

# NEWSLETTER

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LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB  
 1454 Fleetwood Drive East  
 Mobile, Alabama 36605

Volume 18, Number 1  
 January - February 1974

## LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



SULTAN, with Dave Salisbury of Cocoa, Florida. Our main interest was to see if it was possible to take a big cat, raise it as a loving pet and train it to perform. We've spent 14 months training Sultan to perform in our own act. Sultan is now four years old and weighs 145 pounds. Dave uses only the reward system to train Sultan and says that with Sultan's love of beef you need only to convey to him what has to be done in order to obtain the reward. **Sultan has** appeared in Life Magazine and on What's My Line? television show. Look for Sultan in the June or July issue of Playboy where he appears attired in his sleek black coat. His co-star Miss Helen Rooney appears in a necklace. Dave is past President of the Florida Chapter and received a Lotty in 1969 for his work in LIOC.



**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB  
NEWSLETTER**

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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.




*Please*

I NEED YOUR HELP TO MAKE THE NEWSLETTER GREAT!

Keep those cards and letters coming folks to:

Long Island Ocelot Club  
1454 Fleetwood Drive East  
Mobile, Alabama 36605

I'd love to hear from YOU.



*Shirley*

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.

# Encounter With The Yukon Lynx Man

*This account was given in papers left by D.A. Muirhead, who lived in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, from about 1912 to 1946. He was the uncle of Alex M. Johnson, Seattle free-lance writer, who believes Muirhead's encounter with the "Yukon Lynx Man" occurred during the early 1920's. Johnson edited the papers for the following article, which appeared in the Seattle Times, June 3, 1973. We thank Mr. Johnson and the Seattle Times for their permission to reprint this article.*

Where he came from was one of those mysteries too common in the Northland to arouse much curiosity. Probably he was one of those odd characters left by the ebbtide of the Klondike stampede, eccentrics who prompted Robert W. Service to speak of the "strange things done 'neath the midnight sun by the men who moil for gold".

Bob and I ran onto him quite by accident. On a warm July afternoon, we had driven out to an abandoned copper property about six miles into the bush. Our Model T had climbed some steep grades and bounced along over a dusty, bumpy dirt road which meandered through endless stands of small jack pine and spruce, colored by occasional cottonwoods. Not a single person lived along those six miles and we met no travelers on the road.

A worked-out mine is hardly a thing of beauty. The original trees had long since been cut down, and now second-growth jack pine struggled for existence in the dry stony soil. A few log walls and caved-in roofs were all that remained of the buildings at this once busy operation. Piles of old tin cans, battered oil drums and pieces of broken machinery scarred the ground. The only signs of life were a few gophers scurrying and whistling when we came near and a couple of large hawks soaring lazily in the sky.

Then we noticed a trail leading into the trees. Tracks showed it was man-made and that it was fresh. We were surprised, for we had not heard of anyone living in this place. When your home is a small village in a thinly settled land, you usually know about such things. We followed the trail for a few hundred yards to where we could see an open space ahead. Whoever had done the clearing had cut the trees when there was snow on the ground, because the space was studded with slender stumps two to three feet high.

Suddenly we heard from up ahead and to the left a spooky chorus of snarls that could come only from a bunch of cats. The fact that it was summer precluded our stumbling onto a trap line. And though many house cats answer the call of the wild in the North, there was too much volume for such small animals. Curiosity overcame uneasiness, and we continued on into the clearing.

It was a weird sight. Among the stumps to the left was a log cabin, a one-room affair with a shed roof of poles covered with dirt. In front of the cabin were half a dozen lynx, each with an ordinary dog collar around its neck and tethered to a separate stump with a light chain. All were snarling and pulling away from us, clawing the ground, their tufted ears laid back, teeth bared, a look of fear and hatred on their faces.

Then the cabin door opened. The tall thin occupant leaned against the door frame and pushed back an ancient faded brown hat from his forehead, showing a thatch of gray hair untouched by soap or barber. His foot-long beard was mottled with clues to the past week's - or month's - menus. He was encased in ragged, soiled coveralls, and, despite the warm weather was wearing rubber shoe-pacs. The breeze was from us, so we were spared positive proof that he was one of the Yukon's really strong men.

He looked us over carefully for a few seconds. Then he said with a lisp:

"Come right up clothe, they won't hurt you." There was a friendly, half smile on his face. His jaws, pretty much toothless, had full play and his beard bobbed back and forth.

"Come right up clothe" he repeated.

The nearest animal was about 20 feet away from us, as intimate as we cared to be. Our host, however, walked in among them without hesitation. The lynx seemed to be afraid of him.

"How did you catch them?" I asked.

"That'th eathy," he answered. "I have trapth thet to cath goperth, and the thingth get in the 'rapth."

I thought afterward this was about the only thing he said that seemed to make any sense. I had heard trappers say that lynx are easily caught, and do not struggle much. In fact, many trappers snare them.

"How'd you get the collars on them?" Bob asked.

"I have named them all," he said, ignoring the question. "Now thith one ith an arithtocrat. I call him Thir Montmorenthy."

As far as we could tell, Montmorency didn't exhibit any lordly bearing and was clawing and snarling the same as all the rest of them. But, of course, we didn't know him as our host did. Then he pointed to a second animal and said:

"Thith one ith a blond. Me mutht be a Thwede, tho I call him King Othcar."

"But how do you manage to put collars on them?" Bob asked again.

"Ithn't thith one pretty?" the lynx man continued. "I call her Gladyth Ethel. I like her betht of all."

We gave up on the subject of the collars I then asked how he fed them. He didn't reply, but turned to a covered box beside the cabin door and took out a dead Arctic hare. He must have had about a dozen of them in the box. They were plentiful that season and are easily snared.



"THITH ONE ITH BLOND... HE  
MUTHT BE A THWEDE THO I  
CALL HIM KING OTHCAR!"

Yukon Lynx Man continued...

Close by was his chopping block. With all the professional air of the corner butcher, he slapped the rabbit down on the block and cut it in two with a cleaver. Normally, the two halves would have been thrown to a couple of the cats. We should have known better. Here was a man who did things in his own peculiar way.

Carrying half a rabbit over to the nearest lynx, he grabbed its chain with his right hand and hauled the cat toward him while he offered the meat with his left hand. In a flash, there was a swish of a large open paw with such speed that neither of us actually saw it, and the hare was snatched from the old man's hand. Meanwhile, the rest of the cats were straining at their chains, clawing and snarling.

We just stood there and said nothing. There didn't seem to be anything to say. At this point, it seemed more natural for us to wait for our host to speak. As he relaxed his hold on the tether chain, he turned and looked at us, not, we thought, as though he expected applause, but rather wondering if there was anything more we wanted to know (excepting about the collars).

Neither of us spoke, so he turned and went into the cabin. The interview was over. He had given us a few minutes of his time and entertained with a good show. We felt that he didn't want our thanks, and he didn't get them, because the door was closed before we finally realized we were supposed to go.

Neither Bob nor I had any intention of wading through wildcats to bid him goodbye, so we wandered back to the car.

