

NEWSLETTER

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LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB

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Ocelot Club 1965

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BABY

As will be obvious from this unusual picture, Baby is in reality quite mature. She is a Canadian (British Columbia) Puma, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Dick Robinson of San Fernando, California.

Her four kittens were born September 8, 1965. The age of the kittens when this picture was taken was six hours. One observer commented that he had never seen anything as gentle as this mother puma, not only in the treatment of her kittens, but in her relations with humans.

At first glance, many readers lacking experience with pumas, will conclude that these babies are ocelots or other spotted species. Nature provides young pumas with lavish spots, possibly for their protection when camouflage amid their natural surroundings would save them from predators. These markings seem to disappear as the animal matures yet, careful inspection of the adult coat will reveal vestiges of these spots, much larger and faint.

See closeup of kitten, page 2.



NEXT MEETING

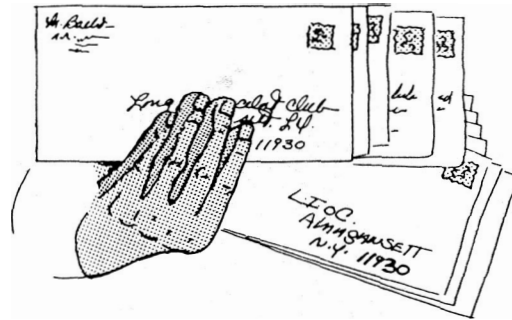
Sunday, November 14, 1965
beginning at 2:00 P.M.

At: Bell Sound Studios,
237 W 54 Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALL WELCOME, including cats in good health! Agenda plan to include review by Cathe Westhall of her visit with western cats, and explanation by Bob Peraner of his index to LIOC Newsletters.



(Closeup of one of Baby's kittens - See page 1.
This tiny kitten will grow to be over 100 pounds)



FROM:

PFC John M Murray
RA 12 673 788
581st Signal Co (MP Det)
APO San Francisco, Calif 96215

"I was indeed surprised to receive a copy of the September Newsletter.

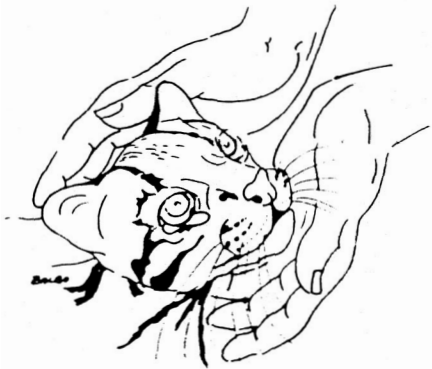
"After I read Mrs. Lorelee Vigne's account of her Far Eastern tour (Journey in Asia) it brought back a memory of two experiences I've had with what she describes as a 'Jungle Cat.' The first was in the city of Da Nang. A friend and I were window shopping downtown when we happened upon a store that had stuffed animals (real) and skins in it. I looked around and found what appeared to be an ocelot. After a close inspection I found the cat had similar markings but the body structure seemed different. The animal had a narrow face, not full like the ocelot. It was also very high-shouldered with thin legs. The back had an arch and seemed to be a few inches longer than most of the ocelots I've seen. The hind legs were again thin and the tail came to a narrowing point. The cat had the ever-present white spots behind its ears. The coloring seemed somewhat darker, containing a majority of black and gray.

"The second time I saw these animals, it was the real thing: they were alive. Two of them -- at about 2 in the morning. I didn't get a good look but having a wee bit of knowledge about cats I recognized them as the one I saw in the store. The animals were in a well populated area, one that is never quiet. The sounds of jets, small arms fire and occasional Howitzer fire are always present. When the cats heard me they ran into the grass and that was the last I saw of them.

"When I get to Saigon again I shall go to the zoo, see what they have and take some pictures."

.... Mike Murray

Ed: Mike Murray is the son of Mr. & Mrs Wilbur Murray of Amawalk, New York. His mother was, for a few years, active in LIOC.



WEEPER (9/63 - 10/4/65) owned by Ray and Betty Harris of Milpitas, California. He lost his battle with death after 23 days during which time his weight dropped from 30 to 17 pounds. Readers will remember picture of this handsome ocelot on the first page of November, 1964 Newsletter. His autopsy by Dr. Hunter of Campbell, Calif. showed parts of stomach lining and of lining of all three sections of intestines "eaten away". Cause unknown-possibilities: Draino, chlorine bleach, etc. Valve to small intestine locked shut -- no chance for survival, nor sign of foreign object.

ZA ZA (5/64 - 8/13-65) owned by Francis Pleasants of Louisburg, N. C. At large for more than a week, this beautiful ocelot was shot and killed by Fayetteville, N.C. police after they had failed in attempts to trap her. After they discovered she was declawed and wore a collar, apologies were made, -- too late.

CHATITA

LITTLE CAT

LOST

By:
Marilyn Webb
636 Southdale Way
Woodside, Calif.



Fawn Dawkter's experiences during Voodoo's absence as related by Betty Harris in the last Newsletter, evoked our own of several months ago, when Chatita was lost for five days. We, too, searched and camped out in likely and unlikely places most of several nights and left the doors open, hoping for her return.

After three months of wanderings in Mexico, accompanied by that sweet, small margay, we were at home again. Home was the huntress, now quite safely home from her long journey, only to go astray in the hills of home.

Of course, Chatita didn't lose herself. Our vigilance had slackened off. The months of careful watching in the car and trailer when we had known Chatita lost in Mexico would have been so irrevocably final, led to a let-down once we felt secure upon home ground. It was our fault, not hers, that after nightfall she slipped out the door when we came in. For months she'd been part of everything we did, and we had left her home alone too long.

We're in a rural area. She had often gone outdoors, unleashed, during the day when we were outside with her. She'd hide under shrubs or climb in trees, readied to pounce on us, pursuing birds or lizards, but always with a wary eye out for the open door into the house.

But night-time is another matter. Like all exotics, human-kind or feline, Chatita wakes up when the sun goes down. Her projects have a personal significance when it's dark and we are not involved, and this we knew.

Still, we were not too worried the first night. We left the doors ajar, but morning came and no Chatita. Then our serious search began. Our guilt projected an unbearable image of a small, helpless creature, making her lonely way against impossible odds. We saw her mauled by dogs or owls or snakes, or shot by those grey-flanneled gunmen who commute by day and live for weekend hunting, dreaming of bloodied bits of fur and feathers.

Collarless at the time she went away, we could discard the horror of a small body caught and hanging from a tree. But, on the other hand, sans collar and her I.D. tag, she might well be a six-pound wildcat in the eyes of some trigger-happy idiot.



I called our local newspaper. Considering the catastrophic nature of this loss, perhaps they would run a banner headline with her picture and a plea like: "Please Don't Shoot!" They didn't, (Cont'd p. 4)

but they did give space on the second page to a brief description of Chatita with our telephone number. The lead line made the query: "Has Anyone Seen a Spotted Cat?"

It seemed that many people had. The telephone rang and rang. We followed leads to nice gray tiger cats sitting on fences quite contentedly, neither lost nor spotted. I can forgive these errors in observation. At a given stage I found myself seeing many small Chatitas, sitting sleek and spotted in the play of lights and shadows in leaves, while we tramped the neighborhood looking into every tree.

We walked through fields and the back yards of neighbors in ever-widening circles. We were alerted by each distant barking of dogs and plodded wearily to the site. It just might be Chatita, treed. It never was. I'm sure that country dogs bark out of boredom.

We considered every attractive nuisance which might catch her fancy. A vacant house might well seem good to a tiny cat who doesn't care for crowds. A neighbor's chicken coop and clucking fowl, with scents to please a hungry little margay, might be her hide-away.

We laid out food in the yard of the vacant house and kept a midnightvigil. I wandered the country roads calling: "Where's that pretty cat? Where's that sweet cat, Chatita?" in the phoney, honeyed voice she likes and to which she responds. Walter wandered likewise looking, carrying her favorite toy, a squeaky and long-tailed mouse. At home she can't resist that squeaky mouse. She pounces right out to stop it. Retrieved 10,000 times, the mouse was carried over hill and dale, disconsolately and vainly squeaking to be caught once more.



We tried to eat and food stuck in our throats at the thought of that slight cat, never at best a fat cat, growing thin and thinner as she wandered.

Hope waned and true despair set in after the third day. I had a waking dream and felt Chatita landing lightly on the bed, switched on the light to grasp that silky body and found nothing there at all and sobbed a while, then got up to get the flashlight and resume the hopeless search.

