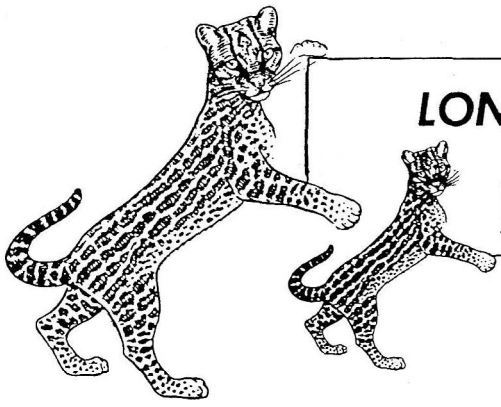

LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB

NEWSLETTER

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TOBO

Tobo, now about ten months old has been a most satisfactory bobcat. His owner, Harry Denhard, Greenville, N.Y., has long been interested in exotic felines. His first venture last April was the purchase of a margay kitten which died of enteritis 72 hours after arrival at Greenville.

His second venture was the purchase of Tobo, lynx rufus, from Zoological Supply Company, P O Box 746, Laredo Tex. His name reflects Harry's interest in philosophy and theosophy. "Tobo" was a mysterious being which figured in the Knostic religion of early Christianity in Asia.

"Tobo is his own boss and mine," advises Harry. "When he is in the mood he will sit on my lap and purr. At other times he likes to play rough-house. He likes to chew on my fingers and is careful not to chomp down. He is not altered or de-clawed or de-fanged. He is careful with his claws most of the time. In this respect he is more docile than our cats.

"He is shy with strangers and very nervous in any new place or situation. His favorite game is catching a small wooden ball that I throw to him. He will also chase this ball around the room for hours by himself. I would call him a friendly wildcat rather than a 'tame' one. He eats almost anything in the line of food . Rabbits, woodchuck, veal, pork and eggs make up his basic diet.

"I have never seen him try to eat anything he shouldn't -- like string or rubber."

NEXT MEETING Sunday, March 10, 1963 at 3:00 P.M.

BELL SOUND STUDIOS
237 West 54 Street
New York, N.Y.

Phone: JU2 4812

WELCOME to the meeting! Bring your cat, your problems, your friends who are interested in exotic cats.

Please be prepared to tell the people who will be at the meeting about your own animal, -- his qualities, his "tricks", his health, his food preferences, his toys, his friends, etc.

Item for discussion: early mysterious deaths of exotics.

MIXED EMOTIONS

By: **Jayne Murray**

Part of Jose's story has been told (Jose's Live Trap, January '63 Newsletter) but the beginning and end of this chapter have not.

The beginning was in Los Angles a little over four years ago when Don Segundo was born November 17, 1958, in the back room of Lillian Ward's pet shop. His first ten months were shared with Lillian, Sheba, his mother, his father, Cheeta, and for a short while his older brother, Don Primo Jesus, until the latter went to live with Bernard and Mildred Slator. October 11, 1959, Don Segundo left too and that was the beginning as far as I was concerned.

The first time I saw Jose (Seggy, as he was called then) he was eleven months old, a dark, long legged, lanky adolescent beauty, newly arrived from his former home in Los Angeles. The trip, via TWA jet, had had no ill effect on him and he was waiting calmly in the Cisin home for us, his new family. He was not shy, nor was he agressive, but greeted us with curiosity and gentle friendliness. We allowed him time to become acquainted with us which he did quickly, then introduced him to his small honey-colored mate, Mitsu-ko. If Mits was impressed by her handsome new mate one could not sense it from her actions for she approached him casually with the usual head maneuvers, touched noses and then ignored him to visit Carlotta.

Jose, too, seemed unimpressed and he was far more interested in playing ball with us or indulging in his favorite pastime, sucking ears. I had been warned that he regarded human ears as being made exclusively for him to suck on and he was content to do just that by the hour, paws wrapped around your neck, eyes tight shut, slurping noisily, purring contentedly. Don Segundo was quite a boy and if Mits was not impressed by the latest member of the Murray family I, most assuredly, was. He was everything Lillian Ward had said he was and more. To say I loved him is putting it rather mildly. Even now I can remember clearly the way he stood and looked at me. His eyes impressed me more than anything else about him, -- not that they were particularly unusual -- just the feature I loved about him most of all. I said once he made me melt and that is as close as I can come to explaining how I have always felt about him.

"The Kids" as we so often called them, were very compatible and we spent many wonderful, happy hours with them. Their months together lengthened into years and while they were very fond of each other the absence of cubs was a source of worry to us. Theories were explored, veterinarians were consulted, hormone shots were given, but to no avail. When all else had failed the hope that they would produce young if they could live out of doors, at least for the warm summer months, was the last there was.

We made plans to build an outside run and living quarters, but just before we were to begin building an injury to my husband's wrist forced a postponement. By mid-June we knew his wrist would be in a cast until late July at least, and there was no assurance the cast would be removed even then. The summer was slowly running out and another whole year would be lost.

It was then I thought of letting someone else have Jose and Mits. I had wanted them to have kittens and if parting with them meant they could live out of doors and possibly become parents perhaps it would be best. The thought of parting with them was hard to bear and the final decisision was difficult to make, but finally Dan Duberman was asked if he would like to have them. The week I waited for his answer wasn't so bad -- there was always the possibility he'd say no and the whole thing could be forgotten, but when he said he would like to have them, deep gloom set in. The busy days at work helped, but each night when I prepared their meat all the thoughts I'd been able to avoid all day would come rushing through, the tears with them. For the first time in their lives they ate salty food.

June 30, 1962 will long be remembered as the darkest day of my year even though it dawned bright and beautiful. Mits had always been the easier of the two to collar and leash, but that day she was more nervous and uncooperative then I had ever seen her. Jose, on the other hand, stood quietly while his leash and collar were secured, then proceeded without further hesitation to stroll to the car. He sprayed each bush and tree as we passed, rolled in the grass and enjoyed himself immensely. He was so good it hurt. I almost wished he'd misbehave, give me a good bite (something he had never done) rather than stand there looking more beautiful than I had ever seen him before. I had tried so hard to keep control of myself, but the sight of him relaxing in the sun just as he had so many times before and would never do with me again, was just too much and I went to pieces.

