



NEWSLETTER

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LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB

Published Bi-Monthly by LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB, Amagansett, N. Y. 11930
The Long Island Ocelot Club is a non-profit, non-commercial club, international in scope, devoted to the welfare of pet ocelots and like felidae.

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Ocelot Club 1963

Vol. 7 No. 5
September
1963

BRUTUS

(Marcus Junius Brutus),
pet ocelot owned by Dr.
Michael P. Balbo of
Long Island City, N. Y.

Brutus is source of con-
stant inspiration in pur-
suit of Dr. Balbo's hobby,
painting and sketching, as
illustrated in the new
"masthead" for LIOC
Newsletter.

NEXT MEETING
IS ANOTHER PICNIC
AT
LIOC HEADQUARTERS

September 14 & 15



For details see page 7!



PICNIC 1963

Reported by the hostess: Mrs. John C. Kessler
11 Shaver Avenue
Shavertown, Penna
18708

P-Day dawned at long last after a week of intermittent rain and sunshine in Northeastern Pennsylvania. It was to be rain or shine, do or die, for all the Kessler Klan. Just the thought of being with others that wouldn't think we were absolute lunatics for keeping such a questionable character as an ocelot was almost too much to bear.

First members to arrive on the scene were Noel and David Fowler of Toronto, Ontario. They are owned by ocelot, Puddin' and margay, Vicious. In their haste to arrive here Noel forgot to pack David's shoes, so he travelled in his bedroom slippers, the acme of comfort. Poor Noel was in misery with a sore throat, so we rushed to the family physician who was just about to depart on a week's vacation as we arrived. He gave Noel an injection of antibiotic and some pills and she was able to attend the festivities.

Next to arrive were Catherine and Harry Cisin with their lovely ocelot, Carlotta. We met formally for the first time and sat down to iron out last minute details. Seemed like we had been doing this for years! Ocelot host, Loki (o), was brought into the room and he introduced himself to Catherine's hand with a little nudge. He just had to have a little nibble of Harry's shoe or his day wouldn't be complete. After all was done that could be done on the day before the big event, we all said good night and hoped for the best.

On Saturday, August 3, the LIOC banner was hung and the registration table set up close to the picnic site. The receptionist was the oldest Kessler offspring, Gail. She made out the name badges that were worn by members and guests alike so there would be a minimum of confusion when the people started to mill around and visit. She kept the record of the registration. Congratulations on a job well done, Gail. No. 1 son, Mark, regaled any ear he could capture with stories about HIS ocelot. No. 2 son, John Jr. was just all ears and eyes as people and cats started to arrive. The smallest Kessler Eric, just seven months old, was a good-natured angel thruout the proceedings. Having four new teeth with which to munch things aided his feeling of well being. Being a born cat fancier, the felines entertained him by just walking by.

Carlotta was Queen of the picnic, reigning with disdain from the comfort of her station wagon which she graciously permits her people to use to use to transport them to and from events which require her regal presence.

Jim Soutter and Sharon Smythe of Rye, N. Y. came with ocelot, Tigger. Just a "teen age cat" she was friendly with everyone and not the least bit suspicious of her strange surroundings. Our feline host, Loki felt somewhat differently. Tigger thought it would be nice to greet her host with a little nose rub, but he apparently thought she was being just a little too forward, and tried to get her fur in his mouth. Naturally, she decided to

take the hint and Loki was banished to the porch to watch the proceedings from that vantage point. He seemed disgruntled at being isolated and greeted one and all with assorted growls, snarls and hisses.

John Brill and Gene Evans of Kenmore, N. Y. brought ocelot, Cleopatra who now adorns the front of the new club postcards. She was quite reluctant to leave the comfort of her Thunderbird. While she circulated freely, she objected strenuously as only a female ocelot just about getting over being in heat can do.

Other members attending without cats were: Robert Hunter, Indianapolis, Indiana; Aage and Lilo Olsen, Brooklyn, N. Y. (with two canines); W. Harry Malcom, Seaford, N. Y. (o) Rommey; Michael P. Balbo, Long Island City, N. Y. (o) Brutus; Richard Seitz, Hempstead, N. Y.; Roy Weiss, Seaford, N. Y.; Camille and George Schwarz, Brooklyn, N. Y. (m) Plato; Vera and Gene Klein, Mountain Top, Penna.