And then the morning of the fifth day and the dream came true. Without discussion we were still leaving the doors open. Dawn was just breaking when there was a light thud on the bed, a quick lick on my face and there she sat -- that cat! I caught her in my arms and cried. She licked my tears and I imagine she was embarrassed for me. But that cat can emote as well as I. For at least an hour she lay in my arms and across my neck. Between ecstatic purrs and ardent kisses she talked incessantly, dramatizing all the terrible things that had almost happened to her while she was away. She stopped occasionally to drink great gulps of water, but only later did she start to eat. Love and conversation still came first. Once started, she ate immoderately and often. She seemed to be in perfect health, just hungry.

Afternote

Chatita, two days home, the fact of her condition couldn't be mistaken. She prowled the house, her elephant tread pronounced. (So strange, that positive pounding step in such a tiny and so perfectly coordinated creature. All grace in quite incredible leaps, all delicacy stepping daintily around debris atop a table. Chatita walks, has always walked, with loud firm tread. "The solid sprite who walks alone," -- Chatita. Walter calls her "Little Miss Thump-Thump.")

She mawed imperiously, in long, drawn out throaty growls. She stationed herself at windows, waiting for Ringo, a male margay that she knew. (She has him now, and that will be another story.) Chatita was in estrus for the first time.

One moment she would offer me passionate caresses. In Sally Carrighar's beautiful book, "Wild Heritage" she graphically describes results of "imprinting," that mechanism by which an infant bird or animal is inclined to

identify with the first individual that gives it suitable stimulus. I wondered if Chatita had become imprinted with me. (An anthropologist I know says I'm imprinted with Chatita!)

In her frustration, she'd attack, and the love-bites, still controlled, were less than love (or more?) -- solid bites, not puncturing, but decisive and not precisely kindly. --- END ---

NEWS

from
Around
the

JUNGLE



Valerie's Birthday -- W. ENGLER

On Sunday, August 15, Valerie's fourth birthday was celebrated at Nature's Haven in Saugus, Calif. It really began on Saturday evening when all of the folks from Northern California who had driven to Los Angeles gathered at my place, along with a few of the nearby cat people. For me it was a most enjoyable evening, visiting with these folks all of whom I knew of, but many of whom I had not yet met.

So that none would get lost, the Northern California group gathered at my place Sunday and with Valerie in the lead, we left in a caravan for Nature's Haven at noon. We arrived forty-five minutes later to find a number of the Southerners already there.

The site of the party was a tree covered flat at the edge of a lake. By one o'clock practically all who were coming, were there. Vivian Meredith saw to it that name tags were on all of the guests, that is, except the cats who would not hold still long enough to have them pinned on. For an hour there was much getting acquainted to be done between Northerners and Southerners and people and cats.

At about one o'clock, the huge cake was cut and Valerie given the first piece which she smeared over my hand, but would not eat. Cold drinks were served by Shirley Keith.

After the cake, "Happy Birthday" was sung and Valerie's soft brown eyes spoke her appreciation of all the nice people coming to help celebrate. Then a few special guests were introduced: -- Olga Celest, a famous old time animal trainer, Colonel Armstrong of the fourth anti-aircraft battallion and the battallion's mascot Maggie (an ocelot). The insignia of this battallion is the ocelot and the Colonel gave an interesting talk on why this insignia was chosen. This went into the history and duties of the battallion. Our host,

Ralph Helfer, gave us words of welcome and his appreciation of what we are doing with the cats. I know that he was most sincere in what he said.

Half the guests went on the first tour of the ranch while half remained with the cats. Then the remaining half took the tour. I am sure all were inspired by what they saw. After the tours, there was a little more visiting before the trips home which were quite long for many of the guests.

There were about twenty five guests from the North and between fifty and sixty from the South. There was a goodly number of visiting cats, including a Cheetah, Leopards, Ocelots, Margays, Pumas and Bobcats. These, along with two Tigers and an Ocelot of Ralphs on the picnic grounds made a handsome group. It was good to see all of these different species get along so well together, as they did.

A Booklet for Travellers

Mrs. Richard Nasman of Brooklyn, N. Y., calls attention to a new booklet, "Traveling Abroad with Your Pet", published by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and available from them (441 E 92nd Street, New York, N. Y.) for 25¢. This comprehensive little booklet gives all requirements for taking dogs and cats (and ocelots, too, since they are cats) into foreign countries. Requirements of 72 countries are given and pertinent information relating to travel in these countries is included. This booklet should go with you and be available while you are making plans.

New Cat

BAIA II has finally come to the home of Jim and Kelly Gellette, Las Vegas. This is a fortunate little ocelot acquiring "parents" with the complete understanding of the Gellettes, who have tried to convince the Nevada Fish and Game Commission they should issue a permit for a Cheetah. Failing to get the permit, order was placed for another ocelot with Pet Farm in Miami, Fla.

"August 26th at 10:00 A.M. we got a call from the air express company that my 3 lb, 3 month old male ocelot kitten had arrived. He is a cutie," writes Kelly, "even purrs!! My other Baia never did. His coloring is bright and vivid. It is hard to tell at this time whether he will be as beautiful as my other cat, but it is for sure that this animal will have a very pretty coat."

Another new cat

Wanda and Ralph Duncan of Cocoa, Fla. report a new addition to their animal family. "We have a nine week male ocelot, Rebel. He came from Colombia via the Tarpon Zoo at six weeks of age. We love him as dearly as our margay, Brigitte. The two of them are most interesting at play. Our old house cat washes them and my dog gets into the act now and then. When Brigitte was smaller she nursed on my dog!"

And Another, Not so New . . .

Barbara and Bob Peraner of Somerville, Mass. have recently acquired an ocelot, about seven months old, from a local pet shop. As September ended the Peraners took "Tammy" to Dr. Wolf in Mattapan for the removal of all her claws. He weighed her at 15 pounds and estimated she was nearly eight months old. Tammy, herself, removed her bandages at home during the first night after surgery. Her recovery was very rapid. Dr. Wolf described her occasional snort as a congenital nasal structural fault which would not interfere (Continued on Page 14).



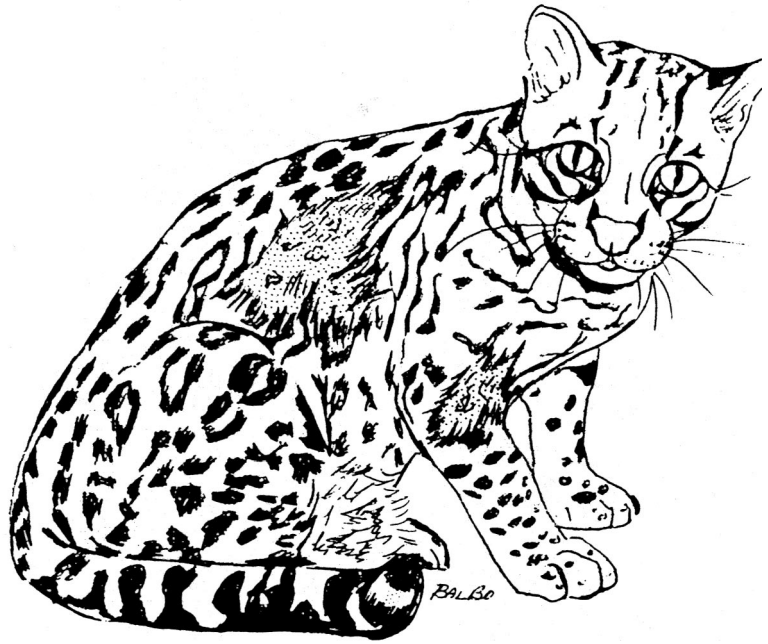
VALERIE

RINGWORM

by William Engler
P O Box 52
San Fernando, Calif.

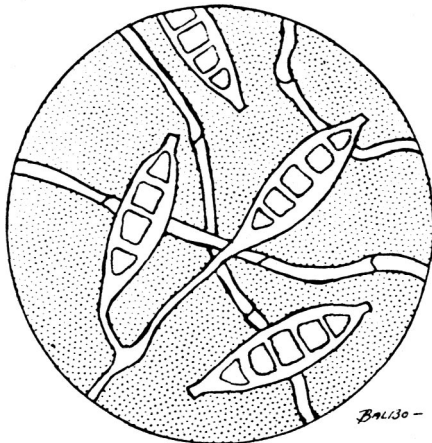
Illustrated by Michael P. Balbo
Long Island City, N. Y.

(Ed: This is the second in a series of articles dealing with skin diseases. "Mange" appeared in the September '65 Newsletter. Still to come are: Fleas, Eczema and Bacterial Skin Conditions.)

