weeks he settled in beautifully. The reaction of the resident cats was as predicted. Willow spat, put her head down, charged and bowled him over. But, Oh Boy!! This was great!! He knew this game! He charged back. They became not friends, but playmates. Willow set the rules, she chose the game, and she had to win. So long as she was faster and bigger than Crispin they played well together, running, wrestling, stalking and ambush. But the inevitable happened - he grew to be big and fast and strong and Willow didn't like their games anymore. So he invented another game that I called 'Kitten Express'.

Now Kitten Express requires a certain amount of skill from both players and is not for the faint hearted. It is played by me dragging an old doona around the house while Crispin attempts to get on board, holding on with claws and teeth. It gets quite exciting when we get to the slick surface of the kitchen where the doona can be swung with



speed. The rider goes flying only to catch up and scramble back on board. Crispin will play until I am exhausted. When we get to the lounge room I spread the doona out, wrap him up in it and wrestle him. Did I say this game could be dangerous?

Despite his name, Crispin is not always a saint, he can be a sinner, unredeemed and unrepentant. He earns such expressions as, "Oh! You Rogue, You Rascal, You Fiend, You Sinner, Crispin." But he knows this is not serious cursing and that 'Baaaad Cat' is kept for his worst crimes. Among these is the merciless hounding of my sweet natured, gentle, Chloe. He finds her relaxed in a deck chair on the verandah. His golden tiger-eyes narrow and he regards her with a sinister leer. He wipes the glands beside his mouth on the legs of the chair and Chloe, now in a total panic, runs. Chloe is 10 years old and does not appreciate being jumped on and rolled over with his teeth fastened in her neck!

Crispin has been with me for 18 months. He is still nervous of strangers and sudden noises. He has nightmares; growls, snarls and twitches and wakes up disoriented. Something awful happened to him before he came to me and I can only give him as much reassurance and stability as I can. It is very satisfying to know that, although his wariness hasn't diminished a lot, his confidence in me is complete and he has repaid my efforts on his behalf by giving me this confidence. I take great pleasure in watching him asleep when he looks like an ungainly kitten in a tangle of legs, or on his back, mouth slightly open, tip of his tongue protruding and a paw thrown up over his eyes. It is his total vulnerability at these moments that moves me. My greatest satisfaction is knowing that this little fellow probably owes his life to me and I don't for a moment regret my choice of the kitten at the back of the cage.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that pretty, fluffy kittens are adorable, but don't go past that older kitten. And you never know, he could have a beautiful plume of a tail tucked away beneath him - and he might even know the rules of 'Kitten Express'.

Thank you, Animal Carers, for saving Crispin for me.

LURLEEN the GIRLEEN

The life story of a young domestic cat

Helmut Fetzner

When I was born we lived with an old lady but we were too many for her to feed. A visitor knew a prospective owner and a few days later she turned up with a strange contraption, grabbed me and pushed me into what she called a 'cat carrier' and took me away. I felt like I was being put into prison.

At her place she placed me into a larger prison called a cattery pen where I stayed overnight with no food, only water. The next day she took me to a strange man who prodded me here and there and put an odd thing to my chest that was connected to his ears with some tubes. He nodded, cut some hairs from my leg and stuck a needle in. I suddenly went to sleep so I don't know what happened but when I woke up I felt lousy and had a sore tummy.

I was taken back to the cattery pen and soon felt better and on top of the world again. I don't know if it had anything to do with this affair, but I do not behave like other cats I've seen, that act sometimes quite silly - howling around like banshees, rolling on the ground and contorting themselves quite madly. And my new human, to whose home I moved about this time, explained to me that I would not have any kittens. When I asked what these were he said, "Oh never mind, you will be quite happy without them." And whatever they are, he is right, I do not miss what I do not know!

So I had moved to my new human's place and found out that he already had three cats. At least they looked like normal cats apart from their colour (he calls two of them Siamese and the other one Burmese), not like the lady's place. She had the funniest animals you could imagine. Even tho they smelled like cats and acted like cats, one had a flat face as if someone had hit it with a board (a Persian), and one had a perm in his coat and a long scrawny neck (Devon Rex). Of course, there were more rather normal felines as well.