Guests were: Joe McCoy, Elkins Park, Penna. (author of several books on animals, including felines); Hazel & Henry Clay Price, Harveys Lake, Penna; Jean Evans, Harveys Lake; George P. Strantz, Mt. Carmel, Penna.; Peg & George Prefer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jean & Charles Banks, Mountain Top, Pa.

Saturday's session started to come to an end at dusk. Your host and hostess were about to end their long, happy day when another car approached the garage. It was the long lost couple, Camille and George Schwarz who had attended a wedding in New York early in the day and finally arrived here at 11:00 P.M. after a 5-1/2 hour drive. After a mad dash to the motel to see if they still had accommodations and an introduction to Loki, they had their belated picnic meal and a revitalized pair of Kesslers gabbed with them and their guests, Peg and George Prefer until 3:00 A.M. Can't ever remember time flying by so fast!

And then There Was Sunday

Sunday was off to a good start when I observed Catherine and Harry with Jayne and Bill Murray of Amawalk, N. Y., setting up temporary quarters by the twin oaks in the yard, in the cool shade for the Murray German Shepherd, Eric, (7 mos.) and ocelot, Mitzi. These two (dog and ocelot) are the best of friends. They romped almost continually all day. I can't figure out if the dog thinks he's an ocelot, or vice-versa! Quite an attraction.

Don and Dee Wilson of Mt. Ephraim, N. J., brought their diminutive margay, Tiger who decided that a very cautious stroll around the group and an investigation of the surrounding wooded hill and small creek was better than staying in the Wilson station wagon. Their ocelot, Jose Gonzalez, was left sleeping at home.

Vera and Gene Klein brought their assorted animal group: felis catus Vesuvius and El Gato and miniature schnauzer, Nadja. The animals seemed a bit dubious about activities.

Two other felis catus owned by the Kesslers eyed the whole affair from a comfortable distance. Princess, the formidable Siamese is an expert at teaching manners to an unruly ocelot, and Tuffy prefers to avoid any encounters which might be a repeat performance of his first meeting

NIC 1963 (Continued)

with a spotted creature. A slightly bitten hind leg and an injured pride have kept her from pursuing her blossoming friendship with Loki.

Bob Hunter also returned to observe and partake of the conversation before his return to Indiana. Quite a distance to travel, but he is a dedicated cat fancier

Everyone (especially all Kesslers) fell in love with sophisticated Mitzi. Our boys played all afternoon with her between her bouts with the Murray shepherd. While in the midst of preparing the evening meal, Jayne impulsively asked me if we would like to keep her with us. She felt that Mitzi loved to romp and play and that it wasn't fair to her to have to be alone all day while both Jayne and Bill earn food money. After a hasty consultation with Boss Kessler (about six seconds worth) we gratefully accepted and we now have her comfortably installed. I really don't know how anything was done after that presentation. (I caught myself starting to pour coffee into the sugar bowl.)

With the help of the other ladies present, we managed to get a passable meal on the table while I dreamed of life with another ocelot. Little Mitzi (all seventeen pounds of her) is now called "Tink", short for Stinky.

When the inevitable leaving of the last guests and a range quiet descending on the whole house with thoughts of next year's picnic wherever it may be, already forming.....

Peg Kessler

Ed. (Mitzi will be remembered as the little ocelot formerly owned by Betty Agee of New York City and raised with Siamese, Saki, -- who "Hectic Weekend in the Hamptons" reported lost for three days (Vol 6, No. 5 Newsletter, Sept. '62). She is now one year and two months old. She revisited the "Hamptons" to attend the 1962 LIOC picnic.)

* * * * *

MAC BEANS "TRANSPLANT" TO CALIFORNIA

Victoria and Tom MacBean have removed from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. "Due to troubles as far as our animals were concerned when we would leave Mexico for a trip, we decided to bring them all to Escondido, California," writes Victoria. "This has entailed lots of work; new pens, runs and everything that goes with owning a small 'zoo' as we do."