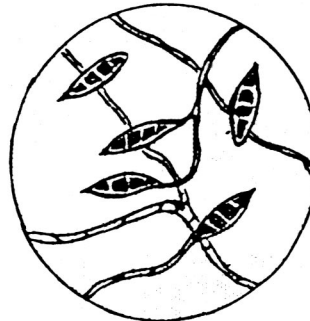


Ringworm, also known as Dermatophytosis or Tinea, is a disease caused by a fungus growing on the skin, in the hair, or both. The causative fungus in this case is a mold, the organisms of which are known as Dermatophytes (plants that grow on the skin). These fungi are small members of the plant kingdom, possessing no chlorophyll, roots, stems or leaves. They have a very simple structure, including parts for only two fundamental functions, the hypha (vegetable structure) and the spore (reproductive structure).

Ringworm occurs in all mammals. There are a number of related species that cause the disease. These are placed in three general groups: -- the anthropophilic group which affects only humans and the other primates; the geophilic group, which are free living inhabitants of the soil that can parasitise man and the other animals; and the zoophilic group which grows on both animals and man. In these last two groups there are three species that can cause Ringworm in cats, *Microsporum Canis*, *Microsporum Gypseum* and *Trichophyton Mentagrophytes*.



Microsporum Canis



Microsporum Gypseum



Trichophyton Mentagrophytes

Ringworm may appear on a cat in one of two ways. One or more patches of alopecia (bald spots) may be noted. These range from small, slightly reddened areas that are scaly, to large, heavily crusted areas that may cover the entire body, or the cat may periodically pull out areas of hair. These areas may be considerable. The hair may regrow to be followed by the cat pulling out these, or other areas again. Sometimes there are no obvious symptoms of the disease existing on a cat. Rarely, the disease is noted as white opacities in the claws.

When the infection is caused by *Microsporum Canis*, the disease is usually diagnosed by examination with a Wood's lamp (black light) in a darkened room. The hairs or areas on which the fungus is growing fluoresces yellowish-green when exposed to this light. In the case of lesions on the skin, the fluorescence is noticed around the periphery of the lesion where the growth of the fungus is active. The diagnosis is not positive, there being rare cases where the fluorescence is caused by some condition other than Ringworm.

Many cases of Ringworm caused by *Microsporum Gypseum* especially and by *Trichophyton Mentagrophytes* are not diagnosed as such because there is no fluorescence of hair infected with *Microsporum Gypseum* and little fluorescence of hair infected with *Trichophyton Mentagrophytes* when exposed to a Wood's lamp and many times the cat is treated for some other condition, to no avail. If a cat has a skin condition that cannot be positively diagnosed

RINGWORM - Engler (Continued)

otherwise, a laboratory analysis should be made of hair and skin scrapings to determine whether or not the condition is caused by a type of ringworm in which the growth does not fluoresce under the Wood's lamp.

Treatment

In the past, Ringworm was a difficult disease to control, especially in the cat who is sensitive to many of the topical fungicides that were used. Since the development of the fungicidal antibiotic Grisofulvin, treatment of the disease is simple and effective. The drug is given in amount of 10 to 20 mg per pound of body weight daily according to the severity of the case. This may be given with meals. The smaller dosage may be given in a single dose and the larger dosage should be divided. Usually two weeks of this therapy is sufficient to control the disease but occasionally, in severe cases, three or four weeks is necessary.

When the treatment is begun, it is of value to bathe the cat to remove the infected debris. For this I use Capteen Shampoo (Burns) as it contains Captan. This shampoo must be thoroughly rinsed from the fur. Then, at weekly intervals, the cat is dipped in a nine-tenths of one percent (.9%) solution of Captan. This solution is left on the fur to dry. Its purpose is to kill the fungus that the internal medicine does not reach in the ends of the fur. This dip can be accomplished by taking the cat by the scruff of the neck and dipping him in a bucket of the solution, or by pouring the solution over him. I cover the face with the dip by saturating a cloth with it, wringing it out and rubbing the face, taking care not to get any of it in the eyes. It is well to take the excess dip off with a towel and to keep the cat from licking, as much as possible, until he is dry. Cure is determined when the fungus is no longer detectable on the skin or in the fur.

All cases of ringworm are not only transmissible to other cats, but to man, or any other animals contacted. There are cases where a cat or another animal has ringworm growing in the fur with no obvious symptoms to himself. Persons handling the cat may become infected and typical ringworm lesions result or other animals may become infected from this carrier animal. Children may contract the disease in school or elsewhere and in turn infect cats or other animals in the household. Next to fleas, ringworm is the most frequently encountered skin disease in cats.

Cleaning and scrubbing the quarters of the diseased cat is important so the cat will not reinfect himself with the spores which have fallen off. Sprinkling or rinsing with Captan solution is desirable.

In some cases, bacterial invaders become established in the lesions of ringworm. These may cause fever and other systemic symptoms. In any case, suitable therapy, systemic, local or both, must be instituted to control these invaders.

-- End --

IF YOUR VETERINARIAN HAS NOT HAD EXPERIENCE WITH EXOTIC FELINES, please ask him to consult with a club veterinarian. **The life of your cat may be at stake.** Exotic cats differ in many phases of diagnosis and treatment from common cats.

If nearer to the East Coast, have him phone

914 Mount Vernon 4 2784
Dr. Theodore Zimmerman
17 West Grand Street
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

If nearer to the West Coast, have him phone

Atlantic 3 2571
Dr. Joseph Lorber
3703 Mount Diablo Blvd.
Lafayette, California

PLEASE !!!

500 mg
Salamu za Heri



"Held in Trust" (Serengeti Ntl. Park)

A HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCE

By: Michael P. Balbo
21-01 46th Street
Long Island City, New York 11105

I pride myself on keeping a cool head whenever anything goes wrong with my ocelot, Brutus, but every once in a while reason gives way to sheer panic. I'm getting ahead of my story. For all logical purposes let me start at the beginning.

Every summer Brutus goes on vacation with me to the New Jersey seashore and every year something unexpected happens. He usually comes down with a summer eczema that appears overnight and causes the cat to pull out mouthfuls of fur on each side of his body. The fur-pulling usually lasts about two days and the new hair soon appears. This summer's fur-pulling started on schedule but with one difference. There were no signs of stopping.

I didn't panic, -- just shook a little. At first when the fur was pulled out the exposed skin was snow white and clean. After a few days small red pimples appeared which later became yellowish-brown scabs and the clean skin took on a red, blotchy appearance. In the initial stage the cat seemed in no discomfort, but when the red welts appeared he developed a severe itch. The denuded area of his side would ripple as a horse might do to shake off a fly.

As soon as Brutus started pulling fur I added wheat germ oil fortified with vitamin oil to his diet suspecting a fatty acid deficiency may be the cause of his eczema. I had waited, hoping his condition would improve, but it was now well into its second week and more drastic action was necessary.

I threw away all his toys and his bedding and tried a name-brand cat spray, spraying his sides and the new bedding. This seemed to make him it ch more. Did I do more harm than good? I gave Brutus a bath in plain cool water. No soap was used for fear it might harm him. Cool water was used in order to reduce the swellings and to rinse away dirt, loose hair and the cat spray. I fed him and put him to bed hoping the morning would bring good news. My primary concern was no longer the loss of fur, but to relieve the animal's pain. Eventually I had to admit to myself Brutus was not suffering from the usual summer eczema and there was little hope of finding him improved in the morning.