The trip was long and wearying yet, conversely, it seemed far too short. We arrived at Dr. Duberman's in the early afternoon where we met Catherine and Harry Cisin. (It ought to be explained here that Catherine is, in human talk, Jose's godmother, and therefore has a very special interest in him. She used to visit them while they were in Southampton and she was the one who waited and worried until Jose was recovered after his spree.)

Their new home was an extremely large wire covered run complete with a small house. Sunlight filtered down through an old well-leaved wisteria vine which wound its way across the top and sides of the run. It seemed ideal and I hoped with all my heart they would be happy there.

I wish I could say that all the pain of parting with Jose and Mits was worth it and that our hopes for ocelot babies was fulfilled, but such was not the case. In early August Mitsu-ko died from unknown causes and three days later Jose found a way out of the run and roamed the countryside for four days leaving a trail of dead, partly eaten chickens as he went. It was after his recovery in the live trap that I was notified about the events that had taken place.

One week later, on August 25th our separation ended when Jose stepped into his carrier and back into my life. His freedom had not agreed with him and his 35 pounds had dwindled to a mere 23. His gaunt body was a shock to me, but he was glad to see me and heaven only knows how glad I was to have him back with me. It may seem silly to some to say that an animal has a sad or happy expression, but anyone seeing Jose the day we brought him back to his own home would have known it really is true. The eyes that had been so sad and lacking any vitality were once again happy and relaxed. He was so glad to be home and he showed it so distinctly in the way he looked and moved.

Several years ago, after Jose had been with Mitsu-ko for about a year, he stopped sucking my ear, (Continued on page 7)

News from Around the Jungle

CONDITION OF SALE

Gene Klein, 32 Garden Avenue, Mountaintop, Pa., who has had the unnerving experinece of having two ocelot kittens die within a few days after purchase makes the following suggestion:

"For those buying kittens from pet shops and importers: Try to get the seller to cooperate in a two week guarantee in which the kitten would be kept under quarantine at the office of a veterinarian. We have found a pet shop which deals in monkeys, ocelots and other mammals, who would be willing to cooperate in this sort of an arrangement. There must be others!"

"COMMERCIAL" CHEETAH

Jo Zimmerman, Dallastown, Penna, advised LIOC of the fact that her cheetah, Top Cat, would be appearing in the Pontiac Commercial February 13th, on the ABC show, Our Man Higgins, 9:30 PM, EST.

Regarding Top Cat's trip to New York City to be photographed, Jo writes: "For eight hours driving she certainly takes everything very calmly. The heads sure turn when they see her in the car. So many people say: 'Is that an ocelot?'"

SPOTS BEFORE THEIR EYES

Ann and Alf Eichelman, owners of one of the first three (and remaining two) ocelots who were original members of LIOC, operate a gift shop in New Market, Virginia. Their customers are delighted with Baby. Ann reports: "Man and wife were in the store and when she saw Baby, she said 'What's that?' Her husband said, 'Don't you know? That's a South American Oculist.'"

LOST AND FOUND

Bernard Slator of San Dimas California reports about his Junga (cover cat Nov. '62 Newsletter): "Mildred and I were sitting up having a few one night not long ago. The next morning I could not find my shirt. Mildred said that she had never heard of anyone losing a shirt without going to Las Vegas. I went to work the next day and when I came home, the first thing I asked was whether she had found the shirt. We looked everywhere with no results. That night we were sitting in the kitchen and Junga was roaming around as usual. He walked across the electric range and stopped, looking in the deep well cooker. He reached out with one of his big paws and lifted the lid. Mildred said: 'There's nothing in there, Junga.' But he looked intently and reached down, coming out with the shirt. Don't ask me how it got in there, but Junga sure found it!"

FINIS

There will no longer be an ocelot in the Rider home in N. Arlington, N.J. This is not the way the Rider family wants it. (Lorraine and Charles and four of their five children.) All are devoted to Ozzie except Patty, the youngest Rider. Patty is 3. She was wearing large wolly slippers one evening. Ozzie apparently mistaking them for new playmates, set upon them, thoroughly terrifying Patty who required hospitalization. Her physical damage was superficial but it may take her many years to outgrow her new fear of ocelots.

THE BIGGEST LITTLE CAT IN CALIFORNIA

(Big News: Tiny Ocelot)

The photo below was made on Sunday, December 9th in Compton, California, one day after the birth of an ocelot. It may seem to be not much of a picture, but consider that there is not much cat to photograph. This ocelot is exactly one day old, mostly fur. The little animal measured only eight inches in length.

Here is his story in the words of his owner, Mrs. Mayme Pasquinelli, 14726 So. Butler Avenue, Compton, California.

"I am certain LIOC will be happy to know that I was surprised by an advance Christmas gift. Tisha, my 25 lb. 2-1/2 year old ocelot, gave birth to a baby ocelot on Sat, Dec. 8th at 2:00 P.M.

"On Friday the 6th, at about noon I let her in the house as she was restless. Usually she stays in her fenced in patio with my three other ocelots. From that time on she would not leave me. I actually stumbled over her a few times while I was preparing dinner, -- that's how close she stayed by me.

"She went into a closet in the living room which I had cleared for her, but would not stay there. Then she wanted to get in one of my kitchen cabinets which I also cleared for her. She seemed to like this better and went in from time to time.

"That night she slept in the kitchen alone. The next morning she followed me with her deep voiced mouw. I pampered her, caressed her, held her and let her suck my fingers. If I got down on the floor by the cabinet, she would go in and lay down as long as I would stroke her. All this time I hoped it would be the real thing, but still thought it was false pregnancy.

