

LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB Newsletter

Staff: Mrs. Harry G. Cisin, Editor, Amagansett, L.I., N.Y.
Miss Shaney Brooks, 39 E 10th Street, New York 3, N.Y.
Mrs. Wilbur Murray, RFD 1, Peekskill Hollow Rd., Putnam Valley, N.Y.

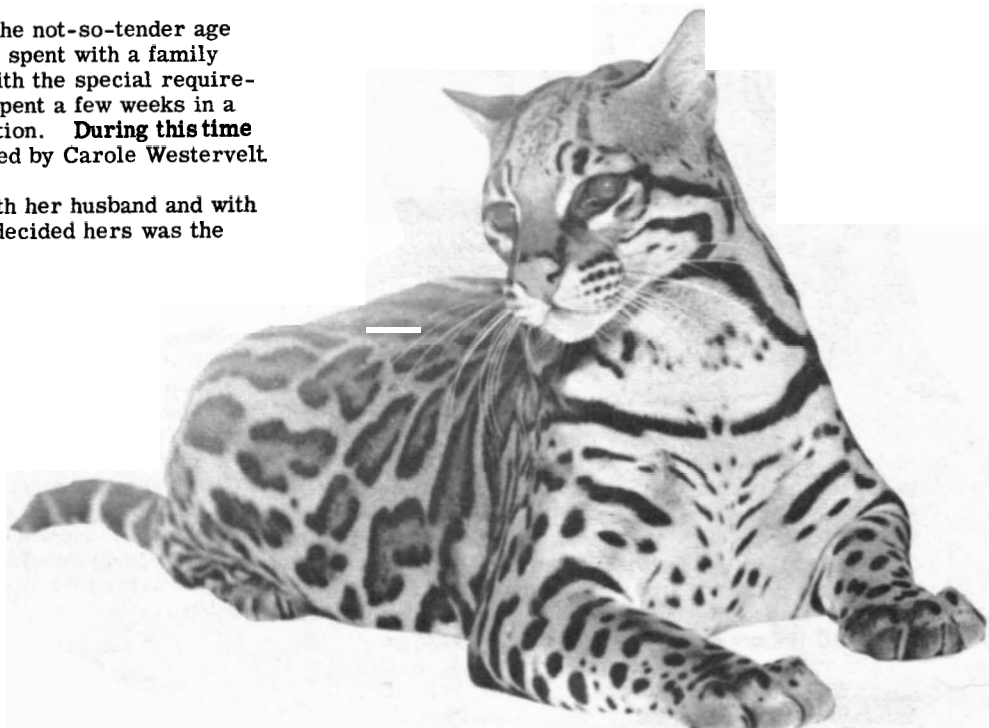
PUBLISHED bi-monthly by: LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB, Amagansett, N. Y. Vol. 4, No. 3 May, 1960

NOAH Came to Long Island at the not-so-tender age of six months. His next year was spent with a family which had difficulty conforming with the special requirements of a maturing ocelot. He spent a few weeks in a Babylon pet shop waiting for adoption. **During this time** he was frequently visited and petted by Carole Westervelt

After several conferences with her husband and with L. I. O. C. headquarters, Carole decided hers was the home Noah needed. He had no difficulty establishing himself.

He is now between three and four years old. His overweight 45 pounds testify to the loving care and indulgent cuisine he now enjoys.

If there is any further need to prove that Noah is where he belongs, it might be admitted that when the photographer was summoned for the new Westervelt baby, Victoria, he wasn't permitted to leave without first taking this picture of NOAH. (Photo by Laurel)



1960 PICNIC IN PUTNAM VALLEY, N.Y.

PLAN AHEAD

The dates are SATURDAY
JUNE 25 and SUNDAY
JUNE 26

Perhaps you will want to be on hand Friday night if you are travelling from afar.

We will be sleeping at the Yorktown Motor Lodge situated as shown on the map on Page 2, "down the road a piece" from the Murrays. The motel was built last summer and boasts a swimming pool and every convenience you can name, including a "Continental" breakfast (help yourself) which goes along with your room rent. Rates are \$9 per day for single rooms and \$14 and \$16 per day for double rooms. It is suggested that reservations be made at the earliest possible moment either directly: Yorktown Motor Lodge, Yorktown Heights, N. Y. (mention that you are a

member of the Long Island Ocelot Club) or through Mrs. Wilbur Murray, RFD 1, Peekskill Hollow Road, Putnam Valley, N. Y. Enclose a ten dollar deposit with reservation in either case.

