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Long Island Ocelot Club
24 Partridge Avenue
Somerville, Mass. 02145

Volume 17, Number 4
July - August 1973

LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



Guana, zoo born, the daughter of a black leopard, shares her home with Ugly Puppy, a basset hound and Monkey Face an afghan. Guana loves to be hugged and kissed and also adores swimming. Here at 18 months and 98 pounds is Guana and her mistress, Jill Tupler of Las Vegas.



**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB
NEWSLETTER**

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 membership, devoted to the welfare of ocelots and other "Exotic" felines. Reproduction of the material in this Newsletter may not be made without written permission of the authors and/or the copyright owner, LIOC.

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Submitting Material for Publication

Material for publication in the Long Island Ocelot Club Newsletter should be submitted by the 10th of the month preceding Newsletter publication, i. e. by the 10th of the even numbered months.

Local groups are advised that, if convenient, the holding of meetings during the odd numbered months will ensure the earliest publication of their meeting reports due to the above deadline.

Moving?

To avoid any interruption of service and Newsletter delivery if you should move, send as soon as you know the details, your name, new address, old address and the date of moving to our Membership Secretary,

Pepper Perry
1536 Dearing Road
Memphis, Tennessee 38117

Please send all applications and renewals directly to Pepper for fast efficient service.

Send all Newsletter and related material to the Editor.

Ari & Friends

This story by Ginny is a sequel to the article, "Ari - The Magnificent" printed in the May issue of the Newsletter (Volume 17, Number 3).

by Ginny Story

Ari is nearly 3 now. A little larger, but he has slimmed down a bit. His personality is still fantastic, always purring, playing games, but his disposition remains gentle, innocent, and terribly benevolent. I don't take him off the property quite so often now as he seems to prefer the solitude of his run, his friends, his trees - "Cougar Country" as we call it. Besides, on warm days he absolutely refuses to come up the hill, so there's no way to bring him unless I invest in an automatic winch or railroad car. Anyway, too much exposure to the outside world can sometimes be inadvisable, especially when exotics here are still considered dangerous beasts and illegal. If anyone wants to see him, they can always come here - everybody but the PoundMaster, that is!

Ari is still not interested in Cavey - "That way" I mean. Although I've put them together in his cage several times when she's in heat, they just sit at opposite ends and ignore each other, interspersed with an occasional warning hiss not to venture closer. They do touch noses still at least once a day while on their runs, but nothing further has developed, & I'm wondering if it ever will. Some friends have told me that it might be wise to try to mate each one first with a different experienced cougar who has been proven fertile; then any subsequent mating between mine could be consummated with a little knowledge. In other words, neither one knows quite what to do right now. I did try Cavey for 4 weeks with an available 2 1/2 year old male named Clyde who also might have been too immature. Anyway, they really couldn't stand each other. They never fought, but each established his own territory in her cage, and never crossed over the line. I suppose cougars can be just as particular as people in their choices of a lover!

She was so relieved when he left, that she immediately came in heat - after abstaining the whole time he'd shared her home. However, Fenwyck (ocebob) being re-instated there, after a months absence, was terribly glad to oblige. They washed, loved each other for several days afterwards. Seymour (ocelot) who had moved in with Ari while Clyde was here, also returned to Cavey's stomping grounds where she also immediately came into season, so Fenwick was kept pretty busy alternating between them. (He just has to be sterile, though, being a hybrid)

I have always marveled that Seymour is really the Boss of all the cats, although she weighs only 17 pounds at 5 years old! Ari is very respectful of her, and lets her have her own way at all times, even when it concerns food. She eats first, usually savoring all the best tidbits before he'll even approach the dining table, and she always grabs the softest spot on the bed. He is very patient with her, as she is sometimes cross and he never is.

Also, I've acquired two new exotics. I am now boarding Juna, a beautiful 3 year old black leopard owned by Karen O'Donnell, who built her a great large cage down near my other cats. The other addition is a 1 1/2 year old margay named Gato, who came from Ginny Lovness of Minnesota. She decided that since their winters are 10 months long, Gato would be far happier in the sun and greenery he needs so much, so she reluctantly gave him up for his own sake. This is a supreme sacrifice for I know she loved him very much, and he reflects this devotion. My aim, of course, is to produce a "Marlot" (?) with Seymour and take a little of the load off Fenwyck. They've already become very friendly. We built him a large home adjacent, filled with perches & tunnels which ▼

Staff Resignation

As all of you have noted, there have been many changes within the club since it moved to Somerville. Because many of these changes go against what I believe LIOC should be I have asked to be relieved of my duties of Secretary/Treasurer.

Bob has accepted my resignation and it is my understanding they will be taken over by Pepper Perry, and the duties of Branch Manager will go to Bob.

Although I have enormously enjoyed my LIOC work and the contact with all of you, I find I cannot work for a cause headed by a man I cannot agree with a majority of the time and one who does not feel it necessary to discuss changes before or after they are made.

LIOC will always be a very important part of my life although it is not now the organization I joined and in clear conscience I cannot defend it, or believe in it as I once did.

I cannot thank each of you enough for the support you showed me while Secretary/Treasurer and if, on a personal level I can ever be of service to any of you I do hope you'll feel free to call me.

Shirley Treanor
Mobile, Alabama

Notice

As Shirley indicates above, she is no longer assuming the positions of Secretary-Treasurer, Membership Secretary, Branch Manager, and Placement Coordinator.

The work required by these positions, with the exception of Placement Coordinator, is being conducted by Pepper Perry, our Vice President. In order to efficiently function in her new positions, Pepper will discontinue as Vice President.

The services offered by the position of Placement Coordinator will cease to be from an actual office, but will be expanded and are now being offered through Long Island Ocelot Club Headquarters, in Somerville, Mass.

Seymour shares with him at intervals, informing him that she is still Boss, tho! Well, time will tell, but I figured if there are ocebobs there can also be ocegays (?).

I sent that snap of Cavey seductively on the bed to Field & Stream, but they weirdly selected Phyllis Diller for their first centerfold. Well, maybe she paid them more, but at least Carey doesn't need her face lifted. We'll see what happens.



Living With JAKE

by Wally & Ginger Bordwell



Jy G. Bordwell

Jake is a playful bobcat kitten. His health is good now, but we have a new problem - his teeth! Yes, they're in real good health - that's our problem. He uses them a little too much. I am sure he doesn't mean to hurt us.

We decided we would try thumping him (not too hard) on the nose when he bit hard. Well, to our surprise he actually seems to enjoy this. The minute you thump him, he stands on his hind legs and leaps at you. The more you thump him, the more he leaps upon you, like a jumping bean. He's so fast.

He's only three and a half months old, so his little attacks give only minor scratches. This is really a comical sight to behold. Apparently thumping is not the answer.

Fortunately, Jake does not always bite. The minute he sees anyone, he runs for you and begins to rub and lick your face. Then he bites! It's almost like it was his way of saying Hi!



If anyone reading this has had a helpful experience, we would love to hear from you.

Jake has another habit we feel you may find unusual as we do. This is his sucking? We had thought only ocelots and margays liked to suck on their owners. It's not just his sucking that is unusual, but it's the way he goes about it. He begins by slobbering all over your hand (not always



MEETING REPORT
May 27, 1973
A C E C

alliance to conserve exotic cats, inc.

I (Ginny Story) was recently appointed Secretary at our last meeting, but sadly not until after our speaker had finished, so I wasn't prepared to take notes. However, after listening to Dr. Richard O'Sullivan talk about all the possible diseases and problems that our cats can acquire in their lifetime I think we can all be thankful if our cats are healthy, happy, have a stable weight & beautiful soft coats. There are so many warning signs that can point to the various vitamin deficiencies, lack of calcium assimilation, rickets, enteritis even despite preventative shots, that we should always be on the alert for any unusual symptom. Diarrhea, lack of bowel movement, poor gum color, etc., can indicate a myriad of causes - blockage of the intestinal tract due to an allergy or swallowing some foreign object - vomiting due to worms, listlessness, etc. These cats must be checked daily for any unusual signs or differences in their habits.