"At 1:10 while I was stroking her, she gave the first indication that it was the real thing. With her third spasm, her baby was delivered. We were all excited and happy. I gave Tisha some warm milk which she readily drank. Half an hour later the baby started nursing. He is doing fine.

"This is the baby's progress:

12/8/62	Born at 2:00 PM		8 in. long
12/11	Weight 10 oz.		
12/15	"	13 oz.	9 in. long
12/22	"	19 oz.	10 in. long
12/29	"	23 oz.	11 in. long
1/5/63	"	29 oz.	12 in. long

"Tiny teeth were visible in 2-1/2 weeks.

"Tisha is a mixture of calm and wary. On Sunday, the day after the baby was born, she carried it into the guest room closet which is quite secluded. But every night she carries it into my bedroom and nurses it under a chair or under the bed, then jumps up on my bed and sleeps there."

A "FULL HOUSE"

By Marilyn Chester
Dutch Valley Rd.
Rt 5
Clinton, Tennessee

To our delight, our ad in the Newsletter for a pair of ocelots was answered by Jim Coan of Trenton, N.J. He offered us Sabu and Sebina, a full grown pair of ocelots. The female, Sebina, had come into heat but had not yet produced kittens. Conrad picked them up on the way back from a trip to New Jersey. He had only intended to look them over, then have them shipped down after we had built adequate cages. Of course, as soon as he saw them his resolution dissolved and Jim bundled Sabu and Sebina into a carrier for their flight to their new home.

As soon as I heard Boo and Bina (as we, like Jim, have come to call them) were coming, I was in a state of near panic. We had no suitable cage for them and absolutely no place to put them. Since we are living in a very tiny house, we have no such thing as a spare room. Cages are really like extra rooms built onto the house 10' x 10' x 7' high with a 10' x 3' x 7' high enclosed, insulated section. Well, I took two days off from work and managed to get a moderately respectable looking and apparently ocelot-tight cage up adjacent to the bedroom. Then Boo, Bina and Conrad arrived and we put Boo and Bina into their cage and they started to explore. It couldn't have been more than ten seconds before Boo found a corner I had missed with the wire staples and he had escaped under the house. So there we were with a loose, frightened ocelot who considered us strangers. We weren't afraid of his getting into the woods and never seeing him again because we still had Bina. He probably wouldn't go far from her. But we were worried about the Persians. Fortunately, Jim had told us that a raw egg was a special treat -- so eight raw eggs later, we had snapped a leash with a come-along to Boo's collar. The come-along was necessary since he was quite upset by the sight of the cows in the nearby pasture -- clearly a city boy!

Once everyone had settled into our routine, Boo and Bina became quite friendly. While they made it very clear we weren't their "real" owners, they thought we were most interesting. Bina had some reservations about men in general, Conrad in particular, and when the game warden came to call she hid under the bed and utterly refused all our pleas to come out again. When Conrad would take Boo out for a walk, Bina would come and talk to me in her own timid little way.

After Bina had come into heat a few times it became clear, even with our inexperience, that something was not just right. By and large, they were not mating. Bina was doing a very effective job of keeping Boo away, -- not agressively going after Boo, just keeping him away with every faculty at her command. And those claws and teeth are quite impressive facilities. Needless to say, poor Boo's personality rapidly deteriorated in this situation and he would become completely unhandleable until Bina was out of heat. Bina was in heat for four days out of every ten to fourteen days.

It may not be entirely fair to generalize from this limited experience, but males which have been used for breeding may not make very good pets. They may become less emotionally dependent on people and perhaps occasionally short tempered. It was very clear that Boo's personality suffered from being caged with Bina.

We thought things over and decided that perhaps Bina didn't like Boo. Even when she wasn't in heat he tried to bully her and perhaps this annoyed her. Her ears had extensive notches and her face had scars that he may have caused. We started to collect together the materials necessary for a separate cage. We planned to put Boo and Bina together only for a few hours when she was in heat and keep them separate otherwise. And, of course, we hoped eventually to let them roam in the woods. This had to await their declawing to spare the neighbor's chickens. Most important, they must first become thoroughly attached to us so they would regularly return. Game is so plentiful and the woods extend for so many miles that even without claws, we were sure that any food we could offer would not be much of an attraction.

A phone call changed all our plans. Marcia McMartin of New York City called offering us her pair of ocelots, Tough Stuff, a female and Flower Pot, a male. They are as yet too young to breed but they are fine, healthy animals. We were very excited. Now we could try Bina with another male and if she still didn't produce kittens maybe we would do better with Tough Stuff.

Marcia and a friend made the long trip here to Tennessee by car and they helped us build another cage. Tough Stuff got a new name. She was quite a finger and thumb sucker so we called her Thumb Sucker. If you repeat this a few times it comes out Sumb Thucker which quickly contracts to Summer, her official new name. But back to the adjustment period.

Potsy and Summer seemed to understand that they were being deserted and watched very dejectedly as Marcia's car drove away. It took Potsy about 10 days to get back to near normal. Summer was her bouncy self by the next morning. Her powers of concentration have since proved to be remarkably short on all matters.

Potsy and Summer are both declawed and defanged while Boo and Bina are not. The comparison between the two pairs (Kelda, the female margay is the joker who makes this menagerie add up to a "full house".) has made us firm advocates of declawing and defanging. The declawed pair is infinitely more easily handled for any purpose whatsoever -- medication, making friends, moving from one place to another. Potential injury to other domestic animals such as the neighbor's chickens or children, is reduced an order of magnitude. Damage to home furnishings is also somewhat reduced. If either Boo or Bina had needed emergency medication before they were declawed we would have had no choice but to anesthetize them with all the attendant dangers.

How do the two pairs get along with one another? Not at all. We keep them strictly separated. The males from all indications would tear each other apart. The females might have learned to tolerate one another but we never got the chance to put them together. Bina did not survive the declawing operation, -- more about that later.

We have found an infallible method of luring any ocelot anywhere you want him. This irresistable lure is Kelda, the margay. Of course, Kelda doesn't help matters by sitting outside one or another of the cages and heckling for hours on end. She has learned that she is safe outside the wire.

