

Catching Up

Official Journal of NSW Cat Fanciers Inc

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Happy
Easter



NSW Cat Fanciers' Association Inc.

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**Management Committee meetings
take place on the second Tuesday
of each month.**

All incoming Correspondence items are required to be listed on the Meeting Agenda, and for this to be done, correspondence must be received in the Office no later than 10:00am on the Wednesday prior to the meeting date.

Any correspondence received after 10:00am on the Wednesday prior to the meeting date is held over until the following Management Committee meeting in one month's time.

Catching Up

Journal of the NSW Cat Fanciers' Association Inc. VOL.23 No 1 2020

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Pets: the voiceless victims of the COVID-19 crisis

25 Mar 2020

Emi Berry

Reports of companion animals starving or being killed as a result of the COVID-19 outbreak highlight the vulnerable existence animals endure at the whim of humans.



The World Organisation for Animal Health (OIE) has advised that “to date, there is no evidence that companion animals can spread the disease”. Photo: Shutterstock

The plight of companion animals such as cats and dogs has become an emerging animal rights issue since the coronavirus (COVID-19) outbreak, with reports of abandoned animals in the Chinese city of Wuhan now starving or being killed.

Closer to home, there have been reports of Sydney vets being approached by pet owners, asking to have dogs put to death, out of concern the dog might bring coronavirus into the home.

“These are virus-free, healthy animals, and there is no reason to believe that dogs are able to pass the virus onto humans, or that dogs have passed the virus on to humans,” says Dr Siobhan O’Sullivan, an animal welfare expert from UNSW’s Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences.

“Yet, even if this were true – which it is not – there are clearly more ethical ways to respond to the issue.”

Advice from the World Organisation for Animal Health

The World Organisation for Animal Health (OIE) has advised that “to date, there is no evidence that companion animals can spread the disease. Therefore, there is no justification in taking measures against companion animals which may compromise their welfare. There is no evidence that dogs play a role in the spread of this human



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PETS AND COVID-19

disease or that they become sick. Further studies are needed to understand if and how different animals could be affected by COVID-19 virus.”

The OIE will continue to provide [updates](#) as new information becomes available.

Dr O’Sullivan is hoping these incidents of pet owners approaching vets to unnecessarily euthanise their dogs are isolated cases. She also hopes vets who are approached with such requests will take the time to educate their clients, for the sake of the animals.

“What this speaks to, in my view, is the relative disposability of non-human animals, in the minds of some people,” Dr O’Sullivan says.

Dr O’Sullivan says with the recent Australian bushfire crisis, people dedicated themselves to saving animals. Meanwhile, at the other end of the spectrum, some people are now making the rash decision to kill a companion animal (or seek to have them killed) because they mistakenly believe the animal might introduce a virus into the home.

She says the COVID-19 crisis highlights the vulnerable existence animals endure at the whim of humans.

“I am yet to hear of an influx of animals to pounds. But, if people are thinking of dumping their animals, as opposed to having them killed, they need to be aware that not all animals that go to the pound will find a forever home.”

Some pounds and animal shelters are reporting that adoption rates have increased markedly since the pandemic hit Australia with many people in Australia opening up their homes to companion animals.

This may be due in part to the many shelters that have been actively promoting adoptions, to help as many animals as possible find their forever homes, before virus control measures tighten.

Owning a companion animal is a life-long commitment

Dr O’Sullivan says that, in the long term, educating pet owners is critically important. She also suggests that we perhaps need to be more selective in who can enjoy the company of a companion animal.

“Living with animals has been shown to generate many benefits for humans. They bring companionship, assist with exercise, are cute, loving and adorable. But, if humans are to enjoy the company of animals, they need to make a lifelong commitment. It should not be permissible to simply kill an animal once the going gets tough or at least when it is perceived to be. This is a lifelong commitment.”

It’s important for all people with companion animals to have an emergency management plan in place all the time, not just in times of crisis.

“This includes how you will evacuate the animals in case of fire, [or] who will feed the animals in case you are in an accident, hospitalised or delayed. There are many online dog and cat feeding providers. Your local vet may also be able to recommend suitable carers.”

Dr O’Sullivan says simply building strong networks – including your neighbours – is a good idea when it comes to an emergency care plan for animals.

This article is from UNSW <https://newsroom.unsw.edu.au/news/social-affairs/pets-voiceless-victims-covid-19-crisis>

FROM THE EDITOR

We hope our members and families are all well at this time and at least enjoy spending more time with their pets. Always remember there are people who can help if you require it due to illness at this time. With no shows there are no photos to include so I’ve added a couple of stories for you to enjoy and the covers are some photos of the COTY lunch taken by Michelle Grayson.

Stay safe and #stayhome



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The Black Cat by Edgar Allan Poe

(published 1845)

FOR the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not -- and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburthen my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified -- have tortured -- have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but Horror -- to many they will seem less terrible than barroques. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the common-place -- some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and, in my manhood, I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature or the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere Man.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, gold-fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a cat.

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion, which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise. Not that she was ever *serious* upon this point -- and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens, just now, to be remembered.

Pluto -- this was the cat's name -- was my favorite pet and playmate. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets.

Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character -- through the instrumentality of the Fiend Intemperance -- had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grew, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affection, they came in my way. But my disease grew upon me -- for what disease is like Alcohol ! -- and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently somewhat peevish -- even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill temper.

One night, returning home, much intoxicated, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at



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The Black Cat by Edgar Allan Poe (Cont)

once, to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame. I took from my waistcoat-pocket a pen-knife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket ! I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity.

When reason returned with the morning -- when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch -- I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left, as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me. But this feeling soon gave place to irritation. And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart -- one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of Man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, for no other reason than because he knows he should *not*? Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is Law, merely because we understand it to be such? This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul to vex itself -- to offer violence to its own nature -- to do wrong for the wrong's sake only -- that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute. One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree; -- hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart; -- hung it *because* I knew that it had loved me, and because I felt it had given me no reason of offence; -- hung it *because* I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin -- a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it -- if such a thing were possible -- even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done, I was aroused from sleep by the cry of fire. The curtains of my bed were in flames. The whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself, made our escape from the conflagration. The destruction was complete. My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect, between the disaster and the atrocity. But I am detailing a chain of facts -- and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect. On the day succeeding the fire, I visited the ruins. The walls, with one exception, had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed. The plastering had here, in great measure, resisted the action of the fire -- a fact which I attributed to its having been recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words "strange!" "singular!" and other similar expressions, excited my curiosity. I approached and saw, as if graven in *bas relief* upon the white surface, the figure of a gigantic *cat*. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvellous. There was a rope about the animal's neck.