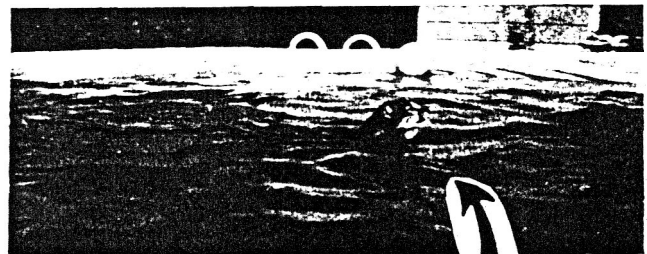
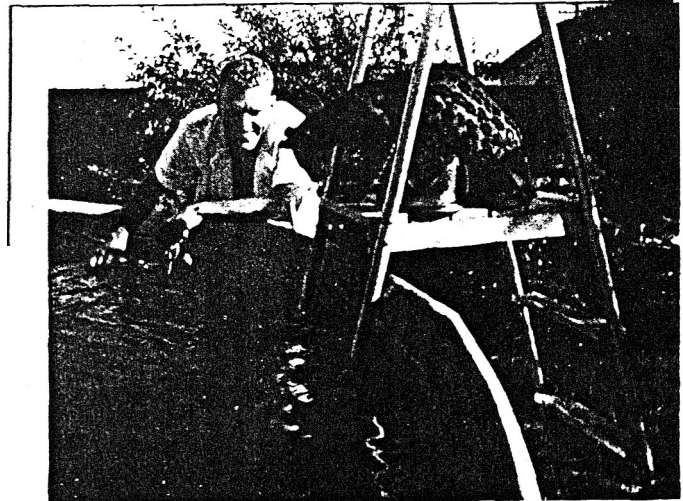
The MacBeans' "small zod" includes two ocelots and two margays: Windy & Meche and Chica & Jorge, respectively.

Victoria informs: "By the way, 'Windy' was on television with us here in San Diego before a live (and ogle-eyed) audience. He behaved beautifully. We draped him around the neck of the M.C.! He growled, purred and kissed almost on cue."

* * * * *

IN THE SWIM

Pixie, five and a half year old ocelot belonging to Elaine and Russell Schroeder, 18744 McFarland Avenue, Saratoga, California 95070, is quite happy in the new Schroeder home which includes a swimming pool. She did not hesitate to accept the invitation Russell offered her and proceeded to demonstrate her best "ocelot-paddle" form. She needed no swimming lessons.



(Upper part of picture -- Russell Schroeder and Pixie. Lower -- Pixie swimming)

Newsletter readers will remember Pixie as cover girl in Vol. 6 No. 4, July, 1962. She spent her youth in Paramus, N.J. before moving to California.

* * * * *

AND A PICNIC IN ORANGE, CALIFORNIA

Art Mathews (Southern California Ocelot Club) who had hoped to be able to attend the LIOC picnic in Pennsylvania, reports on his own picnic:

"We had our picnic here on our patio. Ten people came and two visiting ocelots. Chi-Chi a 2-1/2 year old female declawed and defanged, came to stay with us for a while until we can sell her or find a good home for her. She is small, about 13 pounds and is housebroken to a dirty pan.

"Simba and Rodan, our reproducing pair of ocelots were host and hostess. The date was July 14th. Everyone brought one dish for the Bar-B-Q Picnic."

Non - Scheduled Hassle

By: Jan A. Vernier
7813 Neal Street
Fair Oaks, California 95670

We have just returned from a four-week trip East with Felecia Thea, our five month old ocelot. We flew via American Boeing 707 Astrojet with Felecia occupying a regulation animal cage in the pressurized luggage compartment. She withstood the trip and general commotion extremely well.

The flight was very pleasant and without incident except for the last 125 miles between San Francisco International Airport and Sacramento Airport at which time we had to switch from American to United because United is the only major airline that schedules flights to Sacramento from San Francisco.

Checking to see that Felecia was not left behind as luggage often is, I was informed that Felecia could go no further. My informant was a pompous, chubby, red-faced little baggage clerk -- chief baggage clerk, I believe -- whose haughty countenance and accompanying authoritative bark suggested recent upgrading and a need for bolstering a weak, unsure ego. It was obvious that he, poor fellow, lacked knowledge of even the most elementary fundamentals of psychology. The unforgivable cardinal sin was that he seemingly was completely unaware of the "good" public relations aspect that would seem mandatory in any position, no matter how lowly, where one's role involves liaison between employer and customer. It is inconceivable that an airline of good reputation and major stature would deliberately bait or irritate the public it serves.

I informed this minor cog that American had assured me that I would have no trouble travelling with Felecia as long as her cage met airline specifications. I reiterated the 6,000 miles we had flown without difficulty. Minor Cog pounced on this bit of information. His pudgy little cheeks quivered with hostility.