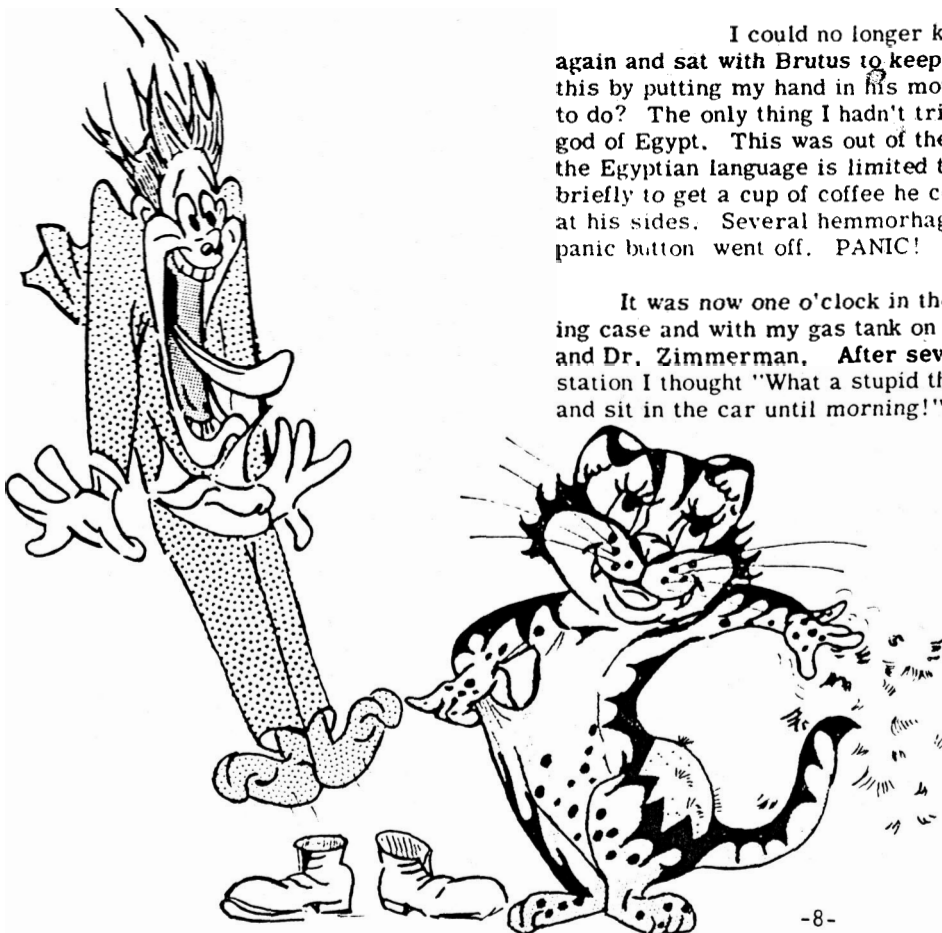
The next morning I went to see how Brutus was. There was no sign of dispossessed fur and he was resting in his bed. When he saw me he yawned, stretched and acknowledged my presence with an affectionate, "Yeow". I spoke to him reassuringly just in case his fur pulling was emotionally based. He seemed sleepy, content, at peace with the world and as I spoke he gently reached over and started pulling out the fur from his leg. I wanted to yell my bloody head off but I managed to keep calm outwardly.

Toward evening Brutus took a turn for the worse. There was fur all over the floor. As I swept up the fur, little gems of wisdom infiltrated by brain. I heard myself thinking: "Don't worry -- things could get worse." And they did. By eleven o'clock that night there was fur everywhere. It looked as if someone had plucked a spotted chicken.

I could no longer keep a cool head. I cleaned the floor again and sat with Brutus to keep him from biting himself. I managed this by putting my hand in his mouth whenever he got the urge. What to do? The only thing I hadn't tried was a sacrifice to Bastet, cat god of Egypt. This was out of the question since my knowledge of the Egyptian language is limited to only one word. When I left him briefly to get a cup of coffee he continued his work, biting and tearing at his sides. Several hemorrhagic areas were now prominent. The panic button went off. PANIC!

It was now one o'clock in the morning. I put Brutus in his carrying case and with my gas tank on "empty" decided to leave for New York and Dr. Zimmerman. After several miles and no sign of an open gas station I thought "What a stupid thing to do -- now I would run out of gas and sit in the car until morning!" I looked at Brutus. He was fast asleep as he always was when the car was in motion.

Eureka! Just as I was about to accept my fate I saw the lights of an all-night gas station glaring like an oasis. I felt much better with a full tank of gas. As I continued my trip all kinds of thoughts went through my mind. I was feeling downright silly. Suppose the fur didn't grow back? My cousin, a fur designer at Bonwit, had suggested a fur coat for Brutus. How ridiculous! Brutus would have it in pieces before I could get it around his bald little behind.



Perhaps the cat's problem was emotionally based, maybe he's an exhibitionist or a frustrated stripper. Good thinking! After all we do know little about the emotional problems of cats. If the problem were emotional where would I find a psychiatrist for ocelots? I knew there were psychiatrists for dogs because a few years ago there was a book: "Is Your Cocker Off His Rocker." The author's name escapes me. Actually I did write Dr. Joyce Brothers about ocelots and ocelot owners and received a form letter suggesting I consult one of the many free mental health clinics. I didn't think Brutus would care to go to a clinic!

I had tried mental telepathy but it didn't work. I sat Brutus on a chair and I sat on the floor (in the lotus position, of course) so our eyes would be at the same level. We stared at each other. I kept repeating over and over in my mind: "DON'T PULL HAIR!" As we stared at each other his left eye closed in a slow wink while the right eye remained open wide. It was at that moment he bit me on the nose.

The ride was beginning to wear me out. Brutus was still asleep. Many people would (and did) think me out of my mind to make such a trip just to take "a cat" to the veterinarian. Ocelots are not like other domestic pets and a veterinarian must be familiar with them. I consider Dr. Zimmerman to be a good "ocelot man".

I was beginning to lose my sense of humor. What was it Confucius once said? or was it Johnny Carson? "Show me a man that can laugh at trouble and I'll show you an idiot."

I arrived in Mount Vernon at Dr. Zimmerman's office at 9 o'clock in the morning. The waiting room was empty except for one woman and her dog. As if I didn't have enough troubles, the dog decided to come and investigate my carrying case. I asked the woman to please call her dog because I had a cat in the case. "Oh, don't worry," she replied, "Horace likes cats." I knew exactly what she was going to say next and I couldn't resist the temptation to say, along with her, "Some of his best friends are cats."

The Diagnosis and Treatment

The tentative diagnosis (since no laboratory test was performed) was an allergic reaction complicated by a secondary infection caused by his biting of the area. After I had given Dr. Zimmerman a complete history, the only possible causes were: an emotionally based allergy or an allergic reaction from fly bites. Small yellow tablets were prescribed, Delta-Albaplex, to be given three times a day for his dermatitis. Brutus was to be kept indoors away from flies and where he could see me or at least sense my presence.

Brutus was moved into the house and given his pills crushed in creamed corn (which he never refuses) three times a day. All furniture was removed from one bedroom except a high chest of drawers which he could sleep on but not spray under. A litter box was installed and a screen door to replace the solid door so he could see us, have cross-ventilation and keep the flies out. Everything went well. Brutus stopped pulling out his fur, no longer itched, and took his medicine. I was still not sure he was back to normal until the day he "helped" my father build the screen door.

My father assured me I could leave as Brutus was not bothering him. With a hammer in his back pocket, nails in his mouth and his painter's cap on his head he went to

work. I left. No sooner had I reached the beach when I received a call to return home immediately as my father was in trouble. I rushed to the house to find Brutus in bed with my father's painter's cap and hammer. "The little b ----- took my hat and hammer and won't give them back," was all my father could say. Could you imagine my father explaining to a friend not understanding ocelots that he was unable to complete the door because the cat took his hammer away from him??

Renewed Pelage

Two weeks have gone by since my visit to Dr. Zimmerman and Brutus has not pulled out one additional hair, the new fur has grown in and the sore red areas have completely disappeared. I feel safe in saying Brutus has completely recovered and is alive today because HE HAS NO CLAWS. If he had claws he would have ripped himself. The next stage, as Dr. Zimmerman explained it to me, would have been a "Weeping Eczema" which is almost impossible to cure. In this condition the animal not only bites fur but rips out chunks of flesh.

I decided to report all this because I am not exactly sure what caused my ocelot's fur pulling. I am hoping that other ocelot owners with similar experiences will write about them to the Newsletter. When Brutus first became ill I went through every back issue in order to find a report of a similar condition so I would know what to do. I found none. Dermatology is a very complex subject. There are many skin conditions which look alike and only a specialist can diagnose after laboratory tests have been made. My ocelot is not the best patient in a doctor's office I consider myself very lucky that Brutus has recovered... this time.

Brutus suffered from a similar condition when he was a kitten. Fungus was suspected. I had him examined by one of the head dermatologists at Saint John's Hospital in New York. The Wood's lamp showed no fungus was present. The diagnosis was eczema superimposing trauma which tells what the condition was but not what caused it.

As I said, I consider myself lucky this time. What will next August bring?

The End ?



"I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW
A DOVE FLY IN CATHERINE
CISIN'S KITCHEN!"

REPORT OF PICNIC, AMAGANSETT, N. Y.

On Saturday, September 25 the clan gathered for Tercera Cisin's long awaited picnic in Amagansett. Present were:

Peg and Art Freeman, Paradise Point, Crystal River, Fla with SAFARI

Gene and John Brill of Kenmore, N. Y. with CLEO
Wm. Westhall and daughter, Cathe of Forest Hills, N. Y. with TAMAAR

Carla and Henry Tremaine, New York, N. Y.
Carole and Bill Westervelt, Bayport, New York
Esther and Mike Cerone, Brooklyn, N. Y. with TALOS
Mike Balbo, Long Island City, N. Y.