When I first beheld this apparition -- for I could scarcely regard it as less -- my wonder and my terror were extreme. But at length reflection came to my aid. The cat, I remembered, had been hung in a garden adjacent to



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The Black Cat by Edgar Allan Poe (Cont)

the house. Upon the alarm of fire, this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd -- by some one of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown, through an open window, into my chamber. This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly-spread plaster; the lime of which, with the flames, and the ammonia from the carcass, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat; and, during this period, there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not, remorse. I went so far as to regret the loss of the animal, and to look about me, among the vile haunts which I now habitually frequented, for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night as I sat, half stupified, in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object, reposing upon the head of one of the immense hogsheads of Gin, or of Rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of this hogshead for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat -- a very large one -- fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indefinite splotch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it -- knew nothing of it -- had never seen it before.

I continued my caresses, and, when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.

For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated; but -- I know not how or why it was -- its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed. By slow degrees, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike, or otherwise violently ill use it; but gradually -- very gradually -- I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed, in a high degree, that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk it would get between my feet and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in



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The Black Cat by Edgar Allan Poe (Cont)

this manner, to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly -- let me confess it at once -- by absolute *dread* of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil -- and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own -- yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own -- that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimæras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indefinite; but, by slow degrees -- degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my Reason struggled to reject as fanciful -- it had, at length, assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name -- and for this, above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster had I dared -- it was now, I say, the image of a hideous -- of a ghastly thing -- of the GALLOWS ! -- oh, mournful and terrible engine of Horror and of Crime -- of Agony and of Death !

And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere Humanity. And *a brute beast* -- whose fellow I had contemptuously destroyed -- *a brute beast* to work out for me -- for me a man, fashioned in the image of the High God -- so much of insufferable wo! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of Rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of the thing upon my face, and its vast weight -- an incarnate Night-Mare that I had no power to shake off -- incumbent eternally upon my heart !

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates -- the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things and of all mankind; while, from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe, and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments, and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard -- about packing it in a box, as if merchandize, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar -- as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed, and had lately been



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The Black Cat by Edgar Allan Poe (Cont)

plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection, caused by a false chimney, or fireplace, that had been filled up, and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect any thing suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crow-bar I easily dislodged the bricks, and, having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with little trouble, I re-laid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brick-work. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself -- "Here at least, then, my labor has not been in vain."

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it, at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forebore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night -- and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; aye, slept even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a freeman. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises forever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted -- but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers bade me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but one word, by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, "I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By the bye, gentlemen, this -- this is a very well constructed house." (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.) -- "I may say an *excellently* well constructed house. These walls -- are you going, gentlemen? -- these walls are solidly put together;" and here, through the mere phrenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brick-work behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend ! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb! -- by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman -- a howl -- a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen



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only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next, a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb!

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Space Time for Springers by Fritz Leiber

Gummitch was a superkitten, as he knew very well, with an I.Q. of about 160. Of course, he didn't talk. But everybody knows that I.Q. tests based on language ability are very one-sided. Besides, he would talk as soon as they started setting a place for him at table and pouring him coffee. Ashurbanipal and Cleopatra ate horsemeat from pans on the floor and they didn't talk. Baby dined in his crib on milk from a bottle and he didn't talk. Sissy sat at table but they didn't pour her coffee and she didn't talk—not one word. Father and Mother (whom Gummitch had nicknamed Old Horsemeat and Kitty-Come-Here) sat at table and poured each other coffee and they did talk. Q.E.D.

Meanwhile, he would get by very well on thought projection and intuitive understanding of all human speech—not even to mention cat patois, which almost any civilized animal could play by ear. The dramatic monologues and Socratic dialogues, the quiz and panel show appearances, the felidological expedition to darkest Africa (where he would uncover the real truth behind lions and tigers), the exploration of the outer planets—all these could wait. The same went for the books for which he was ceaselessly accumulating material: *The Encyclopedia of Odors*, *Anthropofeline Psychology*, *Invisible Signs and Secret Wonders*, *Space-Time for Springers*, *Slit Eyes Look at Life*, et cetera. For the present it was enough to live existence to the hilt and soak up knowledge, missing no experience proper to his age level—to rush about with tail aflame.

So to all outward appearances Gummitch was just a vividly normal kitten, as shown by the succession of nicknames he bore along the magic path that led from blue-eyed infancy toward puberty: Little One, Squawker, Portly, Bumble (for purring not clumsiness), Old Starved-to-Death, Fierso, Lover-boy (affection not sex), Spook and Catnik. Of these only the last perhaps requires further explanation: the Russians had just sent Muttnik up after Sputnik, so that when one evening Gummitch streaked three times across the firmament of the living room floor in the same direction, past the fixed stars of the humans and the comparatively slow-moving heavenly bodies of the two older cats, and Kitty-Come-Here quoted the line from Keats:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;

it was inevitable that Old Horsemeat would say, "Ah—Catnik!"

The new name lasted all of three days, to be replaced by Gummitch, which showed signs of becoming permanent.

The little cat was on the verge of truly growing up, at least so Gummitch overheard Old Horsemeat comment to Kitty-Come-Here. A few short weeks, Old Horsemeat said, and Gummitch's fiery flesh would harden, his slim neck thicken, the electricity vanish from everything but his fur, and all his delightful kittenish qualities rapidly give way to the earth-bound singlemindedness of a torn. They'd be lucky, Old Horsemeat concluded, if he didn't turn completely surly like Ashurbanipal.

Gummitch listened to these predictions with gay unconcern and with secret amusement from his vantage point of superior knowledge, in the same spirit that he accepted so many phases of his outwardly conventional existence: the murderous sidelong looks he got from Ashurbanipal and Cleopatra as he devoured his own horsemeat from his own little tin pan, because they sometimes were given canned catfood but he never; the stark idiocy of Baby, who didn't know the difference between a live cat and a stuffed teddy bear and who tried to cover up his ignorance by making goo-goo noises and poking indiscriminately at all eyes; the far more serious—because cleverly hidden—maliciousness of Sissy, who had to be watched out for warily—especially when you were alone—and whose retarded—even warped—development, Gummitch knew, was Old Horsemeat and Kitty-Come-Here's deepest, most secret, worry (more of Sissy and her evil ways soon); the limited intellect of Kitty-Come-Here, who despite the amounts of coffee she drank was quite as featherbrained as kittens are supposed to be and who firmly believed, for example, that kittens operated in the same space-time as other beings—that to get from here to there they had to cross the space between—and similar fallacies; the mental stodginess of even Old Horsemeat, who although he understood quite a bit of the secret doctrine and talked intelligently to Gummitch when they were alone, nevertheless suffered from the limitations of his status—a rather nice old god but a maddeningly slow-witted one.