"But did you fly United?" he asked pointedly. He thought he had me there as he was holding my tickets and knew I travelled American. The fleshy, taut lines around his mouth began to assume a look of paternal benevolence. When I replied in the negative, the grouch lines disappeared completely and were replaced by a disconcerted row of uneven teeth. His smiling face trumpeted the obvious: Felecia's lovely padded paws had not crossed the portals of a United plane.

"Perhaps not," I countered, "but I purchased roundtrip tickets and naturally assumed that an intelligent, reciprocal, mutually satisfactory understanding or agreement existed between the two airlines. Does American harass passengers you book for them when they fly areas not covered by your planes? That would be rather whimsical and arbitrary of them, wouldn't it?" Minor Cog was momentarily confused by these questions. He was too wary to give in so easily. He redirected his attack. Without answering, he picked up a large, black, ledger-like book and hastily thumbed through it. Stopping midway, he pointed to a paragraph at the bottom of the page.

"There, see?" he breathlessly chortled. "Dogs and cats only!" he recited, tapping his right index finger on the page for emphasis. He continued: "This is a book

of rules and regulations. We must go by the book. It says only dogs and cats may travel in the luggage compartment of a passenger airliner."

"But she is a cat, a baby, -- a 6 month old, eight pound pet, a *felis pardalis* by species."

"Well, I mean a regular cat, a domestic cat."

"Look! She is a pet, thoroughly domesticated. I am not a professional entertainer. I do not have a trained animal act, nor do I maintain a zoo. She is a pet, spelled P E T!" I said this with reckless abandon, like you do when you know the cop is going to give you a ticket anyhow, despite your efforts to convince him that you didn't mean to break the law and will try, really try, to be a better driver in the future.

With a palsied shake of his hands, Minor Cog thrust the book at me, his voice rising a couple of octaves. "Look! See for yourself. Here, read it!" I glanced at the paragraph at which he was excitedly ramming his finger.

"But," I asked innocently, "where does it say 'regular' or define 'domestic'? How would you define it? The very word 'domestic' connotes tameness, an ability to live with man in harmony and tranquility. There are virtually thousands of ocelots throughout the world living in close companionship with man." I was beginning to feel the let-down that follows the pitched excitement one experiences when one has left close friends and relatives 3,000 miles behind after weeks of joyful reunions and whirlwind activities. My patience and temper were being honed to a fine edge by this idiot's tenacity, so I decided to concede defeat. "Give me back my tickets so I can get a refund and make other transportation arrangements."

"Well, according to the book...."

"Right now I couldn't care less about your damned book. As far as I am concerned the matter is closed. Just give me back my tickets so I can get a refund ---- and you can rest assured that American will hear about your cooperation, your kind consideration, your graciousness!" I fairly spat the last two words at him as I held my hand out for the tickets he was still nervously clutching. I was mentally calculating how Felecia and I would get back to Sacramento when Minor Cog started furiously dialing his telephone.

"May I have my tic----"

"Just a minute while I call the fellow in charge at loading. He has the last word on what goes aboard and what doesn't."

"The plane takes off in eight minutes and it'll take me that long to walk over there."

"Yes, well -- Say, I have an owner of an ocelot here who says, --- oh? You've loaded the animal already? Yes. That's what she says." There was a short embarrassed laugh. "Yes, that's just what she says. Okay."

With the tips of his stodgy fingers, Minor Cog edged the tickets across the counter. "Well, your animal is already aboard but it is against the rules. I'm just telling you this so you'll know better next time." I had just finished slinging my two cameras around my shoulder and was stooping to pick up my projector. I stopped midway and asked in the most incredulous voice I could muster --

"Next time? Really!" And as a parting shot as I wheeled away: "Humph!"

Cheeta's Expeditions

By: Connie McAnulty
16001 Schoolcraft
Detroit 27, Michigan

LOST!! For six whole miserable April days. Cheetah, my 7-month ocelot, is quite used to and really enjoys walking in the woods without a leash. She follows like a dog and will come, most times, when called. She wears a harness (martingale type) with a toy bell attached. The bell is a great comfort to me as it is possible to hear her, even if she is hidden in tall grass or bushes, and I can hear her following me without having to turn around constantly to check.