Dr. O'Sullivan has saved the lives of many of the cats in our group (Seymour my ocelot among them) and his knowledge of their every aspect is phenomenal. I believe he is to speak at our convention here in August also.

Our meeting was held at the home of Ray & Jill Malyska in Santa Anna. There were only about 12 people present due to a mix-up in our mailing, but it was a most enjoyable, intimate gathering with a great pot-luck dinner. The only cat present (it was hot!) was a baby jungle kitten still nursing from a bottle with great slurping and spilling.

Respectfully submitted,

Ginny Story

Forms Needed To Take Kitty Abroad

Information received from John Paramore and the Cascade Branch:

We have a form number to use for those who wish to travel abroad with cats. Get copies of customs form no. 4455, or 4457. We recommend that you try to locate a few people such as the Fish & Wildlife (Federal) agent in the area you intend to leave and re-enter the country from, or somebody in customs such as a vet, to identify the cat (show him some identifying coat markings for instance) and witness your filling out the form ... so you'll have a witness with a bit of punch handy in case of an argument upon re-entry.

CHEETAH Births!

at Lion Country Safari

I. Lion Country Safari, Laguna Hills, California

On Saturday, April 28, 1973, a female that had been left with a male group was seen exhibiting signs of parturition and was isolated in a cubbing area. Signs of approaching birth continued over the next 36 hours, but then ceased. It was apparent that the cheetah was in difficulties so she was anesthetized and X-rayed. The X-ray showed a single cub in a breach position. This was removed by caesarean section. The dead cub was fully formed, weighing 1 lb. 2 oz. and measuring 16 inches between peps.

II. Lion Country Safari, Atlanta, Georgia

In May 1972 a group a cheetah were established at our newest Lion Country Safari reserve in Georgia. With two years of study in California providing a basis, a new management approach was taken mainly in the field of exercise and nutrition. As added stimulation the cheetah were released into an area of 80 acres with a large group of Southern White Rhinoceros. It was felt that the interaction between rhino and cheetah would be psychologically beneficial to both.

In February 1973 there was a good deal of courting behavior noted between several males and the oldest female in the group. This female had been isolated for a short time prior to this. Over the following three months the female was carefully observed and signs of a progressive pregnancy were noted. Because cheetah do not display the extreme signs of pregnancy common with other cats, it is often impossible to tell a pregnant female from a merely overweight one. Speculation was kept to a minimum but our hopes ran high.

May 23, the female, named Jackie, failed to appear for food when the breakfast bell rang. The Ranger in charge of our cheetah section carried out a search and discovered a litter of three cubs in a shallow cave in the thickest part of the section. It was apparent that Jackie had nursed them and would probably continue to do so. Unfortunately, owing to a forecast of heavy rain and hail for that night, it was considered necessary to take the cubs indoors and hand-raise them in our animal nursery.

For the first two weeks of life the cubs, two male and one female, were kept in a human baby incubator. This was desirable from an environment control viewpoint. The cubs weighed 1 lb 4 oz each at birth; 10 days later the two males were 1 lb 9 oz each and the female 1 lb 6 1/2 oz. Temperatures remained constant and no difficulties were experienced.

While in the incubator, the baby cheetahs were fed Borden's Kitten Milk Replacer, supplemented with barley water and vitamins.

After an 11 day incubator stay, the cubs displayed enough progress and strength to be allowed to run in a boxed-in area.

Seventeen days after birth, the temperature of one of the male cubs showed a sudden 1.5 rise, indicating onset of an infection. Anti-biotic therapy was given but the cub continued to deteriorate rapidly. Within a period of five hours, despite intensive medical care, the cub died. Laboratory tests showed the cause of death as a bacterial infection of the intestine and urinary tract.

Both of the other cubs were given anti-biotic treatment as a preventative measure. Although the female showed early signs of infection, these signs disappeared with treatment, and three days later both cubs were apparently well.

Rededication

An Editorial

Each of our Newsletters over the past two decades has carried the statement: The Long Island Ocelot Club is a non-profit, non-commercial club, international in membership, devoted to the welfare of ocelots and other "Exotic" felines.

While methods and approaches may change, our integral purpose does not change. We attempt in ways large and small to pattern ourselves after the felines to whom we have committed ourselves. We bear no malice. We unclot ourselves to the extent operationally possible, of the encumbrments of "civilization". We direct our treatment of every situation which confronts us in absolute truth, unyielding to self-accolades. We have no place for fundamental rivalry. We have no place for exploitation.

Therefore, like our cats, we fail to understand and sometimes to react to the complexities we are faced with. We slink away from effronteries, but at the same time, do not tolerate abuses. Is the passive acceptance of challenging situations indicative of our imminent demise, as it has been in the terminal days of our sick and/or aged cats?

Perhaps if we really try, we will elevate ourselves to the purity of reaction which our cats, so trustingly and helplessly offer us. What greater tribute than imitation can we offer them? What more dignified respect than love?

Catherine Cisin,
Founder
Long Island Ocelot Club

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When Dr. Jones and his sons arrived in Ft. Stockton Charlie played a new guessing game called "What's in the ice chest?" with his wife Jan. After several incorrect guesses, such as skunk, snake, or javelina, she was shown her new daughter.

The kitten is now known affectionally by her new family as Keena. When captured, she was very healthy and was eating about two pounds of hand-fed deer meat a day. She weighed about fifteen pounds, and was thought to be about two months old as she was just beginning to lose her spots. She was well on her way to becoming a beautiful cat. Seven months and forty-five pounds later, she is now a truly beautiful cat and a very friendly member of the family. She has acquired two favorite play toys; one a brush used to scratch her back, and two, and old shoe. Her diet now consists of deer meat and chicken supplemented with vitamins. Keena is a sleek well-proportioned cat and appears to be in the best of health.

For the Joneses this has been a dream come true and a truly rare experience.

P.S. We hope the Joneses will keep you informed of Keena's progress.





MEETING REPORT

PACIFIC NORTHWEST BRANCH

The Pacific Northwest Branch of the Long Island Ocelot Club held their meeting on May 20th at Linda Morse's home. We had planned on having it at a park and ran into difficulties obtaining a permit so Linda very graciously offered the use of her house again. Our notices were sent out late, but we still had a terrific turn-out.

There were cougars in the back yard, Suzy the bobcat too, and the living room was filled with ocelots and margays, a few members too.

Teddy Bear, Linda's cougar, portrayed the perfect picture of the "poor exotic in captivity". He has the run of the back yard, on his cable; he also has his own private wading pool which he dearly loves, an old tire hanging off a tree, several empty wire spools of various sizes to hop around on, and last but not least, his own private Doberman to play with.

Herb Wilton's cougar, Zonya, was the object of a scavenger type hunt on May 5th. It was sponsored by the Portland Youth for Christ. It was described as "a rather unusual but great new way to conclude the school year for all Campus Life kids...and other kids, too. The live cougar hunt, a city wide team competition by bus, is an adventure with a goal of discovering much more than something live...would you believe capturing a new way of life! Can you imagine the surprise to find the cougar not at the zoo, but in someone's back yard!"

Leesa, George Kirkpatrick's lion has been accepted as a permanent guest of World Wildlife Safari Land in Winston, Oregon. George has also been accepted to help care for the lions and do promotional work with Leesa. Congratulations, George and Leesa!

Herb Wilton's ocelot "Cilli" and Ethel Hauser's ocelot "Sukie" were both bred by artificial insemination at the Portland Zoo, using live semen taken directly from the zoo's male ocelot. We'll keep you posted on further developments.

Ginger and Wally Bordwell arrived at the meeting sporting a brand new member, His name is "Jake", an eight week old bobcat. He was so precious and cuddly he was immediately accepted into the Long Island Ocelot Club. Ginger and Wally are very active in our club meetings and it will be fun to watch "Jake" grow".

Our meeting was called to order and Barbara read the minutes and gave the Treasurer's report. We had \$65.81 in the bank and after our yard sale we have a total of \$165.29 in our savings.

Arrangements were made for our June 10th trip to Safari-Land in Winston, Oregon. Most of us are planning to go and take our families. It should really be a fun day.