But Gummitch could easily forgive all this massed inadequacy and downright brutishness in his felino-human household, because he was aware that he alone knew the real truth about himself and about other kittens and babies as well, the truth



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Space Time for Springers by Fritz Leiber (Cont)

which was hidden from weaker minds, the truth that was as intrinsically incredible as the germ theory of disease or the origin of the whole great universe in the explosion of a single atom.

As a baby kitten Gummitch had believed that Old Horsemeat's two hands were hairless kittens permanently attached to the ends of Old Horsemeat's arms but having an independent life of their own. How he had hated and loved those two five-legged sallow monsters, his first playmates, comforters and battle-opponents!

Well, even that fantastic discarded notion was but a trifling fancy compared to the real truth about himself!

The forehead of Zeus split open to give birth to Minerva. Gummitch had been born from the waist-fold of a dirty old terrycloth bathrobe, Old Horsemeat's basic garment. The kitten was intuitively certain of it and had proved it to himself as well as any Descartes or Aristotle. In a kitten-size tuck of that ancient bathrobe the atoms of his body had gathered and quickened into life. His earliest memories were of snoozing wrapped in terrycloth, warmed by Old Horsemeat's heat. Old Horsemeat and Kitty-Come-Here were his true parents. The other theory of his origin, the one he heard Old Horsemeat and Kitty-Come-Here recount from time to time—that he had been the only surviving kitten of a litter abandoned next door, that he had had the shakes from vitamin deficiency and lost the tip of his tail and the hair on his paws and had to be nursed back to life and health with warm yellowish milk-and-vitamins fed from an eyedropper—that other theory was just one of those rationalizations with which mysterious nature cloaks the birth of heroes, perhaps wisely veiling the truth from minds unable to bear it, a rationalization as false as Kitty-Come-Here and Old Horsemeat's touching belief that Sissy and Baby were their children rather than the cubs of Ashurbanipal and Cleopatra.

The day that Gummitch had discovered by pure intuition the secret of his birth he had been filled with a wild instant excitement. He had only kept it from tearing him to pieces by rushing out to the kitchen and striking and devouring a fried scallop, torturing it fiendishly first for twenty minutes.

And the secret of his birth was only the beginning. His intellectual faculties aroused, Gummitch had two days later intuited a further and greater secret: since he was the child of humans he would, upon reaching this maturation date of which Old Horsemeat had spoken, turn not into a sullen torn but into a godlike human youth with reddish golden hair the color of his present fur. He would be poured coffee; and he would instantly be able to talk, probably in all languages. While Sissy (how clear it was now!) would at approximately the same time shrink and fur out into a sharp-clawed and vicious she-cat dark as her hair, sex and self-love her only concerns, fit harem-mate for Cleopatra, concubine to Ashurbanipal.

Exactly the same was true, Gummitch realized at once, for all kittens and babies, all humans and cats, wherever they might dwell. Metamorphosis was as much a part of the fabric of their lives as it was of the insects'. It was also the basic fact underlying all legends of werewolves, vampires and witches' familiars.

If you just rid your mind of preconceived notions, Gummitch told himself, it was all very logical. Babies were stupid, fumbling, vindictive creatures without reason or speech. What could be more natural than that they should grow up into mute sullen selfish beasts bent only on rapine and reproduction? While kittens were quick, sensitive, subtle, supremely alive. What other destiny were they possibly fitted for except to become the deft, word-speaking, book-writing, music-making, meat-getting-and-dispensing masters of the world? To dwell on the physical differences, to point out that kittens and men, babies and cats, are rather unlike in appearance and size, would be to miss the forest for the trees—very much as if an entomologist should proclaim metamorphosis a myth because his microscope failed to discover the wings of a butterfly in a caterpillar's slime or a golden beetle in a grub.

Nevertheless it was such a mind-staggering truth, Gummitch realized at the same time, that it was easy to understand why humans, cats, babies and perhaps most kittens were quite unaware of it. How to safely explain to a butterfly that he was once a hairy crawler, or to a dull larva that he will one day be a walking jewel? No, in such situations the delicate minds of man-and feline-kind are guarded by a merciful mass amnesia, such as Velikovsky has explained prevents us



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from recalling that in historical times the Earth was catastrophically bumped by the planet Venus operating in the manner of a comet before settling down (with a cosmic sigh of relief, surely!) into its present orbit.

This conclusion was confirmed when Gummitch in the first fever of illumination tried to communicate his great insight to others. He told it in cat patois, as well as that limited jargon permitted, to Ashurbanipal and Cleopatra and even, on the off chance, to Sissy and Baby. They showed no interest whatever, except that Sissy took advantage of his unguarded preoccupation to stab him with a fork.

Later, alone with Old Horsemeat, he projected the great new thoughts, staring with solemn yellow eyes at the old god, but the later grew markedly nervous and even showed signs of real fear, so Gummitch desisted. ("You'd have sworn he was trying to put across something as deep as the Einstein theory or the doctrine of original sin," Old Horsemeat later told Kitty-Come-Here.)

But Gummitch was a man now in all but form, the kitten reminded himself after these failures, and it was part of his destiny to shoulder secrets alone when necessary. He wondered if the general amnesia would affect him when he metamorphosed. There was no sure answer to this question, but he hoped not—and sometimes felt that there was reason for his hopes. Perhaps he would be the first true kitten-man, speaking from a wisdom that had no locked doors in it.

Once he was tempted to speed up the process by the use of drugs. Left alone in the kitchen, he sprang onto the table and started to lap up the black puddle in the bottom of Old Horsemeat's coffee cup. It tasted foul and poisonous and he withdrew with a little snarl, frightened as well as revolted. The dark beverage would not work its tongue-loosening magic, he realized, except at the proper time and with the proper ceremonies. Incantations might be necessary as well. Certainly unlawful tasting was highly dangerous.