We will be prowling in and around the lair of JOSE, MITSU-KO and SUMI-SAN Murray, according to the following program:

SATURDAY, JUNE 25

1:00 P. M. Gather and meet. Fishing for trout by people and ocelots in the Murray's stream; swimming in same (for ocelots only).

4:00 P. M. FOOD !! For people. (Ocelot-type food available at all hours during the picnic)

The evening will be devoted to showing pictures. Bring your 35 MM slides. Screen and projector will be available. If movies, bring your own projector.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26

Experience indicates that this day should be set aside for plans the members will want to make among themselves. Many will be wanting to start homeward early Sunday evening, or even during the afternoon. Experience also indicates all will be reluctant to go!

TRAVEL DIRECTIONS



Route 6 goes east to Connecticut and west to Pennsylvania via New Jersey. Those coming from New York City will take the West Side Highway, Hendric Hudson Parkway, Saw Mill River Parkway to Hawthorne Circle and then the Taconic Parkway. Take the Peekskill Hollow Road exit from Taconic Parkway and go west. The Murray prowl grounds are about two miles along the Peekskill Hollow Road, and will be well marked.

When in doubt, phone LAKeland 8 6444. The Murrays will help you out. Please advise either Club Headquarters, or the Murrays that you plan to come.

News from Around the Jungle

JIM YOAKUM, formerly of Vale, Oregon, has changed his address to P. O. Box 128, Ely, Nevada. Regarding his two year old bobcat, he writes: "Rufus, by the way, is now working a six months contract with Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood. They are making a movie using Rufus. I hear tell that it is the first time that some of those Stars have seen an Oregon wildcat with a winter fur coat on, enjoying the warm, balmy, sunny, winter days in California."

MRS. DENISE PIERRON, Wantagh, L. I., N. Y., sends us a clipping from one of her Paris Newspapers offering ocelots for sale at OISElier, 300 Notre Dame, 15 Quai de Montebello, Paris 5. Phone: Odeon 9866. Of course there are easier ways to get ocelots, but their widespread availability is very noteworthy!

From MRS JEWEL CARR of Los Angeles who has long been trying, along with the rest of us, to breed ocelots, comes announcement of a surprise birth --

again in California. "Mr and Mrs. Castle of Halfmoon Bay brought their TiKi down three months ago and left her with Thumper (one of Jewel's ocelots) for two weeks. I hadn't heard from them until last week. They are bringing Teekee II down in payment of stud fee:-- just like that. TiKi gave birth to two females, and I hadn't even heard that she was expecting."

"I HAVE HAD MANY ANIMALS and have loved them all," writes Ann Ulrichsen of 100 Beers Street, Keyport, N. J. "I do not think I have ever felt as badly over the loss of one as I did over Cebu. He was such an affectionate baby and I felt as if it were my fault. Dr. Gelok and Dr. O' Connor of Staten Island Zoo with whom he consulted, seemed to think he was too young to have been removed from his mother, and too young to feed successfully. I do not know. I know that there is a big empty spot in our household."

Ann's second Cebu, as this letter goes to press, is undergoing anesthesia to have a broken leg set.

IT HAPPENS not only to ocelots! Latest word --- Dorothy Marchese, 275 Tulip Avenue, Floral Park, N. Y. wrote on March 28th: "Woe is me! I fell and broke my leg! The Zorch is trying to get the cast off. She gives me a lick and then goes to work on the cast. She will not let anyone near me when she is around. What devotion!"

MISTAKEN MEG, as she fancies herself -- has just been through the throes of finding Mont II. Meg and Si Merrill had been trying since last December to find another margay resembling Mont who died. They found him, -- a wee one slightly larger than a king size pack of cigarettes. For the past month as he grew, Meg tried to convince herself that he was a margay despite the lack of sufficient tail. After carefully balancing weight schedules and photos of growing ocelots, Meg admitted defeat and forwarded her little, loving, docile ocelot to Marty Guiffre of Topanga Canyon, Calif. Marty met the jet and the baby in L. A. Meg resumed her search for Mont II.

