



NEWSLETTER

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BIENDONADA (Felis Concolor)

Call her mountain lion, puma, cougar, panther, catamount or by any of the several other names by which she is properly known, Biendonada is part of the animal family of Frances and David Tweet, Route 1, Box 889, Charlotte, N. C.

Bien came into this world somewhere in the Idaho-Dakota territory in June, 1958. Her coat is sandy, eyes grayish, snout dark gray. She is a one-woman cat. Although interested in watching people and in everything that goes on around her, she is loving with Frances, gently patting her and keeping her claws carefully sheathed.

"She is an intelligent, responsive creature," writes Frances. "She is high spirited, very 'talkative', and returns the affection that is bestowed on her. Although she must be confined to her own quarters because of her great strength, she is a very satisfactory and interesting pet."

"Bien's second birthday anniversary was celebrated June 6th. Pampered cat that she is, she left a flank steak untouched and chose instead the horsemeat, spiced with onion salt and tomato puree of which she is so fond."

Travel accommodations for this 80 pound passenger comprise a specially built steel trailer cage, complete with all the needs of an adult mountain lion: windows made of tinted safety glass, ventilators, straw pallet, built-in water dish, -- even a fire extinguisher and a room divider which, on demand, separates one half of the trailer from the other so that Biendonada can be isolated in one while the other is being cleaned. At home, her quarters are sheltered by a carport. From there she can look down to the nearby lake.



Photo by George Baker

THE NEXT MEETING

Now that the summer "picnic" season is over, regular bi-monthly meetings will resume. Our custom is to hold meetings the second Sunday of each "odd" month (1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11). This schedule has been selected because the Newsletter which issues each "odd" month, and which announces the location of the meeting, is in the hands of members at the beginning of those months, or approximately two weeks before the meeting date.

The next meeting will be on Sunday, November 13 at

Bell Sound Studios
237 West 54 Street (Between Broadway
New York, N. Y. and 8th Ave.)

Come at 2130 P.M. Dan and Edith Cronin (and Shadrach) cordially invite all members, their guests and their cats, as well as others interested in the club and our cats.

MIXED EMOTIONS

Jayne Murray

The following letter, received at headquarters recently, posed a provocative question of such general interest that an open letter reply, via the NEWSLETTER, seemed apropos.

"Dear Catherine: I have just finished reading my Newsletter and as usual enjoyed it very much. I am always impressed by the intelligent handling of all given situations. How ocelot and margay owners try so hard to understand their animals! I realize, of course, this is to each individual's own benefit, but how fortunate for the animal to discover someone so intensely interested in him! I know the owner of the ocelot gains something from his association with the animal since this has been so thoroughly evident from the newsletters. I can't help but wonder if a survey should be made to discover if the animal is happier in captivity or in his natural habitat. I am sincerely curious and am not trying to be antagonistic. I know these people give these animals all the love and care they can, but why do so many of them desire escape? I hope you won't mind my asking since I am not a bona fide ocelot owner, but I have often wondered about this particular question. -- Sincerely, Buddy." (Mrs. Arthur Schneider, 7200 Ridge Boulevard, Brooklyn 9, N. Y.)

Dear Buddy:

Undoubtedly every ocelot or margay owner has, at one time or another asked himself this very question, or it has been asked of him by a non-owner. A survey would not supply the answer, for the jungle dwelling animal would know nothing of life in domesticity, and vice versa. (I use the word "domesticity" rather than "captivity", since we are referring to pets, not to zoo or circus animals.)

Existence in the jungle depends on how well the daily battle for survival can be waged. It is not a carefree, certainly not an easy life. If there is any relaxation for jungle inhabitants it comes infrequently, in fleeting minutes. It is a hard, unrelenting way of life where only the strong exist and for the weak there is no hope for survival. The jungle animal has been trained by nature to exist on this battle ground. When he was old enough his lessons in self preservation began. He matured in this environment and knows no other. He fought to attain his own particular territory where he hunts, lives and mates, and it is here he can achieve any happiness he might know.