The futility of expecting coffee to work any wonders by itself was further demonstrated to Gummitch when Kitty-Come-Here, wordlessly badgered by Sissy, gave a few spoonfuls to the little girl, liberally lacing it first with milk and sugar. Of course Gummitch knew by now that Sissy was destined shortly to turn into a cat and that no amount of coffee would ever make her talk, but it was nevertheless instructive to see how she spat out the first mouthful, drooling a lot of saliva after it, and dashed the cup and its contents at the chest of Kitty-Come-Here.

Gummitch continued to feel a great deal of sympathy for his parents in their worries about Sissy and he longed for the day when he would metamorphose and be able as an acknowledged man-child truly to console them. It was heartbreaking to see how they each tried to coax the little girl to talk, always attempting it while the other was absent, how they seized on each accidentally wordlike note in the few sounds she uttered and repeated it back to her hopefully, how they were more and more possessed by fears not so much of her retarded (they thought) development as of her increasingly obvious maliciousness, which was directed chiefly at Baby . . . though the two cats and Gummitch bore their share. Once she had caught Baby alone in his crib and used the sharp corner of a block to dot Baby's large-domed lightly downed head with triangular red marks. Kitty-Come-Here had discovered her doing it, but the woman's first action had been to rub Baby's head to obliterate the marks so that Old Horsemeat wouldn't see them. That was the night Kitty-Come-Here hid the abnormal psychology books.

Gummitch understood very well that Kitty-Come-Here and Old Horsemeat, honestly believing themselves to be Sissy's parents, felt just as deeply about her as if they actually were and he did what little he could under the present circumstances to help them. He had recently come to feel a quite independent affection for Baby—the miserable little proto-cat was so completely stupid and defenseless—and so he unofficially constituted himself the creature's guardian, taking his naps behind the door of the nursery and dashing about noisily whenever Sissy showed up. In any case he realized that as a potentially adult member of a felino-human household he had his natural responsibilities.

Accepting responsibilities was as much a part of a kitten's life, Gummitch told himself, as shouldering unsharable intuitions and secrets, the number of which continued to grow from day to day.



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There was, for instance, the Affair of the Squirrel Mirror.

Gummitch had early solved the mystery of ordinary mirrors and of the creatures that appeared in them. A little observation and sniffing and one attempt to get behind the heavy wall-job in the living room had convinced him that mirror beings were insubstantial or at least hermetically sealed into their other world, probably creatures of pure spirit, harmless imitative ghosts—including the silent Gummitch Double who touched paws with him so softly yet so coldly.

Just the same, Gummitch had let his imagination play with what would happen if one day, while looking into the mirror world, he should let loose his grip on his spirit and let it slip into the Gummitch Double while the other's spirit slipped into his body—if, in short, he should change places with the scentless ghost kitten. Being doomed to a life consisting wholly of imitation and completely lacking in opportunities to show initiative—except for behind-the-scenes judgment and speed needed in rushing from one mirror to another to keep up with the real Gummitch—would be sickeningly dull, Gummitch decided, and he resolved to keep a tight hold on his spirit at all times in the vicinity of mirrors.

But that isn't telling about the Squirrel Mirror. One morning Gummitch was peering out the front bedroom window that overlooked the roof of the porch. Gummitch had already classified windows as semi-mirrors having two kinds of space on the other side: the mirror world and that harsh region filled with mysterious and dangerously organized-sounding noises called the outer world, into which grownup humans reluctantly ventured at intervals, donning special garments for the purpose and shouting loud farewells that were meant to be reassuring but achieved just the opposite effect. The coexistence of two kinds of space presented no paradox to the kitten who carried in his mind the 27-chapter outline of *Space-Time for Springers*—indeed, it constituted one of the minor themes of the book.

This morning the bedroom was dark and the outer world was dull and sunless, so the mirror world was unusually difficult to see. Gummitch was just lifting his face toward it, nose twitching, his front paws on the sill, when what should rear up on the other side, exactly in the space that the Gummitch Double normally occupied, but a dirty brown, narrow-visaged image with savagely low forehead, dark evil walleyes, and a huge jaw filled with shovel-like teeth.

Gummitch was enormously startled and hideously frightened. He felt his grip on his spirit go limp, and without volition he teleported himself three yards to the rear, making use of that faculty for cutting corners in space-time, traveling by space-warp in fact, which was one of his powers that Kitty-Come-Here refused to believe in and that even Old Horsemeat accepted only on faith.

Then, not losing a moment, he picked himself up by his furry seat, swung himself around, dashed downstairs at top speed, sprang to the top of the sofa, and stared for several seconds at the Gummitch Double in the wall-mirror—not relaxing a muscle strand until he was completely convinced that he was still himself and had not been transformed into the nasty brown apparition that had confronted him in the bedroom window.

"Now what do you suppose brought that on?" Old Horse-meat asked Kitty-Come-Here.

Later Gummitch learned that what he had seen had been a squirrel, a savage, nut-hunting being belonging wholly to the outer world (except for forays into attics) and not at all to the mirror one. Nevertheless he kept a vivid memory of his profound momentary conviction that the squirrel had taken the Gummitch Double's place and been about to take his own. He shuddered to think what would have happened if the squirrel had been actively interested in trading spirits with him. Apparently mirrors and mirror-situations, just as he had always feared, were highly conducive to spirit transfers. He filed the information away in the memory cabinet reserved for dangerous, exciting and possibly useful information, such as plans for climbing straight up glass (diamond-tipped claws!) and flying higher than the trees.

These days his thought cabinets were beginning to feel filled to bursting and he could hardly wait for the moment when the true rich taste of coffee, lawfully drunk, would permit him to speak.



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Space Time for Springers by Fritz Leiber (Cont)

He pictured the scene in detail: the family gathered in conclave at the kitchen table, Ashurbanipal and Cleopatra respectfully watching from floor level, himself sitting erect on chair with paws (or would they be hands?) lightly touching his cup of thin china, while Old Horsemeat poured the thin black steaming stream. He knew the Great Transformation must be close at hand.

At the same time he knew that the other critical situation in the household was worsening swiftly. Sissy, he realized now, was far older than Baby and should long ago have undergone her own somewhat less glamorous though equally necessary transformation (the first tin of raw horsemeat could hardly be as exciting as the first cup of coffee). Her time was long overdue. Gummitch found increasing horror in this mute vampirish being inhabiting the body of a rapidly growing girl, though inwardly equipped to be nothing but a most bloodthirsty she-cat. How dreadful to think of Old Horsemeat and Kitty-Come-Here having to care all their lives for such a monster! Gummitch told himself that if any opportunity for alleviating his parents' misery should ever present itself to him, he would not hesitate for an instant.