But, as I said, my human already had three cats and they were anything but friendly towards me. After the first few days, which I spent in a closed room to get used to the place and for the other three to get used to my smell, we got to meet. But they did not accept me and kept chasing me unmercifully. I only had some peace when I was with my human because he stopped them. In desperation, I started chewing some house plants. Finally the situation got the better of his basically good and loving nature. He grabbed me by the scruff of the neck, took me outside and placed me in his special cat prison (called a cattery). Every morning he gave me nice biscuits and tinned food in the evening. After I got used to this place he opened a door and let me out to run. He called me in the evening and I was hungry enough to come in for food and he shut the door. This is now my regular life. Every morning he gives me a great cuddle and I give him a bigger one.

By the way, he named me after the old lady where I used to live so my name is Lurleen, admittedly somewhat unusual for a cat, but it is MY name and I listen to it.

After I had lived there for a few months he took me into the house one Saturday. I almost died from fright when I remembered the

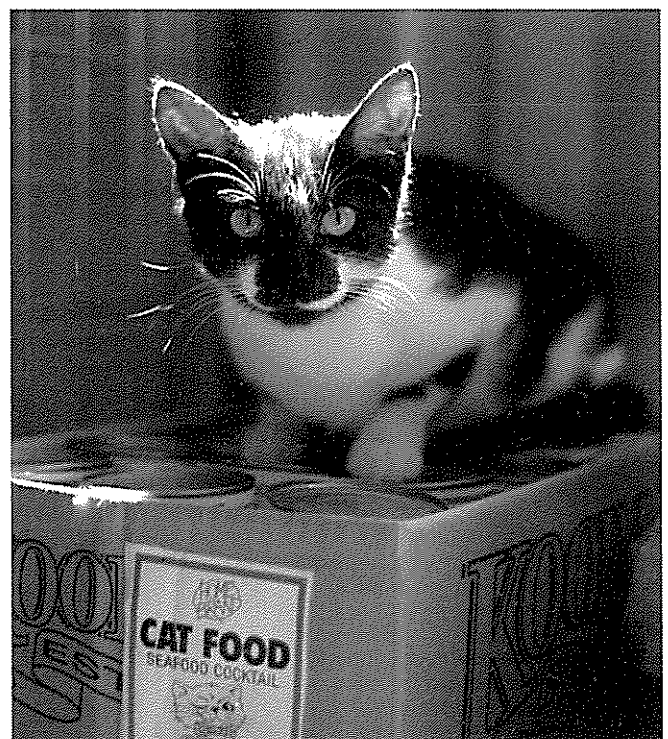
other cats but he assured me they were locked out. He clipped the tips of my claws and stuck me into a basin of warm water. I howled frightfully but he ignored my protests, shampooed, towel dried and then blow dried me before returning me to my cattery pen.

Next morning I got my usual cuddle and then I was put into the portable jail and thence into the car along with Suzie, another of his cats. We picked up the lady that brought me to him, and two of her cats, and then we drove to Canberra for a cat show. They were both wondering if someone named Keating would be there.

Finally we arrived and joined a long queue heading towards a table. Once there I was taken out and a lady looked me all over, into my ears, mouth, even my rear end. She fluffed up my fur, scribbled something on a piece of paper and I was returned to the carrier. Then my human carried me into the hall where I could see rows and rows of small cat prisons on tables. He put white material inside the walls of one particular one and sat me inside. I tried to open the door but could not. Then he went away.

Later, oh so much later, two ladies came up to my cage, opened the door and took me out. One talked to me, patted me and looked me all over. I purred at her and rubbed myself against her hand. But this interruption to my boredom didn't last long and they put me back and went on their way.

Later a girl came up and put some paper and some material on my cage and something that looked like a star but was called a rosette. Then a lot of people came into the hall and my human appeared. He looked at the paper and the material rosette and was quite excited. He took me out and hugged and cuddled me, told me how proud he was of me. Somehow I understood that I had been judged 'Supreme Domestic Cat in Show'. Then lots of people came by and looked at me and said how pretty I was, etc. The whole thing bored me so I curled up and went to sleep. But it just goes to show that a common moggy can become 'Supreme Domestic Cat in Show' if she gets a lucky break.