If we were to transplant an adult jungle animal from his familiar environment to domesticity, give him all the protection and comforts at our disposal, he would be unhappy and terrified in his strange new surroundings. However, we do not acquire adult animals, expecting them to adjust to the life of a pet, but babies who know nothing more of life than play. They are usually between two and four months of age, have been confined to a relatively small area for their own protection, therefore know nothing of freedom. We are substituting ourselves for their mothers; rugs for the jungle floor; tables and chairs in place of trees and rocks; a lined box or even our own bed for a hollowed out tree den. Baby animals are not able to retain the memory of their former existence for very long. They accept these substitutions quickly and adjust to their new surroundings rapidly. At this age they are being conditioned for the lives they will eventually lead, -- not for rigorous jungle existence, but for life as a domestic pet.

Some ocelots and margays live in rural areas where it is possible to allow them the same freedom afforded our domestic pets. Others, who live in the city or suburban areas where this is not possible, grow up in more confined quarters. In either case, they have been trained for domestic living in their own particular environment and have adapted themselves to it. This is the only existence known to them, the only one they have been prepared to cope with and in their own familiar surroundings they are affectionate, comfortable, playful, happy animals.

Why then, do so many of them desire escape? I do not honestly believe it is a desire to escape, but the exercising of their very strong instinctive feline curiosity. The ones that manage to investigate the unknown become frightened and try, in every way they know, to get back to their own safe surroundings. A few have managed to find their way home, or have been found nearby too frightened to go any further. These were the lucky ones. Owners, knowing the plight of a lost ocelot or margay, take precautions against such occurrences. These pets are happiest in their own familiar surroundings and just as the ocelot or margay mother confines her babies to a small area for their own safety except when she is present to protect them, so must we.

Life in domesticity is not fraught with the perils and hardships common to the jungle. Here the animal is sheltered, fed and protected from all that might harm him. We are able to give our pets a more comfortable life, but in my opinion this is not the main point to be considered. It is not a question of whether life is more comfortable in the jungle or in domesticity, or whether an animal is happier living with people or in his natural habitat, but what kind of life the animal has become accustomed to. Domestic ocelots and margays, trained as babies to live with people could not survive a jungle life they had not been prepared for. They would be as unhappy and insecure in those strange surroundings as a jungle grown animal would be in domesticity.

Answers in reply to this question have probably been as varied as leaves on a tree. Mine may not coincide with any, but it has satisfied any qualms I've had concerning my pets, and I hope it has been of some help in clarifying yours.

Sincerely,

Jayne



News from Around the Jungle

The 1960 "picnic season" ended with the "home" picnic at Amagansett, N. Y. Saturday, September 10th. Eighteen enthusiastic members with an equal number of equally enthusiastic guests were on hand. Nine cats from four separate species (puma, ocelot, margay and bengalensis) showed varying degrees of enthusiasm.

Members present were:

Marion Ryan, Forest Hills, N. Y.
Ann and Alf Eichelman, New Market, Va. (O) BABEE
Dan Cronin, New York, N. Y. (O) SHADRACH
Jayne and Bill Murray, Putnam Valley N. Y.
(O) SUMI-SAN
Norma Timmone, Bronx, N. Y.
Sue and Peter Chisholm, Valley Stream, N. Y.
(B) TEKA
Carole & Bill Westervelt, Bayport, N. Y. (O) NOAH
Barbara and Otto Albanesi, N. Y. C. (O) CHANTICO
Dorothy Marchese, Floral Park, N. Y., (M) ZORCH
Daphne & Ray Ovington, N. Y. C.
Harry and Catherine Cisin, Amagansett (O) CARLOTTA

Center of attraction was unquestionably TAWNY, the ten month old puma who came with her family from Brookdale, L.I. She brought her owners, Dorothy and Rob. Mehl and her two young charges, her ten year old master, David Mehl, and his three year old brother, Robert. Tawny's composure in the close presence of so many people and cats was exemplary. She was close pals with the children allowing them complete freedom of her and obviously enjoying it. Of women, several whom petted her, she was tolerant: of men she seemed suspicious, warning them off with a hurried hiss if they approached her too closely.