Then one night, when the sense of Change was so burstingly strong in him that he knew tomorrow must be the Day, but when the house was also exceptionally unquiet with boards creaking and snapping, taps adrip, and curtains mysteriously rustling at closed windows (so that it was clear that the many spirit worlds including the mirror one must be pressing very close), the opportunity came to Gummitch.

Kitty-Come-Here and Old Horsemeat had fallen into especially sound, drugged sleeps, the former with a bad cold, the latter with one unhappy highball too many (Gummitch knew he had been brooding about Sissy). Baby slept too, though with uneasy whimperings and joggings—moonlight shone full on his crib past a window shade which had whirringly rolled itself up without human or feline agency. Gummitch kept vigil under the crib, with eyes closed but with wildly excited mind pressing outward to every boundary of the house and even stretching here and there into the outer world. On this night of all nights sleep was unthinkable.

Then suddenly he became aware of footsteps, footsteps so soft they must, he thought, be Cleopatra's.

No, softer than that, so soft they might be those of the Gummitch Double escaped from the mirror world at last and padding up toward him through the darkened halls. A ribbon of fur rose along his spine.

Then into the nursery Sissy came prowling. She looked slim as an Egyptian princess in her long thin yellow nightgown and as sure of herself, but the cat was very strong in her tonight, from the flat intent eyes to the dainty canine teeth slightly bared—one look at her now would have sent Kitty-Come-Here running for the telephone number she kept hidden, the telephone number of the special doctor—and Gummitch realized he was witnessing a monstrous suspension of natural law in that this being should be able to exist for a moment without growing fur and changing round pupils for slit eyes.

He retreated to the darkest corner of the room, suppressing a snarl.

Sissy approached the crib and leaned over Baby in the moonlight, keeping her shadow off him. For a while she gloated. Then she began softly to scratch his cheek with a long hatpin she carried, keeping away from his eye, but just barely. Baby awoke and saw her and Baby didn't cry. Sissy continued to scratch, always a little more deeply. The moonlight glittered on the jeweled end of the pin.

Gummitch knew he faced a horror that could not be countered by running about or even spitting and screeching. Only magic could fight so obviously supernatural a manifestation. And this was also no time to think of consequences, no matter how clearly and bitterly etched they might appear to a mind intensely awake.

He sprang up onto the other side of the crib, not uttering a sound, and fixed his golden eyes on Sissy's in the moonlight. Then he moved forward straight at her evil face, stepping slowly, not swiftly, using his extraordinary knowledge of the



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properties of space *to walk straight through her hand and arm at they flailed the hatpin at him.* When his nose-tip finally paused a fraction of an inch from hers his eyes had not blinked once, and she could not look away. Then he unhesitatingly flung his spirit into her like a fistful of flaming arrows and he worked the Mirror Magic.

Sissy's moonlit face, feline and terrified, was in a sense the last thing that Gummatch, the real Gummatch-kitten, ever saw in this world. For the next instant he felt himself enfolded by the foul black blinding cloud of Sissy's spirit, which his own had displaced. At the same time he heard the little girl scream, very loudly but even more distinctly, "Mommy!"

That cry might have brought Kitty-Come-Here out of her grave, let alone from sleep merely deep or drugged. Within seconds she was in the nursery, closely followed by Old Horsemeat, and she had caught up Sissy in her arms and the little girl was articulating the wonderful word again and again, and miraculously following it with the command—there could be no doubt, Old Horsemeat heard it too—"Hold me tight!"

Then Baby finally dared to cry. The scratches on his cheek came to attention and Gummatch, as he had known must happen, was banished to the basement amid cries of horror and loathing chiefly from Kitty-Come-Here.

The little cat did not mind. No basement would be one-tenth as dark as Sissy's spirit that now enshrouded him for always, hiding all the file drawers and the labels on all the folders, blotting out forever even the imagining of the scene of first coffee-drinking and first speech.

In a last intuition, before the animal blackness closed in utterly, Gummatch realized that the spirit, alas, is not the same thing as the consciousness and that one may lose—sacrifice—the first and still be burdened with the second.

Old Horsemeat had seen the hatpin (and hid it quickly from Kitty-Come-Here) and so he knew that the situation was not what it seemed and that Gummatch was at the very least being made into a sort of scapegoat. He was quite apologetic when he brought the tin pans of food to the basement during the period of the little cat's exile. It was a comfort to Gummatch, albeit a small one. Gummatch told himself, in his new black halting manner of thinking, that after all a cat's best friend is his man.

From that night Sissy never turned back in her development. Within two months she had made three years' progress in speaking. She became an outstandingly bright, light-footed, high-spirited little girl. Although she never told anyone this, the moonlit nursery and Gummatch's magnified face were her first memories. Everything before that was inky blackness. She was always very nice to Gummatch in a careful sort of way. She could never stand to play the game "Owl Eyes."

After a few weeks Kitty-Come-Here forgot her fears and Gummatch once again had the run of the house. But by then the transformation Old Horsemeat had always warned about had fully taken place. Gummatch was a kitten no longer but an almost burly tom. In him it took the psychological form not of sullenness or surliness but an extreme dignity. He seemed at times rather like an old pirate brooding on treasures he would never live to dig up, shores of adventure he would never reach. And sometimes when you looked into his yellow eyes you felt that he had in him all the materials for the book *Slit Eyes Look at Life*—three or four volumes at least—although he would never write it. And that was natural when you come to think of it, for as Gummatch knew very well, bitterly well indeed, his fate was to be the only kitten in the world that did not grow up to be a man.

From https://www.baen.com/Chapters/9781625791207/9781625791207__2.htm



HOW TO: **SELL OR GIVE AWAY** A CAT OR DOG?



1. Make sure your cat or dog is microchipped

In NSW, you must microchip your cat or dog before it is 12 weeks old or before you sell it (whichever happens first).

Some exemptions apply, visit www.olg.nsw.gov.au to find out more.

2. Make sure your cat or dog is registered

You also need to register dogs by the time they are six months old, and cats by the time they are four months old.

Once you have paid the registration fee, the animal will have lifetime registration, even if ownership changes.

You can register your cat or dog:

- ♦ online with the NSW Pet Registry: www.petregistry.nsw.gov.au
- ♦ online with Service NSW: www.service.nsw.gov.au
- ♦ in person at a Service NSW Centre or your local council office.