Later that season, curiosity prompted us to pick up a couple of friends and pay the lynx man another visit. He had added four more collared cats to his string; otherwise there was no change. We must have bored him, for he had little to say before going back into his cabin and closing the door.

The following spring, we made our third and last visit. The place was deserted. Crops of weeds were springing up and in a short time would hide the debris which had accumulated while our late host was in residence. Inside the unlocked cabin, field mice scampered around a crude table and soap-box chair, and a pole bunk covered with dry spruce boughs.

There was nothing to indicate where the lynx man had gone or what he had done with his "pets". He simply vanished.

Robert W. Service also said that the Artic trails have their secret tales. He knew that country well.



MEETING REPORT  
March 17th, 1974

The meeting was called to order by Herb Wilton with the announcement that "No Streakers Had Been Scheduled!"

We welcomed two visitors, Mike and Nancy McLeod. Mike is with Channel 8 T.V. He plans to attend several meetings and functions between now and convention for a TV special.

Show and Tell time was next on the list. Richard and Theresa Johnson announced they now have a three month old male ocelot named Fellini. They did not bring him because of his age, but Richard was the typical new father armed with pictures! We hope to meet Fellini at the next meeting.

Linda Morse and Larry Palmer finally made their bobcat, Susie, happy by bringing home a male bobcat, Bobbie. They are getting along beautifully.

Yours Truly is now the happy owner of Whiskers, a nine month old male cougar previously owned by Terry Bigsby. Zonya, our three year old female is not too happy with him yet, but hope she will warm up to him come next spring. He really has been good for her as she now comes down off her perch to meet strangers and is getting more vocal. Whiskers talks constantly and greet everyone who comes to the door, sticking his paw through the cage to shake hands with all.

Ethel Hauser announced that Suki and Max, her ocelots, got together and hopefully there will be a blessed event around the 13th of May.

Gayle read the minutes from January meeting and gave the Treasurer's report.

There were many letters to read. One from Randall Eaton asking for a donation for the 1974 Symposium being held in Seattle in April. We voted to send a donation and hope we can get a Veterinary to attend in our behalf. Another letter was from John Parramore regarding a bill being voted on concerning Endangered Species. Ethel Hauser is to make up a form letter for the membership to send in to try and put the bill down. Dave Alderson, a new member, will get on the mailing list for all bills which are coming up before the Legislation and house and hope we can keep on top of these things.

Lldean gave a convention progress report. We are in the process of preparing a second mailing and hope all of you are making plans to attend.

Claudia Carver, another new member, was appointed Ways and Means Chairman. Already she has organized a bake sale, car wash, yard sale, and several home parties. We will all have to work hard with her to raise enough money to make this Convention a success.

Ethel Hauser is doing her usual good job in Education and Public Relations. She and Max ocelot were recent guests at Clark Junior High School in Vancouver, Washington, where a student gave a report on ocelots. All of the students were so excited over having Max there and he was a perfect gentleman.

During the raffle and social hour following the meeting, three couples joined our group. New members are:

Sue and Dave Alderson, Vancouver, Washington  
Pat and Leonard Parker, Portland, Oregon  
Mr. and Mrs. Newell, Gresham, Oregon.

With the business out of the way, we all settled down to good food and good company.

Respectfully submitted by:  
Barbara and Herb Wilton

## 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.

# BENGALS, BOTTLES & BLEED

by: Daniel M. Simms  
Texas

This narration is Part 2 of a continuing serial of scathing scrutiny into a scintillating scrimmage between this scroungy scribe and his screwball scamp Shiva.

In our last spine-chilling episode, we left Shive the tiger luridly lurking under a lilac bush with his eye on a lovely leg. While Shiva's overall interest in anatomy seldom rose above the knee, he was a hellava good leg man. On our walks, he managed to leave not only a lasting impression, but a lingering imprint on more than one ardent, but unadroit admirer.

Shiva loved to chew. He teethed constantly on everything he could reach for a long as he was here. Every piece of furniture I have has teeth marks on it. Over \$4000 worth of biten vas gedoin' here. The only time I ever really thought seriously about sewing his mouth shut however was when he tried to eat the arm off my Charles Eames chair. A scream, and a wasted martini, plus some mopping up saved it except for some bites on one arm. Shiva loved to hear his teeth pop through the vinyl seats on the patio and dining room furniture. I guess it raised some deep-seated association with buffalo hide or something. Anyway, I'd often try to get some afternoon shut-eye only to be awakened by the sound of popping that was somewhere between like being submerged in a vat of Rice Krispies and watching a Jose Greco troupe work out on a snare drum. Shiva would be polishing aff another dining room chair sea. All I could do was reupholster them all in foam rubber.

Not long after he learned that he could not chew up his chain, we went to the Northpark Shopping Mall in Dallas. It was late and the Mall was actually closed, but my wife and I were interested in looking in the shop windows. Shiva, who was always interested in getting to anywhere where he wasn't, stretched his chain out full-length. By this time "ol' fuzz face" was getting pretty strong, and I was just beginning to comprehend the facts of life. Shiva's chain was strong enough to pull a truck. I had been smart enough to see to that. And the swivel on the end of the chain would have stood up under the requirements to lift a ton of bricks to the top of the Rockefeller Plaza, but the collar he had on was a plain vanilla dog collar. As we entered the Mall, Shiva turned and looked at me as if to say, "Haw! See what I can do dad." Then he slipped the collar over his head and lit out like Halley's comet. I was stunned for a split second, and the way he took off, I didn't think I see him again until 1986! Aurora's, "Get him, Daniel" was a truly wonderful help, and as Shiva disappeared around the corner, I was still 30 yards behind. Then it hit me like a shot from the Wright-Patterson wind tunnel. "YOWWOWWEEEECHH!!!"

Shiva, in his haste to escape, had charged, head-long, into some poor broad and her old man who were window shopping. Her scream, directly into his right ear had cracked his glass eye, and the only thing he had the strength to say the whole night was, "I'll sue the bastard!"

But, if this wasn't enough yet, it was only the beginning. The old broad's screech brought the Mall night patrol, mounted on motor scooters. Now, if there had ever been a chance of reclaiming the cat, it disappeared in a cloud of smog. Shiva had never seen a motor scooter before, much less heard the noise that one makes. In a fit of terror he took off down the Mall in a flash of yellow fuzz with the Scootofuzz in hot pursuit.

I shouted at the cop not to shout at the cat. Aurora shouted at me to shut up and catch the tiger. The cop was shouting at everybody, and the old broad just stood there yelling bloody murder. All we lacked was Mack Sennet having somebody get popped in the puss with a cream pie.

Shiva took a turn around the fountain at the end of the Mall when he discovered that there wasn't any exit down there. The cop almost took a turn in the fountain, which would have been just TOO much, and watched the cat make it make toward me looking for some safety from tht apparition on the snort-box that sounded like a ruptured carabao. I grabbed him up and made it out the door. Aurora already had the car revved up for a quick getaway. She peeled the tires all the way out of the lot (on a VW yet!). I am still afraid to go back to Northpark.