Richard Seitz, Hempstead, N. Y.

Roy Weiss, Seaford, N. Y.

Harry Malcolm, Seaford, N. Y.

Rick Quartay, Bronx, N. Y., PARIS

Mr. & Mrs. Jack Meyer, Bronx, N. Y., CHEENA

Jean Reynolds and family, Summit, N.J. BLOSSOM

Priscilla Rolfe, East Hampton, N. Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Vahram Nazarian, New York, N. Y.

Edith Condon, Patchogue, N. Y. with CHEETAH

Catherine and Harry Cisin, Amagansett, N. Y. & TERCERA

Guests are not listed. All cats were ocelots except Blossom who is a margay.

A quick review of the "long distance" people and then a quick picture of each of the cats who made the gathering necessary and rewarding. We won't mention the repast since everyone eats every day anyway except to say it was demolished with a flourish, providing a minimum of left-overs for Sunday.

The Freemans and Safari arrived two days early from Florida. Their early visit turned out to be most enjoyable and incidentally most helpful. Then from Buffalo (Kenmore) N. Y. came Gene and John Brill and Cleo. On Sunday Jean Reynolds with Blossom and family dropped in from Summit, N.J. Most of the other members were relatively local (within 150 miles). Guests swelled attendance to roughly 50 people on Saturday and 30 on Sunday.

Public thanks to volunteers who assisted: Carla Tremaine of N. Y. C. and Amagansett, with guest identifications; Effie Grane of Amagansett and Dottie Tureski of East Hampton with heaping dishes of food; Esther Cerone of Brooklyn and Peg Freeman of Florida who helped make kitchen operations easier.

The Cats

SAFARI, the "star" of the day. Many lasting memories of this tiny ocelot will remain with the many visitors he "received", holding court in his trailer home. Perhaps more picnic people got to know him better than any of the other cats. For some he played with his Safari-sized little ball. I have seen Safari many times before, but will always remember him in his little cabinet bed, covered with his personal little blanket, his head resting on his lace-edged little pillow. Travelling is nothing new to Safari's Freemans. Peg and Art have spent their lives in show business. To attend this LIOC picnic they travelled some 2000 miles.

CLEO Now completely recovered from her recent illnesses. More beautiful than ever, Cleo travelled from Buffalo, N. Y. with her handsomely decorated Safari Crate (trade name) close to her. It is her travelling refuge, bed and dias for receiving strangers. Among her friends Cleo was most sociable. LIOC picnics are an old story to her. She has attended many and even hosted one of her own. She seemed preoccupied, expecting soon to spend her annual vacation in the Adirondack Mountains with her Brills.

TAMAAR An old timer at picnics she made her rounds of cats and people under Cathe's careful guidance. Cathe's mother, Cathe, wasn't able to come. (We can't understand why since she was only 3000 miles away in California vacationing and visiting the west coast cats and people.) Cathe telegraphed her greetings from Anaheim, California.

TALOS Perhaps one of the most gregarious cats in the group, he didn't seem to understand (once again) that he is supposed to be Tercera's maté. The two cats spent hours alone together but he seemed under the impression perhaps that she was his sister. They both are two years old. Tercera was in heat.

TERCERA, erstwhile hostess made her appearances few and far between, spending most of her time in retirement in her play pen, not confined but declining invitations to come out until visitors were reduced to one or two at a time.

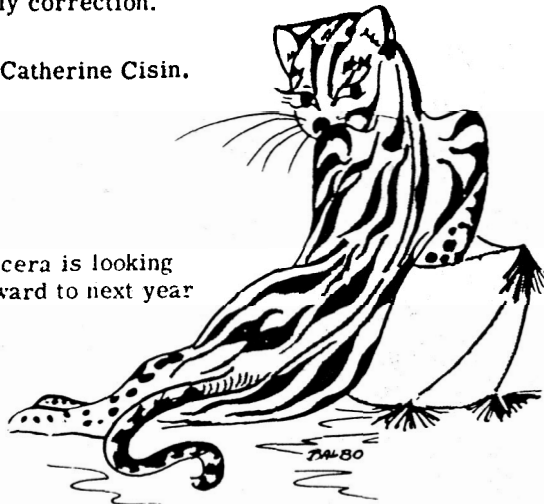
PARIS approaching one year, took the circumstances in which he found himself in stride. He is a veteran in conflict with the New York City authorities that are challenging him.

CHEENA was the most unusual ocelot present by way of accident. She carried what is left of her tail in a heavy black-taped bandage. It all started when a knife dropped on the end of her tail. Then Cheena took over chewing and licking continuously so it could not heal. She had successfully removed part of her tail when Jack Meyer took her to Dr. Zimmerman in Mount Vernon who amputated the mutilated portion. Cheena promptly removed the bandage and continued her self-cannibalism. After a second trip to Dr. Zimmerman and further amputation, Jack and Mrs. Meyer have been able to keep it bandaged. Jack confides that she has about three inches of tail left, which makes her one of the two bob-tailed ocelots in LIOC.

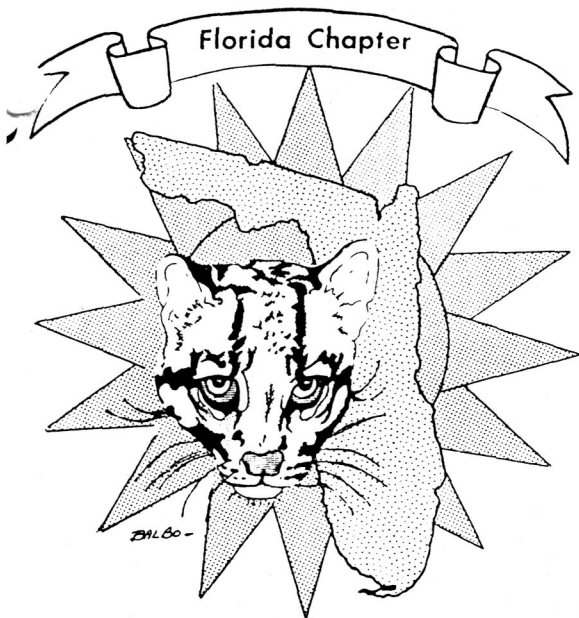
BLOSSOM made the long motor trip from Larchmont, N. Y. where her boat was anchored, to Amagansett and return on Sunday. The distance this friendly little margay travelled is not impressive compared with her exploits in Vermont this past summer. See Jean Reynolds' account on page 13.

CHEETAH, newly acquired year old ocelot, clung happily to owner Edith Condon's neck whenever she picked him up. Cheetah's heavy infestation of fleas didn't seem to bother him in the least, the condition having been longstanding. It is due for early correction.

-- Catherine Cisin.



Tercera is looking forward to next year



REPORT OF MEETING

September 26, 1965 held at home of Doris and Tico Waddell, 2544 Trapp Avenue, Coconut Grove

The members in "sunny" Florida, stormed out by hurricane Betsy, finally had a meeting and considering the weather we had a large gathering -- 33 people and 8 cats were present. (Don't tell the Chamber of Commerce, but it RAINED!) Present were:

- Ann & Bert Billheimer, Barbara Bond, James and Olivia Cottrell, Grace M. Cooke, James Coulbourne with ocelot, Jamie, Ralph and Wanda Duncan with margay Bridget and ocelots Rebel and Yankee, Kenneth and Jean Hatfield with margay, Mittens, Richard and Michelle Marx with ocelot, Bimbo, Gerald Meadows, Don and Carol Pursell with ocelot, Tigre, Dave and Sue Salisbury with puma, Princess, Ed Shaw, Nina and James Snider, Doris and Tico Waddell, and ocelot, Jose Diablo.

Folks started arriving about 1:00 and were still arriving an hour later, soaked but smiling. Marx's Bimbo got all excited with all those people crowding around him on the front porch, as did Tigre Pursell. Sometimes I think we forget just how big and noisy a crowd can seem to be to our cats! Of course nothing bothered Jamie Coulbourne. As long as he has his paw to suck on, he's happy.

The biggest hits of the day, of course, were Princess the baby puma and Duncan's three kittens: Rebel, Yankee and Bridget. Bridget is a lady margay and true to the breed decided she wanted up, so she perched on Jimmy Cottrell's shoulder most of the afternoon. The reason this is such a paradox is that Jimmy won't touch most cats with a 10 ft. pole: he admires them from a distance. Princess is about 21 weeks old and at the time of the meeting already weighed 7 pounds. Sue says Princess will follow young David everywhere she can, and if they aren't careful she'll imitate Mary's little lamb in the nursery rhyme when he goes off to school. Can't you just picture his teacher a few months from now if Princess should happen to follow him? If a lamb could cause all that uproar, imagine what a puma could do!