HEARTWORM IN CATS

Kim Kendall BVSc, MRCVS

This has just become an issue in the veterinary field. Cats have been getting heartworm for a long time, but until recently it was consigned to the 'too hard basket'. Most pet owners are now aware of the problem of heartworm in dogs, and responsible owners medicate their dogs regularly to prevent the devastating illness that a large heartworm burden causes for the dog, because it is now a very common problem (80% of dogs not on effective medication have heartworm in Sydney).

How big is the problem of heartworm in cats? Well, if you are a cat with heartworm it is [a] going to be very difficult to find out about the heartworm (no good reliable tests in cats yet, even x-rays of the chest are not definitive), [b] you are going to have lung problems for a long time even if the heartworm is cleared, [c] treating you for your heartworm has a 1 in 5 chance of killing you, [d] NOT treating you for your heartworm leaves you with a 1 in 5 chance of dying from it anyway. And literally right there in front of owner and vet, as the reaction of the dying heartworm is so powerful. What to do? Prevention is much better than cure, so read on.

How common is the problem in cats? Once again cats are being secretive, and it is hard to tell how common both the early and late stages of the disease are because there are no tests to find out! In Sydney, 5 years ago 2% of cats had heartworm in their hearts and lung arteries. Since one of the symptoms of heartworm is SUDDEN DEATH, it is a bit hard to find out how many are really affected. The other main symptom is CHRONIC COUGHING, often put down to Feline Asthma (or ignored). I think some of the asthmas are triggered by migrating heartworm larvae, so while they may not kill the cat, they do make life a burden. Some of the other symptoms are VOMITING intermittently, and sometimes, just WEIGHT LOSS. In fact, the symptoms are a pretty nebulous lot, with no big clues.

What is a heartworm and where does it come from?

Heartworms are thin string-like worms that live and reproduce happily in the heart of dogs. When boy meets girl (literally an affair of the heart) their offspring are micro filariae (little wrigglers) that swim around in the dog's blood. A mosquito feeds on the blood, gets a micro filaria as part of the dinner, and then injects it back in the next animal it feeds on. If this happens to be your cat, the micro filaria changes character to become a larva and then migrates from the skin to any number of places (heart, lungs, brain, spinal cord, kidney) and causes trouble as it grows. Fortunately, the cat rejects most of the larvae, but the intense allergic reaction that this sometimes takes may cause problems in itself (the coughing being the main one, as most of the larvae do make their way to the lungs). If the larva ends up in the heart, then as it matures into a full size heartworm and lives there a while, it will cause damage in the tissue around it, and when it dies, it may kill the cat from the intense allergic reaction it induces then (1 in 5 cats die, even if the vet is there with all the equipment and drugs necessary - it really is a nasty time).

What is the difference between heartworm in dogs compared to cats? Heartworm is a parasite that has evolved to

live in dogs' hearts, and a dog can quite often have a few heartworms without any problems. These are picked up on the routine testing carried out on most dogs at various times. Even small dogs can have a few worms in their heart without showing signs of disease. However, even one worm can cause a problem in a cat (and interestingly, also in ferrets) - not because of the comparative size of the worm to the heart - but because it causes a strong allergic reaction in the lining of the cat's heart and arteries, and that is what causes the symptoms, and also the death of the cat. It is not simply that the worm causes an embolism or blockage of the blood vessels in the lungs when it dies, it is the cat's own over dramatic response which is life threatening, and known as anaphylactic shock. Also, the low numbers of worms, and the small chance of having a male and female getting it together in a cat's heart, mean that it is rare to have the micro filariae in the blood to pick up on testing.

Tests for the worms themselves are also somewhat unreliable as they rely on there being a female in residence to make the test work, although the newer tests are picking up males sometimes. It is all very difficult, but testing procedures are improving. For the moment, the most reliable way to pick up heartworm problems in cats is by x-ray, looking for the allergic reaction in the blood vessels. I am old enough to remember when this used to be the only way to pick up some infections in dogs, when there were no micro filariae in the blood despite there being heartworm in the heart. Now there are an assortment of blood tests that fill the gap, so I guess it is 'roll on technology' to help cats! Interestingly, humans also get heartworm, but it is usually an incidental finding during open heart surgery. It would be a bit of a surprise for the surgeon though!

