



LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB Newsletter

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PETS OF 1959

SIMBA ****

who was 2½ years old when this picture was taken is inspecting a picture of himself when he was seven months old, and a trophy he won at a Pacific Cat Fanciers Show. While Simba lives in his own thermostatically heated house with his mate, Rodan, both cats are very tame and are gentle household pets. They are owned by Art Mathews, president of the Southern California Ocelot Club, 318 W. Wilken Way, Anaheim.



Simba is a very important cat about town -- anybody's town -- since he has fathered Rodan's first litter. Here is the story of the big event in Art's own words:

"Believe it or not, Rodan gave birth to two baby ocelots yesterday (June 10, 1959) at 10:30 and 12:00 AM.

"Our dog was upset and was fussing around the ocelot house. I went out to investigate and found a tiny kitten in their nest. Simba was very protective. I went back in and told Darlene (Mrs. Mathews) and called my vet. He said to take the male out right away. I went out to remove him, but -- too late. He had eaten our baby. Imagine my feelings. But I put Simba in a separate cage anyhow, just for punishment. Poor Rodan went around looking for her baby, crying and sniffing everywhere.

"Then at about 12 o'clock she went out to her favorite dirt pile and she had another kitten.

"The kit started to turn blue, so I squeezed his ribs gently. He then sneezed and started breathing. By this time Rodan realized it was hers and picked it up and took it to her nest in their house. I fixed Rodan a pan

of warm milk which she appreciated and within an hour the little boy (or girl, -- I can't determine which sex yet) was nursing. Rodan is so very happy. She rolls over on her back, stretches and says 'ow' to us. She doesn't seem to mind having us look at her baby.

"Jr. Ocelot is about 6" long, weighs about 6 oz., fur about 3/16" long, -- cutest little white spots behind its ears, -- sassy little voice, -- sleeps most of the time." Mother ocelot, Rodan is 2½ years old: Father ocelot, Simba is 3½ years old. Each weighs about 30 pounds.

The Big Prowl at NEW MARKET



The first mention of the 1959 picnic at New Market, Virginia on Saturday and Sunday, June 5 and 6, must be an expression of the Club's gratitude to Alf and Ann Eichelman, and of course BABY, who were our hosts. And second mention must be the Eichelmans' expression of gratitude to those who journeyed from so many distant areas to join in the festivities.

Starting with the most distant member, Ann's sister, Mrs. Dorothy Jolley (who is Baby's part-time mother) drove from Alliance, Ohio. Next was the Murray party: MITSU-KO, Jayne and Bill, son Michael and Jayne's brother, David Foley, who drove all night, arriving at 8:00 A.M. on Saturday morning. SABU, with Jim Coan, his bride-to-be, Joanne Dinstel, brought two guests from Nazareth, Penna.

Bernie Starr and Cherie Buford from North Bergen, N.J. brought their 6 week-old ocelot kitten who was given the name QUITO during the picnic. SHADRACK with Edythe and Dan Cronin drove in from New York City. Charlotte Paul brought CLEO from Woodside, N.Y. TIGER (whose new car has been equipped with air conditioning in order that he may ride in comfort with the safety of closed windows) brought Don and Dee Wilson from Mt. Ephraim, N.J. CARLOTTA, who was forced to leave her master at home because of his illness, accompanied Catherine Cisin from Amagansett, N.Y.

Festivities on Saturday afternoon took place in the Eichelman Mountain Lodge, in a spacious 20 x 40 foot room overlooking the Shenandoah Valley between the Massanutten and Blue Ridge Mountains. A cafeteria was set out for the felines, offering all their favorite delicacies. QUITO, less than 1/20th the weight of the watermelon he tried to straddle for the benefit of TV and press photographers, spent the afternoon playing in the great, new, wonderful world and sleeping in his tiny basket. CLEO took advantage of the opportunity to learn how to retrieve celery. When she tired of that, she spotted a pile of chicken necks and removed them one by one to a remote corner, where she stood guard over her stockpile.

The older cats were less concerned with frivolities. SABU spent much time roaming free with his "master" along the wooded paths on the hillside on the lodge grounds. TIGER followed Don and Dee along the same paths. BABY stayed close to his people. CARLOTTA declined invitations to dinner and to exercise in the woods, preferring the security of her private apartment in her station wagon. While other felines posed for the photographers at the dining table, CARLOTTA held a private interview on the tail gate.

Friendships were strengthened at the Eichelman Lodge. A happy ending was written to the Saga of Sabu. (See item below).

Seven ocelots, one margay and approximately 30 people were on hand. But as Alf Eichelman so aptly expressed it: "The important thing about this club is that the cats are the real members. We're just attendants. You might say, we're just what the cats brought in."