We were in Ontario for the weekend and walking in the woods with Zsa Zsa, a poodle friend when we were separated. I had stopped to pick some blossoms from a tree and when I was ready to move on, only Zsa Zsa responded to my calls. I just could not believe it. I was quite confident that Cheetah would come romping along any moment.

At 7:00 p.m. she was still lost, the police and newspapers had been notified and fifteen people had spent five hours looking for her, to no avail. I loathed to leave Cheetah out in the "wilds" but had to return to Detroit for work on Monday morning. Planned, in my own mind, on driving over to Ontario overnight and picking her up the moment she was found.

Cheetah Sighted

Telephone calls on Monday and Tuesday brought no hopeful news, but on Wednesday she was reported having been seen about five miles from where she disappeared and seen the following day a further two miles away. I knew water was available but did not know what she would do for food. On Thursday the temperature went down to 34 degrees and there was a dreadful storm. Poor Cheetah!

Friday afternoon I returned to Dundas, Ontario and was taken to the spot where she had last been seen. It was impossible! It would have been like looking for a needle in twenty haystacks. I decided to return to the spot where I last saw her and, believe it or not, THERE SHE WAS. She found us as she came out of the woods in answer to her name. We would never have found her without her cooperation.

Surprisingly enough, she looked good; she had lost five pounds -- nearly half of her actual weight -- but her coat was sleek and smooth and her nose pink.

What a reunion! Cheetah had never really been "talkative", just an occasional growly-wow when she was impatient to go outside. Those first two days she was home she wanted to be petted all the time and didn't stop talking. She told us every little thing that happened during those six days in the woods such a shame we don't speak the same language.

I started her back on food very gradually. She had ground beef and milk. She won't touch either normally. She slept and slept and slept. There was no doubt she was happy to be home. Within a week she was completely rested and regaining weight. We still go walking in the woods and countryside without a leash and it seems that Cheetah keeps closer to heel and is more alert to my whereabouts.

Lost Again!

Since April I have lost Cheetah twice, the first time through negligence (I have learned my lesson!) as her harness was not fastened correctly -- one notch too loose. She was sleeping in the car and when she awoke she wriggled free and went "visiting" but to the wrong house, as I later discovered. I stayed in the area overnight and at dawn, 4:45 AM, the time of the day when she has so much pep and energy at home, started walking the alleys and streets. Cheetah was returned at midnight that night. She had been only two doors away from where I was visiting.

LIOC Postcard Helps Find Cheetah!

The people she had visited had liked the look of her and I think the only reason they returned her was that everybody within a half mile radius had been shown a card of AKU and asked to contact the police if they saw such an animal. I was worried as this time we were in the city. I was so happy to see her again that I gave the youth a reward for bringing her back.

And Again?

The third and, I hope, last time was on a July Saturday. We were in a park about thirty miles from Detroit. I was busy picking bull rushes. Cheetah was eating grass and investigating, but when I was ready to go she did not appear when called. I searched and called for about fifteen minutes and was about to move away from the area when she came staggering out from the weeds and grass almost at my feet. Knowing her so well, it was obvious to me that she had just been sleeping. Cheetah had taken a cat nap!



NEW!

COLOR CLUB POSTCARD

THE BRAND NEW LIOC COLOR POSTCARDS are now available. The new postcard shows an adult ocelot. Cleopatra, owned by Mrs. Gene Evans, 51 Claremont Avenue, Kenmore, N. Y., is lounging in a mysteriously regal pose on a carpet of green grass. On the address side of the card is a brief statement of the purpose of LIOC, as before. Sample card on request.

Available at LIOC Headquarters, Amagansett, N. Y. at our cost in lots of 40 cards. Send \$1 per lot.

ANESTHESIA AND ANESTHETICS

Cats - Specifically "Exotics"

By: William Engler
P O Box 52
San Fernando, Calif.

In considering anesthesia, or any other medical procedure for the cat, one must be cognizant of his finely developed physical status. His comparison with the other animals, including man, is that of the X15 to a World War I Jenny. For example, each pound of muscle in most of the cats is equivalent to eight pounds of muscle in man. Likewise, the nervous system and the senses are far more accute and sensitive than those of other animals. Handling a cat in medical procedures in the same manner as a human or a dog, is like repairing a fine watch with a sledge hammer.