Highlight of the event for SHADRACH (now clawless) was his introduction through a screen, to fully clawed Carlotta. From all appearances there might have budded a beautiful friendship, had there been more time.

Carole and Bill Westervelt who were responsible for introducing TAWNY and the Mehls to the club, brought NOAH. He was a little less agile this summer than last, since he has gained considerable weight. Indulgent cuisine is probably responsible for his more than fifty pounds. His disposition leaves nothing to be desired. Carole is completely comfortable about his friendship with her year-old daughter.

The most reluctant, and most petite picnicker was tiny TEKA, felis bengalensis, owned by Sue and Peter Chisholm. She chose not to leave the safety of her portable quarters. She spent Saturday night in her Volkswagon, while Sue and Peter pitched their tent on the picnic grounds. During the night Sue was visited by Diesel, the Cisins' black cat. She frankly admits he shared her sleeping bag.

The picnic buffet, including deviled local clams, barbecued chicken, salad brought by Jayne Murray, chocolate cake by Dorothy Marchese, was served in late afternoon. When darkness came, a color film supplied by the manufacturers of "successor to tranquilizers", librium, was shown. It recorded the effects of the drug on many mal-adjusted animals at the San Diego Zoo, with careful notation of dosages (mg/kg) administered to each animal. Dr. Tom Griffith, through whose efforts the film was made available, was unable to attend.

The next picnic, beginning the 1961 picnic season, will be in Paradise Point, near Crystal River, Florida. Safari,

tiny margay who owns Earle and Michell will be looking forward to seeing all his friends during the Easter vacation. Dates will be some time between March 30 and April 10. Complete details will be given in an early Newsletter.

* * *

GREEN RATIONS

Shadrach, two and a half year old ocelot, has brought upon Dan and Edith Cronin the realization that they have, perhaps, been denying him something that is important to his well-being. He brought the matter to their attention by consuming part of one of their houseplants and then promptly vomiting said plant, together with a sizeable piece of foreign matter which he had been carrying in him for some time.

Dan can't avoid the feeling that some fatal cases of intestinal stoppage might have been thwarted had the cats been provided regularly with greens of their choosing which they could use expressly as an emetic. Common grass has been the choice of many cats. Dan is not sure whether the flavor or texture of the greens determines which choice the cat will make, but he is thoroughly convinced (and so is the cat) that an ocelot needs to rid himself of fur and other indigestibles which he swallows.

Fed the greens he has chosen on an empty stomach, the cat will vomit. This does not mean that he is ill, but that he is taking advantage of nature's method of assuring that he will not be! He is to be encouraged, rather than scolded for his raid on the houseplants, perhaps even to the extent of providing him a personal garden!

* * *

SEPTEMBER'S COVER GIRL

Cleopatra (Evans-Brill, Buffalo, N. Y.) found the late summer a good time to persuade her owners to take a vacation. "It was hotter than Hades last night," reports Gene Evans, "but she chose to sleep curled up around my shoulder and holding my ear in her mouth, sucking on it occasionally. I guess I got about three hours sleep. She decided she wanted 'out' about 6:00 A.M. She walked me around the yard for a good hour, had her breakfast (raw egg) and then decided to go back to bed while I had to stay up, get dressed and go to work"

This began to happen more often than not, and suddenly her owners realized that Cleo was ready for a change of scenery. New England was chosen. Gene reports:

"I must tell you about Cleo's vacation. We stopped in at Putnam Valley to see the Murrays and had a nice visit. Our next stop was to see Dr. Nezvesky in Trumbull, Conn. He enjoyed seeing Cleo very much.