"Full House" (Continued from page 4)

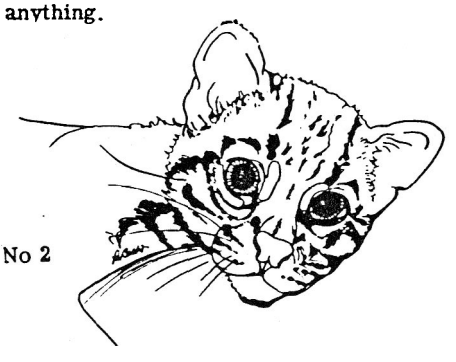
The Persians and Potsy and Summer have declared an uneasy truce. We decided that the Persians must learn who has the claws and that running from an ocelot is a sure-fire invitation to a game of tag. We let one Persian and one ocelot at a time loose in the house together. The results were ruffled but less frightened Persians and two lightly scratched ocelot noses attached to two slightly more respectful ocelots. Potsy and Summer still take great delight in chasing Persians but are reluctant to get in close quarters with them. The first time Potsy chased a Persian out in the open he collapsed, completely winded, after 50 yards. It does take a while to get into condition for track meets. Now we keep the Persians and ocelots pretty much apart but we know that accidental encounters are not a major disaster.

The time finally came to take Boo to the vets for declawing. We took Boo before Bina because we considered him more rugged. We used ether because it was the most reliable, easily obtained anesthetic. Boo came through with flying colors. The next week we took Bina and applied the same procedure. About half way through, her respiration stopped and so did her heart. Adrenalin and artificial respiration failed to revive her. The thing that bothers us the most is that we cannot think of anything that should have been done differently.

Summer is the youngest of the four and she has transanted the best. There is no question in her mind. This is her home. She is the only one besides Keldo who gets complete freedom. She likes the outdoors best when we are outside too. Nearly every day she helps us feed the cows. Mixing feed is loads of fun -- crimped oats are much more satisfactory than kitty litter, we discovered to our horror. She and the cows are cautiously curious about one another. Every now and then Summer gets up the courage to give a big mushy cow nose a light nip. The results are spectacular. If you haven't seen a half-ton cow jump four feet in the air, you just haven't lived. But there is no damage done and the cows come right back for more. Who knows, with a little training ocelots may replace cattle herding dogs!

Badgering Boo is another of Summer's sports. Boo doesn't realize Summer is a female and he thinks in terms of a shredded Summer. This will undoubtedly change when Summer comes into heat.

Summer is also the mighty hunter. She has deposited no less than three 'possums, live, kicking and furious on the floor in the house. A fourth she herded out into the pasture -- he was too big and mean to pick up. We have hopefully pointed out some mouse signs to her around the feed sacks. She thinks they smell wonderful but she can't concentrate on the subject long enough to catch anything.



DEATHS OF LIOC CATS

CHUI MTOTO - December 1962 - died while at Dr. Zimmerman's hospital, being boarded there. Mr. & Mrs. Neil McConnell, his owners, were abroad at the time. **Chui** was eight months old and had nothing indicative in his medical history. Dr. Zimmerman has done a gross autopsy, report of which is still forthcoming pending receipt from pathological lab of analysis of tissues of vital organs. Why this young ocelot died is not know at present.

QUETZALCOATL (Ketzie) - December, 1962 died at home at 4-1/2 years of age. This margay had had a long history of skin eruptions. She was a highly nervous animal. Autopsy showed some deterioration of intestinal lining, perhaps accounting for the fact that she had passed undigested food. "Cats, I understand," writes Betty Tomeo, Ketzie's owner, "have a tendency to just give up and die when they know their time has come -- she fought bravely until there was nothing left of her."

ZORCH - January, 1963 'The Z" had been a healthy, happy margay until the first signs of her illness came two days before her death. She was six years old. Dot Marchese, her owner was away at the time but Zorch was at home with people she had lived with and knew well. Gross autopsy showed nothing significant and laboratory reports on tissue specimens are expected shortly. Cortex (surrounding skin) on one kidney was unusually thin.

AUTOPSIES

The Long Island Ocelot Club is trying to learn the reasons for deaths of exotics, in the hope of formulating some manner of protection to the living.

THEREFORE, WHEN YOUR OCELOT, MARGAY OR OTHER EXOTIC DIES, IF CAUSE OF DEATH IS NOT ACCIDENTAL (fall, collision with car, shooting, or not recognizably from enteritis (panleucopenia), or failure to detoxify anesthetic) PLEASE ASK YOUR VETERINARIAN TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY INCLUDING NECESSARY LABORATORY TESTS. This particularly applies to adult anumals, or young animals over six months of age.

Report should be mailed to Dr. Daniel Duberman, Blue Cross Animal Hospital, Southampton, N.Y., or to Dr. Duberman, c/o Long Island Ocelot Club, Amagansett, N.Y.

Invoice (not in excess of $25 except under unusual circumstances at the discresion of the veterinarian) should be mailed to Long Island Ocelot Club, Amagansett, N.Y., for prompt payment.

The great hurt for the owner at the time of a pet's death is well understood, but LIOC pleads with members to offer living cats the benefit of whatever may be learned from post mortems. **The willing cooperation of many members** has already provided a file of reports which are being studied closely for points of similarity. This cooperation is gratefully appreciated.

NUTRITION

PART II of three parts

By: Frances Tweet
P O Box 66
Indian Trail, N. Car.

What is Your Cat's Life Expectancy?

The answer to this question depends in part on your solution of the feeding problem. "But," someone may say, "I have no feeding problem. My cat eats the food I give him." And this may be quite true. The feeding problem I mean is not the matter of getting the cat to eat but rather maintaining him on a diet which will fulfill all his nutritional requirements.