I sweated blood all the way home wishing I hadn't washed the mud off of the license plates; Shiva went to sleep as if it had all been part of a normal day. He woke up long enough to slurp some chow and then flake out smack in the middle of the king-sized bed. That left me on the couch and Aggie in the guest bedroom. We had long ago learned that valor came in the discretion of letting sleeping tigers snore.

This kind of sojourn was typical. On the trips we took to the Polar Bear Ice Cream store, to the veterinarian, to the polo field to hunt in the tall grass, to the library to visit the children's puppet show, to the Humble Oil Company to find the tiger they put in people's tanks, and elsewhere, it was always the same. Somehow I never seemed to learn how easy it was for Shiva to get loose and make the scene. I could never believe how fast a baby tiger can move when he's hot to git.

A final example will give you one more idea. One evening, shortly after he was seven weeks old (this is going back a bit from the above adventure) I took Shiva to visit the Irving High School, whose mascot is the tiger. At least there, I thought, he won't be called a lion. When we arrived there were about 300 cars in the parking lot. Figuring it must be an adult night class which we certainly did not want to bother, Shiva and I circled around the main building toward the drill field in the rear of the school. It was dark, except for a few lights in one of the halls, and

Bengals, Bottles & Bleed continued...

very quiet. Shiva plodded along in his characteristically bow-legged fashion. Because of his short, stocky legs, and huge paws, which at that age were almost as big as his head, he sort of rolled from side to side in a waddling manner. I walked very slowly, taking short steps as one does with any baby. The cat wasn't on a leash because we were quite far from the traffic and he liked being free to pause to investigate crickets, paper cups, beetles, and lunch bags.

As we rounded the last building and came out on to the drill field we were both shocked to see the entire Irving High School Band lined up in close order. They were getting a lecture from the bandmaster on the formations they were about to practice. Their instructions were also being absorbed by an audience of about 150 people complete with their kids, dogs, and boxes of fried chicken. Shiva stopped dead in his tracks. His eyes hadn't been open very long but he could see well enough to see the whole scene. And it was more scene than he had ever seen before.

I moved to attach his chain but at that precise moment the bandmaster blew his whistle and the band blared with a raucous martial magnificence. It was all too much for a baby tiger! Shiva pivoted on one paw and split. I used to do the hundred in 10 flat, but that 25 pound, 7 week old cat showed me all about sprint. Bob Hayes with the help of a quarter horse for the first leg of the lap to the car would have still been sucked right up the exhaust.

It was about a city block back to the parking lot and evidently Shiva's tiny mind had thoroughly imprinted the direction during our stroll. I kept trying to grab him by the tail all the way and may have even had a chance to catch him, but I kept stumbling over all the stripes he ran right out of.

Surprisingly, the aftermath to this incident has a moral in it somewhere. I had taken the tiger to the school to impress the hell outa everybody we met. When we "met" a regiment of students whose mascot was supposed to be a tiger, I was both shocked and amazed to find that the cat wasn't the center of attention I thought he'd be. In fact, only a small percentage of the people there even bothered to stop and look him over, and many of them had to ask me what kind of an animal he was! For those of you who have ever longed to enjoy by proxy the fame and fortune that comes from exploiting an animal...especially an exotic one, let me state that in instance after instance such as this, I discovered that the man in the street is either too ignorant to know the difference between an archdeacon and an aardvark, or just plain doesn't give a damn!

True, there are animal lovers, but they are bloody rare. What you usually meet are the animal fanciers: people whose "love" extends only as far as their own egocentric selfishness. These guys will gladly plunk down a few hundred in a pet store without knowing any more about the needs of the animal they walk out with than that it has an appetite and an anus. I have seen, God help them, animal after animal wasted by play-the-role egomaniacs who have to have some sort of crutch to support their excuse for being in this world. There are people who treat exotics like they drive Volkswagens --- without a care in hell about the difference between the techniques that separate domestic breeds from the foreign specialties. When I get to be World Dictator, my first edict will be one that charges every prospective animal owner a \$100 fee just to take a comprehensive examination in the care and raising of their animal. If they fail, they forfeit the loot, and can't reapply for five years! Then to make sure of performance after the fact; I'd make each one put up a \$1000 surety bond before he could take possession of an animal --- domestic or foreign.

While I am on this rant, don't believe I'm leaving myself out of the guilty, ar, at least, semiguilty parties. I made mistakes... dozens of them. Even though I had spent over ten years trying to learn all I could about caring for a tiger, you'd have thought I'd been born the same day as Shiva. I had brought my cat to Irving to see if I couldn't dispel the prejudice of ignorance in having such an animal in a community. I had spent two years preparing the community citizens with pictures, lectures, books, guests, and exposure of different kinds of animals: spiders, snakes, bats, bobcats, skunks, etc. My theory was that they would welcome the tiger if they knew he was not dangerous.

**Trouble is he was!** I thought I could handle him, and while I raised a beautiful animal, who is so wholesome that he just sired two sets of perfect cubs this year, I found that my love and my "education" just wasn't enough. **Things moved too fast** and I couldn't keep up. Shiva grew at a rate and with needs that I was not prepared to meet either in this community or altogether, by and large. Besides, I had that same glory-by-proxy syndrome that motivates too many exotic owners...a syndrome that I see in the LIOC Newsletter all too often.

It is just not sufficient to want to own an animal. Love is a word that means giving to the animal even more than you'd be prepared to give to a wife and kids...they at least can communicate some of their desires in your language..I found that raising a tiger was even tougher than raising a baby because you don't have the help of the same guys you'd call in a human emergency. **Only about one-tenth** of one per cent of the vets, for example, are even aware of the basic diseases that can kill your cat in its first six weeks.

All of the stories I can tell you about my adventures with Shiva are funny and exciting, but keep well in mind that I lucked out in bringing this animal to adulthood, otherwise what is humor could have easily been tragedy. MORAL: If you aren't honestly prepared, DON'T.

In further columns, I'd like to tell you about cops and the polo field, dringing on the freeway, how Shiva "tore muh eye jout", the great lamb leg caper, and the story of "computercat". Let us know if you like being victims.