Who is at risk? The mosquito is the bearer of infection, so it is one of the few risks that an indoor cat has. However, there is a risk of being a 'mosquito meal' anywhere. The main risk is living in an area where there are lots of mosquitoes and lots of dogs on ineffective preventative medications. As even one drop of dog's blood can carry a couple of micro filariae, a large dog with a large number of heartworms can act as a source of infection for lots of mosquitos. So the answer is, any cat, anywhere that heartworm occurs in dogs, is at risk.

How big is the risk? We're back to the original problem - no one really knows. However, the researchers and the people who know most about these things have their own personal cats on preventative medication, I guess because they want the risk for their cats to be zero!

Why talk about heartworms in cats now? In veterinary science there are lots of things to worry about, and hardly any of them can be prevented, so there is no point in listing all the things an owner can do nothing about. As new preventative medicines and principles become available, then owners have a right to be told how they can contribute to their pet's wellbeing and longevity, so they can choose to embark on prevention, or take the gamble that their own personal animal will not get the problem. So we have flu vaccines, enteritis vaccines, leukaemia vaccines, worming medications, better nutritional concepts and products, and now heartworm prevention. (I don't think fleas can be prevented, only managed carefully). In the human arena, sanitation engineering, food handling regulations and water chlorinating have enforced preventative medicine on urban populations, to eliminate

cholera, food borne disease and to reduce dental decay. With your cat, you have a choice about how many things you take a chance on. If you choose not to take a chance on the distress that heartworm causes, then you should speak to your vet about the preventative tablets, and make an informed choice, Yes or No. If you are a multi cat household, persist in your enquiries to get an option for your number of cats. It is possible to treat large numbers of cats economically. The answer to the question, 'how common is the problem', will be answered mainly by seeing how many fewer coughing cats are seen by vets over the next couple of years as more people put their cats on heartworm prevention and make sure the larvae go nowhere.

In summary, heartworms are transmitted by mosquitoes - anyone can get bitten. The migrating larvae causes low level illness and no one knows how common that is. The adult heartworm causes trouble wherever it is (heart, lungs, brain, spinal cord). Treatment is unreliable and unpleasant and one of the symptoms of the disease is sudden death so there is often no opportunity to treat it anyway. It is

CATS (in trouble)

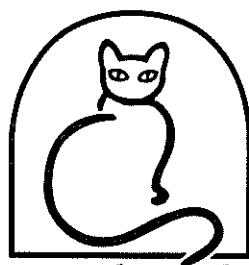
Tony Cameron

BNR Ceramics, located in Canberra, is a new business producing terracotta pottery decorated using majolica, the traditional Mediterranean glaze. But, rather than use traditional styles, BNR has taken a different direction and paints each piece with a scene, most using images that we see all the time. One of the most common images that is used is the cat.

Cats (in trouble) is a favourite BNR theme. Domestic cats have adapted perfectly to human society, assuming roles ranging from pest control to ornament, companion to incubus. The *Cats (in trouble)* series explores - in a very indulgent way - cats on the edge of what their human carers will accept before punishment is meted out.

Every piece of 'cat work' is unique - no design is ever repeated. Cats are so different, their behaviour so idiosyncratic, that they suggest an endless variety of scenes and situations. Every cat has his or her own personality, and as the design on the bowl grows, the personality

possible to prevent it so you need to find out more and make up your own mind. Cats are not becoming harder or more expensive to look after, the change is that cat owners are being given more choice in their cat's health stakes and as we expect to live longer, so too we're expecting our cat companion to see us through more 'life stages'!



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Willoughby NSW 2068 (parking at rear)
Telephone 417 6613 All Hours

Dr Kim Kendall
BVSc MACVS (Feline Medicine) MRCVS

emerges in a look of the eyes, the contented curl of the lips, the languorous stretch on the carpet, the odious self satisfaction of the hearth-ruler. BNR creators are intimately aware of cats' behaviours, foibles and hypnotic powers having long shared their house with a cat of inestimable self confidence, character and enviable laziness, now sadly departed. BNR cats designs are artist's interpretations of cats and their behaviour - they are impressionistic and individual, not intended to be realistic depictions.

Cats appear in other BNR work as well - for example, in the *Interiors* series, cats are often included in the arms or laps of their carers, looking through a window or asleep beneath a table laden with fruit.