Marvin and Hackie Happel gave a report on their trip to Alaska with their cats. They obtained import papers for their animals from the Seattle Customs Office. The form number was #4457. It took quite a bit of work and telephoning to find out the right form number, so it would be worth making a note of it. Make sure there is an official signature on your form also, or it isn't any good. Any further information on taking your cats out of the country could be obtained from Dale Horn in the Seattle, Washington Customs office.

Our raffle item was a terrarium donated by Ethel Hauser. It was won by Elaine HOFFLE, a visitor.

We decided to have another garage sale this summer since our first one was so successful. We advertised in a local paper and put posters up in neighborhood stores. We put snapshots of our cats on the posters. The first day of the sale "Cilli" and "Sukie", Ethel and Herb's ocelots, helped draw people to the sale; and on the second day Teddy Bear and Sandy, Gil and Linda's cougars did their share.

We decided to have our meetings once a month in the summer, and every other month during the winter.

That was about the extent of our meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

Gil Meyer, Director

LOTTY AWARD

1973 RECIPIENTS:

Ken & Jean Hatfield

The entire presentation is described in the Florida Convention Report in this issue.

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a hand), then he rubs it around with his nose until it foams. Only now will he begin to suck. This lasts one to two hours, twice a day. Believe me, it is very hard to hold still that long.

After observing Jake and his sucking ritual, which seems to mean so much to him, noting that if he is interrupted he becomes very upset, I have wondered what affects kittens that are deprived of this are afflicted with? I know we're not equal to a kitten's mother, but I believe we must try.

I think a good question for a prospective exotic owner might be "Would you be willing to give up two hours (maybe four hours) a day for a kitten to suck on you". It may sound like a dumb question, but I believe it's very important.

Jake is our first bobcat and I'm sure a lot of our experiences have already been experienced by others, so bear with us. Jake is a joy in our life that makes us bubble over at times.

I hope sharing our experiences may be helpful and enlightening to others.



Readers Write

"JAKE"

Dear Sir,

I'm writing to thank the Long Island Ocelot Club for educating us.

We finally received our baby bobcat. He was six weeks old and a doll. We named him "Jake". Jake looked healthy, but wasn't. Thanks to the Club, we knew what to do.

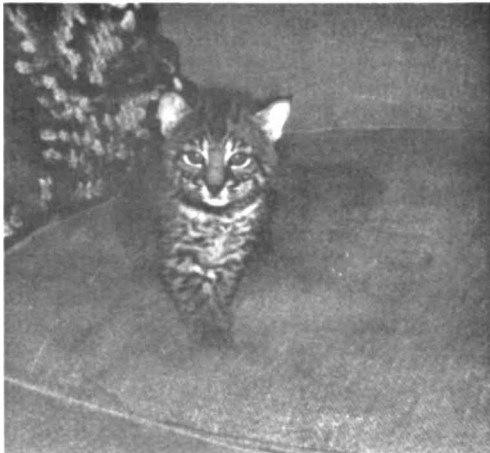
To begin with he started wobbling and then his legs wouldn't always hold him. L.I.O.C. has taught us what these symptoms mean; and we immediately rushed him to the veterinarian's. The vet said our thoughts were right and Jake was suffering from rickets. He also had hookworms.

Jake is doing fine now and growing like a weed.

The Long Island Ocelot Club is a worthwhile organization. It helped us and I'm sure it helps others.

Happy Parents,

Wally and Ginger Bordwell
Washington



"JAKE" AT SIX WEEKS

DOMESTIC BORN LEOPARD CUBS

Dear Sir,

This letter is to introduce ourselves to you. We are animal trainers, specializing mainly in felines. Below is a list of cats we own.

The main reason for writing is to share our excitement and pleasure over the birth of leopard cubs.

The day before Mother's Day, Cerina, a black leopard gave birth to two cubs, a male and a female. Cetina is so tame and trusted me so much that she had the cubs in my lap. In fact all the mothers so far have not only allowed me to be present, but to aid and comfort them during and after birth. I have kept detailed notes on all breedings and births, this being our sixth.

We hope you will print our news in your Newsletter, to give encouragement to other cat owners. We are fortunate enough to have such a large collection of leopards that we have chosen only our best cats to breed. We are doing a study on breeding

for temperament and size and other beneficial traits. So far we have been really successful.

Our list of cats is: one Siberian Tiger, one Javan Tiger, eight Leopards, ten Panthers (Black Leopards) two North Chinese Snow Leopards, one Cougar, one Caracal, and a Jaguar.

Sincerely,

Carol Weinhart
Rialto, California

DOESN'T WANT JUNGLE-BORN KITTEN

Gentlemen:

Today I received your Newsletter and a notice about renewing my membership. I must tell you that I have decided not to renew. You also wanted to know why. I joined the club with hopes to learn all about exotics, see them and meet people who own them. Also, my greatest hope was to own an ocelot.

First, to learn more about the ocelot and how they live, I read Mrs. Cisin's book on them and learned quite a lot about them. I was all set to go out and buy one. I even started pricing them in pet stores. Then I attended a meeting in Mid Atlantic States Branch to see these animals and how they got along with their owners. Needless to say, I thought the ocelot was the most beautiful exotic I had ever seen. After meeting these people and talking to them, I learned it is not easy to raise one and after watching these animals in captivity, I realized that I could not be one to take them out of the jungle and the life they are used to, and then try to domesticate them. I feel if I could domesticate an exotic, it would probably be a great accomplishment for me, but I don't think the animal would be truly happy. Also if the animal and I did not get along, it would have to be given away or destroyed. It would break my heart to know I had to have an animal destroyed because I failed in trying to domesticate and change its normal life. Too many animals suffer because of mistakes that people are to blame for.

I feel the club and the people in it that are trying to breed the exotics are really great. But I think the club should also try to help all the exotics that are rejected or homeless, and I don't mean by destroying them, but try to find them homes or shelters. I feel if I came across a case like this, I would gladly try and give it a home, but I will not deliberately buy one and take it from the jungle it is used to for survival.

I hope you understand my feelings and why I have decided not to renew my membership.

Sincerely,

Miss Patricia Stewart

DOMESTIC BREEDING

AT THE HATFIELD COMPOUND

We would like to preface this resume of breeding information and miscellaneous comments by telling you a little bit of who we are; otherwise, you might wonder why we feel we're qualified to write such an article! Jean has been the Florida Chapter Secretary since its inception 8 1/2 years ago. You "older" members remember the meeting reports supervised by old Hillbilly Hatfield, otherwise known as margay, Mittens. (He's still fine and still running things; in fact, he ran two of the ocelots out of our bedroom the other day!) Two years ago, when Dave Salisbury resigned, Ken was elected President of the Chapter. We are also extremely proud to say that we are the latest recipients of the LIOC award - but that's another story!

Five years ago, we decided we'd like to move to the country and try to breed ocelots, which if you remember, was said couldn't be done in captivity. We thought we'd have maybe 3 or 4 females and a male or two. Right? We now have 43 cats - 18

ocelots, 10 margays, one bobcat, 7 cougars, 3 leopards, 3 jaguars, and 2 oncillas - and we'd like to have a few more ocelots. Well, as you can see, things sort of got out of hand, but we do have some experience. The facts in the Chart, of course, speak for themselves, but the opinions and comments are the way we feel or conclusions we have drawn from our own experiences. There are other ocelot breeding compounds here in Florida; Charles and Sadie Douglas, whom many of you know, for example. They have as many cats as we do and I'm sure could also fill a book with their experiences and knowledge.

There is, of course, much more that could be written. Ideas and suggestions for bottle raising a kitten when necessary, for example. (I don't think I'll ever forget the first time it happened to us; it's worse than bringing home your first baby!) But to quote an old saying, first things first.