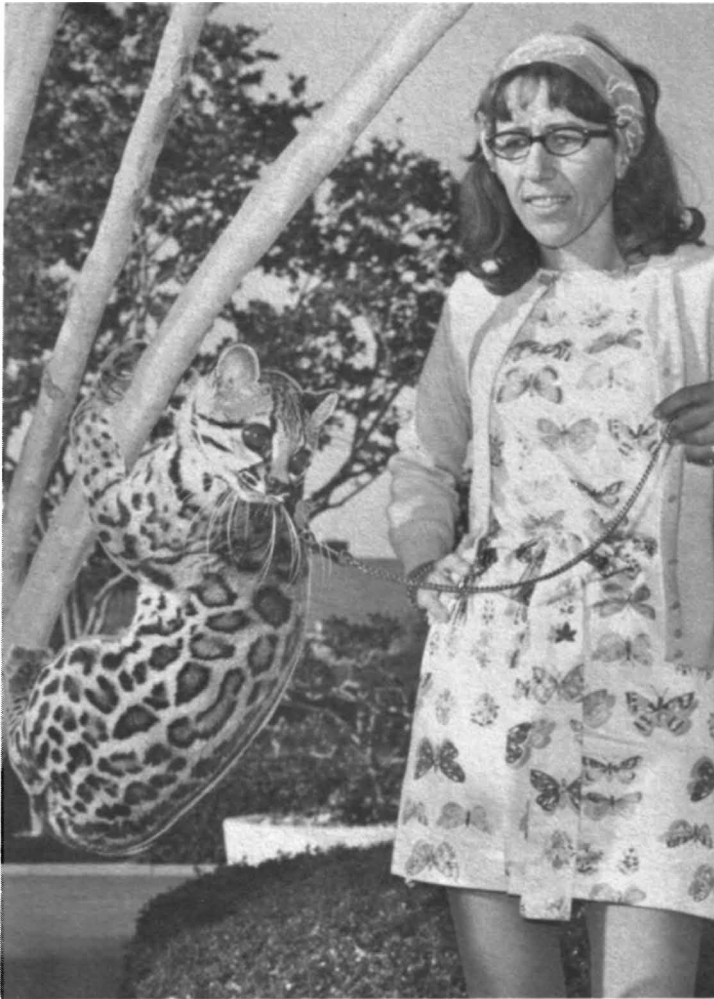
## Pelts Seized

The East African Wildlife Society reports that the biggest case of trade in illegal pelts was smashed recently after a crate of pelts broke open at Kennedy International Airport.'

A New York company pleaded guilty to a fifty count charge of purchasing and receiving five million dollars worth of illegal pelts. Fourteen other companies, all of New York, and 19 individuals were charged in the case.

Involved were skins of 15,470 otters, 30,068 ocelots, 5,644 leopards, 1,939 jaguars, 468 pumas, 46,181 margays, 1,867 cheetahs, and 217 giant otters. All had been exported from Brazil and Mexico which of course were not the countries of origin.

It is alarming to see the number of cheetah, which could only have originated from Africa, in spite of their protection.



B. J. Lester is shown above with Gigolo (Jiggy). Jiggy is 2½ years old and has been with B.J. since he was 4 months old. B. J. reports that Jiggy has starred on the educational television station in Jacksonville, Florida four times. Jiggy lives with another margay and B. J.'s domestic cat in Neptune Beach, Florida.

ME 'n MY MARGAY

What joy! What passion!  
My margay doth inspire;  
With his feline grace  
His beauty I desire.

Those deep large eyes  
Are limpid and brown;  
But a moment thereafter  
They light up like a clown!

Silky, sleek velvety fur,  
Package a bundle of dynamite,  
For now....he's a lover....  
Then...he's ready to fight.

Up the tree, down and around  
Twelve pounds of cat onto my back  
Alert to all; nothing amiss  
The margay pounces, territorial attack.

Of all Nature's creatures  
None surpasses Genus Felis.  
So...I have "married" a margay  
And live with him in eternal bliss.

by: B. J. Lester, Florida Chapter

# Endangered Species Act

Department of the Interior  
Informs Us:

There is a general exclusion from these prohibitions for endangered species (live products or such as coats, rugs, hunting trophies, etc.) held in captivity or in possession on December 28, 1973, provided they were not held in the course of a commercial activity. Commercial activities include trades and barter, as well as direct sales, but do not include outright gifts.

For zoos in particular, any endangered species held in a public zoo (municipal, county, State or Federal zoo, or non-profit institution) on December 28, 1973 will be considered to be excluded from the prohibitions, unless, on that date, the animal was the subject of an agreement to sell, barter or trade. However, endangered species held on December 28th, 1973 by commercial zoos (operated for profit) are all subject to the prohibitions.

The only way for a person to engage in a prohibited activity is by obtaining a permit. Permits may be issued for scientific purposes or to enhance the propagation or survival of the affected species. In addition, certain transactions may qualify for a permit under the economic hardship provisions of Section 10. If you feel that you are eligible for a permit, please submit an application in accordance with the Federal regulations on wildlife permits (50 CFR Part 13).

The information in the application should be of the type and in the format required by the Federal regulations on endangered species. This regulation was designed for the previous Endangered Species Act of 1969, and therefore is not entirely appropriate for permits under the new Act. However, until such time as the regulations are revised, it will provide guidance as to the nature of the information received. By law permit applications must be published in the Federal Register, and public comment invited for 30 days.

NOTE: MEETING THE REQUIREMENTS OUTLINED BY THIS FACT SHEET DOES NOT ALLEVIATE ANY PERSON FROM OBSERVING OTHER REQUIREMENTS OR RESTRICTIONS ON WILDLIFE UNDER FEDERAL, STATE, OR LOCAL LAW. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON FEDERAL LAWS AND REGULATIONS, WRITE TO THE DIRECTOR, (FSF/LE) FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE, WASHINGTON, D. C. 20240.

*Especially  
Ocelots*

Is still available from Harry G. Cisin, Publisher,  
Amagansett, N. Y. 11930.

Cost: \$3.95 plus 15¢ postage.

It's not too early to start thinking about  
those Christmas gifts.





BAD BREAK -

Barbara Seberle writes: "The day we were to leave Florida for home, we had a very bad accident. It seems that Brandi was climbing in the motel room and when she jumped down from a ceiling beam, she landed on top of Felix. When she did she broke his leg. It snapped right near his hip on the right rear leg. Luckily we had a copy of the Vet List and found a good doctor in St. Petersburg...that's the second time that list came in handy. My hands are full with Felix being confined to a cage. The vet put two pins through the bone as he could not put a cast on Felix due to the area of the break. Felix is feeling fine now and can't understand why he's caged. He'll probably come through with flying colors when the pins are removed, but I don't know about Doug and I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Brandi and Felix are both domestic born ocelots born at the Hatfield breeding compound in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

#### BOBCAT LONGEVITY RECORD?

Space Zoological Park reports that a male bobcat, Felis Rufa, has been in the collection since he was captured as an adult in 1942, thus making him at least 32 years of age. Anyone knowing of an older bobcat, or anyone with information or questions concerning this cat is invited to contact James Middleton, Zoo Supervisor, Space Zoological Park, Sussex, New Jersey 07461. Information on diet, caging, handling, and life history are available to those interested.

#### MICRO-AID ODOR CONTROL AVAILABLE

Ken Hatfield will package in any size requested: standard price: \$15.00 per gallon (makes two gallons of odor control).

#### MORE LAWS

Mel Lovell reports that effective July 1, 1973, the state of Arizona passed a law requiring a permit to transport an exotic cat into or from the State. Mel advises those planning travel through Arizona should look into obtaining a special permit even though the State in general is not issuing permits. This law applies to most wild animals...perhaps a detour around Arizona would be advisable?

#### "MIRACLE MEDICINE PLANT"

During a trip to the San Diego Zoo with Shirl & Dan Treanor and Dottie Mulford after Convention last year, Shirl showed us a cactus-like plant which she and many of her friends grow at home. They find the plant useful for quick and convenient medication.