Anesthesia is all important in surgical procedures. In the cat, there is a fine stage at which he must be held. Because of his very sensitive nervous system, surgical procedures performed with too light stage anesthesia may cause severe shock resulting in death. On the other hand, too deep stage anesthesia in itself may kill him. Unlike other animals, cats cannot be given analgesics such as Morphine or Demerol to control shock, which is resultant to pain felt even though the animal is deep. Experience dictates the depth of anesthesia in which a cat must be carried for the various procedures to minimize the chances of death from either shock or the anesthetic. Clawdectomy can be carried out under relatively light anesthesia as the resultant pain is not too great. On the other hand, removal of fangs should be done in deep third stage anesthesia as the pain resulting is severe.

Ether is the anesthetic agent of choice for cats, as with it, the stage of anesthesia can be more readily controlled than with any other agent. Even with it, there should be two to handle the anesthesia: one to administer it and the other to keep close check on the heart, respiration and relaxation. The latter should be skilled to manage the anesthesia, leaving the doctor free to expedite his task.

For cats too large, or too rough to give ether, Sodium Suritol may be used with relative safety. Because of its fast action, the stage of anesthesia may be controlled with reasonable accuracy. This is given intravenously, usually in the foreleg or in the tail. I like the tail for clawdectomy as all four feet can be done without removing the needle from the vein. The same control should be exercised with this anesthetic as with ether.

Because of their very slow action, twenty minutes to a half hour may pass before their full effect is realized. The other Barbiturates such as Nembutol (Sodium Pentobarbital) should never be used. It is impossible to control the stage of anesthesia with them and the animal can die either of shock or suffocation. Nembutol is often used by veterinarians because they do not have skilled assistants to administer Ether or Sodium Suritol which require more or less continued administration, but altogether too many cats die from it.

With either anesthetic it is important to mark the location of the heart on the fur. Mercurochrome is convenient for this. The location can best be determined with a bell stethoscope. A syringe charged with Adrenalin should be kept handy and should the heart stop from shock, some of the Adrenalin is injected directly into the heart muscle. This, along with massage in the area of the heart and artificial respiration if the cat has stopped breathing, will usually revive him.

With Sodium Suritol, a syringe charged with Coramine (Nikethamide) should also be kept handy. In event respiration becomes arrested, this is given intravenously and artificial respiration is administered.

Mouth to mouth artificial respiration is superior to the pressure method because of the carbon dioxide in the exhaled human breath which stimulates the breathing reflex.

Sufficient tranquilizer to minimize struggling during the initial administration of anesthetic is valuable. Sparine (Promazine Hydrochloride) has proven good. It can be given either orally or intramuscularly.

Book Review

OUR FRIEND, YAMBO by Andre Mercier, translated by Mervyn Savill, Copyright 1961, Rand McNally. \$3.95 160 pages illustrated with 12 pages of photographs.

This book is by a French author, 62 years old when the book was written. He has spent many years in Africa organizing safaris as well as trading wild animals. He is essentially a humanitarian, having traded his gun for a camera.

The book is about a cheetah cub that came to the author's home by chance. Even as a hunger he had not been able to obtain a cub. The book describes the pleasures and the problems of raising a wild animal and some of the methods he used. It gives a good picture of the temperament of the cheetah. It should be interesting reading for from teen-agers on up.

The primary setting of the story is Paris and Barbizon, France during the time of the writing. The author has written several books and has made a number of short feature films on the life of wild animals. The film about Yambo won first prize in its class at the Film Festival at Cannes.

Bruce Denning
Hayward, California



FROM THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

RE: VACCINES AND SERUMS for Exotic Felines.

Dr. Daniel Duberman, Blue Cross Animal Hospital, Southampton, N. Y., in correspondence with Dr. Joseph Lorber, Lafayette Veterinary Hospital, 3703 Mount Diablo Blvd., Lafayette, California, attempts to clear up what he believes may be a misconception created in the May issue of LIOC Newsletter.

In Bruce Denning's report from the Northern California Branch of LIOC (Vol 7 No. 3, p. 6) this statement was made: 'Muriel (Ackers, San Leandro, California, kitten importer) has lost three of her ocelot kittens following enteritis shots. This will be checked out with Dr. Lorber and report will follow....'

This report never followed. Dr. Lorber's opinion is that "..... cats are not adversely affected in any way by the serum or vaccine."