	DATE IN	DATE OUT	TOTAL DAYS IN	BIRTH DATE	# DAYS GESTATION	MOTHER	REMARKS KEY	KITTENS SEX
OCELOTS:	2/16/70	3/11	23	5/27/70	78	Heidi	A	F
	6/24	6/27	3	9/15	81	Heidi	B	MM
	9/20	9/30	10	12/19	80	Donna		M
	11/15	11/18	3	2/5/71	80	Heidi		M
	12/3	12/10	7	2/27	79	Puggy	C	MM
	2/4	2/13	9	5/1	78	Heidi		M
	5/18	4/23	5	7/11	80	Maya		M
	6/9	6/13	4	9/1	81	Donna		M
	7/1	7/6	5	9/22	79	Heidi		F
	7/17	7/23	6	10/9	79	Maya		F
	--	7/25		10/12	80	Twiggy	H	MM
	11/20	11/24	4	2/11/72	80	Maya		M
	12/6	12/8	2	2/24	80	Donna		M
	--	3/22		6/10	81	Twiggy		M
	5/1	5/5	4	7/21	78	Donna		F
	5/5	5/13	8	8/1	81	Heidi		F
	6/18	6/24	6	9/11	80	Maya		FF
	7/2	7/11	9	9/24	77	Sherry	D	M
	6/26	7/11	15	9/27	79	Tai	E	MF
	10/6	10/11	5	12/30	81	Seena	F	
	--	--		1/10/73	--	Donna	G	M
	12/15	12/20	5	3/10	80	Maya		FF
	12/20	12/23	3	3/13	81	Heidi		FF
MARGAYS:	7/26	7/13	5	10/5/71	84	Sheila	I	M
	9/26	10/1	5	12/22/72	83	Sheila		F
COUGARS:	5/21	6/15	27	9/10/71		Stasha	J	MFFF

- A. First kitten born at our farm. Unfortunately, the "mother's immunity" factor was not considered when given her panleukopenia (distemper) shots. Contracted disease, died at 3 months.
- B. Three to five day estrus periods not unusual for Heidi (and Donna).
- C. Kittens dead before went into labor; lost mother to peritonitus.
- D. Gave one medium strength hormone shot as would not come into good estrus, or stay in long enough for male to mate with her.
- E. Gave hormones because was coming into estrus, staying in a month or more, mating, but not conceiving. Has stayed in estrus for as long as 78 days.

- F. Gave one large dose of hormone on 10/6, as over 3 years old, does not come into estrus strong enough or long enough for male to mate with her.
- G. Did not know she was in season. Had been in just 3 weeks before.
- H. Apparently has ovarian cysts as stays in estrus unless pregnant, does not conceive unless given a series of hormone shots, and usually takes 3 series before conceiving.
- I. Cesarean delivery both times. Kittens too large and lazy for normal births.
- J. Males visited for 5 days, mated for 24 hours only. Gestation 88 days from Out, but 93 days from time of mating.

Comments, Conclusions - and Personal Opinions....

(These were drawn from the preceding chart, and from our observations and experiences during the past 3 1/2 years, lessons sometimes learned the hard way!)

We feel the Chart is a good basis for establishing a gestation period for ocelots of 80 days (+/- 3 days) as it covers 23 deliveries and 8 females. We use the "out" date as day #1, rather than the "in" date, as periods of estrus vary so much. Also, we think ovulation and conceiving changes the hormone balance which puts the female out of estrus very quickly, and apparently acts on all females in approximately the same length of time, which gives us an "out" date and gestation time that can be somewhat depended upon. (There is always the exception to the rule; we know of a female that consistently goes 95 days.)

The multiple births apparently take the same gestation time.

We have had great success with Gonadotropin Hormone injections for various female problems. We have used it in varying quantities and frequencies depending on the particular problem involved. We used Bill Engler's article in the Newsletter for the basis of our research and usage.

We do not recommend the male be kept near the mother, much less allowed in the room or cage with her. We know from experience that a male will kill a young kitten, even if he is the family housepet & does not have the reputation of a "biter". We suggest a three week separation before delivery (this allows the female to adjust). Another odd thing we have noticed is that the male will react to the female as if she were coming into estrus when she is very close to delivery. He'll talk to her, nibble on her neck, and go through all of his courting rituals, possibly causing a person to think she is coming into season. We found this out from leaving pairs together when we didn't know she was pregnant. We have been extremely fortunate in that we either realized it somehow just before the female delivered or the female was able to protect the kitten until we found them.

The ocelot mother does not usually carry the young by the scruff of the neck the way the domestic cat does. She picks the kitten up by putting its whole neck in her mouth; one set top and bottom fangs usually are behind its front legs and the other top and bottom fangs are in front of the legs. And there is this tiny creature, dangling out of her mouth with its head sticking out of one side and its body hanging out the other, completely limp and not moving. It's a sight that can lead to pure panic on the part of the human observer! This is one of the strongest reasons we have for recommending that females not be defanged. They don't always carry their kittens around, of course, but who knows which one will and which won't. We have had one of our best mothers (Heidi) fatally injure two kittens from two separate births just by carrying them around. As she has no fangs, she grips the neck area just as though she did, and we suppose she must have applied too much pressure to keep it from slipping out of the mouth.

Ordinarily our mothers nurse their kittens. We believe this will result in healthiest possible babies without any strain on the mother. She, of course, must be exceptionally well fed; egg yolks, KMR formula or milk, beef, and any other tidbits she will eat along with her chicken necks, if that is her basic diet. Nursing the baby will also space out her pregnancies.

The kitten should not be left with a mother for more than 5 1/2 to 6 weeks unless the mother is a housepet and she and the baby can be handled daily. A kitten left with its mother for any longer will begin to develop the fear of people, even though the mother may come out of the box to you, but especially if she is unhandleable and/or afraid of people.



Kittens that nurse on their mother for the first 12 hours after birth have received the colostrum, which comes before the milk. This gives it her maternal immunity, particularly in regard to panleukopenia (distemper), and it will last somewhere from 8 to 16 weeks. As long as the kitten has its mother's immunity, any vaccine given will be destroyed; then when the immunity does finally disappear, the kitten is left with no protection at all. We recommend vaccination with a killed virus vaccine every 2 weeks (maximum) or 10 days (preferred) or under circumstances of high exposure, such as being to a veterinarian for some reason, every 6 or 7 days, at least during the period of exposure. This program to be carried out up to age 4 months, because to the best of our knowledge, no one has yet determined when the immunity wears off. We understand that there is a test that could be given, but it is more trouble and far more costly than just giving the shots.

Don't give up on a pair of ocelots just because they get to be 3 years old or more and haven't produced any kittens. We bought one of our males at 18 months and had him with two females for 3 years and 2 months before his first kitten was born! One of

BOTTLES, BENGALS AND BLEED

OR

THE TRANSCRIPTION OF A TRAVESTY OF TALES
TRANSPIRING FROM A TIGER TRESPASSING
TRAUMATICALLY ON THE TRANQUILITY OF MY
TERRITORY.

by Daniel Simms

There would be absolutely no logic in beginning at the beginning because the beginning was the beginning of the end of a long, ludicrous lust of illogic to begin with.

SHIVA, the bengal tiger was only 14 days old when Bob Baudy stuffed him in a carry-cage not much bigger than a shoe-box and handed me a baby-bottle of tepid Esbilac.

"He'll be hungry and yell at least twice before you get back to Tampa", he warned. "Give him a little each time and again on the plane, and you'll have to feed him immediately when you get to Dallas."

I didn't know how literal his instructions were to prove to be. I learned the hard way---by frantically trying to feed, drive, turn-in the rented car, catch the plane, and not run out of liquid lunch all at the same crisis point. I drove like a member of the front team at Le Mans from the Rare Feline Breeding Compound to the Tampa airport only to learn that good ol' dependable Braniff was dragging its flight from Miami to Dallas into Tampa two and a half hours late. What feed was left in Baudy's bottle after the drive, Shiva ate while waiting at the station. Instead of staying asleep, he put on a show for thousands of gushing admirers, worked off his wassial and wantonly wailed for a rewind at the local lunch wagon. A little plastic sack of Esbilac was hastily mixed with distilled water and the yolk of a separated egg in the malt-maker at the airport coffee shop so that about two-thirds of a bottle of feed was all that stood between serenity and insanity for me and the other passengers on the plane.