I have since ordered such a plant from Spring Hill Nurseries of Tipp City, Ohio, who identify the plant as "Miracle Medicine Plant" (Aloe) and who describe it as: "Amazing exotic cactus-like house plant from Biblical times heals burns, acne, cuts and infections fast!" "Cut fleshy leaves and apply clear juice for instant relief."

I regret learning of it at this late date, not having known how I might have treated my countless bites and scratches through three ocelots. But through the years I have successfully relied on medically approved hydrogen-peroxide.

Catherine Cisin  
Founder, LIOC

#### WE'RE SORRY TO HEAR..

Of the death of Baby Eichleman. Baby was a founding member of LIOC. Our condolences to Ann Eichleman...she's lost a great friend.

Delores and Isaac Tiktin have lost Sammy, a ten year old ocelot; cause of death - heart failure, underlying cause - anemia.

Delores is looking for another altered cat, male or female who is declawed as their remaining ocelot, Tao is very lonesome.

## Comment...

by: Brian P. McElligott  
Fullerton, California

Is the ocelot the right pet for me? Does he fit into my style of life or will he be too rough, too energetic?

I seriously wonder how many people ask themselves that before becoming the owners of an ocelot -- honestly weighing the bad with the good. Sure, the ocelot is pretty, he has the most intelligent expression you are likely to see in a cat and his markings are outstanding. He will be something unusual, something your neighbors don't have. But if that is your reason for wanting one, I pity the cat who enters your home. An ocelot is more "intelligent" and more sensitive than a domestic cat. He is more active, stronger than any dog or cat his size, and he does know it.

It takes a special person to live with any exotic cat. He is not a dog you can order around and teach tricks to. He is capable of love and responding to affection. The cat who is given food and shelter but no love is no better than a zoo animal.

A few years ago, when I was at a cat show and saw a display of exotic cats, I took the time to ask the owners some questions about their cats. As I remember, I talked to owners of leopard cats, chaus cats, ocelots and margays. I learned many things I couldn't read in books.

Firstly, an ocelot is a roughouser in his play. He plays like he fights with no holds barred. If a person does not like that style, he should stick with domestics. The owner must be strong and agile and have a good sense of humor. If you are going to get mad at the cat for being his own free self, forget it -- you will do irreparable damage to the trust you and the cat have built.

Secondly: Are the possessions you own more important than your cat? He is not malicious in his destruction -- it's just his way of getting his exercise. I feel strongly about this point in particular. I know a lot of other members do, too. YOU BOUGHT THE CAT BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY TYPE OF CAT IN THE WORLD YOU WANTED! Let love conquer all obstacles.

I do not own an exotic cat. Maybe someday I will. I don't know what kind of cat he will be, but that will matter only then. Before I obtain him, I will ask myself this -- am I a good-tempered, kindhearted man who will love his cat more than his sofa and who will enjoy a rowdy wrestling match and the joy of being on an equal relationship with a fellow mammal who has feeling, too.

If the answer to this question is honestly "Yes", I'll buy a cat of the kind that suits my finances and the amount of property I own so he can exercise to his heart's content. If the answer is "No", I will not own an exotic cat.



# Readers Write

# O. U. C. H.

Dear Pepper:

We very nearly lost our cheetah a couple of times because of improper medication, diagnosis, etc.

We are wondering if we could put a notice in the LIOC Newsletter asking all cheetah owners to send us their names, addresses and all pertinent information about their cats with reference to medication, symptoms, etc.

We would act as a clearing house and refer this information to any cheetah owner requiring or asking for an exchange of information. This would help all cheetah owners.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. Delores Titkin  
70 Bahama Circle  
Tampa, Florida 33606

## REHABILITATED

Dear Sir:

I have a favor to ask. I have just returned from a survey in the mountains of those cats which we have rehabilitated and released. I am having difficulty in contacting the original owners of these cats to tell them of their welfare and I wonder if you would print a small article to advise them that I was able to locate all the cats except the puma from Washington which has moved out with another cat...probably a puma, and the ocelot from New Mexico which is in a very densely covered and steep area which I cannot get into. The ocelot from Nebraska has two kittens that are very wild and may be part bobcat.

All other cats are lean but doing well and the food supply is better than ever. The bobcat from Utah is the only one that is fat.

The big male ocelot from San Francisco has a wound on the left shoulder but seems to be healing nicely and I will check on him again this week as I can still call him in.

We have room to start rehabilitation of one or two more ocelots for release this summer.

Sincerely,

Doug Paxton  
Box AZ, Main Post office  
Ventura, California 93001

## BITING DISCIPLINE

Dear Sir:

I have a helpful suggestion for Wally and Ginger Bordwell and Jake. I have raised two kits (ocelot) by leash method. The leash is attached to their favorite place - chair, whatever, - but theirs by choice. When they bite too hard react with a loud, growly "NO BITE!" or if you prefer "OWWW!". Then tie them to designated place. That can be a hassle by the way.

Use same method for other no-nos - it takes six months to a year to get a good understanding, but it's worth it because both cats out ultra-mellow. One doesn't get in any serious conflicts behind hitting back.

Ronnie Adrian



O.U.C.H. is now operating by choice on the local level only. LIOC branches who have expressed the desire to make use of "Pepper Notes" as a means of raising money for the benefit of exotic cats in their area have been mailed the latest samples and price lists from Pepper House Fine Arts Ltd. Independent members who wish to purchase Pepper Notes by mail at the retail price, may do so through the Canadian Nature Federation, 46 Elgin Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5K6.

Notes are: \$1.50, package of 10 - American Animals and \$3.00, package of 20 - African animals.

Samples on request from Jan Thomas, Box 549, Manotick, Ontario K0A 2N0.

## Further Election Results

In order to do away with duplication among the office holders, Ken Hatfield and Mike Balbo have both resigned as Term Directors. They were replaced by Charles Douglas and Shirley Treanor after a vote of the other Officers and Directors.

Pepper Perry has resigned as Vice President in favor of Roger Harmon. Pepper will of course continue to function in the capacity of Secretary/Treasurer.

Due to Bob Peraner's resignation as Editor the Board nominated and voted upon a new replacement. Your new Editor is Shirley Treanor. (Thanks folks).

Mrs. Shirley Treanor  
1454 Fleetwood Drive E.  
Mobile, Alabama 36605



MEETING REPORT  
FEBRUARY 3, 1974

The largest turnout in several years, despite snow and ice, included at least 14 members with 6 to 10 guests and visitors. The Seberles brought their two ocelots and the question was whether Henry or the Foeder's young chimp got the most attention. Disney's 70 minute film, "The African Lion" although no more than 10 years old, showed the ecological balance of nature on the African plains. There is no comparison to any half hour television show of simulated animal adventures including ten minutes of commercials.

The results of the questionnaire mailed to 106 former and current members were non-conclusive except on two points. With only fifteen responses, all favored continuing the Branch and all plus recent attendees are against having meetings in Manhattan. Meeting notices will be mailed out to current LIOC members and visitors to meetings.

Submitted by:  
Arthur Human

MINUTES OF A NON-MEETING  
MARCH 24, 1974

This meeting was to have been held in Brooklyn, where our last one had a large attendance despite snow and ice. The survey and questioning of members had shown that a Queens or Brooklyn location, with good public transportation and easy highway access was desired.