REPORT OF MEETING, MARCH 13, 1960

The meeting began at 2: 30 P. M. at Bell Sound Studios, (237 W. 54 Street, New York, N. Y.) where Dan and Edith Cronin again were hosts. They were again ably assisted by Shadrack, their two year old ocelot.

Approximately 50 people attended, and eleven cats. Partial list follows. Guests are not listed.

Tatiana Gillette, SYDNEY (o)
Peter and Suzanne Chisholm, NARI (m)
Shaney Brooks and Hank Frey, EVE (o)
Dorothy Marchese, ZORCH (m)
Bernie and Cherie Starr, CALI & QUITO (o)
Sherrie Zuckert
Dr. Tom Griffith, MR. PEPYS (m)
Meg Merrill and Michael,
Norma Timmonee
Jayne and Bill Murray, SUMI-SAN (o)
George and Ruth Lesko
Edith & Dan Cronin, SHADRACK (o)
Daphne and Ray Ovington, SOUZA (o)
Ann Ulrichsen
Mr & Mrs W. Sheeres
Jim Coan
Catherine and Harry Cisin
John Allen, SIMBA (o)

(Continued on Page 6)

MIXED EMOTIONS

Experienced and Expressed by

Jayne Murray

Why did you get an ocelot? A reporter asked the question, a perfectly logical one to be sure, but it came unexpectedly catching me off guard. The "why" of ocelot ownership had never been given any particular thought until that moment. **Why had I gotten an ocelot?**

The desire to have as a pet something more than the ordinary house cat began a long time ago. I recall as a very small child standing before the cage of a black panther, saying matter-of-factly, "I'd like to have one of those." **Most children want a kitten. I wanted a black panther.** I've always visited zoos everywhere and always it has been the big cats that hold me spellbound in front of their cages. There is about them a sleekness of body, a grace and majesty in their bearing, that is fascinatingly beautiful.

It was a chance visit to a pet shop where there was a very small leopard, age approximately six weeks, that really started the ball rolling. While I held him he purred contentedly, a deep rough rumbling purr. He gazed at me with almost too-big blue-brown eyes, while his small, very pink, sandpapery tongue licked my fingers and hand. Never had I seen one so small. The tiny spotted face was absolutely the most appealing I had ever seen. I was completely smitten, and realized for the first time that a life long desire could be fulfilled.

Perhaps he wasn't a black panther, but at least one of the big cats could be mine. The floor beneath my feet turned to clouds and I fairly floated home to tell my husband the wonderful news. After he had been revived and helped up off the floor, a full glowing description of the leopard cub was given, with assurance that they are not really so terribly big and when acquired at such a tender age, make very nice, affectionate pets. My friends told me I was crazy, -- but they said that about Edison, too. My imagination ran the gamut: he was an adorable baby playing around the house, rolling and tumbling. He was a gorgeous adult animal walking amiably at the end of a leash, riding in the car, heads turning to see this most beautiful pet.

The bubble burst when my husband brought out the encyclopedia and chalk marks were put on the floor to show just how big this magnificent pet of mine was going to get. The space looked alarmingly huge. A trip to the Bronx Zoo convinced me that as an adult, the animal could never be kept in the house. Friends and neighbors would fear it and request its immediate removal. In all fairness I could not buy a pet that one day might have to be put in a zoo because it had outgrown its home and its family.

It was with heavy heart that a return trip was made to the pet shop to cancel the order. The memory of the cute spotted baby came back to taunt me. The situation was explained to the dealer and, bless his heart, he said: "Maybe you'd like an ocelot." The word sounded vaguely familiar and from a deep corner came the memory of an article I had read several years earlier about a flyer who had brought a small "leopard cat" home to his wife in California. It had said they made nice pets if one could become accustomed to the prowling and growling. **I was sure I could.** At last I had found a little "big" cat!

Three months later we had our first ocelot. It was love at first sight. Zorro was all I had hoped for, and more. When he was killed seven months later it was as though the plague had struck. The house, once lively, was too quiet and so desperately empty that an immediate search for another ocelot was started. Two weeks later a sweet, gentle little miss moved into our hearts and home.

When Mitsu-ko was nine months old, Don Segundo Jose, who had been born the previous November in Los Angeles, was flown to New York to join her. Our ocelot family was complete, -- or so we thought. In February, a friend called to ask if we knew anyone who would want to take a pair of young ocelots. When I told my husband the new ones were coming until I could find a home for them, he smiled and asked: "Where are you going to keep these two?" Naturally, he knows me very well!