Braniff's Veep, John Sullivan, had personally arranged for Shiva and me to have first-class accommodations (with separate seats) and gentle hostess attendance on the plane. Once we finally got on board, I believed that the difficulties of tiger transportation would diminish, but all the people on the port side gathered around us on the starboard side causing a 45° list until the chief pilot had to threaten to jetison both of us in order to square away the ship. Shiva took it all in stride, or snooze as was the actual case. Like all babies, he was beautiful when asleep and a raucous hell when he was awake. This was simply because he only woke up to eat. The guy who wrote the script for "I wake up Screaming" must have raised tigers for the experience. Shiva would evolve from a stone-dead state of stolidity with a shriek that would have satisfied all the aspirations of a Vincent Price scenarist. On the plane he did, and he did, and the paint rolled up on the walls in self-defense, an expectant mother in the coach section went into labor, and two old matrons requested triple martinis, tranquilizers, and transportation to a private sanitarium immediately upon landing, in just that order.

Shiva was pacified only by jamming the bottle in his maw and trying to get him to stop howling for one breath. If he did, he'd suck in some organics instead of the oxygen it took to sustain another screech, and for a moment the sanctity of the plane ride would return.

When we landed at Love Field in Dallas we were one shot-glass away from being feedless again, and Shiva was squalling from being depressurized. I cleared his ears by holding his nose and blowing in his mouth resuscitation style. The remaining for-

mula disappeared in a single slurp. My wife, Aurora, Goddess of Patience as well as of the Dawn that she is, missed the bet on this caper and hadn't prepared any food to bring to the airport. Moreover, there wasn't any ready at the house either. Another breakneck drive to Irving followed the half-hour wait for our baggage. It took Braniff longer to get the bags off the plane than to fly the plane from Florida to Texas.

We arrived home at the moment of truth. Shiva woke and bellowed for his bottle. The philodendron promptly died of shock, the automatic sprinklers burst and flooded the backyard, and the bathtub in the guest bathroom has a permanent crack down the length of it. Being nearly midnight by this time, an otherwise bucolic community exploded, turned on every light in 14 city blocks and a meeting was called to form a vigilante battalion. In was another hour before I could mix formula, feed Shiva, convince them all that I wasn't scalding Aurora in boiling Janvalina fat or teaching a neophyte Karate class!



For the next month things went pretty well near normal around the place. Shiva made a den under the kingsize bed, I gave up my job to baby sit and keep the neighborhood kids from climbing in the windows to visit. Two cases of Esbilac disappeared into the whirl of a Ward's blender and thence into the cat. The tiger gained one pound every four days, and I lost four pounds every one day. Shiva grew accustomed to the whine of the blender and identified it as having something to do with food. He would stand in the kitchen and shriek in cacophonous chorus with the machine until to eat materialized. By this time he was well into pabulum and chunks of Zu-Preem blended into his Esbilac, egg, water, vitamins and wheat germ. Things were getting kind of syrupy and instead of learning to lick and lap like a lactiferously sophisticated cat, Shiva tried to transfer his bottle sucking syndrome to the bowl. The result would be that he would soak his nose in the bowl and try to intake the slush in what was a cross between a slurp and an inhalation.

► 12

Mid-Atlantic States

Domestic Wild-born?

MEETING REPORT

MID-ATLANTIC STATES

American Legion Hall, Seaside Heights, New Jersey was the site of the Mid-Atlantic States Branch's May Meeting. We had a large meeting room and all kitchen facilities to ourselves. In attendance we had Spotsy who calls me Mommy, Mala (Ocelot) Stevenson, Tasha (Ocelot) Largmann, Sheena (Ocelot) Neuhaus, and Baby Fox McPeek. Thomas (Domestic) Carlton also came. We also had around 35 people there. Thanks go to Dee Stevenson for getting everything arranged.

Reversing the order of our normal get-together, we had our refreshments first. Everyone devoured the spaghetti, sausage and peppers, salads and sandwiches. Following the goodies we showed two Walt Disney movies. One was on the animals that live in the everglades. It explained how the balance of nature was maintained thru predator animals. The other was on the family of wild cats which live in North America. Brief descriptions were shown on the bobcat, Canadian lynx, and ocelot. The emphasis was on the cougar. The movie showed how the cougar hunts its food, lives and raises its young. It was explained that they very rarely attack domesticated animals, doing so only when their natural food supply is not available.

After the movies the kids ran off to swim in the heated, indoor pool while we held a business meeting. The main topic of business was the list Mid-Atlantic States Branch is compiling which covers travel with your ocelot or other exotic within the United States. Many states are satisfied if you keep your pet confined or on a leash. Others require health certificates & ownership papers. Still others require a permit while several will confiscate your pet and slap you with stiff fines. At this point the list is not complete as not all the states have as of this date responded. When the list is complete, Mid-Atlantic States Branch members will get a copy free of charge. Copies for those not members of the Branch will be available at the cost of \$.50 to defray cost of postage and printing. Until the lists are available we will be happy to forward the requirements of any state to anyone if they will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to us with a request for the needed information.

After many months of searching Mid-Atlantic States Branch finally has a LOGO. Our thanks go to Erik Stevenson for doing the art work. Erik says he wants to do a little more work on it and will have it all set by our next meeting.

Since having films of the caliber of the ones we had at this meeting can get expensive, it was decided that if especially good movies become available, funds could be appropriated from the club treasury. A limit of \$30 was set for this purpose.

Art & Bette Human donated the articles for the raffle and everyone was anxious to win one of the beautiful "Cats of Africa" jigsaw puzzles and one of the waste paper baskets with the pictures of the lions or tigers on them. Ray McPeek won the puzzle of the jaguar and the basket with the tigers. We won the cheetah puzzle and the lion basket. Art and Bette put \$2 into the drawing but wouldn't pick a number for the raffle. They said to consider it a donation. Another member whom we don't have the pleasure of seeing too often because of long traveling distances, Anna Pauch, contributed \$5 to the fund. Our thanks to everyone who helps keep our "kitty" healthy.

► 14



Dear Newsletter:

Enclosed is an article we thought you might like to include in the newsletter. We are also sending a picture of the cat in the article.

We enjoy the newsletter, particularly the story about SamElita in the last issue. Thank you very much.

The Glen Family, Dallas, Texas

Dr. Charlie Jones and family decided on August 16, 1972, day of our first national convention, that they wanted a cougar. A short thirteen days later, August 29, they had their kitten - free of charge!

The Joneses left their home town, Ft. Stockton, Texas, to come to our national Convention in hopes of finding an ocelot. However, they soon discovered that an ocelot was not actually their true love. Instead, they found a cougar was what they had longed for, especially after meeting Cheka, a female owned by Jerry and Susan Neil of Texas. They left the convention with very little hope of getting their cougar within the next few months because they were calculating on a long wait on a pet store list.

On the 28th, Dr. Jones, and sons left for a weekend of dove hunting on the Glen's ranch in Big Bend. The Glens are members of the Southwest branch and owners of Patrick Paws, a male ocelot. The ranch is located in a quite primitive mountain range east of Big Bend National Park. While hunting, the Jones' bird dog, alias lion hound, went into a barking frenzy. Suddenly two small cougars burst from the bushes, which perhaps concealed their den. The dog went off in hot pursuit of the two cougars, with the Joneses bringing up the rear. One of the kittens climbed a large cactus where the dog held it at bay, until the Joneses arrived on the scene. Dr. Jones told his sons to get a rope out of their pickup. Upon receiving the rope, he then made a lasso, with which to bring down the kitten. With some difficulty, they managed to put the lively kitten into the empty ice chest. The mother was obviously away hunting for food. The other kitten went scurrying off into the brush. This experience is very rare for even in areas where cougars are in good number, such as this area is, it is rare for a human to even catch a glimpse of one. The most a human usually sees are pug marks in a dry wash.

► 5

Tumor Research

The following appeal for feline tissue specimens is reprinted (first printing - Volume 17 Number 2) as requested by the Public Health Service of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Shirley Treanor, Mobile, Alabama, relayed the existence of this need.