"We didn't have very good luck with Mrs. Baird in Centerville, Mass. We had better luck at Natick, Mass. where we stopped to see Mr. & Mrs. Lamar Washington and family. Mr. Washington was at work, but Mrs. W. called him and he rushed right home. They loved Cleo and seemed very interested in getting a baby ocelot.

"We had no problem at any of the motels. In fact we stayed at one that allowed no pets. The previous motel called to make reservations for us and assured them that Cleo would be an excellent guest. She was a sensation everywhere we stopped. At Plymouth Rock more people were crowded about her than about the Rock

News from Around the Jungle (Continued)

FROM Lorraine Rider, 75 West Street, North
Arlington, N. J.

* "With heavy heart I write this letter. Ozzie (year
old margay) passed away September 1, 1960, at
* Point Pleasant Hospital. Dr. Jackson did every-
* thing possible, including a telephone call to Dr.
Zimmerman for help. Dr. Jackson feels it was
the spray that they use on mosquitoes down in
Hurricane Harbor, that caused her death. Ozzie
was in great pain, but not once did she fight us
or snarl at the doctor. She died the lady she was
on earth. She loved everybody."

* * *

FROM S/Sgt & Mrs. Marlin Koch, Box 14,
Point Arena Air Force Station, Point
Arena, California

* "On September 30th, Napoleon (young ocelot) was
taken to Dr. Marsdan in San Bruno for castration.
* He came out of the operation fine. During the
next ten days he showed symptoms of vomiting and
diarrhea. On the eighth day we took Napoleon to
Dr. Chandler in Ukiah, where he was found to
have distemper. His temperature was 102.6. A
blood test showed his white corpuscle count less
than 1M. He was given an injection of serum
and one of penicillin as well as one of nourishment.
At 3:00 AM on the 10th of October we found him to
be cold and very weak. On arrival at the doctor's
at 5:00 A.M. he was dead.

"In April he had been administered two vaccine
shots and still died of distemper. We would like
to know if there has ever been another case like
this in the history of the club.

"Our house seems empty and lonesome even with
three small girls, 2 lovebirds and a black kitten.
We are trying to fill the empty place in our hearts
as soon as possible with a Napoleon II. We realize
in full now what love for an animal is and that he
was really part of our family."

(Will anyone who can answer Marlin's second paragraph
please tell both him and club headquarters?)

* * *

CONFESSION

From Mr. Delbert Cheers, 1115 - 24th Street, Sac-
ramento, California comes this very interesting report.
Delbert is the owner of 3-1/2 year old Cleo, ocelot.

"I can attest to the ferocity of the ocelot in wild
life. When on a recent hunting trip for jaguars with
bow and arrow, we encountered an ocelot that killed
a dog when he was attacked by our pack of fifteen dogs.
At the expense of five more dogs I killed two jaguars
with the bow. The story is in OUTDOOR LIFE MAGA-
ZINE, July issue, titled Tuxpar Tigre. I am sorry to
say, but the ocelot was killed by the dogs. I have had
many pets, but treasure Cleo above any I have had.

"In spite of an active life of big game hunting in
the course of which I fly to many states and countries,
I have warm interest in wild animals, and find the

many kills I have committed with bow and arrow or gun,
leave me far less proud or elated than the animal I have
tamed to love affection and warmth."

* * *

SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM JAYNE MURRAY

"In response to the September Newsletter, the number
of questionnaires which have been completed and returned
has been most gratifying. Thank you very much for your
cooperation. Due to a change in residence (I now live in
Amawalk, N. Y., P. O. Box 19) it has been impossible to
acknowledge them as quickly as I would have liked.