Eventually Souza went home to her original owners who had discovered they missed her too much to give her up. There wasn't enough room in their new quarters for two ocelots, so Sumi-San who had become accustomed to his new home and touched a soft spot in my heart, remained with us.

That's the "why and wherefor" -- from a leopard to three ocelots. Someone is bound to ask: "Why three ocelots?" My reply:

There was one little ocelot, whom we call Mitsu,
Along came Jose -- then there were two.
Souza and mate came to our door,
They stayed for a visit and then there were four.

Four little ocelots kept us on the run.
Souze went home - we were minus one.
Three lovely ocelots -- a lot we do agree,
Jose is for Mitsu-ko: Sumi-San's for me.

One more thing: Why did YOU get an ocelot? or a margay? or a bobcat? or a cheetah? or a jaguarundi? or a puma?



TLALOCELOTL TIDBITS

Well, Eve was intending to send us her tidbits, but fell prey to an attack of spring fever. She was planning to tell us about Shadrack Cronin's confusion. This all came about when he failed to recognize his parents one evening when they returned from the movies. It may have escaped his notice had they gone to a regular movie, but the lingering scents from AROMARAMA were just a little beyond his endurance. This was evident when for hours later, he "attacked" the clothes they had been wearing whenever the closet door was opened. It must have been the lingering scents from the tiger episode.

And she meant to send us her Ancient Ocelot Proverb: Don't count your chickens before they're caught.

She promises to recover in time for the July issue!

Declaw or Not

PART 2 -- Summarized by JAYNE MURRAY

In response to the request for views in favor of declawing, Meg Merrill of New York City wrote the following:

"Whether to declaw or not is strictly and only a personal matter. It can be nothing else. If a person loves his cat and it scratches and the person wants to keep the cat, but can't abide the scratching, get rid of the wherewithal to scratch. Perhaps all wild cats can be taught not to scratch, but we are not all wild animal trainers, nor should we expect to be. Some people talk to cats, some only love them. Between the two, there is a world of difference. What most of us want is to keep our cats the best way we possibly can and if that includes removal of claws, then out they should come.

"One thing in favor, in my opinion, of declawing house-living cats, and it pertains mostly to those of us who are less hermits than others, is the attitude our friends take rather than the condition of our furniture. Most people do not cotton to the idea of having their arms laid bare. Regardless of how good a cat is, this is always possible. I do believe a cat would rather be allowed out with company clawless, than locked away with claws every time a visitor comes.

"Monte never missed his claws. He never knew they weren't there. Everyone who knew him had seen him 'sharpening his feet'. Literally and, in fact, he sharpened them until his dying day. He THOUGHT he had them, I KNEW he didn't and we were both happy."

Montezuma was the little margay with the big tail whose picture appeared on the front page of the September, 1959 Newsletter.

Alf Eichelman of New Market, Virginia, at one time owned "The Fur Parade", a display of live species of fur bearing animals. For a number of years, the care, feeding and training of over forty species of wild animals had been his livelihood as well as his avocation. Among the animals that Alf has handled was an African Lion, three black bears, Bay Lynx, African civet, bobcats, coati mundi, fox, badger, ocelots and many more. He speaks from some experience when he says:

"Every animal is an individual both as to breed and also within the breed. Whom are we trying to fool with all this talk of the non-necessity of safeguarding ourselves and furnishings from claws and teeth of our pets. I have attended a great many ocelot gatherings and one thing I have learned is that most of our folk would not think of handling even our better-trained animals without first getting the owner's assurance that they could do so safely. Why, then, jeopardize one ignorant of these cats' potentials, by not making them as safe to handle as we can? A good veterinarian now does a claw-dectomy so that even a bigger cat is leaping around after the third day.

"Some say we are denying them their natural defenses. Poppy cock. Defenses against what? The cat has been taken from his natural habitat where his constant existence depends upon his ability to strike down his prey and defend himself from larger marauders. In his present environment who among us would let his cat go unleashed except in rare instances under personal close supervision?