Hopefully, all members whose circumstances are applicable will contact Roy F. Kinard, D.V.M. as outlined below.

Dear Mrs. Treanor,

We, in the Viral Lymphoma and Leukemia Branch, National Cancer Institute, are very much interested in obtaining tumors and/or tissue specimens, malignant or benign, from exotic cats. I am enclosing details in the form of a letter from Dr. Roy F. Kinard.

The Long Island Ocelot Club could be of tremendous help in this regard. As you can see by the attached letter, the work planned could result in information that would be invaluable to the veterinarian who specializes in the care of wild cats and ultimately to their owners.

We shall appreciate any assistance you can give us in this regard.

Sincerely,

Marie E. Purdy
Special Assistant
Viral Leukemia and Lymphoma Branch
National Cancer Institute

Dear Sir,

The Viral Leukemia and Lymphoma Branch and the Tumor Virus Detection Segment of the National Cancer Institute would appreciate help in obtaining the following very fresh surgical or postmortem specimens from animals of the family Felidae.

1. Suspected neoplastic tissue in Felidae or primates,
2. Normal spleen, lymph node or kidney tissue of Felidae.

We could also use suspected neoplasma in other wild animals.

Now that we have available oncogenic viruses of domestic cats and some primates, we intend to study the entire field of comparative virology of these two taxa. We will try to isolate viruses, test them for evidence of oncogenesis or other pathogenesis, and compare their morphology, immunology and biochemistry. The program is headed by Dr. George Todaro, Chief of the Viral Leukemia and Lymphoma Branch. We will consider contributors to be collaborators in any part of the work resulting in significant publishable findings.

Please notify us in advance of planned surgery or euthanasia, and we will work out arrangements for each case. We can send a technician to assist and bring the tissue to our laboratories in or near Bethesda, if necessary. My telephone number is (301) 496-6135. If I am not present, ask for Miss Marie Purdy or Dr. Bernard Talbot.

The cooperation of zoo veterinarians is essential for this project and will be very much appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

Roy F. Kinard, D.V.M.
Viral Leukemia & Lymphoma Branch
National Cancer Institute
Bethesda, Maryland 20014

I made a mistake of presenting him with his formula in the corner of the breakfast nook next to the kitchen sink. While he ate, or rather swam in his feed, I would wash out the blender. I sometimes accidentally would hit the switch on the disposal instead of the lights over the sink. As the "growler" roared into life, Shiva would just about cash-in from fright. Shocked from a saprophytic saplessness, he would bolt from the feed-bowl, streak across the den and into the bedroom to hide in his "den" under the bed, streaming formula every step of the way. If you ain't never tried to pry a terrified tiger, half-covered with half-dried Esbilac off an acrilan carpet, in the dark by feel from under a low slung bed when he bloody well didn't want to be, you ain't lived yet. The only thing that Shiva ever used his claws for in the 5 months he was in my house was to grab the carpet under the bed and dig in for dear life. Getting him out to clean him up was like trying to open a mason jar of Granma's pickled watermelon rinds put up in 19ought26. Raising the Andrea Doria would have been easier than either.

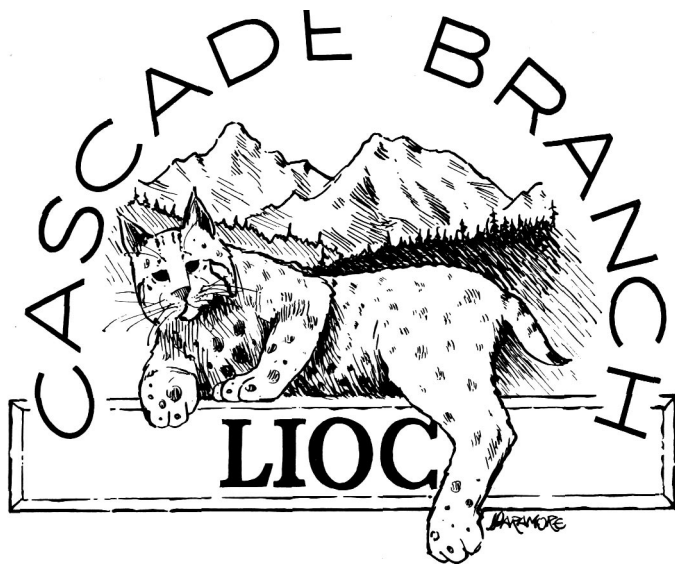
Shiva did learn to treat the house and grounds as his own domain as soon as his eyes cleared and he had thoroughly sniffed out the territory. At home he ran free and did as he pleased, but out on walks he went on the chain as often as I could get him to put up with it. I was determined to leash-break him for easier handling from the moment he was able to negotiate the "outer limits" of his tigerdom. A simple walk along the street in front of the house was more than an experience for either of us, it was a production, complete with a cast of thousands.

Sighting a tiger taking a stroll brought children racing to us eager to pat and pet, followed by near-hysterical mothers, whose "Look out!", "Stay back!" "Don't touch!", "Come here!", and "RawgeeERR!", were all but inaudible in the chorus of squeals, squeeks, shrieks, and shouts which came without fail as soon as Shiva could focus on somebody's leg long enough for a pounce. A four block safari was good for at least four thousand questions of which thirty-nine hundred and forty-four were exactly the same: "Does he bite?", "What's his name?", "Where did you get him?", "How old is he?", and "Hey, Harry, you wanna see a lion?". People would drive by, do a double-take, screech to a halt and back up to say, "Is that real?", "Is that what I think it is?" and "I had to come back to let Jenny see the cute little lion!"

I was more than glad that Shiva only weighed 25 pounds, and was much too busy sniffing the bushes to care that 9 out of every 10 people called him a lion, but while he sniffed I suffered. I kept thinking of all the commercials using tigers, the myriad sports teams with tiger mascots, the billions of jokes about some heroic male being a tiger something or other, and the majority of numbskulls not being able to tell a real tiger from a tangerine if they had to. It is no bloody wonder the world's wildlife in on its way down the tubes. Now maybe if I'd have glued cereal all over Shiva and stood him in the corner gas station people would have known what he was!



**ARE ALL MEMBERS REFRAINING FROM
CASTRATING OR SPAYING THEIR EXOTICS?
TO KEEP YOUR CATS WHOLE IS TO CON-
TRIBUTE IN A SMALL WAY TO CONSERVATION.**



MEETING REPORT
CASCADE BRANCH

The Cascade Branch met 24 June at Chip DiJulio's home in Brier, Washington. This was our first open cat meet of the year. The meetings prior to this had been limited in cat attendance mostly due to weather room, and a desire to maintain a minimum of excitement until we see something definite and favorable out of the Seattle/King County wild animal law situation. We're taking up a tar & feathers collection for the denizens of the weather service...after a really sunny winter and spring, and a series of beautiful days just prior to the meeting ... we really got bombed. The only worse weather we've ever had at a meeting was at our inagural meet in September 1970, and we referred to that one as "The Great Cascade Regatta".

In spite of this, though, we had an excellent turnout of cats and other warm bodies. We had something over 60 people, including a news crew from KOMO-TV, and ten cats.

The cats represented five species, Leopard cat, bobcat, ocelot, leopard and cougar. Cougars were; Host cat, Sam, an 11 year old, owned by Chip DiJulio; Gil & Lidean Meyer's Sandy, Liz Ghent's Loki, Merlin owned by Blaine Wells and the mascot of a local Lincoln/Mercury automobile dealer (Mer-Lin... what else?), and at the other extreme of the age scale, we had Wade and Judy Warren's six week old baby, Misty. Sam Peterson brought his ocelot Mister, we brought our hundred pound bag of spots ...Felix Leopard, and Erwin brought one of his domestic born leopard cats, Borus, a beautiful little cat. The bobcats were both young sorts, the youngest, about a month old, was Dimitrus, owned by new members Terry and Shelly Starns of Tacoma, and a couple months older was Jake, owned by Wally and Ginger Bordwell of Shelton, Washington.