"We would like to put a summary of the information
you have supplied into booklet form and make it available
to members who are interested in having it at hand. This
will not be conclusive enough to make it possible unless we
receive questionnaires from a large majority of the members.
The information we have to date is tremendously interesting,
but we need more. We need information from every owner --
past and/or present. If there is a question you cannot answer,
please say you don't know. This answer may tell us a great deal.

"If you have not completed the form for your pet (ocelot,
margay, bobcat, puma, etc) won't you please do it now ???
Extra copies are always available at club headquarters
on request."

* * *

MINUS EIGHTEEN CLAWS

About his six month old Peruvian ocelot, K. Maurice
Johannessen of Glendora, California, advises:

"Two weeks ago I took Cezar to the hospital to have his
claws removed and at the same time to have him castrated.
I sure was worried when he slept for almost four days. Every
2 hours my wife and I turned him from side to side. Each day
he had to be fed intravenously. His only anesthetic was 1 grain
of nembutol (half the normal toleration for his weight). I have
a high regard for Drs. Field and Darrow of Arcadia, California.
They did a beautiful job. I took the bandages off his feet two
days afterward so they would be off when he awakened. There
was almost no evidence of the operation."

* * *

ANY QUESTIONS?

"We just brought Lancelot home," writes Anita Ziolkowsky
of Lansing, Michigan, "from a clawdectomy at MSU. He came
through it: beautifully. Lance is six or seven months old.
Dr. A. M. Leash is the veterinarian at State and he says he'll
be glad to answer all questions re the anesthesia and the claw-
dectomy. His address: Michigan State University, East Lansing,
Michigan, c/o Veterinary Department, Small Animal Clinic.
Lancelot is much more tractable now than he was. He's doing
well with our boxer, our siamese and our tabby."

* * *

ARSON?

Mrs. Lydia Sporleder, Wilson, N. Y. has recently purchas-
ed an ocelot from Jewel Carr of Los Angeles. This six month
old kitten is slow in accepting Lydia who blames her reticence
on the shock of the transcontinental trip. Lydia plans soon to
get a male companion for Rebel to keep her out of such mischief
as Lydia recently reported: "Well, Rebel almost started a
fire! I looked in the bedroom and found a lamp lying on its side
scorching through the rug by its 100 watt bulb. She had turned
it on after knocking it over."

TRAINING YOUR OCELOT

By J. E. Coan

THE QUESTIONABLE CLAW

There is so much pro and con about removing claws that I hesitate to write my views on the matter. However since these are my views I'll attempt to share them with you in the event that they may be interesting or helpful.

I can not readily explain why I am so completely against removing the claws of a pet ocelot. Perhaps it is my deep desire to completely tame and train them. I know that my attitude is if I cannot teach the animal to live with me without harm to me, my clothes or my furniture, I have no business having that animal or its kind as a pet. If I have to cut out his claws or take out his teeth to feel safe with him, I have not tamed or trained him. Your opinion in the matter is yours and you have a right to that opinion. This is mine.

While I cannot say I've never been clawed or scratched by my ocelots, I can say it has never been deliberate or serious. My furniture, as many of you have seen, bears no marks of the three ocelots and one margay who were raised and taught to play on it.

The margay, first of the cats, never attempted to claw the furniture. She loved to be outdoors and was out a great deal of the time. She sharpened her claws on trees and was no problem. Even in the most rigorous play, she never used her claws.

The first ocelot, Sabu I, was difficult to train. He tried to claw the furniture. I slapped his paws, I held them, I said "no! no!" loudly, and scolded him to no avail. Finally I taped straight pins to my fingers and used them on him like claws when he started on the furniture, or in play with me. It was not easy to do and I really do not recommend this method unless all else fails. Even then, great care must be exercised in order not to alarm the animal or cause it lasting fear, or even hurt to the point of turning the animal against you. However, the cat did get my point and learned that no meant no. A great deal of outdoor exercise aided in the matter of the use of claws.