Dr. Duberman questioned Dr. Lorber as follows: "Since I've never heard of cat deaths due to enteritis inoculations 'too soon after the first shot' or because 'given too much' or because 'kittens were too young,' (quotes from Denning) I'd appreciate your opinions as to cause of deaths and name of manufacturer and brand name of type of enteritis vaccine."

Dr. Lorber's response indicated that the incidents were not familiar to him. "I didn't immunize the kittens, nor has Muriel Ackers contacted me re same. I would gather they were quite young or more probably that they had been exposed to gastro enteritis or possibly chilled in shipment."

Dr. Lorber checked with Dr. Don Martin of Oakland, California, who had been Mrs. Ackers' veterinarian for the vaccinations. "I might also add," Dr. Lorber continues, "that Dr. Martin also stated the older kitten which died after second gastro enteritis vaccine also had pyogenic dermatitis as well as evidence of dehydration and Giardia Lamblia (protozoan parasite) following his trip which sounds to me as though the kitten had two strikes against it before it came to bat. Mrs. Ackers has pointed out that the other ocelots and kittens she had near these in question seemed to do fine. This would indicate to me that they did not have gastro enteritis virus around, at least."

Dr. Duberman wishes to implant this positive, final impression: "I'd hate to have people think that Feline Vaccines or Serums can cause distemper because I've never heard of a proven case that did -- or a case that caused any trouble except possibly in debilitated or very sick animals."



Members and veterinarians both are generously contributing important, much needed medical information and are extremely cooperative in their exchange of medical problems. The Newsletter has reflected this cooperation. Medical problems and behavior problems of exotics are equally important, but we need the experiences of all members. The more viewpoints we are all exposed to, the wider our range of vision will be.

September Events

NEXT MEETING - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH

Announced by: Bruce Denning, Hayward, Calif.

The next meeting of the Northern California Branch of the Long Island Ocelot Club is scheduled for

Sunday, September 29, 1963
at: Micke Grove Zoological Garden

This is located on the Stockton-Lodi Highway, (US 50) nine miles north of Stockton. Starting time is noon. Bring your own lunches. Don't forget your cats! It is my understanding that this Zoological Garden is a "must" to visit. The meeting was postponed to September 29 as it is believed it will be comfortably cooler at the end of the month. Come along, and bring your friends.



POST-PICNIC MEETING - LIOC HEADQUARTERS at AMAGANSETT, N. Y.

Saturday and Sunday, September 14 & 15

Because: 1, picnics are so much fun; 2, some who wanted to attend the August Picnic in Shavertown, Penna. could not make it; 3, everyone leaves an ocelot club picnic sadly wishing there were more; 4, many members plan to visit LIOC at Amagansett this Fall; 5, because it is so long to wait for the next scheduled LIOC meeting (Second Sunday of November); 6, why pretend we need a reason in the first place ??????

Program: As it happens, beginning at 2:00 P. M. on Saturday, September 14th. All welcome! Bring your cats, your cameras, your problems, your stories and your appetites! And please let your hostess know who is coming! Local goodies will be served!

Your Hostess: CARLOTTA, LIOC, Amagansett, N. Y
Phone: 516 AM7 3852.

Route: From New York City: Brooklyn Battery Tunnel to Belt Parkway to Southern State Parkway, -- or bridges or tunnel to Long Island Expressway -- to Route 27 to Amagansett. Follow road direction signs for Montauk (Amagansett is last town before Montauk) and plan on three hours road-time.

At Amagansett, if you haven't been here before, ask any Amagansett service station where the Cisins are, or where the ocelot is. Look for the green, catty-cornered house with the ocelot weather vane on the roof!



CARLOTTA'S SUMMER VISITORS, 1963

Jayne and Bill Murray from Amawalk, N. Y.
with Mitzi, ocelot and Eric, German Shepherd
Dan Mannix from Malvern, Pennsylvania
Mrs. Kennedy representing Sa-Boo and Marion
and Richard Long, Ft. Bragg, N. Car.

The Unwanted

A HOME IS WAITING at the Blue Cross Animal Hospital, Southampton, N. Y. for unwanted ocelots and similar felines -- exotic cats which for a variety of unhappy reasons, the owners can no longer keep.

Dr. Daniel Duberman operates in Southampton in essence, a very private small zoo in addition to his busy animal hospital. The animals are well loved pets and also incidentally some of the "attractions" for tours by classes of school children who are learning the names, natures and habits of the creatures they might not otherwise have the opportunity to see and to fondle. At all times, of course, tours are under Dr. Duberman's careful supervision. He lectures and answers questions as the children proceed from one animal to the next.