Business was pretty light. Bill Boyle had information on available cats, the latest status of our work on an exotic animal ordinance was given, a letter to our National Secretary, Shirley Treanor, was introduced for those present to sign, and an assembled copy of an old newsletter series on emergency procedures and first aid was displayed. The current status of our political chess game with Seattle/King County is relatively unchanged. We had hoped to have had a general proposal before the city council public safety committee on 12 June, but this was postponed one month. We have had some very favorable mail and comments from council members since submitting our recommendations, though, and one councilman Wayne Larkin, who is currently running for reelection

Placement Service

Address Change

The Placement Service is now located at the Long Island Ocelot Club Headquarters:

Long Island Ocelot Club
Placement Service
24 Partridge Avenue
Somerville, Mass. 02145

Telephone Number (617) 623-0444

Although the species of cats currently available are listed bi-monthly in the Newsletter, this service is available to members continuously throughout the year, not just a publication times.

Call or write at any time to list a cat for placement or if you are looking for an exotic cat.

We'll help in any way we can.

CURRENTLY AVAILABLE EXOTICS:

BOBCAT
JAGUAR
LEOPARD
LION (African)
LYNX
OCELOT
PUMA
SAND CAT

and therefore might be expected to avoid anything with the potential for controversy that we seem to have, has come out openly in our support.

The newsletter copy is from a series run in the LIOC 1968 and 1969 newsletters, Vol. 12, No. 3,4,5, & 6, and Vol. 13, No. 4. The series was written by Bonnie & Jim Maloney, and dealt with general emergency procedures and First Aid. It is a handy guide to have around, especially for a novice owner, and we usually recommend new owners write to see if old copies of the article are available. In this case, we had run off three copies for new owners, and thought that the branch members, most of whom haven't seen them, would be interested in them (I also hoped to stir a little interest in a possible newsletter reprint of the series). For those interested, who know a member with a solid collection of newsletters, I would recommend obtaining copies, especially of Part 4, (Vol. 12, No. 6) which was on poisons and counterdoes. The letter to Shirley is a response to recent news that she may retire as Secretary/Tres. Shirley has worked like the devil for all of us, and we think she's irreplaceable. We wanted her to know that she's got a whopping fan club up here in the galosha belt, and that we'd like to keep her with us-let's hear it from the rest of you branches!

As noted above, KOMO-TV sent a crew out to film the meeting. We elected Chip speaker here, because he's a cool dude... and speaks intelligible english...and as an entertainer could use the exposure (and for the same reason can face a microphone without his

9► the females was put with another male over the preceeding 2 1/2 years and had produced kittens 4 times before he finally caught on to the whole thing.

We don't recommend any one particular method of housing the adult cats over another; that is, both the "family unit" method and the "one male/many females" situations have proven successful. One comment on the family unit; we have two such situations and find we now cannot introduce another female to the family. However, our Sylvester is a producing male, and we can put any female or group of females with him, so long as we shift them around occasionally. (NOTE: It is not wise to introduce a strange or new female to a male when she is in season. Better to let them get acquainted when she is "out" particularly with margays.)



11► The next meeting will be held on June 24. Time as usual will be Noon and after. Food is pot luck. The place will be Ray McPeek's home in Newton. Address is as follows:

Dr. Ray McPeek
Fredon Animal Hospital
Rt. 94
Fredon, New Jersey
383-2033

Ray's home is on Rt. 94 going west out of the town of Newton. Cats are welcome. Come and join us for a pleasant afternoon.

After the meeting we had coffee and cake and spent another hour or so socializing. The party broke up around 6:00 and the last of us stragglers went home around 7:00.

Jim Nolan & Ellen Bendl
Co-ordinators



15► exotics and her many years as Sec/Treas of our Fla. Chapter. As Jean came forward, with tears in her eyes, Catherine had yet another surprise - it was the first time in the history of LIOC that the Lotty was awarded jointly to Ken and Jean as a team.

We were so happy for them and the look on Ken's face will never be forgotten. It took several seconds before he could speak (this is a record for Ken). He too had tears in his eyes, for the Lotty means so much to those interested in the health & welfare of exotics.

Catherine explained that their Lotty would arrive in a short time as it wasn't yet completed. As soon as Ken could talk, he thanked Catherine for the award and tried to express how much it meant to him & Jean.

Ken then introduced our special guest speaker for the evening, Dr. Ronald Sampsell D.V.M. of Crandon Park Zoo in Miami, Florida.

Dr. Sampsell gave a nice talk on zoos - past, present and future, illustrated with slides showing how much better natural surrounding are than small cages with wire or bars. He also spoke on housing, care, feeding, and medication of our exotic pets. Dr. Sampsell then held a question and answer period for members who had special problems. Everyone enjoyed his talk and we appreciate all the time he took to answer the many questions put to him.

As the time was nearing 10 or 10:30, the Convention drew to a close as members decided to retire, visit the baby ocelots (Douglas and Hatfield) or go out on the town. Those who remained overnight met again for breakfast in the Holiday Inn dining room. After breakfast we said our good-byes and along with other members, checked out and went to visit Ken and Jean at their compound. After much visiting, cat talk and playing with beautiful cats, we started for home around 4 p.m., reflecting on all we had learned, the wonderful people we had met, and hoping that our next convention would soon get here.

Respectfully submitted,

Sadie Douglas
Orlando, Florida

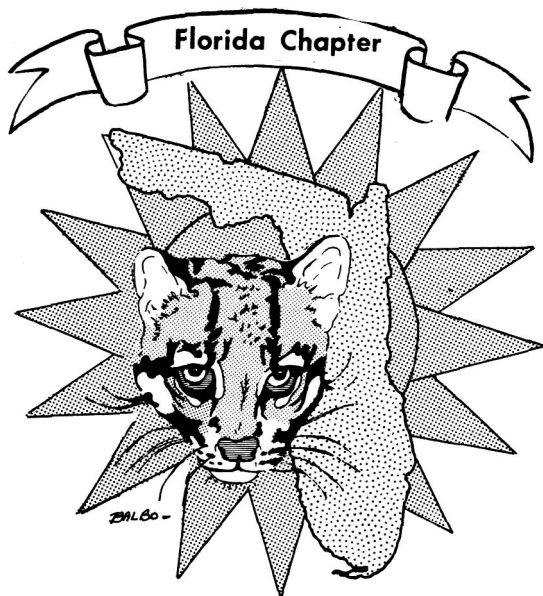
13► brains going limp). With Chip's interview over, they filmed owners and cats, and ran for the lab. The finished work made the evening news, and was pretty keen. Felix did a ration of tricks, Wally Bordwell and Jake bobcat and Erwin Joedicke and Borus looked great, but Chip's cougar, Sampson, stole the show. Sam's a real Ferdinand in disguise, and spent the entire interview purring, rolling, and rubbing against Chip and Ed Evans, the newsman. We were really happy with the results and intend to send a darn nice letter to KOMO for their effort.

The rest of the afternoon was the usual cat party, and a healthy sized lunch of garlic bread, salad, and lasagna .. we gotta preserve Chip's heritage you know ... and the stuff was terrific, too. Everybody got a bundle of laughs out of the Bordwell's Jake, and the Warren's Misty playing, and we were fascinated to watch the old timer, Sam, playing and bouncing around the yard. I guess nobody ever told him what old old cats are supposed to act like. Sam may be in his second childhood, though, a couple weeks ago he decided to help Chip beat the high cost of meat by gulping down Chip's goat, Bruno. Chip managed to break that up with no damage to Bruno, but managed to get his guitar pickin' finger caught in the door (Sam's mouth) on the way out, and is currently sporting a beautifully stitched and brilliantly wrapped pointing finger ... doing a lot of hilarious explaining.

We inseminated Max, a female ocelot sent here by Tory Brown of Aurora, Colorado. At this time we're keeping our fingers crossed. She's about a month along, and has gained about a pound without an increase in feed, but a recent examination by our vet was inconclusive. We have two others going in the Pacific Northwest Branch, Suzy, Linda Morse's bobcat, and Ethel Hauser's ocelot, Suki. Let's hope one of the girls is holding a lucky ticket.