Then someone may ask: "Does such a problem really exist? And if it does, how important is it?" I believe that a feeding problem does exist and that it is directly related to the life expectancy of pet exotic cats. All of us are aware, I think, of the high mortality rate and the many premature deaths of ocelots and margays. Compare the ages of some of these cats with other kinds of "cats" in captivity: Lion 30 years, Puma 20 years, Tiger 20 years. Let's see if we can find some of the reasons for this spectacular success in caring for big cats in captivity.

In Part I of this brief series it was stated that the inadequate, monotonous diet results in deficiencnes that continue to grow worse and that diet deficiencies endanger health. Admittedly diet is all important. We want, then, to provide our cats with the "proper" diet; but what is proper? And in choosing a diet is the determining factor just a matter of age (whether baby or adult) or is it size (a 10-pound margay or a 250-pound lion)?

The Diet: So It's Meat

A cat -- any cat whether it is a tabby, a caracal or a tiger -- is carniverous: it eats meat. That certainly would seem to simplify the feeding problem. But is it enough just to give the cat some kind of meat?

Or Is It Meat and Vegetables?

Let's consider some specific foods and their effect on certain cats. Perhaps there are two cats in the household; a Siamese cat and a bobcat. It is likely they receive the same diet, since it seems at first glance reasonable to suppose that if the domestic cat appears to be thriving on certain foods the exotic cat should do equally well on them. Let's say the cats get meat and vegetables. About the feeding of the familiar domestic cat I will say only that having lived around and with mankind for thousands of years, he is not too shocked to see some vegetables along with meat set out for him to eat.

The cat in the wild, on the other hand, does not eat vegetables as such, but gets the benefit of vitamins and minerals in vegetables when he consumes, for instance, a rodent in which vegetable matter has already been partially digested or predigested for him.

How Eating Vegetables Affects the Digestive System

The effect of vegetable ingestion by carnivorous animals is explained by M. Andre Mercier, long time observer of animals in natural conditions: "In the wild state the big cats live on the flesh of animals they kill and which provides them with all the protein their constitution needs. Their teeth are adapted to this particular food. Their sharp incisors and razor-like canines are designed to tear the flesh of their kill and their intestines to digest the raw meat. The latter in the case of the carnivora measure 1.50 meters as opposed to the 4 or 5 in the case of the herbivora. The meat is very quickly digested.

"To digest vegetables, on the other hand, needs considerably more time. It has however been accepted that a change in diet will cause an adaptation of digestive passages. When an animal is given food rich in vegetable matter the large intestine, normally very short in the case of carnivores, will extend while the smaller intestine shrinks, but lack of matter that corresponds to the need of the organism can cause serious nutritive and digestive troubles. The body grows weak as the resistance to disease diminishes. To give a carnivorous animal nothing but vegetables will soon induce pernicious anaemia."

Feeding Big Cats

If there have been great successes in caring for big cats in captivity, as mentioned earlier, there have also been difficulties:

For a Lion -- Meat Raw or Well Done?

An animal trainer with many years of experience, Hans Brick, says: "From time to time somebody gets the 'original' idea of rearing a lion entirely on cooked meat. This they proudly announce will keep it gentle like a pussy-cat all its life. I witnessed one such experiment . . ." and he relates how the lion, at the age of 12 months, simply refused to eat cooked meat any longer. Day after day he refused it until "he was offered a chunk of raw meat. It was a joy to see how he gulped it down."

Feeding a Cheetah vs. a Persian Cat

M. Mercier, who obtained a baby cheetah in Paris, tells of feeding difficulty: "Hardly weaned, his little needle sharp milk teeth had only just emerged from his gums. His food was a major problem. We tried giving him the same diet as the Persian: sardines, crushed hard boiled eggs and chopped liver made into a potage with milk and a spoonful of cod liver oil. His stomach rebelled against this diet which was perfectly suited to an aristocrat of the domesticated cat world." After his diet was changed, the cheetah's condition improved and he began to thrive.

Leopard Diet Reflected in Health of Offspring

"Leopards," says Hans Brick, "are relatively easy to breed in captivity -- but very difficult, indeed, to rear . . . Total seclusion for three weeks at least is imperative. But you can bring cubs through this period and lose them -- unaccountably -- at nine months. Indeed it could be said that until they are nine months old you have no guarantee that the youngsters are going to live. I put some of the difficulty down to improper feeding of the parents. Both parents have probably been fed on horse-meat; well fed, likely enough. But in some way this -- for leopards -- unnatural diet produces a negative factor in the next generation. A leopard's natural diet is smaller animals than the horse."

PART III will deal with: Feeding the Smaller Cats.

DOMESTIC OCELOT BIRTH RECORD

For the edification of Newsletter readers, the domestic ocelot births which have occurred among members of Long Island Ocelot Club, follow. The breeders' names appear first, then the years of breeders' births, then the names of their owners and last, their offspring. Pertinent information follows each listing.

Sheba (1955) & Cheetah (1954) - Lillian Ward, Los Angeles, California

12/5/57 - first litter	1 kit, Don Primo Jesus*
11/17/58 - 2nd litter	2 kits, Don Segundo Jose* and one female which died a week after birth after fall.

(These ocelots, Sheba and Cheetah, were taken by Janet Giacinto of Tarzana, Calif. after their owner's death in April, 1961. No kittens have since been born)

Rodan (1957) & Simba (1956) - Art Mathews, Arlington, California.

6/10/59 - first litter	2 kits, Maja*(f) and one male killed shortly after birth by father.
5/2/60 - second litter	2 kits, Simba, Jr.* and Timba, (m) which died in October, 1960
12/20/61 - 3rd litter	2 kits, first-born died soon after birth, Roubidoux, (m), second-born died 3/62

Thumper (1956) & Tiki (?) Thumper, Jewel Carr, Los Angeles, Calif., Tiki - serviced by Thumper, owner unknown.

5/59	2 kits, both female - no subsequent record.

Zubeezi (?) & Kovando (?) - Howard Ackers, San Leandro, California

5/71	1 kit born prematurely, lived 3 weeks in incubator, died 2 weeks after removal.