"We, in attempting to popularize a new exotic pet, have an obligation to fulfill to our pets as well as those people who may come into contact with them. Also, isn't it entirely possible that there wouldn't be so many heartbreaking

stories about the constant discovery of cat owners that they have to get rid of their cats? Perhaps a more realistic understanding of how best to make a safe, dependable, less destructive animal would help solve the situation."

There has been mention of damage to the animal's spirit and personality, and mutilation of its body as a result of clawdectomy. I feel very strongly that this is not so. Mitsu-ko, the female member of our cat family is without claws, but this is not apparent except on close examination. If the operation is done by a competent veterinarian it is a neat, clean job and there is absolutely no mutilation of the animal. Truthfully, I have never been able to see any difference between Jose, who is fully clawed, and Mitsu-ko. I cannot see that he is a happier animal because he has his claws, or that she is despondent due to the lack of them. She can jump, run and play every bit as well as he can. The only difference is that I never have to remind her to retract her claws. I do have to remind him quite often. If an animal's spirit is broken it is not due to an operation, but rather to the kind of treatment it has been given day in and day out by the people handling it. If an animal is shown affection, and treated with kind understanding it will be a happy animal with a good spirit whether it has claws or not. Claws and teeth do not make the animal; the lack of them does not change its personality. An ocelot is an ocelot and the beauty of the animal is not changed. It has just been made a little easier for us thin-skinned humans to handle.

Many, many thanks to Alf and Meg, who expressed so well views that other members share and have mentioned.

THE NEXT MEETING

THE NEXT MEETING will be held on SUNDAY, MAY 8, at the home of Jim Coan (and Sabu II and Sebena) in Clinton, N. J., between 2:00 P. M. and 5:00 P. M.

Those who wish transportation from Long Island or metropolitan New York, to Clinton, please contact Mr. Peter Chisholm, 165 Rockaway Parkway, Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y., before May 2nd. Phone any evening around 6:30 COngress 2 0256. The Chisholms can accommodate up to six people.

Clinton is located on Route 22 (N. J.) 44.2 miles west of the New Jersey Turnpike. Route: New Jersey Turnpike to Exit 14 (Newark Airport), then take Route 22 west to Clinton. At the junction of 69 and 22, remain on 22, go under the under-pass. Immediately under the underpass you will see to your left, Clinton Point Inn, as well as the turn-off to it. The Royal Blue bus station is in Clinton Point Inn. Ask for Jim Coan at the ticket counter and the agent will show you the guide who will take you to Jim's house. The guide will shuttle back and forth until everyone has arrived.

Jim suggests that travellers have lunch en route. He will serve a buffet dinner at 5:00 P. M. (Club headquarters has advance information that his menu is magnificent!) Jim requests that all members planning to attend advise him prior to Monday, May 2, in order that he will have time to make appropriate arrangements.

Write: J. E. Coan, Box 19, Clinton, N. J. Phone: High Ridge 443J2.

TRAINING YOUR OCELOT

By J. E. Coan

MENTAL CONDITIONING (Part I)

I feel that there are so many mistaken ideas about ocelots that an owner or trainer must mentally condition himself for the task ahead .

Though an ocelot certainly belongs to the cat family, it is not "just a cat" and cannot be treated as a house cat. Ocelots are high strung, full of fear, and very impressionable. One false move, no matter how innocent the move, may build a fear in your pet which will never be removed or overcome. It is imperative to get it deeply impressed in your mind that the little bundle of fur you have brought into your home is a frightened bundle of nerves and that even when all seems well, every care must be thoroughly exercised not to cause the animal any alarm or fear. If you will remember this you may completely forget that he is a wild animal, and disregard all opinions about the impossibility of domestication of wild animals. They may apply to other animals, but not to the ocelot. He can be completely domesticated and trained to be a friendly, docile, loveable house pet. Get it fixed in your mind with no reservation that he can become a wonderful pet if you train him properly.

Like other animals, the ocelot will never be friendly towards everyone. He will be friendly to those he accepts. The ocelot is a private pet, not a public pet and should not be subjected to the general public. He will learn to accept friends in your home when he is allowed to make the advances in friendliness, but he cannot, and will not, be forced.

Bearing these two thoughts in mind always:

- 1) do not cause him alarm or fear
 - 2) he can be domesticated as a house pet
- you have the mental requirement to work with your pet.