Sabu II has always been easy to train. With him I simply take his paw, push the claw back causing them all to retract and say "no claws". He knows what I mean. I started this when he was so tiny he could hardly walk. There are times when I have failed to play much with him when he gets very stubborn and determined. When this happens I have to become very stern to make him obey. Probably the point here is never to let your pet outdo you or get the best of you. Be strict but not cruel in your correction and do not give up. Your ocelot will know that you mean what you say, and they do understand!

Sabina I was a big cat when she came to live with us and was never friendly. The week before she decided to leave us was the first time I could touch her. She just refused to play with people or ocelots.

Sabina II, previously known as Cebu, has been with us about two months or more. During all this time her fear or dislike for men brought teeth and claws into full play every time I attempted to go near her. Even feeding her was dangerous. I was clawed just putting food in her dish. My method with her was to let her get hold of me and never move an inch. If she bit me or clawed me I left my hand with her. She released me each time almost immediately.

Her biting and clawing began to be less and less until now she licks my hand instead. I gave her absolutely no reason to fear me and taught her I was not afraid of her. It has taken nearly two months but now she can be picked up and loved with no biting or clawing. She is as sweet and docile as any house cat.

To sum up what I have said: there is no one way or any particular method to train an ocelot to use its claws properly. The personality of the cat and your ability to understand the animal are half the battle. The rest of it is your careful continued effort to train and domesticate the beautiful beast until it is as gentle, loveable and obedient as it is beautiful.

My two eat everything from raw food to table scraps. They play in the house; they romp in the woods; they play with the two dogs who share this premise and rarely ever get out of order unless I neglect their play. The joy and pleasure I have from them has been earned by careful understanding and careful effort to teach them to live in domestic conditions.

I have often reflected on the difficulty I would have to leave my domestic conditions and become perfectly acclimated to jungle life. This improves my patience and understanding of the transition these cats must make and increases my desire to teach them gently to live in my world and to be happy in it.



To Get LIOC EMBLEM:

The LIOC emblem is gold filled, 1" long x 3/4" high, showing the ocelot in a pose similar to that at the head of this Newsletter.

To get one, send name and address and \$3.00 to Long Island Ocelot Club, Amagansett, N. Y. Specify whether you want pin or lapel button.



..... AVAILABLE

Any one calendar year printing of the LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER, six issues per year, Vol 1 (1957), Vol. 2 (1958), Vol. 3 (1959) and this year's Volume 4 (1960), is available at club headquarters at Amagansett, N. Y., at a cost of \$1 per year.



New Members

Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Roberts, 37 Forest Street, Needham 92, Mass. Mr. Roberts tells the story: "This past week has been a busy but interesting one getting used to our new member of the family, Samantha, the ocelot. I must confess that when I walked into the pet store two weeks ago and bought the cat I left asking myself, 'Roberts, what have you gone and done now?' I had arranged to bring her home on a Friday morning and when I walked into that store I felt as though I had ice-water in my veins. I steeled myself to follow through, come what may.

'We arrived home with 'Sam' in a borrowed cage without any incidents on the way. The cage was deposited on the floor in our recreation room in the cellar, the collar and leash having been applied before arrival. I stooped before the cage door and released her, picking up the end of the leash as she came out. 'Sam' stretched her legs and began sharpening her claws on a nearby rug. I stopped the action by lifting her up and setting her down. She then leaped into my lap and arms and started her strenuous purring. She was so darned affectionate that all the fear I had melted away and we became good friends.

"I realize that the foregoing is an old story. I only hope that we can contribute in some little way to other new ocelot owners and help them get off to a successful start."

Armand Kechejian, 178-18 90th Avenue, Jamaica 32, N. Y. "My wife and I are very happy to have 'Posh-Sha'. His name is given like the title of a Turkish king." Posh-Sha is 9 weeks old and weighs 3 pounds.

Mr. & Mrs. Richard Nasman, 131 Purchase Street, Rye, New York. The Nasmans are among our potential ocelot owners.