Tisha (1960) & either Tiki(1961) or Fang (1961) - (owner not sure which was father) - Mayme Pasquinelli, Compton, California

12/8/62 - first litter	1 kit* (m)

Known to be alive February, 1963

COLOR CLUB POSTCARD

Color postcards are now available, showing on picture side a young ocelot lying on beach facing camera, one paw on a small piece of driftwood. His paws are wet from recent submersion. In the near background is beach grass, blue sky above. **On the address side of card is a brief** statement of the purpose of LIOC. Sample on request.

Cards are available at Club Headquarters, Amagansett, N.Y., at cost, in lots of 40. Send $1 for each lot wanted.

MIXED EMOTIONS (Cont'd from page 2)

(Jayne Murray)

but two days after we brought him home, as I stood talking to him, he walked towards me, put his paws on my shoulders and started to suck my ear, purring contentedly while I hugged him tight. There are no words that could possibly reveal how I felt.

Today Jose is his normal, handsome 35 pounds. He runs and plays like a big kitten, bellows when it's time for his dinner, runs to greet me and still melts me with his eyes. How very grateful I am that providence spared my very special Jose.

Several people, knowing how I feel about my ocelots, have asked me how I was ever able to part with them. Had I not been honestly convinced that being together they would not miss me and being out of doors was the right thing for them, I could never have done it. **How happy** they were without me I do not know. I do know that I was miserable without them. I learned a great deal about ocelots from this sad experience. But that is another mixed emotion.

Bobcat Comments

SNOOPY, Kansas City, Kansas bobcat owned by R.H. and D. Kerle, sent to LIOC headquarters a very carefully written "review of the 1963 January Newsletter". His comments which cannot all be included here for lack of space, follow in part.

"....teeth (alteration of) -- just reading makes chills run up my back, would emphatically say NO TOUCH..... THRILL OF THRILLS. The Disney production: Wahoo, Bobcat." Cannot wait for the local showing. 'Incident and Suggestion' article .... best idea for members or owners of exotics to follow. Hope the idea gathers steam. Part I of 'NUTRITION" from the pen of an expert, Frances Tweet, was observed very closely. Part II will be looked forward to with anxiety. **For all who have been wondering,** my vital statistics:

"Age 8 months (1/23/63), height, 13 inches, length 28 inches counting tail, tail 5 inches, neck 13 inches, tuffs, 1 inch, ears 8 inches, ear tassel, 3'8 inch, back leg, 12", back foot 6", Front leg 9", front paw 2-1/4", weight -- GOSH! they forgot to weigh me!"

"And here is my picture with Dolores. Since she kisses me I think **I have every right to call her MOMMY."**

OBSERVATIONS ON BOBCAT FEEDING HABITS

By: Jim Yoakum
1345 Princess Avenue
Reno, Nevada

Two bobcats were raised in captivity to study their behaviorisms and life history. The animals were obtained as wildlings from Lake and Malheur Counties in Oregon while approximately a week old. One was tethered but the other would not tolerate such restrictions. Both were given freedom as much as possible and during the 1958 summer one was periodically released with complete freedom to wander at his pleasure. No attempt was made to teach the animals anything and they were allowed to mature with as few controls as possible.

This paper's main objective is to record observations noted by the author regarding the reared bobcats' feeding habits and their reactions to different food items.

Feeding Behaviorisms

Since the kittens were approximately ten days old when first obtained, they were fed milk from a baby bottle with a nipple. Generally they consumed 1-1/2 ounces every two hours. Less frequent feedings would result in continued crying. No feeding was conducted at night. Both homogenized fresh milk and diluted canned milk were used with a preference shown toward the diluted canned milk. From the earliest feedings, the kittens exhibited an extreme eagerness and agressiveness by clawing at the hand holding the bottle and biting the nipple. It was apparent that the necessity of obtaining food was serious business.

Bottle feedings continued for approximately a month and a half, although several unsuccessful attempts were made to teach the kittens to lap milk from a saucer. Periodically fresh ground beef was given to the wildings but they were not interested for the first 45 days in consuming anything but milk. Then one day when about a month and a half old, the neck of a freshly killed deer was placed on the floor for a domestic dog. At first one of the kittens appeared interested and started licking the fresh meat. He then chewed on it a little and dragged the neck around the room. He chewed and chewed but had difficulty in severing a piece free to swallow. However, when he did begin to get pieces free, they were often large and caused further complications in swallowing. After a couple of hours of trials and tribulations, the kitten had consumed enough to exhibit a swollen full stomach. That evening he drank milk from a bottle and slept a great deal. Next day he ate more meat and from that day on consumed solid food. Milk, though, was always a highly desired item when available.

The question of aggressiveness towards other animals while eating is an issue of utmost importance to understand when raising young bobcats. These two kittens displayed a very strong tendency to take the bottle with all seriousness and didn't appear to want to play around. They would claw and scratch as necessary in order to get at the bottle as quickly as possible and to retain it.

After reaching the age of several months and becoming accustomed to drinking from a saucer, Rufus (the first bobcat raised) would show no resistance to a friendly Labrador dog lapping up milk from the same dish. Feeding from a saucer was a noisy venture for the kittens, being accomplished very slowly and ending in quite a sloppy mess. Often the finishwould be for the Labrador dog to lick the cat's face free from excess milk on his chin whiskers.

Three days after Rufus' first venison meal, he began to show a very aggressive attitude towards any animal around him while eating meat. He would try to take the meat and hide in order to consume it. Neither bobcat would tolerate sharing fresh meat with a friendly dog; however, it was noted that the cats were more tolerant of the dog's closer presence than that of human beings. It should be stated that the dog was a friendly one to the cats and did not at any time attempt to take food away from them.

A noteworthy observation was made of three adult bobcats raised by Jim Ricci at Bend, Oregon. These bobcats were litter mates and were reared by a person with a good deal of experience and patience in raising wildlife. They were not given fresh meat by itself, but were generally fed a little hamburger mixed in with prepared dry animal meal. It is believed that these animals displayed the best disposition of any fourteen reared bobcats visited by the author. They exhibited no signs of aggressiveness while eating even though at feeding times they were handled by small children.