Cat designs are used on bowls, plates and platters, cookie jars and on decorative wall tiles (mounted on wood and ready for hanging). As well as our standard range BNR will also undertake commissions - for example, we will produce single cat tiles or a cat mural for your wall, a set of cat bowls for your table, or cat plates for afternoon tea. BNR Ceramics are distributed through a very select range of galleries in NSW; Mura Gallery in King Street, Newtown; Design Plus Gallery in Queanbeyan and the November Arts & Craft Fair at the RAS Showgrounds - or you can contact BNR direct on 06 47 2174.



BOOK REVIEWS

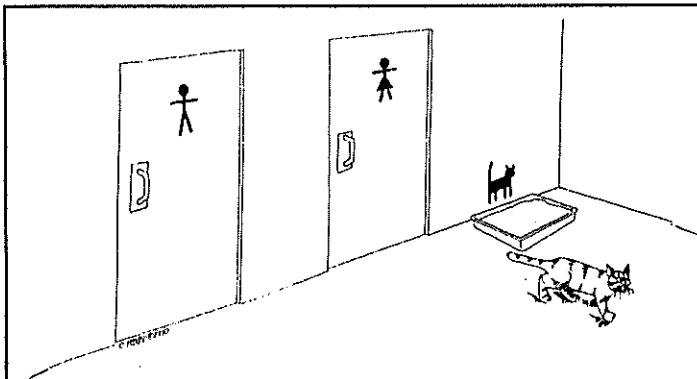
Lee Wright

CATS' WHISKERS by Andrew & Janet McLean, Allen & Unwin \$18.95. 6 characterful cats cavort through the pages of this children's book, giving youngsters an excellent view of what cats get up to and humorously highlighting many of their endearing idiosyncrasies. I personally would wish a more realistic approach had been presented, introducing children to responsible pet ownership as two cats are entire and 8 kittens result. The authors do not mention the hazards of living with an active tom in their house - or what happened to the 8 kittens. Other than that, it is an excellent early reader. ☺☺☺

PROWLPUSS by Gina Wilson, illustrated by David Parkins, Walker Books \$17.95. Prowlpuss is a departure from typical children's books in that the colours are rich and sombre, the story is told almost in 'rap' and it is fun! The rhythm of the words ensures it should be read aloud and it won't be just children hanging on to the words to find out what happens to this 'not a sit by the fire and purr cat', A 'look at my exquisite fur cat', 'he's rough and gruff and very tough...' but he is also 'my soft and dozy, Oh so cozy, Tickle my toesy, Prowlpuss.' ☺☺☺☺

HELP! The Quick Guide to First Aid for Your Cat, by Michelle Bamberger, DVM, Simon & Schuster, \$19.95. This is a good book to read before trouble starts - but the contents page is clear and concise and should get you to the right page quickly. While no book can take the place of vet care, this book offers guidelines on handling emergency situations. The author advises how to prioritise life threatening situations. The first chapters cover principles of emergency care and basic life saving techniques. Other chapters describe common problems and first aid steps and included is an extensive chart on poisons and their treatment. Dr Bamberger has taught first aid to pet owners, humane personnel and animal health technicians. Her book contains many of the illustrations and charts she developed for these courses. ☺☺☺

HOW TO RAISE A SANE AND HEALTHY CAT, by Sean Hammond and Carolyn Ursey, Simon & Schuster, HB, \$44.95. This book is chock-a-block full of handy hints on the hows and whys of cats and is aimed at newcomers to the cat fancy who know little about felines but want to get one. It answers a lot of preliminary questions and has an equal amount of good advice for the novice cat owner and for those who have a cat but don't really know a great deal about them. It discusses every aspect of cats (and takes a responsible attitude to desexing). If there is any question you wanted answered on your cat's behaviour or health, this book is a good start. Topics that are discussed are health, care, equipment, time, diseases, body language, choosing a cat, medicating, vaccinations and much more. ☺☺☺



THE OP SHOP

Grace Ayling

I accepted the position as Op Shop Co-ordinator early in 1995. The first decision was to sell electrical appliances again. The goods are tested to make sure they are working, a disclaimer sticker attached and sold at very cheap prices. The move was a good one because the goods sell almost as soon as they hit the shelves. To reduce stock and increase income we held end of season sales and also increased the garment prices 50c which brought in more revenue and still kept us competitive with the other shops in the area. As well as monthly and seasonal sales we now have spot sales of overstocked items. Many belts, baskets and blouses have been sold in this way. Shoes were another target as they appeared to be breeding in the stockroom and threatened to take over. **Bric a brac, kitchenware and books remain our best sellers and we can't get enough of them.**

In May we took a look at the shop itself. The rear section was always a mess with milk crates holding goods which were forever falling on the floor. We had shelving and I talked my son into doing the work. When he agreed I took the gag out of his mouth and untied the ropes holding him to the chair and he set about drilling the brick wall. The result was a big improvement.