Some registration exemptions apply. Visit www.olg.nsw.gov.au to find out more.

3. Consider desexing your cat or dog

Consider desexing your cat or dog prior to selling or giving it away. Desexing can help avoid some unwanted diseases and behaviours and stops unwanted litters.

Some councils will give you a discounted registration fee if your animal is desexed. To find out more, contact your local council.

4. Advertise it for sale using an identification number

From 1 July 2019, you need to include an identification number in any advertisements when you sell or give away a cat or dog.

An identification number can be either:

- ◆ a microchip number
- ◆ a breeder identification number OR
- ◆ a rehoming organisation number.

This rule applies regardless of:

- ◆ the age of the animal
- ◆ the place you plan to advertise
- ◆ whether you are a hobby or professional breeder; or your cat or dog has had an accidental or one-off litter
- ◆ whether or not you bred the animal
- ◆ whether or not the animal you are selling or rehoming has been born yet.

If you don't use an identification number, or you falsify a number, you could be issued with an on-the-spot fine or face court, where a maximum penalty of \$5,500 applies.

5. Make sure ownership is transferred

When you are happy you have found a good home for your cat or dog, you need to transfer ownership to the person buying or adopting your pet. It is important that you check that this has been done and the person has accepted ownership.

Further information on how to transfer cat or dog ownership is available at www.olg.nsw.gov.au/pet-ownership

To find out more visit:

www.dpi.nsw.gov.au/companion-animals



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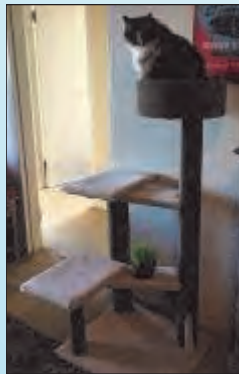


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NSW Cat Fanciers' Association Inc.

Social Media Policy and Guidelines

POLICY

Purpose

This policy is designed to protect the interests of NSW Cat Fanciers Association Inc (NSW CFA), its employees, members and workers (including voluntary workers). To this end, when engaging in social media, NSW CFA expects all persons to consider that they are representatives of NSW CFA and to take responsibility for ensuring that any references to NSW CFA, its activities or its members, are accurate and comply with all of NSW CFA's rules, procedures and codes of conduct.

What is social media?

Social media is online media that allows for interaction and/or participation. It is any online communication or activity where people can share information about, or that might impact on, NSW CFA, its members or members of any affiliated bodies who use our services or participate in any events run by NSW CFA or any of our affiliated bodies. Social Media includes, but is not limited to:

- ✦ Social networking sites – eg Facebook, Twitter, Myspace, Pinterest, LinkedIn, Google Plus, Yammer;
- ✦ Video, slide and photo sharing websites and applications – eg Youtube, Flickr, Slideshare, Instagram, Snapchat, Vine, Tumblr;
- ✦ Blogs, including corporate and personal blogs – eg SharePoint;
- ✦ Microblogging sites – eg Twitter, Tumblr, Wordpress;
- ✦ Wiki's and online collaborations – eg Wikipedia;
- ✦ Forums, discussion boards and groups – eg Google Groups, Facebook Groups, Whirlpool;
- ✦ VOD and podcasting – eg SoundCloud; and Mobile applications and texting.

Who does this policy apply to?

This policy applies to all members, volunteers, employees and exhibitors of NSW CFA.

GUIDELINES

Whenever NSW CFA members, workers (including voluntary workers), employees and exhibitors interact on social media, in either an official or personal capacity, and in relation to activities concerning the cat fancy, the following guidelines must be followed:

- ✦ Ensure that you are aware of who you are representing – it is important that readers of your posts do not misconstrue your personal comments as representing an official NSW CFA position;
- ✦ Abide by the Constitution, Procedures and Codes of Ethics of NSW CFA;
- ✦ Act in a way that falls within community expectations of good and appropriate manners;
- ✦ Be polite and respectful to NSW CFA, its members, employees, workers (including voluntary workers), affiliates and other associated parties – including judges and workers;
- ✦ Do not criticise, disparage, or make derogatory or negative comments about NSW CFA, its members, workers (including voluntary workers), employees, affiliates, domestic or international judges – either expressly or impliedly;
- ✦ Respond to others views respectfully;
- ✦ Do not harass, bully or intimidate;
- ✦ Do not make negative or adverse comments about the exhibits of another exhibitor or member of NSW CFA or any of its affiliates;
- ✦ Obtain written permission from NSW CFA before using the NSW CFA logo or posting any content on a social media platform or using any IT services to make statements or comments on behalf of NSW CFA or which might be construed as representing a position of or view held by NSW CFA;
- ✦ Respect copyright, privacy, financial disclosure and other applicable laws;
- ✦ Obtain permission from a judge prior to videoing judging at a show. Such permission may be by way of a general request prior to the commencement of judging;
- ✦ Obtain written permission from NSW CFA or any judge whose photo or video you plan to publish on social media. Such request and permission may be given by email; and Do not bring NSW CFA into disrepute or otherwise attract negative publicity.

POLICY NON-COMPLIANCE

While social media provides an excellent opportunity to share knowledge, celebrate successes and learn about the cat fancy, misuse of social media can have serious consequences for NSW CFA, its employees, workers (including voluntary workers) and members, and cause considerable distress.

All reports of misuse of social media or contravention of this policy and guidelines will be investigated and disciplinary action may be taken in accordance with the Rules of NSW CFA Inc that relate to disciplinary action.



NSW Cat Fanciers' Association Inc.