After much socializing and a very delicious barbecue rib meal, the business meeting was called to order at 3:20. I won't go into details except to say it was lengthy and heated. (We in Florida must be going through the "growing pains" state.) The net result of it all was that the meetings would continue to be family gatherings; that a form would be sent out for all members to sign which would state there would be no responsibility on the part of the cat owner should anyone, adult or child, be hurt; and that a list of members names and addresses would be sent to all members. We also had a Treasurer's Report and the group was notified where the next two meetings will be held:

November 14, 1965 at the home of Ken and Marion Stukey
726 20th Street
Vero Beach

January 9, 1966 at the home of Herman and Annette Brooks
3031 Pioneer Road, Orlando

The business meeting adjourned at 4:35 and by 5:00 the weather was clear enough for folks to get into their cars without drowning. Remember: November 14th at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Stuckey in Vero Beach.

P.S. by Mittens:

You know what those cotten-pickin'kinfolk of mine done this time?? Dragged me off in the dad-burned rain, that's what. At least my Pappy did put me under his raincoat.

I don't know what'all they was a-talking about out there in the front room, but I'll tell you it sounded like THE FEUD was on again!!

Report by:
Jean Hatfield
Secretary, Fla.
Chapter of LIOC
80 E 34 Street
Orlando, Fla.



COLOR CLUB POSTCARD

LIOC postcards are now available. The latest printing is a repeat (by popular request) of our original postcard. Price: \$1 per lot of 40 cards. Please send request and remittance to LIOC, Amagansett, N. Y.

Postcard shows ocelot, AKU, wet footed, resting on a piece of driftwood on the sand, beach grass in the background against a vivid blue sky.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF
LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



REPORT OF MEETING Sunday, September
26 at the home of Thelma Peacock, 1796
Via Natal, San Lorenzo, California.

There were 12 animals in attendance with 45
adults present, 26 of these were Nor Cal
Branch members, as follows:

Dr. & Mrs. John Schieffelin from Lafayette,
Mr. & Mrs. Jim Maloney from Berkeley, Mr.
& Mrs. Paul James from Hayward with Lady
Bird (puma), Pat Tayler from San Bruno with
her new Abyssinian (Ielis catus), Marilyn and
Walter Webb with Chatita (Margay), May and Fred
Ullock from Half Moon Bay, Miss Shirley Nelson
with her nine month old male jaguar, Dakila,
Pearl and Frank Radelfinger from San Francisco
with their male ocelot, Pepe, Fawn "Leopard Lady"
Dawker with her male ocelot, Voodoo, Ida and
Donna Wegner from Palo Alto, Jan Vernier from
Stockton with Felicia Thea, margay, Mr. & Mrs.
John Untiedt from Warm Springs with their male
ocelot, Henry, Marge and Earl Sparrow from
San Lorenzo, Eleanor Schallwig from San Francisco,
Bruce Denning from Hayward, and -- Betty Harris
from Milpitas.

Our hostess was Thelma Peacock who was ably as-
sisted by Heide (puma), Rima (margay) and Phera
and Poncha (ocelots).

Members and guests started arriving around noon.
Almost everyone had a chance to gab for a few min-
utes and to look over the animals before the 2:00 PM
business meeting started. Since winter is once
again nipping at our heels I made an attempt to re-
vive interest in a member and guest donation at
each meeting attended so we could build our special
fund to rent a suitable hall for our winter meetings.
(For the benefit of new members and those who may
not have been present September 26th, 1964 at
Alum Rock Park where this subject was discussed).
Also, for those new members and those who may
have forgotten, the objection to using the name of
LIOC commercially was discussed at Lake Chabot
Park meeting on July 26, 1964 as reported in the
September, 1964 issue of the Newsletter.

I heard one comment from a member -- "If we are going
to have a collection or donation for each meeting this is
going to run into a lot of money and we should have
an election of officers for the club so it can be handled
properly." I would hate to think this comment was

misunderstood by those who heard it. Therefore, I
note here a little history in print so there can
be no mistake.

Northern California Branch of LIOC had an election
of officers on April 5, 1964 when it was reactivated.
Paul James was President, Ray Harris was vice-presi-
dent and I (Betty Harris) was Secretary-Treasurer.
Paul made his plans known to me about resigning as
president two months before our March meeting in
1965. He was just too busy with moving to a new home
and felt he should resign, his resignation to be effective
after the March Banquet-meeting.

A Club president should not have to do all the work.
There should be volunteers to help as needs arise. I
was Paul's only volunteer. We held elections again
in March and I was elected President with Paul James
Vice-President and Teres O'Brien as Recording Sec-
retary. Since I am the one who has to spend the club
money (Postage for meeting notices and other expenses)
it was decided that I would continue to handle the club
funds. When LIOC Nor Cal Branch was reactivated,
we were \$12.30 "in the hole". This money had come
out of my pocket and remained out until we had collec-
ted enough dues for me to be repaid.

The number of volunteer hours I have spent in club
activities cannot be "paid for". Yet I have been
"repaid" only by the knowledge that I have been able
to help a few cats and their owners. My term as Pres-
ident runs until March, '66 or until any later meeting
date when we are able to hold elections.

If any Nor. Cal. member is interested in being President
of Nor. Cal, undertaking all the selfless work and expense
involved, I suggest he speak up.

I trust I have not offended any new members or any old,
reliable members by my frankness. As you all know
who attended the last meeting, I did not have much chance
to comment then. I would suggest that when we have
elections again, we also elect a sargent at arms to see
that meetings are kept in order and also that all aspects
of a controversy are given equal time and attention.

Since I am still president of the Nor. Cal. Branch and will
be until another volunteer comes forward, I want it known
that the practice of using the name of Long Island Ocelot
Club commercially shall be abandoned, and there will be
no further comment on this subject at the meetings. My
purpose has been and will continue to be to protect Nor.
Cal. members from any and all things that might be
detrimental to the care and keeping of their own exotics
but their one source of information for this care and
keeping: their membership in LIOC and the means for
communicating with other owners: -- the Newsletter.

Thank you for your indulgence in reading this far! You
deserved the thanks because I know you are not among
the minority which questions my honesty, abilities, or
motives for working so hard for the Nor. Cal. Branch
of LIOC.

Local News

On the Good Side: Ragah, female ocelot owned by
Teres and Doug O'Brien gave birth to a kitten some time
during the night of September 10th. On the Sad Side: The
kitten died during the day of October 2. The reason for
the death is not known at this time. Chico, Male Ocelot,
who is the father now resides with Bonnie and Jim Maloney.
It is hoped he one day will breed with Maloney's Daphne Poo.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA -- Meeting Report (Continued)

The other Northern California breeding pair, Ginger and Tanya, is now owned by Marge Sparrow and Thelma Peacock. It is believed that Tanya may be expecting again.

Frank and Vicki Lewis wrote me about the expedition of their male ocelot, Mia. Seems Mia, suffering (?) from that old feeling, went through a screen door in hot pursuit of a cat. Frank and Vicki have ordered a female ocelot for him and her name will be "Sloopy". Mia is an interesting ocelot due to the fact that he has not only been declawed but he has no teeth at all. Frank Lewis is a dentist by profession but he is not responsible for Mia's mutilation. He says Mia has no problem eating, but he did not elaborate on Mia's diet. . . . (Anyone for a cup of chicken neck broth?)

Sue and Randall Franks who own female ocelot Maya have a new male ocelot. . . We are hoping for good reports from Sue in regarding breeding.

On the sick list -- Weeper, (Harris), our male ocelot. He became severely sick on September 11th, not even able to take water. For several days we had to have injections for dehydration. When Weeper became sick he weighed 30 pounds. Now two weeks later, he weighs 17 pounds but we still are strongly hopeful that he will one day be well again.

Available Margay

We (Harrises) have a house guest with us. She is Otto, a 2-1/2 year old margay who is looking for a new home. Her owners, Carol & Ralph Phillips of Grass Valley, Calif. must move to New Zealand where they cannot take her. They would like a home where she will have much love and understanding, preferably where she will be loved and handled by two people as she has been with the Phillips. She has her fangs, but no front claws. She is a full female. . . . Applicants please phone me: 262-2169.

THE NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting is set for Sunday, November 21, 1965

Host for meeting:

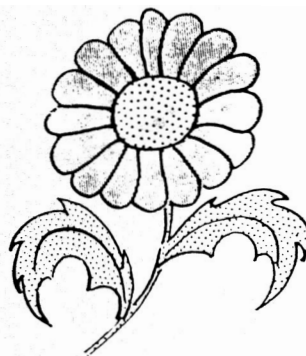
Frank Lewis
3430 Balmoral Drive
Sacramento, California

Phone: IVanhoe 3 6283

If there is any change in meeting arrangements, members in the Northern California area will be advised by personal notice.