Caligula, nine year old ocelot, a mainstay of his animal group, has recently been joined by Bongo, a 7-month old ocelot donated by a Brooklyn man who could no longer keep the little fellow. Bongo's former owner had exhausted nearby zoos which were full to capacity, in searching for a place. At the Staten Island Zoo he received the suggestion that he contact Long Island Ocelot Club, where he was directed to Dr. Duberman.

In addition to the ocelots, perhaps the most spectacular in the minds of the children is a 7-year old spider monkey, Koko, who chatters and loudly shakes the doorway to his run as soon as he sees his little friends. Then, there are coons, skunks, hamsters, pet mice, canaries, ducks and bantam chickens, among others.

For many years it has been the aim of the Long Island Ocelot Club to find homes for unwanted ocelots. In some instances, private homes have been found where the cats adapted themselves successfully, but often the animals were unfamiliar and therefore not acceptable.

LIOC has come to feel that at the Blue Cross Animal Hospital these ocelots are relatively happy in the company of other animals and fortunate, indeed to have ready, experienced veterinary attention at all times. There is no reason to assume that the hospitality of Dr. Duberman is limited to ocelots. He will accept animals which are out of the ordinary and tractable, regardless of species.

Phone: 516 AT3 1094 (at 11:00 AM if possible)
Write: Dr. Daniel Duberman, Blue Cross Animal Hospital, Southampton, N. Y.



SHIPPING YOUR PET?

Mr. Aage Olsen, new LIOC member, has called our attention to a service which may at some time be very valuable to members who wish to transport their pets.

Arnold J. Schaumann, 53 N. W. 143 Street, Miami 68, Fla. has been a handler of wild and domestic animals over 40 years. He will handle domestic and foreign shipments at any time of day or night. He is completely informed regarding regulations in all countries. His Phone: (Miami, Fla.) MU 1 0803. Contact him directly for details about crates, pickup and delivery, health and rabies certificates (where required), boarding facilities, route, carriers, and prices.

New Members

MR & MRS JOHN HAGGERTY, 434 E. 130 Street, Hawthorne, California. "We own a 6 month old ocelot named WETBACK. We got her at eight weeks of age from Columbia, S. A."

MR LESLIE OATMAN, Hasley Hotel, Glenwood Springs, Colorado. has an ocelot kitten which he reports is a very nice pet and very spoiled.

MR & MRS AAGE OLSEN, 152 - 72 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. have no feline pets at present, but have a very active interest in all animals.

MR ALTON L. THOMAS, 12855 Samson Avenue, Riverside, California own Mai Tai, a young ocelot.

MR. JACK SONNTAG, Sale, Finland currently owns an ocelot kitten, JOKER. Jack is a horseman, recently in United States. In his native Finland where he is taking Joker, he owns several unusual pets, one of which is his Lynx Onyx, now seven years old. Regarding training, Jack advises: "I do agree that physical punishment should be avoided when it comes to failure. Sometimes I think this kind of punishment is necessary. But it should be carried out fast and hard enough to show there is no playfulness in it. At the same time it should be followed by a sound warning to the animal. A sound that never has failed with my lynxes is to "hiss" as the animal, itself would do if displeased and even (sounds foolish but it works!) to show one's teeth. My lynx can distinguish when I smile or actually 'show my teeth'. But when a stranger smiles he becomes very upset, -- looks to me for explanation. Nowadays I have only to "hiss" at Joker when he charges towards my legs and he comes to a full stop immediately."



Renewal Members

John Brill, Kenmore, N. Y.
Mr. & Mrs. C. V. Chester, Clinton, Tennessee
Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Denning, Hayward, California
Mrs. Gene Evans, Kenmore, N. Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Fearing, Santa Barbara, Calif.
C. Guyette, New York, N. Y.
K. Maurice Johanessen, Redding, California
Mr. & Mrs. Armand Kechejian, Jamaica, N. Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Long, Fort Bragg, N. C.
Michael Piantanida, Union City, N. J.
Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Roberts, Needham, Mass.
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Scharwanka, Chatham, N. J.
Mr. & Mrs. Russell Schroeder, Saratoga, Calif.
Margaret Carol Trevillian, Charleston, W. Va.
Muriel White, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. George Wing, San Francisco, Calif.