Friday night, March 22nd, I received a distressing phone call from our host to be. The A.S.P.C.A. had contacted him and was asking if exotics would be present. An A.S.P.C.A. employee or group would show up at the meeting time and confiscation of exotics was likely. With this information I cancelled the meeting.

Attempts were made to phone those members most likely to attend, especially those that might bring a pet with them. I know of only one member who showed up (the phone was listed under a different name) luckily not an owner of an exotic.

Ever since the "Jacobson" case in New York City, it is not legal to own an exotic here. Whether it is legal for exotics to visit or even travel through is not clear, cases have gone both ways.

New York State will issue a permit to own an exotic if it does not violate federal law. When a state permit is issued it is rather certain that a copy of it will be sent to local governing bodies.

Then they can see what local ordinances might apply or be interpreted to do so. The state permits the smallest governing body to have the final say, if it has stronger restrictions than the higher levels. Exotics are prohibited under "Pet Ordinances" "Zoning Restrictions" "Board of Health Codes" and other ways including considering exotics a public nuisance.

**Booster  
Time?**

The meeting notice mailing has been reduced considerably and included only current LIOC members and guests that were known. One possible endangerment to any exotic is enough. I will not hold any more meetings within New York City. Meetings have been rotated in location and included New York City for over ten years. I hope this will not substantially reduce attendance or have any long range effects on this branch.

Arthur Human  
Branch Representative

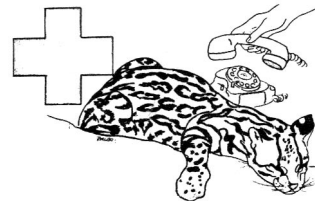
## Recent Arrivals

The Lester Gulitz Family announces its newest member - KIBA, a baby female bobcat. Kiba is named in honor of Pat and Jack Kibler who taught us about the exotic cats. Kiba is now nine months old and weighs fifteen pounds.

Another addition to the Salisbury household - Pasha, a bengal tiger. Received when he was eleven weeks old last November, he is now seven and a half months old and weighs 170 pounds. Pasha devours ten pounds of meat a day with an ever increasing appetite.

The Lovells of Scotsdale, Arizona announce the arrival of a ten once female ocelot - DRAMBUITE. At this writing she is doing well in her new home.

KNOW YOUR VET'S TELEPHONE NUMBER

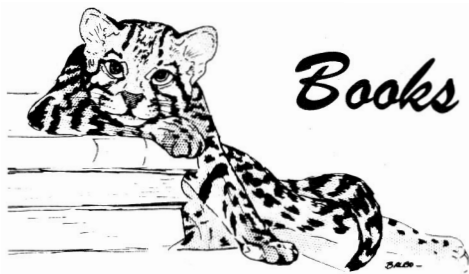


## Legislation?

Ken Hatfield asks that if anyone has been charged under a local law, taken to court and if so, how far, he would appreciate hearing about it in detail.

The long standing Dade County, Florida Animal Control Ordinance, which demands an almost impossible to get permit, has been declared unconstitutional in an opinion written by Florida Attorney General, Robert Sheven.

Members of the Long Island Ocelot Club if owners of an exotic cat are all in danger due to the flood of new laws coming into being on all levels. Many of us may have to give up our rights as private citizens to own the pet of our choice. If you know of any law which may apply to you as an exotic owner, please send it to Ken.



## Tiger Haven

COST \$8.95 Available from Ralph Curtis Books

FANTASTIC BOOK...tells of the development by the author of his tiger haven - the tiger as a species is in peril, as king of cats, the maneaters, and things done by the government of India to help the tiger, along with statistics as to number of specimens in subspecies of the tiger which have been estimated by the International Union for Conservation of Nature.

The author tells of other wildlife in the Nepal area including the swampdeer, chital, leopard, crocodile, etc. He gives first hand observations from his life at this refuge and how he developed from a sportsman and farmer to a conservationist. He tells of the pressing economic and religious problems of the people of India and how it relates to the tiger. He defends this animal who can now no longer defend itself and does much to focus the attention of the world on the plight of the tiger and other Indian wildlife.

A MUST for those who care about big cats! Some of the passages about the slaughter of the tigers and cubs brought tears to my eyes.

Submitted by: B. J. Lester.

## President's Statement

I am for breeding, propagation and preservation as much as the next person, and realize we must breed in order to survive. However, I joined the Club some twelve years ago because my margay needed help - he didn't know what he should eat. I have lived with this thought in mind all these years. I don't want to sound repetitious, but I still feel our main purpose is to help the exotic pet. There is no other organization to do this, and I don't think we should abandon this principal.

Let's keep the private individual with one pet foremost in our minds and bring the others in as worthy projects but not as important as the thing the club was originally formed for. I think we can do this and still be progressive.

I believe in the democratic process; I may be against what the majority votes for, but if it is a majority I will not only abide by the decision, but will pursue it vigorously without further dissent.

I pledge the entire Board to have an open ear to the complete membership. However, I will not open that ear to local and/or Branch problems unless a solution to the problem has been pursued through other members in your Branch and your Branch Representatives. Only after you have made a personal effort to solve the problem will the Board be brought into it. However, if you have a problem and are not sure exactly what steps to follow, I will be glad to advise in any way possible.

I also pledge my help (for what it is worth) in fighting laws prohibiting ownership of our exotic cats as pets. In the past, we have for the most part, stuck our collective heads in the sand and allowed city, county, and state laws to be passed without any opposition, which has resulted in 90% of our pets being outlawed. I feel it is time to come out of our corner fighting - we have as much right to keep a sixty pound cat as a neighbor does to keep a sixty pound dog - and oppose these laws because they clearly violate our constitutional rights by discriminating, depriving citizens of property without due process, and denying persons equal protection of the law.

I am in the process of compiling a "CARE" package for use by any Club member that is being threatened by local laws. In addition, if you will send me a copy of the proposed law, I will pick out it's weak points in accordance with what we have found to be successful in the South Florida area. This pledge also extends to the Endangered Species Act and the proposed changes in the Lacey Act.

Ken Hatfield  
President

## Placement Service

BECAUSE OF THE ENDANGERED SPECIES ACT, WHICH MAKES IT ILLEGAL TO BUY OR SELL ENDANGERED SPECIES, AND THE LACEY ACT WHICH MAKES IT ILLEGAL TO TRANSPORT FOR SALE ANY WILD ANIMAL, THERE WILL BE NO LISTING OF AVAILABLE ANIMALS.

IF YOU HAVE A CAT IN NEED OF A NEW HOME OR ARE WILLING TO DONATE YOUR HOME TO A NEEDY CAT, PLEASE CONTACT THE PLACEMENT SERVICE AT:

1454 Fleetwood Drive East  
Mobile, Alabama 36605  
Phone (205) 478-8962



# Editorial

## El Tigre

by Mrs. Pat Russell

LIOC is not what it used to be - nor will it ever be again. Catherine Cisin is no longer at the reins, guiding us as she once did. Kay gave us a good start, she nurtured LIOC from infancy and deserves our admiration, appreciation and praise. But, do we still need someone to guide us the way she did? Isn't it about time we grew up and did it ourselves?