On behalf of the Society, I thank all the volunteers who cheerfully and enthusiastically give their time so readily. First we have the collectors who pick up the goods from the homes of donors. **We need more collectors and if anybody can spare a couple of hours now and again to pick up goods it would be a great help to us.** The sorters unpack the donated goods, select the saleable items for the shop. Let's face it, too many items go straight into the rubbish because they are dirty or broken and we cannot sell them. **It is not enough just to get things people don't want - to make it worthwhile we need goods that someone else will buy. Therefore they should be clean and in good order.**

The sales staff are wonderful and I feel the Saturday staff should have a special mention. All of them have full time jobs and they are kind enough to give up a part of their precious weekend. Most of them work 2 Saturdays a month. Two salespeople are in the shop each day. Many of them do more than serve customers, some do sorting as well as serving and some come early to clean the shop before trading begins and one volunteer takes clothes home to wash them. One dresses dolls, one cleans soft toys and one of the men tests the electrical goods - and he hasn't blown a fuse yet! When there are any quiet moments the stock is tidied. Many volunteers spend home time knitting, crocheting and making articles to donate to the shop.

We are often short of staff. We have always managed to keep the shop open but we desperately need more volunteers. The work isn't hard, you can have as many cups of tea as you like. No qualifications are needed. **If you would like to join our team please contact me at the Op Shop. Even once a month is a help.**

Shop work is an interesting experience. We have many lovely customers who regularly browse and buy. I am sometimes amazed at the number of rings some of the girls wear on their eyebrows, noses, ears and lips, and where else would you see all the colours of the rainbow in one hairdo. I was amused recently when a rather quiet young man asked me quite seriously what does The Cat Protection Society mean? "Do you protect cats from being chased by dogs?"

CONTACT GRACE AYLING on 516-2072 or 557-1011.

DONATION FORM

The Membership Secretary

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

I/We would like to make a donation to the Society. Enclosed is a cheque/money order/ for DONATION \$.....

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

Surname (Block letters)

Initials

Address Suburb Post Code.....

FORM OF BEQUEST

To persons who wish to assist our Society, 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 NSW, the registered office of which is 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, NSW 2042, the sum ofdollars (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 NSW 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 NSW, the registered office of which is 103 Enmore Road, Enmore, NSW 2042. And I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer for the time being of the said The Cat Protection Society of NSW shall be a sufficient discharge to my executors.

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

NEW MEMBERS

October 1995 - January 1996

Miss J Cahn, Annandale; Ms J Clarke, Mosman; Mrs T Cronin, Turramurra; Mrs P Cross, Liverpool; Mrs A Dearberg; Dokmanovick, Bonnyrigg; Miss M Dumphy, Ramsgate; J Dunne, Baulkham Hills; Mrs E Evans, North Rocks; C Evenhuis, North Ryde; Mrs K Field, Cromer; Ms J Findlay, Sutherland; L Finnigan, Greystanes; Mrs D Flynn, Seven Hills; Ms C Ford, St Peters; Mrs A Foster, Belmore; Mr A Florrie, Hillsdale; Mrs B Fuidge, Bondi Beach; Ms M Geyer, Blacktown; Miss B Griffith, Mt Druitt; Mrs S Hayes, Erskineville; Mrs E Hawerkamp, Drake; Mrs D Henson, Engadine; Miss G Hoberg, Riverstone; Miss A Hunter, Orange; Mr P Iwan, Lewisham; Mrs C Karlsson, Leura; Miss E Kass, Rose Bay; Mrs J Kelly, Kingsford; Mrs R Kimber, Albion Park; Mr K Konigsberg, Newtown; Mrs J Lewis, Kings Park; Ms N Livermore, Coogee; Miss M McAvinue, Kingsgrove; Miss J McGavick, Potts Point; Ms R McIntyre, Glebe; Mrs R McManus, Nth Turramurra; Mrs B Mar, Turramurra; Mrs J Mortl, Panania; Ms K Nadin, Enmore; Ms K Nash, Bass Hill; Miss J Neilley, Balgowlah Hts; Mrs D Newland, Dee Why; Ms O'Connor, Mascot; Mrs J Oliver, Davistown; Miss D Osborne, Old Toongabbie; Miss A Schraer, Somersby; M Sim, Moss Vale; Ms W Shipley, Coogee; Ms J Sinclair, Mascot; Mr B Strath, Redfern; G Stempel, Epping Nth; Mrs P Taylor, Hazelbrook; Mrs E Tilmouth, Queenscliffe; P Turnham, Cherrybrook; Mrs J Vujat, Gateshead; Miss M Webb, Rock Forest; Mrs M Weekes, Penrith; P Woess, Cherrybrook; Mrs E Wolf, Randwick; Ming Yang Xu, Coogee.