-- Betty Harris, Pres.
Northern California Branch LIOC
205 Butler Street
Milpitas, California 95035

Betty Harris



TRANSLATED from the "Ocelot" for BLOSSOM by her owner:

Jean Reynolds
9 Prospect Street
Summit, N.J.

I will tell you about the adventures of me -- Blossom. I'm a real boater and this is my sixth year at being in charge of Mommy Jean's boat. This July we cruised up the Hudson River, through twelve locks and into Lake Champlain.

Our first port was Shelburne, Vermont. Shelburne is lovely, not many people and lots of jungle-like woods like I remembered in my native Equador. One night someone left the window open in the head (that's the bathroom) and when the wind blew the curtain out, I saw my chance to go exploring.

It must have been a riot. Mommy Jean woke up at 4:00 a. m. and I wasn't cuddled with her. She got up and not finding me woke Granny, Daddy Doug and Daddy Dick. They really searched, but no me. Sunday, after a twelve hour search with literally millions of people helping them, they finally enlisted the aid of two blood hounds. Fortunately they only are trained to find two-legged humans.

It was hard to keep hiding 'cause Mommy Jean had the (she says "wonderful") man from the Burlington Humane Society looking for me. Also two radio stations announced my loss, one TV station, plus the wonderful article that was in the Burlington Free Press.

Mommy Jean finally had to leave 'cause my daddys had to go back to work. As they left I waved goodbye to them but not too hard 'cause I knew they would be back. When they arrived in Catskill, N. Y., Mommy Jean made a phone call and was told I had been seen. They hired a car and drove four hundred miles to look again, but still no me. I was still hiding, but I saw them. Really, the August climate and the bugs are delectable in Vermont.

Everyone thought I was gone for good. Sixteen days later Granny received a phone call from Shelburne. Mommy Jean's dancing teacher who has retired to Vermont had found me. Actually I had picked a lavish and great estate, but a dog (we are usually friends) had chased me in a garage and its master locked me in.

Mommy Jean made a 630 mile round trip in one day but she says it was worth it. Instead of being real ferocious which I tried to tell myself I was, I just cuddled in her arms and kissed her ear, then ate, drank and slept all 315 miles home. I was tired. This was the first time in sixteen days I could really relax. The food hadn't been good but I really liked the bugs and toads so much I didn't lose much weight -- only about half. . . It's great to be home and I don't think I'll ever, ever, go exploring anymore (until I get to Vermont!)

I'm only writing now, after all these years because I religiously read Chatty Cat (She's my favorite correspondent.) I hope she won't think I'm a Copy Cat!

-- BLOSSOM



NEWS FROM AROUND THE JUNGLE (Continued from p. 5.)

with her normal lifespan now that she is safe in domesticity with the Peraners. Jungle existence might have presented problems, should she have been required to perform feats using extra strength and resulting in excessive breathing.

A New Home for Sheba Aijian/Thompson

Sheba, 20 pound 2 year old whole, declawed ocelot has transferred ownership from Vahan and Judy Aijian of Philadelphia, Pa., to Harold and Karen Thompson, RFD 1, Box 76, Housatonic, Mass. Sheba had been the guest of Don and Dee Wilson of Mt. Ephraim, N. J. (friends of the Aijians) and their margay, Tiger and Ocelot, Jose Gonzalez, for a period of ten weeks pending her placement in a new home.

Arrangements were made. On September 25 the Wilsons, accompanied by Judy Aijian, brought Sheba to a designated point on Route 27 near Kennedy Int'l Airport. The Thompsons came down from Mass. to meet the Wilson car and took Sheba back home.

Later phoned report from Karen Thompson indicated "is well, Sheba accepting her new home and transferring her love to the Thompsons' little girl, just as she had loved little Kim Aijian with whom she grew up.

Samson's a Big One

Mr. & Mrs. John Crinklaw of Crows Landing, California, owners of "Sam" (Samson) an Arizona puma report that he weighs 180 pounds at two years, three months.

WANTED: Room and Board

Mr. John Allen, P.O. Box 3375, Orange, Calif. plans a trip around the world beginning in February, 1966. He will be gone for three months and during this time he will require accommodations for Sheba, his ocelot who is now 14 years old and is well trained. She is a light-weight -- only fifteen pounds -- docile and quiet. Please phone John Allen at 635-2244.

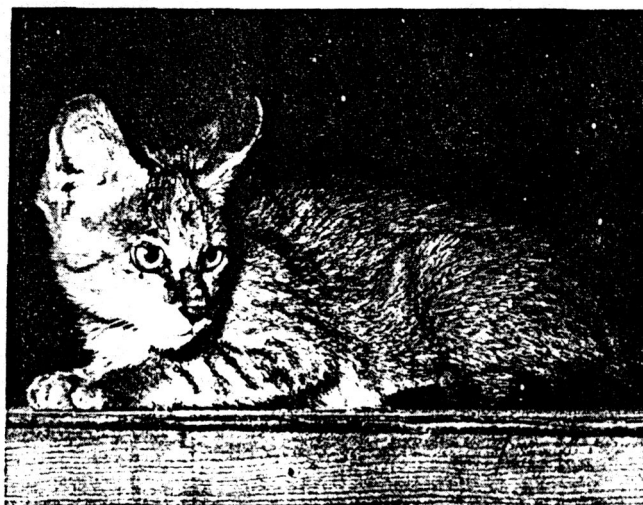
Simba Goes to the Doctor

Carole Westervelt of Bayport, N. Y. took her 8 month old ocelot, Simba, to Dr. Zimmerman at Mt. Vernon on September 21. The cat was declawed, castrated and his upper fangs were removed. While he was anesthetized his very heavy infestation of fleas was removed. In all respects, the surgery was very successful, Simba recovering quickly.

Simba is the first domestic born ocelot, LIOC record to have been neutered. He was born January 18th in Wilson, N. Y.

Indian Cat

Few readers have ever seen this unusual species from India -- the lynx chaus. Two of these animals, a female and a male were shipped to Bill Engler of San Fernando, California. The female went to live with Ruthe Miner of Slymar, California.



This is the male of the pair of Lynx Chaus which Bill named "Hasdrubal". He is a small cat, tawny with sparse brownish markings. He is reported to have a very shy disposition except when he eats, at which times he is fierce with his food.

When both cats matured, the male went to live with the female at Ruthe Miner's. They were successfully bred on July 25. However, about a month later, she aborted. Ruthe feels the reason for this was that they were left together too long and played too strenuously. They'll try again!

New Floridian from the Amazon

David Salisbury, President of the Florida Chapter of LIOC, has added Puma, Princess, to his family which already includes ocelot, Sheba, now two years old. Princess is much the gentler pet (now 21 weeks old and 21 pounds heavy) at comparable age than the ocelot. "I think," writes Dave, "from what I have been able to learn and from my knowledge of the area from which she came, that she is of the species 'Felis Concolor Borbenxis' which is specified in the book 'The Puma, Mysterious American Cat' on page 251. Her weight accumulation (between one and two pounds a week) and her overall growth is amazing."

Vacation?

Postcards arrive from Lydia Sporled postmarked Rome and en route to Rome. Each card mentions her cats which are back home in Wilson, N. Y. "Miss cats," "Hope I find my cats OK..." etc. It would hardly be a surprise to learn that Rebel and Mr. Lovely have been busy preparing for their fourth litter! January seems to be Rebel's month. She has had two January litters, the other in May.