Joan Noakes, 15 E 36 Street, New York 16 "Sasha has owned me since she was six weeks old and weighed 2-1/2 pounds. Now 1-1/2 years old and 22 pounds she is an accomplished commuter dividing her time between our apartment and weekend visits with my family in New Jersey."

Margaret Carol Trevillian, 1205 Park Avenue, Charleston 2, West Virginia No stranger to ocelots, Margaret now has her second, Mr. Lovely. Her first Rana, died after stomach surgery for removal of foreign objects. She has written for All-Pets Magazine about her ocelot and her many other animals.

Mr. & Mrs. Lamar Washington, 17 Nimitz Circle, Natick, Mass. The Washingtons are looking for an ocelot kit. They are investigating the possibility of direct importation, but are concerned about being "clawed to death" (as they put it) by enthusiastic foreign exporters.

Mr. & Mrs. Jerry Frank, 1176 E 13 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Franks purchased their cat while they were on a hitch-hiking trip through Latin America, in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. "Sumac" which translates to "beautiful" at 11 months weighed five pounds. He was identified at a recent club gathering as felis bengalensis.

Frank J. Schmidt, 669 Carnegie, Apt B3, Akron 14, Ohio After reading about the club in an article on ocelots in the Miami Herald, Frank has decided that he will soon get an ocelot.

Mr. & Mrs. Richard M. Thomas, 415 Gray Twig Road, Vero Beach, Florida. These prospective owners are deliberating the advisability of combining an ocelot or margay with their other cats.

Renewal Members

Dr. Gerard Nash, P O Box 402, Sharon, Penna.
Earle and Mitchell, Paradise Point, Box 1063, Crystal River, Florida

Mr. & Mrs. Si Merrill, 2 Horatio Street, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Bob D. Hayter, Fort Carson, Colorado. (Address to change December, 1960)

Richard Battan, c/o Silva, 257 "L" Street, Chula Vista, California (temporary address)

Genevieve Evans and John Brill, 51 Claremont Avenue, Kenmore 27, N. Y.

Dr. Joseph Davis, Traver Road, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Henry Moser, 5648 Angeles Vista Blvd, Los Angeles 43, California

James R. McDonald, 53 E. 64 Street, New York 21, N. Y.

Delbert L. Cheers, 1115 - 24 Street, Sacramento, Calif.

MORE News from Around the Jungle

CHANGE OF LAIR

Norma Timmone, Bronx, N. Y., who recently lost her little margay, Simba-du, has taken Nike, ocelot which belonged to Dick Battan. Dick has moved to California where he expects to have transient residence and therefore needed to find a home for his ocelot. Nike is a fortunate cat in several respects. When she was a youngster, she underwent surgery (clawectomy, removal of lower canines, and she was spayed)

In September, 1959 when she was less than a year old, she fell from a window and landed on a roof nine stories below, where she lay for 6 hours until she was located. She was taken to nearby Beverly Hospital where she was found to have two broken legs. She received two blood transfusions and the necessary treatment to bring her back to her usual good health.

She is now nearly two years old and weighs about 30 pounds. She is making rapid readjustment to her new surroundings. Norma has found her to be shy, but loving. She is fascinated by water in the bath tub, and sneaks in for a bath whenever the opportunity presents itself.

* * *

ANYONE FOR AN OCELOT?

Cleopatra was born in November 1958. The first club activity she attended was the New Market, Virginia Pic in June, 1959. She was then owned by Charlotte Paul of Woodhaven, N. Y. When she was a year old she was acquired by Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Szapor. Mrs. Szapor now writes: "I would like to place Cleo in the Newsletter for sale. I would really like to keep her but we are expecting our first child and it will be impossible."

Anyone who wishes further information, please write Mrs. Szapor at 106 Union Avenue, Rutherford, N. J., or phone her at WEBster 3 - 3840.