The first idea of being careful not to cause alarm or fear requires, then, gentle loving attention 24 hours a day. Always be gentle. Always make sure your ocelot sees the movements you make. Approach him slowly, face to face, never from behind. Let him get accustomed to your hands and feet. Move slowly but not as though in fear. You do not want him to think you are afraid of him. Let him understand that with you he need not be afraid. Protect him from noises that seem to frighten him. Go to him, shield him in your arms and talk gently to him when you see he is startled or afraid. He will soon run to you every time he sees or hears something strange, or is frightened. He will learn to trust and respect you, and you must never do anything while he is young, to break that trust or respect.

These ideas are very general, but lack of space makes brevity necessary, and so does the difference in the personality of individual ocelots. It is impossible to be specific.

If you have questions on these two mental attitudes, please write me giving details and I will do my best to be specific on your particular situation.

Address: J. E. Coan
Box 19
Clinton, New Jersey

..... TO BE CONTINUED

THE REASONS



Under the heading of what ocelots can do to AMAZE, INTRIGUE, EXASPERATE, or BEGUILLE you, we have the following of record on one ABOU, denizen of the Butler domain.

He awakes at 5:00 A.M., fails to find a responsive burgher to enjoy life with him. He promptly pulls over one, and sometimes two end table lamps in the living room. This is certain to get the desired result: ATTENTION. My wife failed to locate the bottoms of her pyjamas the other morn. I found them -- in the toilet bowl. Window shades are fascinating things. You just yank the cord, and they zoom up with a clatter that easily alarms the whole household. A chicken wing gaily tossed aloft innumerable times (when one ocelot is in the waterless bathtub) will bring resulting thumps that shape our desitny and shake the house.

To give visiting ladies a thrill ABOU sneaks up the back of the davenport and wrestles with their coiffures. Be it pony-tail or tiara, this is one rats nest that gets a renovation. I lost him the other breakfast time. I found him two minutes later in the refrigerator, somewhat cool to my blandishments. Liver paste hors d'oeuvres are his specialty. Recently a petition-canvasser came to the house, glimpsed Der Katt and left without asking my John Hancock. Later a stranger at 10:00 P.M. wanted directions to a "lost" street. He felt he could find the place without further help after asking: "Ye Gods! What's THAT?" Who says ocelots are only good for chasing dogs out of the yard?

About his acute sense of smell: heyanks only my books out of the bookcase -- the ones I've been reading; chews only the socks, shoes or sweaters I've taken off; sleeps in the middle of MY bed; rips the crossword puzzle on MY clipboard; fights the leash with demoniacal fury; yanks the kitchen curtains off the rods to follow MY departure for work each morning; greets me with a rush and a chilling growl when I come home at night; prowls the front room incessantly when we have company; snaps jealously at my wife's hand when she pats my arm; "gooses" her rudely under her skirt if I slip a husbandly arm around her waist; assists not so deftly with washing, ironing, dish-washing and shaving. He even swiped the mirror and shaving soap the other morning and went to work like a prankster on a Halowe'en window.

He is as resourceful as a Boy Scout, resolute as a tiger, loving as a valentine, devoted as a cocker spaniel, devious as a carnival gyp-artist, volatile as a will-o-the-wisp, forgiving as a doting mother, hammy as a first-night thespian. He's faithful as a dog and as dogged as a gum-shoe detective.

NO WONDER WE LOVE HIM !

Yours,

Ed and Gwen Butler
34 Middletown Road
Saybrook Manor
Old Saybrook, Conn.



Shaney Brooks reported her investigation into the legality of ocelot ownership in New York City, as follows: "Mr. Hollander of the Legal Department of the Board of Health advises the section of the ruling has been changed to read -- 'No person may keep an animal of any species which is fierce, ferocious or vicious except: a side show, circus or commercial place, or anyone with protective devices'.

"I prodded Mr. Hollander until I learned exactly what was meant by protective devices. Here is how it stands for us wild cat owners in the city. A person may legally keep an ocelot or margay in NYC provided it is kept in a cage at all times. It cannot be let out of the cage at any time and most certainly cannot be taken outside on a leash. He was very emphatic on that point.

"This is a vast improvement over the former ruling. We needn't fear someone filing a complaint against us for having one in an apartment or home as long as we have a cage. There is no permit to be had. Permits are needed by dealers and then it covers only domestic animals."