The new structure of LIOC, with its Officers and Directors can do a lot to cure our ailments of dissent within the Branches, declining membership, and loss of participation by the general membership - but they can't do it all. LIOC is for you, me, and most all our cats. It is up to us to get it going again and give it the care it needs to thrive. No organization based on cooperation, designed to disseminate information, can succeed without the participation of its members. In order to get our old LIOC back WE have to participate; send in our thoughts and ideas, make our opinions known to our leaders - they are there to run things FOR US. Discuss the matters that concern us and our pets at the Branch Meetings and get those Branch reports in on time. In other words, let others know what we are doing and what we think should be done. I for one believe the new system can work, but only if we work with it and help it grow.

We can expect our elected leaders to help us only if they know what we need help in. We can't expect them to read our minds. If we send in information along with the little observations about our pets, it may spark an idea in someone else's head, and, little by little we'll grow in knowledge. If we have a problem and let it be known, someone else may have had the same problem and licked it.

Only by having a united group can we accomplish the goal of presenting an intelligent viewpoint to others concerned with the exotic cats. We can exchange observations and viewpoints with the scientific community. Sure the zoos are professionals and may look askance at the amateur breeder. But we live closer to our animals than they can; we can make an intelligent observation and contribute to the picture of the animal as a whole. We should work with related groups to ensure the survival of our animals, after all, they may not be thriving in the wild for long. One thing to remember, the animals in the zoos are also in captivity, we are just as qualified to make observations as they are. By working with the professionals, we can gain a lot, and how we do it could influence the outcome of the extinction of a species.

In view of recent Federal legislation against our animals, we must make a united effort to collect information and fight for our rights to keep our pets.

We can have an informative, interesting, and help helpful Newsletter by sharing those little ideas, feelings and happenings with those in the Club. A full fledged article is not necessary...just jot those notes down and send them in. ONLY WE can make the Newsletter a forum for our thoughts and feelings by sending those thoughts and feelings in.

What all this amounts to is WE CAN MAKE IT WORK! No one else can, just you and me. Let's all make a late resolution to do it - offer that little bit of extra help to the Officers and Directors, volunteer that little bit of information, a note on the new products that make a job easier, or the discovery of how to handle that ticklish situation. I for one really want to see LIOC as it once was - a cross-fire of information and viewpoints, and a sounding board for all, and, most of all thriving.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I wrote this prior to my nomination and subsequent election to the job of Editor....now, more than ever I need your help.. PLEASE?

We would like to share our story with the LIOC members about bringing our margay, El Tigre, from Ecuador, South America, to the United States. We were encouraged several months ago by Mrs. Clara LeBlanc, who was also from New Orleans, to write this and we are just now finding the time to do so.

To begin with, Russ is a commercial oil diver and we were in Ecuador for 6 months in 1972 on a job. We arrived in January and saw Tiggy for the first time in March. We estimated his age around 1 1/2 to 2 months at that time. He was fairly large and the natives had put him in a cardboard box and brought him out of the jungle with a piece of raw meat thrown and he was covered with his own feces. We purchased him for \$28 American dollars. He growled loudly and spit every time someone attempted to look in the box. He was a real cutie even in that condition.

Well, to make a long story short, Tiggy was the only thing I had to talk to from 4 to 7 days at a time as Russ would be offshore on the pipe-line laying barge for that length of time. There were very few American women in the tiny, poor seacoast town we were in and up until the last 2 months I didn't meet them. Also, my Spanish was very limited so you can imagine how attached Tiggy and I became: he was, and still is, my shadow. I felt at times like I would have gone mad except for this delightful, intelligent, playful creature. Also, we had no children then.

We had a small wooden cage built with numerous holes in it which we covered with cloth in hopes that we could carry him with us on the flight back to the U. S. I don't think either of us have ever worried about anything as much as this! I even went so far as to fly to Quito, the capitol city, and attempt to apply for permission to take him out of the country with the Minister of Production Office. However, they were very skeptical of success although they were very accommodating and extremely nice. Then we wrote to the U. S. Fish, Game and Wildlife Department on how to receive permission to bring the cat into the U.S. Well, we received that permission only by sending proof that we had purchased him before January 21, or therearound, which was before the species went on the endangered species list. We received this permission two weeks after we had returned to the U. S.

We took our hearts in our hands the day of departure and, since we hadn't heard from the Minister of Production we decided to put him in his cage. I carried him onto the plane and they must have thought he was a carry-on suitcase - I almost cried with joy when we made it onboard without a hitch. We declared Tiggy with the Miami Customs and they let us right through only checking his Inoculation Record, particularly his Rabies shot. We thought he would be impounded immediately according to the information sent to us by the U. S. Government, but I guess the whole truth is that we were just two very lucky, lucky people

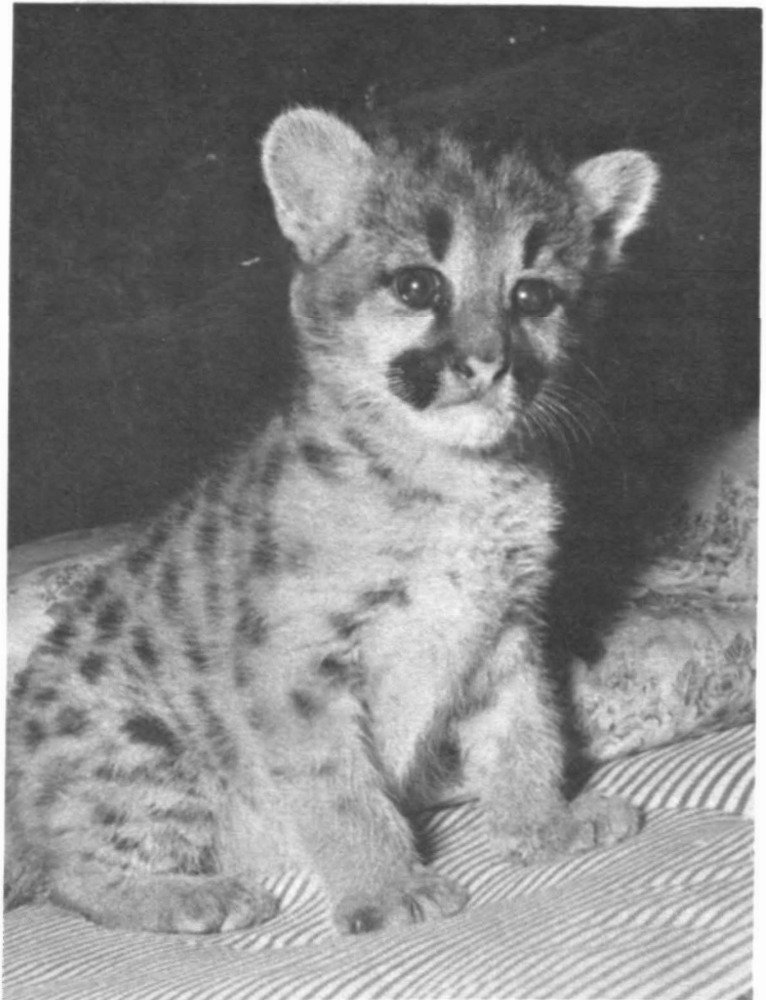


Well, Tiggy adjusted well but then this year, one year after we returned to the U. S., he escaped from the house and was out for two nights and one day and was shot with a .22 caliber rifle (using hollowpoint bullets) by an unaware man. We had talked to his wife the evening before and shown her a picture of him, but the man had just arrived home from work and hadn't seen his wife. Tiggy never did leave our block, which has quite a few trees. He was shot twice, one bullet entered under his jaw on the left side, took a tooth and part of his tongue and shattered the left sinus before leaving just above his nose. Fortunately, it did not hit a main blood vessel or his trachea. The other bullet hit in his groin area and lodged under the base of his tail - we were lucky again because it didn't hit intestines. Luckily also we have excellent veterinarians, Dr. Stone and Dr. Gardner at the Watts Vet Clinic here who repaired him without even cosmetic damage apparent today.