JUST CAT

A
Roy Inman

Just a cat
No, more than that
Who comes all purrs and alive
To meet me softly down the drive
When I arrive
As if to say
In feline way
I know you are
Somewhere in that motor car.
Just a cat?
No - more than that!

**THECPS NEEDS A TABLE FOR THE OP SHOP
APPROXIMATELY 1 METRE x 1 METRE..**

MEMBERSHIP FORM

The Cat Protection Society, 103 Enmore Road, Enmore NSW 2042

I/We apply for membership or renewal of membership of the Society for the year commencing June 1995.
All persons joining from January remain financial until June of the following year.

Subscription	\$1000.00	Life Governor	Pensioner Membership	\$5.00
	\$ 250.00	Life Membership	Junior Membership	\$5.00
	\$ 10.00	Annual Membership	(state birthday)

Enclosed find cheque/money order for \$

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

Mr/Mrs/Ms/Miss SURNAME Initials

Address: Postcode

Pension Number: Signature:

Please include a stamped, self addressed envelope if you require a receipt.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

If you have changed your address since becoming a member please fill in this section.

Surname(block letters please) Initials

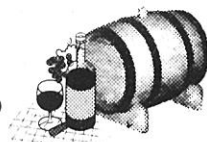
New Address Postcode

Previous Address Postcode

WINE'S WINNING WAYS

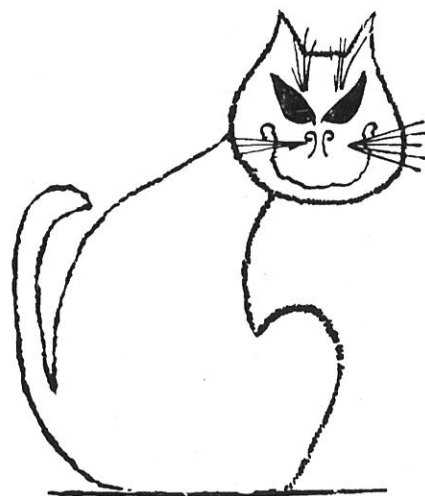
If you have a sense of humour this label is certain to add a chuckle to your life. Roy Schmidt and John Herford of Strathfield Plaza Cellars (02) 764-4906 buy 'clean skins' (naked bottles) and apply their own label to a 1993 wine that is a blend of riesling, chenin blanc and sauvignon blanc. It is a dry white with the appropriate colour - and was chosen for that reason. They have been selling this label for over a year and it enjoys a steady patronage - so much so they are working on adding a red when they decide on the name.

**STRATHFIELD
PLAZA CELLARS**



ROY SCHMIDT
JOHN HERFORD

SHOP 30 STRATHFIELD PLAZA
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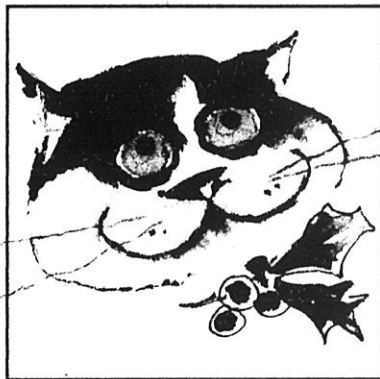
**Cat's Pee on a
Gooseberry Bush**

750 ml • Product of Australia 12.5% AlcVol Preservative 220 Antioxidant 300
Shop 30 Strathfield Plaza, Churchill Ave, Strathfield 2135 Tel: (02) 764 4906