Stewards' List - 2020

Classification	Surname	Christian Name	Phone	Email
Tutor	BUCKLEY	Mr Chris	4655 5362	chrisandbren@bigpond.com
Tutor	CAMERON	Miss Jessica	4621 2552	JESSYCAMERON@HOTMAIL.COM
Tutor	CUMMING	Mrs Margaret	4957 4471	bundena1@bigpond.net.au
Tutor	FITZHENRY	Mr Paul	0412 044 728	pajuwal@ausnet.net.au
Tutor	GREENTREE	Miss Joanne	0409 123 906	jaygee.jo@gmail.com
Tutor	KINDRED	Mrs Christine	9489 4010	Kindred.Spirits@bigpond.com
Tutor	LINDBERG	Mr Chris	6722 1711	not on file
Tutor	PRICE	Mr Warren	0414 275 022	karlou1@bigpond.com.au
Tutor	RICHARDS	Ms Stephanie	4883 7184	verlan745@gmail.com
Tutor	STEPHENS	Mr Garry	4574 3192	garrys35@bigpond.com
Tutor	YELLAND	Mrs Sharyn	0400 130 760	sharynyelland@gmail.com
Accredited	Brisland	MrsToni	0414 241 151	toni.brisland@gmail.com
Accredited	Cameron	Mrs Georgina	0418 271 712	not on file
Accredited	Camp	Ms Tracey	0413 101 538	tracey.camp@bigpond.com
Accredited	Cannon	Mrs Marianne	0419 120 455	cannonmj@bigpond.com
Accredited	Dickerson	Mrs Jaen	6947 9403	jaend@skymesh.com.au
Accredited	Fitzhenry	Mrs Julie	0412 044 728	pajuwal@ausnet.net.au
Accredited	Gallagher	Mr Lee	0407 042 900	lee.gallager@pacific.net.au
Accredited	Gero	Mrs Ruth	02 6554 4587	ruthgero@spin.net.au
Accredited	Grayson	Ms Michelle	0402 050 520	mishgr@gmail.com
Accredited	Keevers	Mrs Lyn	0429 170 942	lyn_keevers@bigpond.com
Accredited	Lane	Mrs Annette	6652 8730	brianannette@hotmail.com
Accredited	Minard	Ms Lyn	0400 282 303	minard@primus.com.au
Accredited	Noldart	Miss Reece	0401 003 588	not on file
Accredited	Smith	Mr Chris	0400 566 225	frascott68@gmail.com
Accredited	Thwaites	Miss Lynne	0434 690 499	perzeena@hotmail.com
Accredited	Tomlinson	Mr Hugh	6962 6151	not on file
Steward	Alford	Ms Karren	0438 718 864	kalford2272@outlook.com
Steward	Doust	Ms Janet	0418 214 219	janet.doust@elstra.com
Steward	Osborne	Ms Linda	0413 320 886	esmalinpersians@gmail.com
Steward	Gallagher	Ms Charlotte	0407 042 900	lee.gallager@pacific.net.au
Steward	Martin	Mrs Melanie	0411 311 311	m.martin2@optuset.com.au
Probationary	McGrath	Mrs Cath	0427 476 457	tc.mcgrath@bigpond.com.au
Probationary	Anderson	Ms Lavina	0418 670 393	katz_59@hotmail.com
Probationary	Scrivener	Ms Patricia	0429 001 109	bonnybrooke@bigpond.com
Probationary	Zewe	Ms Francis	0423 363 481	fzew4186@uni.sydney.edu.au



NSW Cat Fanciers' Association Inc.

2020 Show Calendar

10 - 13 April 2020	Sydney Royal Easter Show	CANCELLED
18 April 2020	NSWCFA State Show	CANCELLED
25 - 26 April 2020	Bathurst Royal Show	CANCELLED
9 - 10 May 2020	Coffs Harbour Show Society	CANCELLED
17 May 2020	Sydney Fancy Felines	CANCELLED
17 May 2020	Birman Cat Club of Canberra (1)	CANCELLED
30 May 2020	Kempsey Kat Klub	CANCELLED
6 - 7 June 2020	ACF National Show Perth WA (2)	POSTPONED
14 June 2020	Birman Cat Club of Australia	CANCELLED
20 June 2020	Blue Point Siamese Society	All Breeds
28 June 2020	ACT Longhair Show (1)	CANCELLED
4 - 5 July 2020	CCCA National Show Melbourne VIC (2)	CANCELLED
18 July 2020	Western Districts Cat Society	All Breeds
26 July 2020	Southern Highlands Forest Cat Club	All Breeds
1 August 2020	Newcastle & Hunter Valley Cat Club	All Breeds
8 August 2020	Ku-Ring-Gai/Longhair/Himalayan Cat Clubs	Group 1 only
8 August 2020	Abyssinian & Somali Cat Club	Groups 2/3 + Comp
15 August 2020	Dorrigo & District Cat Club	All Breeds
22 August 2020	Tamworth & District Cat Club	CANCELLED
22 August 2020	Capital Cats ACT Breeders (1)	All Breeds
29 August 2020	Branxton Wine Country Cat Club	All Breeds
5 September 2020	Canberra Forest Cat Club ACT (1)	All Breeds
12 September 2020	NSWCFA Spring Show	All Breeds
19 September 2020	Jacaranda & Holiday Coast Cat Club	All Breeds
26 September 2020	Temora Show Society	All Breeds
3 October 2020	Federal Cat Club	All Breeds
10 October 2020	Oriental Cat Club	All Breeds
17 October 2020	North Coast National Show Society Lis- more	All Breeds
24 October 2020	All Breeds Desexed Cat Club	All Breeds
Note (1)	ACT shows are not included in NSW CFA COTY	
Note (2)	ACF National Show not included in COTY	



NSW Cat Fanciers' Association Inc.

List of Affiliated Cat Clubs

Group Clubs			Contact
Abyssinian and Somali Cat Club	Mrs F Mangan	someaby@internode.on.net	0475 916 218
Blue Point Siamese Society	Mrs M Camarsh	10 Palmer Road, Woolgoolga 2456	6654 2000
Ku-Ring-Gai Cat Club	Mr L Hodge	PO Box 1355, Campbelltown 2560	0401 443 488
Oriental Cat Club	Mrs L Roberts	24 Lake Heights Road Lake Heights 2502	0417040444
Silver Cat Club of Australia	Miss L Osborne	246 McCaffrey Drive, Rankin Park 2287	4956 3310
The Birman Cat Club of Australia	Ms M Grayson	9 Athel Tree Crescent, Bradbury 2560	0402 050 520
The Burmese Cat Society of Australasia Inc.	Mrs S Thomas	56 Robinia Grove, Garden Suburb 2289	0412 808777
The Himalayan Cat Club	Mrs S Greentree	6 Jenkyn Place, Bligh Park 2756	0459 097 200
The Longhair Cat Association	Ms M Grayson	9 Athel Tree Crescent, Bradbury 2560	0402 050 520