But humans were not by any means overlooked! Refreshments and hors d'oeuvres were served all day long, and at the end of the day, a picnic box of piping hot "chicken in the rough with all the trimmings" was presented to each person. At this point Sabu, too, who eats only cooked food, came to understand the full meaning of "picnic".

Sunday morning our hosts took a group through The Endless Caverns, while others went horseback riding. During the afternoon, the few who found it possible to delay the long trek home, visited with the hosts. BABY and MITSU-KO established a wrestling friendship and shared Baby's outdoor swimming pool and floating toys.

Because so many who wanted to come found the picnic badly timed, CARLOTTA is planning to have a repeat performance at Amagansett, N.Y. the weekend after Labor Day. Details will appear in the next (September) issue of the Newsletter.

The Saga of Sabu

Sabu first came to the attention of the Club when he was the central figure in court activity in Washington, D.C. where he lived with Jim Coan. Not much is known about Sabu's peregrinations before he became acquainted with Jim who purchased him in a Cherrydale, Virginia pet shop in August, 1958. He was then eight months old. Two weeks later the police objected when Jim walked his cat on a leash in public.

Sentiment against ocelots in that area is strong after the unfavorable publicity received, so long ago by the Beltsville, Maryland "ocelot". This cat, incidentally, was subsequently owned by Jim Coan, who found him to be a tractable margay.

After considerable verbal struggle with many agencies and irreproachable demonstrations by Sabu, the verdict came that Sabu was a wild animal and therefore could not be walked on a leash in The District. Sabu was quite unconcerned and went on living his life and developing deep understanding with his partner and protector. But it was not always happy. Jim tells of their experience after the first newspaper item appeared: "A lady called me asking permission to come to see Sabu. She had always wanted to play with the ocelots at the zoo. She came and brought him a little gift -- a piece of poisoned beef. He had to have his stomach pumped and to be fed intravenously. Since his experience he will not accept food from anyone but me."

And Jim tells of happier times: "Sabu makes his toilet in the bath tub on paper. The other evening we were visiting with a friend. After dinner he had to go, but there was no paper in the tub. Sabu went to the magazine rack, picked up an issue of Time and trotted off to the tub with it, where he used it for the purposes he intended."

Jim and Sabu became inseparable: "This little fellow dived off an eight foot bank into 20 feet of water to swim with me the other day. He went all the way under and came up swimming! He really enjoyed it. He dived in just like an otter. Poor little fellow --- he swims like a seal, eats like a horse, behaves better than a dog, acts like a child -- some day when I am sure it will not disillusion him, I'm going to tell him he really is an ocelot."

Then came the time when "Neighbors began to give me trouble about Sabu. He bothered no one but the fact that I had him irritated them. Threats kept coming. We had to move, but there wasn't one place in the D.C. area where I could live with 'that notorious cat'." Then Sabu went to boarding school, or more exactly to a boarding kennel where he lived with the owners as a member of the family.

For six months Sabu and Jim dropped out of contact with the Club. Then last month a letter came from Nazareth, Penna., bearing the good news that Sabu had given Jim permission to take a wife. Sabu is very fond of Joanne who is now Mrs. Coan. All now live happily in Nazareth, Pennsylvania.

MIXED EMOTIONS

Experienced and Expressed by
Jayne Murray

Mixed emotions and owning an ocelot seem to go hand in hand. Very often you find yourself extremely sorry for your furry "child" because of frustrations that are ever present, and defending yourself to yourself for keeping one. One of our members expressed the desire to take them all back to their homes and turn them loose in the jungle, but hastened to add: "I don't mean it -- couldn't live without them around me."

When my first ocelot was killed, I reprimanded myself for having an animal so unfamiliar with civilization that he did not know enough to be afraid of cars. Life was so empty without one of the affectionate rascals that very shortly we opened our hearts to a new baby. Until recently I had never really experienced the desire to take mine back to her jungle, or wish she had never been taken from it. As she has grown older there have been several such occasions, one of which will be remembered, probably because it was the first.

It was a beautiful May evening, -- that time between twilight and dark when the world almost stops and relaxes. Day noises had ceased and the softer night sounds were beginning. As Mitsu-ko and I walked along the old wagon trail that leads to the far end of the field, a sweet faint odor of lilacs and new grass drifted through the night air. A full moon shining between thin clouds washed the world around us in its shimmering silver light. Sometimes as we moved from shadow to shadow, all I could see of her were those two white spots on her ears, for in that moonlight she seemed to melt into the surroundings and become part of them. Having thoroughly investigated the ground we had covered, she began to have a wonderful time leaping into and up out of the high grass that grows on either side of the path, stalking some imaginary prey, pouncing on it, then racing off again.