Notes on Food Items Tested

All food items were given as part of daily meals with no attempts to force use of any item. Care should be exercised when correlating these findings to bobcat habits in the wild for these reared bobcats were well fed and did not have to forage for food. These findings are of value though as an aid in understanding bobcat food habits however, since direct observations of bobcats feeding in the wild are very limited to date. Most published data on wild bobcat food studies has been obtained from stomach analysis work. This study concentrated more on recording actual observations of feeding specific food items.

Observations on Different Food Items

Rodents. According to Young's monograph on the bobcat of North America, rodents represented 46 percent frequency of occurrence in the analysis of 3,538 bobcat stomachs examined. Rodents therefore were an important segment of the wild bobcat's diet.

During this study, the following members of the rodent family were seen actually consumed by the bobcats: beaver, white-footed mouse, meadow vole, muskrat, marmot and gray squirrel.

The first live mouse was given to a five month old bobcat. Immediately he began playing, allowing the mouse to get just about out of reach and then cuffing the prey back until it started off again, only to repeat the retrieving act. Several times the cat picked the mouse up placing its head in his mouth and carrying around to release later resulting in no apparent injuries to the mouse. After a half hour of this playing the mouse finally made its escape.

When nine months old, one of the wildcats was turned loose with complete freedom near a field camp. During the first 24 hours of liberty he caughy nine mice. Upon catching a mouse, he would return to camp where he would play with the mouse amongst people. By playing, he would toss it up in the air and try to bat it with a paw before hitting the ground, then cuff it around until tired of playing and would then proceed to eat it head first in about five minutes. (To be Continued in Vol. 7 No. 3)

MEETING REPORT

By: Barbara Orden, Sec. Pro Tem
Roslyn, L.I., N.Y.

The meeting opened at 4:00 P.M., Sunday, January 13, at Beautyland, Inc. 329 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. All present were introduced.

Attendants: (members only are listed here) May Cavale and Tim Cavale, New York, N.Y.; Don and Dee Wilson, Mt. Ephram, N.J.; J. E. Coan, Trenton, N.J.; Carole and Bill Westervelt, Bayport, N.Y.; Margaret Dalson, Mamaroneck, N.Y.; Betty Agee, New York, N.Y.; Jim Soutter, Rye, N.Y.; Babs and Steve Orden, Roslyn, N.Y., B. J. Heywood, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Catherine and Harry Cisin, Amagansett, N.Y.; Bill and Jayne Murray, Amawalk, N.Y., Ocelots present: Tigger (Soutter), Mitzi (Agee), Willie (Dalson), Siamese: Saki (Agee)

Catherine read a letter from R.J. Bailey reporting the death of his father, a member, on December 17, 1962, and offering Fred C. Bailey's 6 month old ocelot, Prince, for adoption. (See page 10.)

Jim Coan who formerly owned Sabu and Sabina gave them to members in Tennessee, reporting new owners wanted to interbreed them with 2 ocelots which were defanged and declawed. They wanted Sabu and Sabina to be equally harmless before attempting to breed the 4 cats and decided to have them declawed and defanged. Sabu came through fine, but Sabina did not make it. (See Page 4, "Full House")

Harry Cisin read item from Newark Evening News which had been supplied by Charles Guyette and by Jean Reynolds. **"Ozzie out of Line" reported damage** done by Lorraine Rider's ocelot at North Arlington, N.J. (See Page 3, "Finis") Catherine reported having phoned Lorraine who said Pat is all right but she will have to get rid of Ozzie because Pat is terrified of him now. Lorraine resents the way newspapers went after this item. If it had been a large dog, there would not have been any mention of it anywhere.

Catherine called for a further discussion and comments re: removal or alteration of canine teeth. She reviewed remarks of Mike Balbo which appeared in the January Newsletter and asked for feelings on the subject from members present. In the first discussion nearly everyone felt that if anything at all was to be done, removal was favored over cutting. Comments on this subject at the meeting were heard from Steve Orden who is heartily against any alteration whatsoever. Jim Soutter (Tigger's owner) reported that Dr. Zimmerman recommended that any alteration to a cat should be as slight as possible and only if felt absolutely necessary. He recommends filing the teeth down slightly: the cat would not be harmed by it.

Jim Coan felt that a perfect pet is a tame pet and not a pet who has been rendered "harmless" by removal of teeth and claws. He feels an owner who cannot control his pet should not have him.

A letter from Mayme Pasquinelli, Compton California regarding a domestic ocelot birth. (See Page 3 "The Biggest Little Cat in California) Picture of one day old ocelot was shown to all in attendance.

Jim Soutter, whose Tigger brought her splints to show how two broken legs had been secured until they healed, said: "Dr. Zimmerman asked me to convey his regrets that he could not attend this meeting but that he would write up reports on the recovery of Tigger from her broken legs, and on another cat whose name I don't know, from a case of self cannibalism of one foot. A word to the wise: -- be particularly watchful when your cat has trouble with his feet or is bandaged for any reason. In trying to chew the bandages, he may injure flesh which could result in doing more harm than the original injury."

Open discussion included decision between ocelot and margay when purchasing a pet for apartment living. Personality of the individual animal and personal preference would seem to be determining factors. Food was also discussed.

The next meeting will be the second Sunday in March as announced in this Newsletter. (See Page 1 "Next Meeting")

* * * *

Post-meeting event: (from Jim Soutter)

Tigger, having completely recovered from her two broken front legs, did it again. This time she fractured a right rear lower leg. Dr. Zimmerman being on vacation in Jamaica, Jim Soutter's local veterinarian was consulted. Because of the placid nature of the cat (she is a willing pill taker) and her natural aversion to restraint as well as the location of the break, it was decided not to put the leg in a cast or to bandage it. Tigger's injury later proved to be not a fractured bone, but a sprain (pulled cartilege).