Respectfully submitted,

John Paramore



The meeting adjourned and we were able to meet old friends and make new ones. Those attending were: Catherine Cisin, Amagansett, N.Y. and her friend, Fran (sorry, forgot her last name); Ken & Jean Hatfield and daughter, Reva; Charles and Sadie Douglas; Gene and John Brill, New York; Bob and Barbara Peraner, Mass; Mike Balbo and Richard Seitz, Long Island, New York; Harriet Leake, Louisiana; Shirley Treanor, Mobile Alabama; Joe and Jan Thomas, Canada; Randy Cannon, Georgia; Don and Bonnie Hadley, Georgia; Don Piechocki and guest; Joe Wintemberg and guest; B. J. Lester; Joseph and Faye Francis and son; Sheri and Ron Newton, guests; Kelly McGuire, Humane Society Wild Animal Zoo, Broward County; Dr. and Mrs. Sampsell, Crandon Park Zoo (guest speaker; Reg Rothwell (new Or transferred member); Ronna Adrian, Minnesota; Jim and Lyn Craft; Charles and Jan Remsen & guests; Peg & Art Freeman; Dr. and Mrs. Sweizy; Woody and Jeri Bracey; Mary DePew.

We would like to thank all the members and guests from other branches for attending and hope they will visit us again real soon.

We now had three hours to rest, enjoy the beach, or just visit and talk cats.

CONVENTION

FLORIDA CHAPTER

The Florida Chapter held its first Convention on May 12, 1973 at the Holiday Inn Oceanside, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Although most Florida members did not attend for one reason or another, everyone had a nice time.

We arrived late, around 3 p.m. and to our dismay missed all the movies and slides. I understand they were quite good. All were taken by members and friends including Pepper Perry of Memphis, Tenn.; Ron Newton of Miami, Florida; Shirley Nelson of California's Exotics Unlimited group (Presentation by Woody Bracey). Slides from Don Piechocki and Bob Hartkopf with a video tape taken by Joe Wintemberg.

Around 3:30 p.m. Officer G. Leonard of the Florida Fresh Water Fish and Game Commission gave a nice talk on Florida's law concerning all wildlife and pet exotics. He then answered questions from the floor by members. He was very well informed and we enjoyed talking with him. He also asked that members report anyone dealing in black market importation of exotics cats, birds, fish, etc. He maintains individual owners of exotics should have a state permit.

Ken called the meeting to order for election of officers. Since Chuck & Suzie Kindt had withdrawn their names from the nominations a motion was made by Don Piechocki to keep the present officers and have Charles Douglas installed as Vice President. The motion was seconded and voted on. Officers are: President - Ken Hatfield; Vice President - Charles Douglas; Sec/Treas - Jean Hatfield; Corr. Sec. - Sadie Douglas. They will serve for the next two years.

It was discussed and voted on that any books members have read and liked (or didn't like) or any information connected with exotics, whether fiction medical, etc. contact B. J. Lester, PO Box 133, Neptune Beach, Florida 32233 to see if it has been written up. She was appointed coordinator of this project. If the book has not been written up, send her the name of the book, the author, and your opinion as to whether its worth the time and money to get. These digests will be put in the bi-monthly notices and a notebook kept by B. J. will be shared with all members.

Membership Center

Address Change

The Membership Center has a new address. Please send all address changes, renewals, applications and any questions regarding your membership or Newsletter delivery directly to our Membership Secretary,

Pepper Perry
1536 Dearing Road
Memphis, Tennessee 38117
Telephone Number (901) 683-8979

With your cooperation we can assure you of fast, efficient, and accurate service.

Remember - we are here to help,
Just Ask!

At 8 p.m. we met in the Banquet room for dinner (the food was delicious) and again more cat talk, etc.

After the banquet Ken called us to order to thank Jane Saglinbene for all the time and hard work she did making our door prize, bulletin board, and momentos; Sadie Douglas for making the posters and name tags; and Don Piechocki & Joe Wintemberg for coordinating the afternoon films and slides. Special written Thank You notes will be sent to the speakers and other members for their help in making our first convention a success.

Catherine Cisin then gave a short talk on the Lotty Award and what it means. She had brought her own beautiful Lotty to show members who had never seen one. While it was being passed around, Catherine surprised everyone by presenting the 1973 Lotty to Jean Hatfield for her many years of devotion to

Updating the Veterinarian List

An asterisk (*) indicates the listing is new with this issue.

Please add the following veterinarians to the April 1972 list.

CALIFORNIA

Charles Berger, D.V.M.
Campus Veterinary Clinic
1807 Grove Street
Berkeley, California 94709

James Harris, D.V.M.
1961 Mountain Blvd.
Oakland, California 94611
(415) 339-8600

Raymond A. Kray, D.V.M.
Sun-Val Veterinary Clinic
2801 Winona Avenue
Burbank, California 91504
(213) 845-8685

KANSAS

Galen Bird, D.V.M.
Metcalf South Animal Clinic
9639 Metcalf
Overland Park, Kansas 66212
(913) 381-9100

NEW YORK

Michael H. Milts, D.V.M.
133 East 39th Street
New York, New York 10016
(212) 889-7778

OHIO

John E. Stoughton, D.V.M.
Westerville Veterinary Hospital
5965 Westerville Road
Westerville, Ohio 43081

OREGON

John Harpster, D.V.M.
Pacific Veterinary Hospital
9705 SW Barbur Blvd.
Portland, Oregon 97206
(503) 246-3373

TEXAS

Joe E. Cannon, D.V.M.
Parkway Animal Clinic
504 N. Carrier Parkway
Grand Prairie, Texas 75050
(214) 263-5011

*Larry A. Phillips, D.V.M.
Brundrett Animal Clinic
3622 S. Tyler Street
Dallas, Texas
Office: (214) 376-5431
Home: (214) 339-2863

WASHINGTON

James Foster, D.V.M.
5500 Phinney Avenue
North Seattle, Wash. 98103
(206) 633-1205
(for consulting purposes only)

Michael Phipps, D.V.M.
225 112th St. N.E.
Bellevue, Washington 98004
(206) 454-2303

New Members

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Broadus (if anyone knows this couple, please let me have their address)
1800-773

Chris Dalri, Hayward, California 94546, 1806-773
Robert and Mary Shepard, El Cajon, California,
92021, 1793-573

Lynne Tyson, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025, 1792-573
John and Wendy Aszklar, S. Windsor, Conn. 06074,
1789-573

Mr. and Mrs. Rick Machleid, Hialeah, Florida,
33013, 1790-573

Delma Donivan, Oxon Hill, Maryland 20021, 1799-573

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Gair, Warren, Michigan,
48089, 1798-573

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Neithercut, Petoskey, Michigan,
49770, 1804-773

David Newberger, Union, New Jersey, 1794-573

Diana Patterson, New York, N. Y., 1802-773

Joan Strahm, Hempstead, N. Y., 1810-773

Terry Bigsby, Portland, Oregon, 1811-773

Sharon Wilton, Milwaukie, Oregon, 1807-773

Ken Abel, Lower Burrell, Penn., 1805-773

Mr. and Mrs. David Vanburkirk, Kunkletown, Penn.,
1791-573

Mary Bolles, Memphis, Tenn., 1796-573

Skeeter Davis, Nashville, Tenn., 1795-573

James T. Mills, Memphis, Tenn., 1801-773

Ginger Lee Sawyer, Maple Valley, Wash., 1809-773

Terry and Shelley Starns, Tacoma, Wash., 1797-573

Betty Morgan, Willow Dale, Ontario, Canada,
1803-773

OREGON

Ralph Perkins, D.V.M.
Nehalem Veterinary Clinic
Nehalem, Oregon 97131
(503) 368-5182

CANADA

Ross Major, D.V.M.
Anderson Animal Hospital
60 Marion Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Please delete the following veterinarians from the list.

CALIFORNIA

D. E. Didden, D.V.M.
Carroll Hare, D.V.M.
Lee Williams, D.V.M.
W. E. Mottram, D.V.M.
Robert R. Robinson, D.V.M.
R. C. Vierheller, D.V.M.

TEXAS

Dr. Reeves

WASHINGTON

James W. Foster, D.V.M.