I enjoyed watching her small lithe body dart into view, then disappear before my eyes as she and the foliage became one. As she became more and more involved in her game the tugs at the end of the long chain became more frequent and insistent. So did the tugs at my heart. I could picture that small baby tumbling and cavorting, free as the breeze, with her mother and brother somewhere else in the world. I longed to free her, to let her run and leap to her heart's desire, but I didn't dare.

For the first time I was truly sorry she had ever been taken from her jungle to live the restricted life of a domesticated animal. Since I can't visualize my life without an ocelot sharing it, I told myself she was really much better off right where she was, even if her play was curtailed. After all she had a nice warm, safe house to live in, her own cozy box to sleep in, soft chairs and beds to stretch out on. She never had to hunt for her food, perhaps not finding enough. She was most certainly well loved. If she were in her jungle she might not be playing, but rather running away from her enemies. She might be sick and undernourished.

My thoughts were interrupted by that cute little cry Mitsu-ko makes when she wants to be picked up. As I stooped to get her, she climbed right into her favorite perch in my arms, licked my face and purred loudly. She was right where she belonged as far as she was concerned, and I was so happy. The moment of regret was gone, -- forever? No, I think not, for it comes back now and then to nag at me.

Could this be the price we must pay for loving and wanting these beautiful creatures from the jungle?

* * * *

Since our return from the picnic in New Market, I have wondered if Jim Coan has moments of regret such as these, for I think his Sabu is the freest ocelot I have ever seen. We all stared in wonder when Jim opened the door and let Sabu, minus chain or leash, wander around the house as he would, or run away if he so desired. What perfect understanding these two must have in each other, for there was no doubt in Jim's mind that Sabu would not stay close, and no desire in Sabu's to be anywhere but close to wherever Jim might be. It was quite a wonderful thing to see, and at the same time a challenge to those of us who might be in a position to train our young ocelots in such a manner.



Ocelots in Print

BLOSSOM (Davis) "She Forgot She's an Ocelot", Look, May 12, 1959

PINTA (Morrell) "Rector Finds Ocelot Angel in Home", Sunday News, New York, N.Y., May 3, '59.

SIMBA (Mathews) "Thousand Dollar 'Kitty' Center of Anaheim Fight", The Daily News, Garden Grove, California, May 14, '59.

SHADRACK (Cronin) "Big Gaudy Ocelot Makes Gentle Pet", N.Y. World Telegram-Sun, May 22, '59

SIMBA (Mathews) "Ocelot Book is Now at Library" Anaheim Bulletin, April 3, '59.

SABU (Coan), MITSU-KO (Murray), QUITO (Dufort), CLEO (Paul) in several publications: "Convention Just Purrfect as Ocelots Chew the Rag", Newsday, 6/9/59; "Gals Stage a Pet Event", N.Y. Daily Mirror 6/8/59; "Cats Capers as Fanciers of Ocelots Hold Meeting", Daily News-Record, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

(Also Long Island Press 6/10/58,
and Richmond Times Dispatch 6/7/59)



News from Around the Jungle

IN THE TRANSFER of ownership of ocelots department: DUECE, formerly owned by Art Glowka who found Duece in the Brazilian jungle, where he was engaged for about eight months in the summer of 1958 diving for diamonds at the mouth of the Amazon River, -- has taken up residence with Mrs. Denise Pierron of Wantagh, L.I., N.Y. Art (now in New Orleans) found it impossible to keep his pet with him on his many travels. Denise has found Duece to be very affectionate.

DEAN CRANE, now working in Las Vegas, left his Gautama in the care of Virginia Lee and others of the "Balet Arts" with whom Dean is associated. Gautama, about six months old, failed to thrive in the absence of his master and became so ill, having had a broken leg which would not set properly, that it was thought necessary to destroy him. Then the club suggested to Virginia that she contact Mr. Charles Guyette of New York City. Charles, who has an insatiable love for our little felines, and an uncanny ability with sick ones, has nursed Gautama back to health. At last report he was running around with the best of them, and eating well.

OUT OF THIS, and similar instances, was born an inspiration. It is hoped that there will soon be available under the auspices of two of our Metropolitan N.Y. area members, Mr. Charles Guyette and Miss Muriel White, both of whom have had extensive experience with ocelots and margays, a REFUGE for ocelots which need understanding care and/or temporary living quarters. This would include boarding those cats whose temperaments permit it, in the absence of their masters. When plans are formulated, further word will be carried in the Newsletter. In the meantime, information will be available at club headquarters.