JIM TUTTLE

"No doubt the papers all over the nation carried the stories of Jim Tuttle's death by the black leopard at the San Diego Zoo," writes Beverly Roberts of San Fernando, California. "It was especially tragic because of the fact that he was killed by one of his favorite cats. Animals were his life and somehow it would seem different if he had lost his life in some other manner. Jan Giacinto and I went to San Diego to attend the Rosary on Tuesday night and the Funeral on Wednesday. He had been a wonderful friend to me for many years and Jan had met him on a few different occasions."

"PUZZLEMENT"

Since this March Newsletter is essentially a BOBCAT issue, it seems a good time to call attention to the fact that many of you have been wasting a precious commodity. **Zoological Supply Company of Laredo, Texas offers:**

"Wild Cat Urine ... each 50¢ an ounce"

Pet bobcat owners and owners of other pet felines will wonder why it is so valuable. **We at LIOC** know, but would be interested in hearing your views. Won't you write them to Jayne Murray, Secretary, P O Box 206, Amawalk, N.Y. ?

"EXCHANGE"

LIOC plays no part other than "advertising" cats which are available and cats which are wanted. If buying or selling, giving or taking, please contact people directly concerned.

AVAILABLE:

Ocelot - "Prince" 7 months old, full male, active, healthy, loves people $120. Robert J. Bailey, 108 Shirley Drive, Middletown, Penna.

Pair of Ocelots - about 20 months old, not fully tame, have been cage animals. Would consider any reasonable price. Correspondence invited. Condition of sale -- purchaser must not surgically alter animals. G. Kennon Robertson, 203 Library St. Off. Bldg., Spartanbury, S. Car.

Ocelot -"Sultan" - 2-1/2 years old, completely tame, was ocelot in Avianca Ad (Time, Newsweek, etc) of last winter, weight - 46 pounds, "would give him up for adoption if we could find the right person and situation" **Marvin Winter, 797 Garden Street, Bronx 60, N. Y.**

Pair of Ocelots - "Sheba and Cheetah" - 8 and 7 years old respectively, have bred two litters (See page 7) last litter four years ago, - Janet Giacinto, 19400 Santa Rita, Tarzana, California.

WANTED:

Margay - adult male to be mate for Kelda (small margay) -- Mr. & Mrs. Conrad V. Chester, Dutch Valley Road, Rt. 5, Clinton, Tennesses

Ocelot, over six months old, Declawed female. "We have so much love to give her." Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Klein, 32 Garden Avenue, Mountaintop, Penna.

WARNING:

Before buying an exotic kitten, check the reliability of your supplier with the Chamber of Commerce or Better Business Bureau in the locality where the supplier is conducting his business. Better still GET A GUARANTEE!

Back Newsletters

For the benefit of recent members who wish to avail themselves of the wealth of information contained in previously published Newsletters, as well as those who wish to fill in their files, back issues of the Newsletter are available at a cost of $1 per calendar year. There are six issues per year. Vol. 1 = 1957, Vol. 2 = 1958, Vol. 3 = 1959, Vol 4 = 1960, Vol. 5 = 1961, Vol. 6 = 1962.

Send request and remittance to club headquarters:

Long Island Ocelot Club
Amagansett, N. Y.

New Members

FRANCES A. BENDLER, 32 City Hill Ct., Naugatuck, Conn. will when conditions permit have an ocelot. She wants to wait until she can spend more time with the cat.

EDMUND L. CAREY, Tennis Court Lane, Rumson, N.J., has two ocelots on order. He is having difficulty with delivery.

KAY DAVIDS, 157 Windward Circle, Ormond Beach, Florida, has an eight month old ocelot, Kismet.

MRS HAZEL W. FRESE, 222 W. Franklin Street, Baltimore 1, Md. hopes to find in LIOC a continuing famil iarity with exotic cats although her only pet at the present time is "Sandy" a tiger short-hair.

JAN GIACINTO, 19400 Santa Rita, Tarzana, California, has owned and has owned and handled exotic cats for many years. At present she has one eight year old cheetah named Jate, and two ocelots, Sheba and Cheetah. These two ocelots in the hands of their previous owner bred two litters (three kittens) from which two ocelots survive.

JEAN GRIMES, 558 Blossom Way, Hayward, Calif. is a NorCal Branch member. Her ocelot, Jagy is now four months old. Jagy's companion and playmate is a pet fox which is just about the same size as he is.

RICHARD H. KUCH, New York, N.Y. Plans to have a cheetah one day. In the meantime he hopes to learn something of their care from LIOC cheetah owning members.

PETER PFLAUM, P O Box 766, 1600 Campus Road, Los Angeles 41, Calif. is investigating the possibilities of ocelot ownership.

MR. & MRS. GEORGE SCHWARZ, Brooklyn, New York, have briefly owned a margay. They plan soon to have an ocelot.

JAMES TAYLOR SOUTTER V, 20 Grace Church Street, Rye, New York is the owner of a four month old ocelot he calls Tigger. He writes: "On the night of Sunday, December 16th Tigger fell off of a bureau and on the way down she caught both front feet in an open drawer. She flipped over breaking both front legs just in front of the shoulders " Tigger's both legs were set in traction splints. A month later she was free of the splints.

BETTY ALLOUR, 524 E. Michigan, Lansing, Michigan has a 7 month old, 18 pound ocelot she calls "Tiger Baby". "When we purchased this most beautiful animal I never dreamed they were so affectionate," writes Betty.

Renewal Members

Leonard Brook, New York, N.Y.
J. E. Coan, Trenton, New Jersey
Harry Denhard, Greenville, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Alf Eichelman, New Market, Virginia
Mr. & Mrs. Don Harper, Pilot Rock, Oregon
Barbara Perry, St. Helena, California
Mrs. Beverley Roberts, San Fernando, California
Lydia Sporleder, Wilson, New York
Mr. & Mrs. David Tweet, Indian Trail, N. Car.
Richard A. Seitz, Hempstead, N.Y.