The project proposed at the January 17th meeting regarding Dan Cronin's letter to ocelot suppliers has come to completion. A mailing of a letter titled "The Inside Story -- OCELOTS & MARGAYS" has been made to an active list of 2400 pet shops in the United States. (Sample of letter enclosed herewith, -- additional copies available in any quantity at LIOC Headquarters).

The next meeting, as announced on Page 4, will be May 8th, at Jim Coan's in Clinton, N. J.

Ocelots in Print

OZZIE (Rider) with pix and story, North Arlington N. J., LEADER 2/4/60

JAGUARUNDI - article by his owner, Frances Tweet, in English publication, "OUR CATS MAGAZINE", February, 1960



NOW SUMMARIZING:

Now that you have finished reading the Newsletter, there are at least two things you must do NOW.

1. Plan to attend the May 8th meeting. (See page 4) If you want transportation, contact Peter Chisholm right away. AND tell Jim Coan before May 2.
2. Plan to attend the June 25 and 26 Picnic. Make your motel reservations right away, if you are going to need them. AND tell either Club Headquarters or tell Bill and Jayne Murray as soon as you have made your decision.



IF YOU WANT extra copies of this issue of the Newsletter, these are readily available, -- just drop a line to LIOC, Amagansett, N. Y.,

New Members

GEORGE and RUTH LESKO, 528 Fifth Street, Brooklyn 15, N. Y. While they now are limited to a one year old white persian, the Leskos are sure that somewhere in their future, not too distant, is an ocelot.

TATIANA GILLETTE, 825 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Having lost her first ocelot over a year ago, Tatiana now owns Sydney, a 1-1/2 year old female who appears to be devoted to her. Sucking is her current top talent, particularly Tatiana's dungarees.

GRACIE and HAL MOLLISON, 298 South Zenobia Street Denver 19, Colorado. Bimbo is their 7 year old, 14 pound margay. "He has learned not to sharpen his claws on any furniture or car seats. His devotion to Gracie stands out, -- he just won't let anyone else pick him up or pet him. Bimbo has just recently formed his only bad habit -- chewing the end of his tail whenever nervous. Sometimes he goes as far as to pull out bits of hair from his tail," advises Hal.

MARY L. SCHUMANN, 70 Park Terrace East, New York 34, N. Y. "In a few months I plan to acquire an ocelot or two," Mary reports. "As information on their care is practically non-existent, I am happy to learn of your club's activities."

NORMA K. TIMMONNEY, 3144 Fairmount Avenue, Bronx 65, N. Y. Norma's young male ocelot, Simba, has been fighting a deficiency which has been evident from his weak legs. She is doing all she can to help him.

KATIE I. KOSEL, 438 E 86 Street, New York 28, N. Y. Has a 4-month old, six pound ocelot she calls Ursula.

CHARLES and LORRAINE RIDER, 75 West Street, North Arlington, N. J. Ozzie, female ocelot who weighs 10 pounds at 5 months, shares the happy Rider home with their five children and two parrots. She is also an enthusiastic passenger aboard the Rider's cabin cruiser Lorraine, North Arlington. A story about Ozzie in a local newspaper brought the Board of Health "huffing and puffing to my front door. He promised to be back in a year to see how big she would get," writes Lorraine.

MR & MRS W. SHEERES, 65 Wadsworth Terrace, New York 40, N. Y. have a half grown Jaguarondi called "Rondi".

ANNE W. CANADAY, 1411 SW 29th St., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. does not own an ocelot, but hopes soon to own one.

BARBARA and OTTO ALBANESIUS, 780 Greenwich St., New York 14, N. Y. have a very young margay they call Chantico.

Renewal Members

Bernard and Mildred Slator, 157 W. Bonita Avenue, San Dimas, Calif.

Lillian Ward, Tropic Gardens Inc. 2007 West 6th St., Los Angeles 57, Calif.

Denton and Roy Anderson, 430 Pine Forest Road, Atlanta 5, Georgia

Mrs. Lydia Sporleder, East Lake Road, Wilson, N. Y.

Mrs. Jewel Carr, 9023 Kittyhawk Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. & Mrs. Alf Eichelman, New Market, Virginia

Mrs. Dorothy Marchese, 275 Tulip Ave., Floral Park, N. Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Carl Tomeo, 1460 - 8th Street, Manhattan Beach, California