REGISTRATION FOR THE MATING GAME

OCELOTS

Males

| <u>Name</u> | <u>Age</u> | <u>Weight</u> | <u>Owner</u> | <u>Address</u> | <u>Phone</u> |
|-------------|------------|---------------|--|---------------------------------|--------------|
| *TALOS | 2 yrs | 25 lbs | Mr & Mrs Michael Cerone | 2685 Homecrest Ave, Brooklyn NY | 212 769 6462 |
| VOODOO | 2 yrs | 22 lbs | Fawn Tiara Dawkter, 828 Willow Road, Menlo Park, Calif | | DA5 1996 |
| ZAPATA | 2 yrs | 30 lbs | Mr & Mrs Stan Duprey, 793 East St., Lenox, Mass. | | 637 3347 |
| TIGGER | 2 yrs | 35 lbs | Mr & Mrs Earl Sparrow, 1140 Via Enrico, San Lorenzo, Calif | | 415 357 0192 |

Females

| | | | | | |
|----------|-------|--------|--|--|--------------|
| FRAULEIN | 1 yr | ? | Mr & Mrs John Weeks, 4355 Canterbury Road, Riverside, California | | 714 688 1800 |
| MAYA | 2 yrs | 25 lbs | Mr & Mrs Randall Franks, 600 Anna Hy Drive, Fortuna, Calif. | | 725 3185 |
| TROUBLES | 3 yrs | 35 lbs | Dr. Roger Harmon, 401 E Pinecrest Drive, Marshall, Texas | | WE 5 6689 |
| SHEBA | 2 yrs | 30 lbs | Mr & Mrs Dave Salisbury, 1519 Cambridge Drive, Cocoa, Fla. | | 636 8374 |
| *TERCERA | 2 yrs | 25 lbs | Mr & Mrs Harry Cisin, Amagansett, N. Y. | | 516 267 3852 |
| DELILAH | 2 yrs | 30 lbs | Ralph Ferrer, 239 Ninth Avenue, New York, N. Y. | | 212 YU9 5507 |

MARGAYS

Male

*JAVA 3 yrs 11 lbs Joan Warren, 132 Boston Post Road, Larchmont, N. Y. 914 TE4 5272

Female

*REINA 2 yrs 11 lbs Joanne H. Louis, 71018 Parsons Blvd, Flushing N. Y. 11365 212 AX1 0615

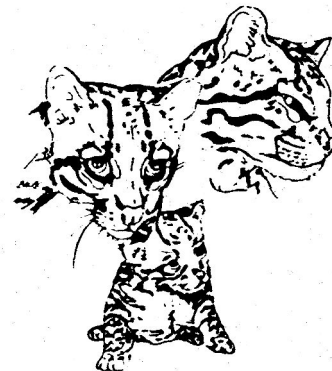
*Mating attempted

PLEASE REGISTER

Your cat, if he or she qualifies, should be included in this list, the purpose of which is to encourage attempts at breeding. If you would like to join the project, send postcard or note to LIOC, Amagansett, N. Y. giving the following information:

1. Name/ Name of Cat
2. Address/ Phone number
3. Sex, species, age and weight of cat
If female, give approximate date of last estrus and their frequency.

Additional pertinent information will help set up the registration.



To set this project in operation, make contact at once with the owner of the mate you think will suit your cat. Since timing is of primary importance to the females, their owners should initiate arrangements. Generally the male should be housed in the female's quarters during attempts at breeding since the female must be completely at home and at ease to encourage copulation. Both cats must be healthy and completely comfortable.

Proven ideal conditions occur when the mates live together, yet breedings have occurred where they live separately. Domestic ocelot births are exceedingly limited. Most of the above registrants are willing to travel up to 400 miles to participate. As time goes on and as registrations increase, geographic separations will be reduced.

Our ultimate aim will always be a second-generation domestic-born ocelot. With first-generation local births increasing, this goal does not seem entirely unobtainable. Let's try!!!

Owners of kittens: Think ahead! Plan wherever possible not to castrate or spay.

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. Volume 1 (1957) is in scant supply. Vol. 2 = 1958, Vol. 3 = 1959, Vol. 4 = 1960, Vol. 5 = 1961, Vol. 6 = 1962, Vol. 7 = 1963, Vol. 8 = 1964

Send request and remittance to club headquarters:

Long Island Ocelot Club,
Amagansett, New York 11930

New Members

Miss Pat Agrest, 22 Meadowlark Road
Port Chester, N. Y. owns Sheeba, a 18 pound
ocelot who is now about 9 months old

Rod Barker, 478 Olive Street, San Leandro, Cal.
has a six week old South American Puma, "Rhema"
who weighs six pounds.

Albert B. Benson, 93 Sunnyside Street, Hyde Park,
Boston, Mass. says he is a confirmed "cat lover" and
proves his point by ownership of a five month old,
five pound spotted cat he believes may be an ocelot,
name of "frisky".

James E. Caris, 1423 Highland Avenue, Hillside,
N.J. plans purchasing a margay in the near future.

Rene Sergei Dennenbaum, New York, N. Y. who
personally visited LIOC headquarters before joining,
has an ocelot on order and is momentarily expecting
delivery.

Mr. & Mrs. R. L. Girard, 565 Balsam Avenue,
Sunnyvale, California now owns Sheba, a 25 lb. four
year old ocelot formerly belonging to a Loretta
Johnson, the cat being brought to their attention by
Betty Harris of Milpitas, Pres of NorCal Branch LIOC.

Mr. & Mrs. Felix Goodrum III, 2159 Southall Place, SW,
Roanoke, Virginia own an 8 pound, four month old ocelot.
She is appropriately called "Raro", a word meaning, in
Spanish, "rare, odd, beautiful."

Mr. & Mrs. James Maloney, 1219 Francisco Street,
Berkeley, California own Daphne, a 24 pound, three
year old Equadorian ocelot.

Daniel P. Mannix, Sunny Hill Farm, Malvern, Penna,
who owns Tiba, an ocelot. "She is very healthy and
goes hunting (rabbits and woodchucks) with me every
day. She's eight years old now." Many members will
have read magazine articles and books by Dan Mannix.

Felix P Martinez, New York, N. Y. hopes in the very
near future to own an ocelot, preferably male.

Gerald F. Meadows, VA Hospital, 1200 Anastasia,
Coral Gables, Florida is purchasing an ocelot.

Jim Miller, 536 West Davies Way, Littleton, Colorado,
hopes soon to get an exctic, and wonders, in the mean-
time if there are any Colorado members of LIOC within
contact distance.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert J. Morrison, 15632 Ridgeway Ave.
Riverside 4, California, own Shikar, 35 pound, 20
month old neutered male ocelot.

Mr. & Mrs. Vahram Nazarian, New York, N. Y.,
do not own an exotic but have very deep interest.

Joanne H. Louis, Flushing, N. Y., owns Reina, a
female, 19 month old margay. Recently in heat, breed-
ing between Reina and Joan Warren's male, Java, was
unsuccessfully attempted.

Marianna Pinchot, New York, N. Y. expects soon to have
a margay.

Patricia Renfrew, 921 Divina Vista, Monterey Park, Calif.
owns "Maybe", a 13 lb, 9 month old male ocelot.

Alan and Stephen Shapiro, 97 New West Street, Pittsfield,
Mass. are brothers whose interests concerning exotic felines
prompts them to seek information in LIOC.

Mr. & Mrs. James F. Snider, 1041 N.W. 196 Terr.,
Miami, Florida have recently had an ocelot which died.

Mr. & Mrs. Eduard Steeples, 10314 Variel Avenue,
Chatsworth, California own a one year old, 10 pound
female margay, Tanyani

George Tufts, 37 Cook Street, Lynn, Mass. owns a
14 month old, 12 pound female ocelot, "Bridget."

Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Wallis, P.O. Box 215, Lincoln,
Illinois have an ocelot on order... if it is female they
will call it "Quita" and if it's male, Keetah.

Renewal Members

John Allen, Orange, California

Mrs. Rowena Chester, Clinton, Tennessee

Mr & Mrs Winfred Clifton, Rancho Cordova, Calif.

Mr. John Crinklaw, Crows Landing, California

Mr. & Mrs. S. DeSaules, Bloomfield, N. J.

Mr. & Mrs. Ffderick Fillmore, Sacramento, Calif

Mr. & Mrs. James Gелlette, Las Vwgas, Nevada

C. Guyette, New York, N. Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Human, Southport, Conn.

Lt. Col & Mrs R. E. Long, New York, N. Y.

B. Franklin LaRue, Morristown, N. J.

Mr. & Mrs. R. W. Marshall, Sacramento, Calif.

Mr. & Mrs. Richard Marx, Miami, Florida

Mr. & Mrs. George Miklen, Saugus, California

Ruthe K. Miner, Slymar, California

Henry Moser, Los Angeles, California

Mr. & Mrs. Richard Nasman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Steve Orden, Roslyn, L.I., N. Y.

Ren Rastorfer, New York, N. Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Al Roberts, Needham, Mass.

Mr. & Mrs. Russell Schroeder, Saratoga, California

Mrs. Grace E. Schwing, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Andrea Sustrick, Monterey Park, California

Alton Thomas, San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. & Mrs. Harold Thompson, Housatonic, Mass.

Betty Tuttle, No. Highlands, California

Mrs. June Untiedt, Fremont, California

Jan Vernier, Stockton, California

Joan Warren, Larchmont, N. Y.

Mr. & Mrs. Walter Webb, Woodside, California

Mr. & Mrs. John Weeks, Riverside, California

Muriel White, New York, N. Y.