MIGNON PARKER

Découpage Artist

Découpage is the art of affixing paper cutouts to a surface in a decorative and artistic manner and applying specific finishes to create a work of art that looks painted. Like all art - it looks easy. Like all art - it takes talent and expertise to create a well balanced piece. Mignon Parker has triple qualifications - she loves découpage, she's an excellent artist and she loves cats. Some of her striking designs are découpage on wooden bowls or plates with the cheekiest pussy cats in the world. Mignon gets the special paper from England, selects the motifs and applies them to the piece she is working on and then creates the background to blend and unify the pieces into her works of art. As well as découpage, she is a freelance artist with a penchant for immortalising her cat, "Berlington Bertie" (always with the ragged ear), and also does flowers. Her colours are normally bright and bold and there is a special verve about her work.



About her cats Mignon writes -

As a child I always grew up with cats, my father would bring them home in pairs, one for my sister Suzanne and one for me. We would wait at the garden gate, watching for a sign of our father's approach, and then listen with great excitement to his knapsack. Our first two cats were black and white and we called them Socksie and Mopsy. They were better than dolls. We dressed them in baby clothes and fed them from bottles and they were so placid they would stay dressed all day, sleeping in toy cots and prams. My big dilemma was which side of the nappy the tail went.

The years moved on and I worked in a fun art studio in Darlington and then left to start a family. Two boys, James and Nicholas, and many little feathered and furred friends came into my life. Charlie, our silver tabby, was my son James third birthday present. In those days we rented a ground floor flat on Queenscliff Lagoon where Charlie grew up with the lagoon as his hunting grounds.

One day there was a chap fishing for little tiddlers in front of our place and on the rock behind him he had his bucket for the fish. There in the long grass was Charlie, watching, watching, watching. Then Charlie made his move - quietly he fished every tiddler out of the bucket. When the chap got ready to go home he couldn't believe his eyes. He looked in the rock pools, in the long grass, even. He just couldn't believe they had gone. By this time so had Charlie!

Charlie died some years ago but each time the jasmine flowers I remember this cat who came back four times to tell us he was alright. My mother experienced Charlie smooching around her legs and the same thing happened to me. I couldn't move one

of my dogs past the kitchen doorway for at least 3 minutes and my ex husband, who has 'the gift', saw Charlie come into the lounge room and twitch his tail and look around only the way Charlie did - to say 'goodbye'.

We have also had a fat tabby called Popsy who wandered in wailing like a baby. Once she sat on the kitchen stool she never wailed again. We thought she was pregnant but in time realised she was just a fat cat. We had the necessary done in case she took some Tom's eye.

We now have Berlington Bertie and two dogs who live in harmony. Well -- at the best of times Bertie puts them in their place! Bertie is our black and white everyday moggy who well and truly rules the fort and is a real terror. Bertie meowed at the door when he was 6 weeks old. When we opened the door he strutted in with tail high and all intentions of staying. We have had Bertie for 10 years and he is a cat with a difference. Bertie loves vegetables, especially sweet peas, cabbage, carrots, brussel sprouts and raw corn. If he is anxious and can't wait he will actually fish them out of the saucepan while they are cooking. A bit of a dangerous occupation if you ask me!

One memorable day Bertie watched my son Nic make a sausage sandwich. Just as Nic was about to bite the black and white terror sprang from nowhere, hooked the end of the snag practically out of Nic's mouth, and ran like blazes.

Bertie is such a character he started me off modelling my characters around him. From Bertie's younger courting days he lost a piece out of his ear, which always features in my Tabby Cat Collection of cats painted on buttons to pill boxes. All cat portraits have the tatty ear mark. Then there are watercolours of cats done in a more traditional manner and the découpage plates and bowls done in contemporary découpage using lovely bright, cheerful coloured backgrounds to offset the subject matter.

Several of Mignon's humorous sketches of Berlington Bertie highlight the renewal notice on page 3.

Mignon Parker exhibits regularly and she belongs to the Artists and Craftsmen of Pittwater. Her next exhibition involving cats will be held in early August at the Tramshed, Narrabeen Community Arts Centre, Narrabeen. She also has a stall at the annual Arts and Crafts Show held at the Royal Easter Showgrounds in November.