IN THE MARITAL DEPARTMENT: Tom Lane of Benton, Pennsylvania was married on June 6th to Bertha-rose Bredbenner in Benton. Little has been heard from 3-year old FELIX in the past six months, but we know he will be one happy ocelot now that his family circle has widened.

MARTY GUIFFRE of Topanga Canyon, California, has recently lost her PERRY, an ocelot yearling who was afflicted with epilepsy. His semi-monthly fits had been medically controlled at great cost to his personal happiness. Marty decided to discontinue medication and give Perry a chance to live as an ocelot should for however long it might be. Marty, who has owned many animals, feels the loss of Perry more keenly than any.

SUMMERING CITY CATS include two year old margay, MONTEZUMA, who is splitting his time between his Fire Island, L.I., summer home and his N.Y.C. apartment. He lives happily in both homes with Meg and Si Merrill and his two "regulation" feline pals. MAX, who is now about 9 months old, is taking full advantage of her Westhampton, L.I. summer home, literally swimming regularly in the local bay waters with her mistress, Pat Ladew. Pat thinks she has heard MAX say, "New York City never had anything like this, not even in the bathtub."

PHOTOGRAPHS to illustrate an article defending "wild" animals which accepted the rewards and restrictions of domestication, are wanted. Will all members who have good photographs showing such animals, whatever species, enjoying domestic life, please lend them to the Club? Please contact Club Headquarters, or send photographs.

ZORCH MARCHESE, Floral Park, L.I. margay, slipped out during Dorothy's absence from town and spent 2½ days hunting birds. When Dorothy came home, so did Zorch, -- a little less docile, but repentant and happy. (So was Dorothy!)

Medicine & Care

We agree that anesthesia is not easy for felines. And we know that they will react differently to similar dosages of the same anesthetic. Jayne Murray's report which follows, describes her young ocelot's clawdectomy.

"Dr. Sacks gave her an injection of Sparine as a preanesthetic on arrival Saturday morning at 9:00, and Surital for the general when he performed the operation at one o'clock. He said it would take about half an hour, so he could give her short term anesthesia. She stayed until five o'clock so the veterinarian could observe her coming out of it. Even with short term anesthetic it wasn't until six or seven o'clock Sunday evening that I knew she was well on her way out of it. She ate some food Saturday night and again Sunday morning but about noon, she vomited it. Then she looked much better. However she settled into a sleep that was so quiet I had to keep checking her to see that she was still breathing. Dr. Sacks had said to watch for any signs that she was going back under. At six o'clock she woke up, got out of her carrier, used her toilet, then got into her box. Later she got up and ate. By this time she was walking around very well considering those poor bandaged feet.

"The thing I like about Surital is the fast recovery from it, -- fast considering the length of time I have seen it take with Nembutol. Also once my cat was out of it she seemed to walk better without dizziness. Her weight loss was far less than my other cat's."

New Members

Greg Clarke, 7 Newbridge Ave., Woburn, Mass. has a 1½ year old female ocelot known as Shalimar.

Richard Battan, 35 East 30th Street, New York 16, N.Y. has a new ocelot kitten he calls Nike. She is approximately 6 months old.

Miss Jean Reynolds, 9 Prospect Hill Ave., Summit, N.J. has a 1 year old margay known as Blossom. This cat came to the attention of all members who read the May 12th issue of Look Magazine.

Mr. & Mrs. Daniel K. Weiskopf, 233 E 69 Street, New York 21, N.Y. own a young male ocelot known as Giboy.

Rev. H. Thomas Morrell, 2626 Seminole Ave., Seaford, L.I., N.Y. The newest addition to the household is Pinta, a six month-old male ocelot. Rev. Morrell who is 73 years old and recently retired, indicates that Pinta is an "angel". There are many other pets in his home including monkeys, fox, birds, and fish.

Earle and Michell, Box 1063, Paradise Point, Crystal River, Florida. Their first ocelot died at the age of four months of a heart attack at a veterinarians office while the cat was being restrained to have his temperature taken. Safari, their present cat is three years old and weighs five pounds. "Little Safari is so good. He does not spray, and uses the small metal boxes just the same as our two Siamese. Last fall and winter he travelled over 29,000 miles with us, but we kept him quiet as possible, never exposing him to people to make him nervous." Such is the interesting life of cats whose "mother" is a trapeze performer, and who live in a trailer.

TLALOCELOTL TIDBITS

Shaney Brooks and Hank Frey, who interpret for EVE who reports for this column, indicate that EVE is enjoying summer vacation, and will not be heard from until the September issue. Meanwhile, EVE offers us this summer proverb: ONE SWALLOW DOESN'T MAKE A DINNER.