All Breeds Clubs & Societies			Contact
All Breeds Desexed Cat Club of Australasia	Mrs K Gill	9 Keene Street, Baulkham Hills 2153	0408 654 619
Armidale & New England Cat Club	Mrs L Keevers	PO Box 558 Armidale NSW 2350	6775 2050
Branxton Wine Country Cat Club	Mrs D Wenham	412 Dalwood Rd Branxton NSW 2335	4938 1911
Dorrigo and District Cat Club	Mrs L Keevers	P.O. Box 558, Armidale NSW 2350	0429 170 942
Federal Cat Club of Australasia	Mrs M Camarsh	10 Palmer Road, Woolgoolga 2456	6654 2000
Jacaranda and Holiday Coast Cat Club	Cathy McGrath	P.O.Box 359, South Grafton NSW 2460	0427 476 457
Kempsey Kat Klub	Mrs J Fitzhenry	66 Sherwood Road, Aldavilla via Kempsey 2440	0412 044 728
Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area Cat Club	Mrs C Tomlinson	33 Watson Road, Griffith 2680	6962 6151
Newcastle and Hunter Valley Cat Club	Mrs C Gallagher		0407 042 900
North Coast All Breeds Cat Club	Mrs J Fitzhenry	66 Sherwood Road, Aldavilla via Kempsey 2440	0412 044 728
Southern Highlands Forest Cat & All Breeds Club	Ms M Grayson	9 Athel Tree Crescent Bradbury 2560	0402 050 520
Sydney Fancy Felines – All Breeds Cat club	Eva Krinda	9 Barnsbury Close, Dulwich Hill NSW 2203	9550 9313
Tamworth & District Cat Club	Mrs R Rogers	29 Dorothy Avenue, Kootingal 2352	6760 3639
Western Districts Cat Society	Miss J Greentree	PO Box 47 Windsor 2756	4574 3192

Affiliated Agricultural Societies			Contact
Bathurst A H & P Association		PO Box 92 Bathurst NSW 2795	9153 6870
Coffs Harbour Show Society		PO Box 219 Coffs Harbour 2450	6563 1294
Goulburn AP & H Society	Ms L Vahland	PO Box 5052 Lyneham ACT 2602	0412 593 864
Maclean Show Society		PO Box 175 Maclean NSW 2463	6645 1532
North Coast Show Society - Lismore	Mrs J Fitzhenry	66 Sherwood Road, Aldavilla via Kempsey 2440	0412 044 728
Temora Show Society	Mrs E Swanston	PO Box 32 Temora 2666	6973 1702



NSW Cat Fanciers' Association Inc.

Notices

Members

There is one account only for direct deposits for **OFFICE PROCEDURES:**

Bank details: Commonwealth Bank

BSB: 062622

A/C: 10464356

Unless stated otherwise for specific shows or events, please be advised this is the only NSW CFA banking account.

When renewing annual memberships, members are reminded to advise the office with their receipt number, amount and date paid via email to confirm payment.

ALL PAPERWORK must be sent in to the office with proof of deposit being made within 48 hours and failure to comply with this simple procedure will result in direct deposits no longer being accepted.

NSW CFA

Website Breeder Listings

2020 RENEWAL FEES NOW OVERDUE

Text Listing (approx 50 words) \$26.00
Pictures (saved as jpg files) \$ 5.00 p/p

Alteration to listing after renewal has been paid \$10.00

New Listings (text & pic) or alterations are to be emailed to the Office

Associate members are most welcome to list their cattery details on the NSW CFA Website Breeders Pages

REMINDERS

- **All services must be PREPAID and will not be accepted otherwise. Additional costs may be incurred if payment is not prepaid.**
- **When registering litters, it is the breeder's responsibility to enter the Date of Service on the Litter Registration Application**
- **Any articles or photos for the journal need to send to the office by one month prior**

IMPORTANT NOTICE

- ◆ As most members would be aware, the NSW CFA office is located inside the Dogs NSW complex. Dogs NSW have just informed NSW CFA due to the concern for staff in respect of COVID-19, the Office at Orchard Hills will be closed to members as at 2.00 pm today Wednesday 18 March 2020 until further notice.
- ◆ Therefore, the reception for dogs is closed and no one will be permitted to enter that area.

Expressions of Interest

EDITOR FOR THE JOURNAL

Due to work commitments I am unable to continue being editor for the Catching Up Journal. If any members are interested in doing so, please contact the office or myself for more information.

Thank you and have a happy and safe Easter.

Sandra Dukes



Advertising in Catching Up

Advertising

All commercial and member advertising enquiries should be directed to:

Joanne Greentree - jaygee.jo@gmail.com

Full Page - \$150

Half Page - \$100

Quarter Page - \$ 65

Cattery Cards - \$ 60 per year

Notice to Advertisers

The Trade Practices Act 1974 came into force on October 1st 1974.

It is the advertiser's responsibility to ensure advertisements submitted for publication comply with the Act and that the provisions of the Act are strictly complied with. In cases of doubt, advertisers are asked to seek legal advice before submitting advertising material.

The Editorial Committee reserves the right to withhold publication of any material whatsoever. Views and opinions expressed in this journal are those of the correspondents and contributors concerned and are not necessarily those of the Editorial Committee, printers or publishers. Names and addresses of correspondents may be withdrawn from publication on request but must be supplied to the Editor.

Disputes

From time to time, members refer matters to the NSW Cat Fanciers Association Inc (NSW CFA) when it is not appropriate.

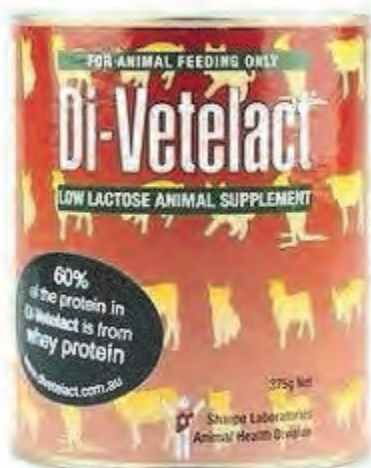
For example, disputes between members in relation to the sale of cats are usually private matters to be determined by the contractual arrangements between members. Disputes on such matters should be resolved by the courts, not by NSW CFA.

Members are requested to refrain from referring matters to NSW CFA which are a private or domestic matter or which should be properly resolved by the Courts.

Members should be aware that the Consumer Claims Tribunal is available to resolve many disputes in the relation to the supply of goods to a consumer and NSW CFA recommends that matters that fall within the jurisdiction of that Tribunal and which cannot be resolved personally should be referred to that Tribunal.

Di-Vetelact - The Ultimate Milk Substitute

Highly nutritious - aids in control of scours and diarrhoea when used to feed kittens.
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