He recovered rapidly, only two days in the hospital and my being a Registered Nurse came in handy when I had to give him an antibiotic series of shots, which surprisingly he let me do without even having to hold him. You could see the pain in his eyes and his stiffness for a week; but, being the tough little nut he is, he did so well that I took him on a trip to Idaho to visit my parents, putting him in a small cage and carrying him on board without too much trouble. I suggest, however, anyone carrying a small margay on a flight not to show him to anyone. I almost panicked in Denver when the Security check wanted me to take him out of his cage so they could check it, but I was able to talk them out of it. He would have had a heart attack with all the people milling about.

In retrospect, to end this story adequately, I would like to say this. After knowing how many baby exotics we saw in that one small town we were in that died in captivity there, and on hearing how the natives would kill the babies' mothers in order to get them, I would never want to purchase one again in a situation like that, in hopes that the demand would decrease eventually so that our future generations will have the live animal to look at instead of just reading about them in history books.

We hope to breed Tiggy as he is very healthy, and seems ready to go.



## Cougar Country

With the craggy peaks and verdant valleys of Utah's "Color Country" for a backdrop, Wildlife Research Center - location of Cougar Country activities, is situated at the gateway to Zion National Park, and some of the world's most breathtaking scenic beauties.

But perhaps the year-round residents of Cougar Country (and an important part of the staff) are at least as remarkable as the program's natural surroundings. There is for instance "Pokey Bear" whom you may have met in the film "Jedediah Smith" or in Warner Brothers' "Zandy's Bride". Pokey happens to be the son of the well loved "Gentle Ben" of television fame. Then there is a ding-a-ling lynx named Frankie, Terrible Tattus McTuff, a comic ocelot, a handful of cougars including the original Mercury Cougar, and around a hundred other members of the wildlife kingdom, from great horned owls to timber wolves and a caracal.

While a vast majority of young people will spend this summer doing the same old things in the same old way, a small, select handful will be afforded the opportunity to meet the above animals and do something so unique and exciting that this summer will be a high point to look back on fondly for years to come.

Beginning in early June, a group of boys and girls ranging from 10 to 16 years of age will gather in Southwestern Utah for one of the most unusual educational experiences ever offered.

### Forms Needed To Take Kitty Abroad

Information received from John Paramore and the Cascade Branch:

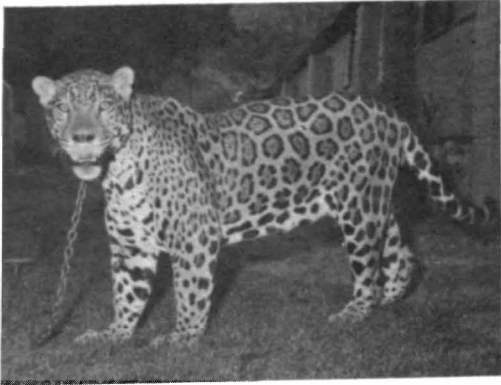
We have a form number to use for those who wish to travel abroad with cats. Get copies of customs form no. 4455, or 4457. We recommend that you try to locate a few people such as the Fish & Wildlife (Federal) agent in the area you intend to leave and re-enter the country from, or somebody in customs 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.

## Cougar Country..continued

Those lucky enough to come to Cougar Country will get to know these animals on a first name basis, and will not only gain a new appreciation for living creatures, but will catch an intimate glimpse of the lives of wild animals. During a stay of anywhere from one to twelve weeks (depending upon course selection) a typical week's activities will include the care and feeding of animals, and handling techniques, classes in ecology and conservation, veterinary medicine, outdoor carriers, animal habitat studies, nature film production, and other subjects as well as hiking and over night camping activities in nearby Zion National Park.

The Cougar Country experience, while emphasizing man's relationship to his natural world, makes possible a wholesome association with other young people who share a love for wild things as well as with instructors and advisors whose backgrounds speak for themselves.

For further information write Cougar Country, c/o Wildlife Research Center, Springdale, Utah 84767.



## THE BIRTHS



The Hatfields report in with a margay baby, two ocelot babies and two jaguar cubs, in addition to two female geoffry cats.

Dave Salisbury reports that Sultan (cover photo) and Tami have presented them with four spotted cubs born April 15th. This brings to fifteen the number of cubs Tami has had...including Tami's record breaking litter of five last year.

The Douglas household announces: Paka and Sonora have a baby girl (ocelot) - second generation domestic..they've named her Sonaka. Cricket and Banjo have presented them with another baby girl ocelot...Belinda. Sadie says the parents were only nineteen months old when they mated to produce the kitten. We've never heard of a pair breeding this young. Belinda is also second generation domestic. Patches and Ozzie have a baby girl also...Patchee. Mike and Sabrina also presented them with a girl...Shannon. Sadie says there's more on the way so watch for them next issue.

Chuck and Suzie Kindt have a baby golden cat... the first for the Florida Chapter and are expecting jaguarundis too.

The Jacksonville Zoo reports there were two baby ocelots born in January at the zoo. One of the parents was formerly owned by Bill See, of Jacksonville Beach. Bill hand raised Oscar from a small kitten and when Oscar was about four years old donated him to the zoo. A female mate was put with him this past spring. When she came into estrus and because she was unaltered and Oscar was declawed, they were introduced on neutral territory where they mated.

One of the babies is a female and was not being taken care of by its mother, so it was removed from the cage and is being hand raised on a special formula by the zoo vet, Dr. George Yopp. The other baby (sex undetermined) is being nursed by the mother satisfactorily as of this writing. The father has been removed and temporarily is being housed elsewhere at the zoo.

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## Convention 74 ←

### Portland, Oregon

### August 2, 3 & 4



If you have a subject you feel needs to be discussed at Convention, but will not be able to attend, send your thoughts to Ken Hatfield, President, for placement on the meeting agenda.

## Plan Now To Be There

# For Knitters

An Ithaca Member, Charlene Riccardo, has invited Mary Maxim, a company which creates many special knitting patterns to interpret the "Seidlow" ocelot in this medium. The "Seidlow" head has frequently been seen in the form of note paper with which most have become familiar. This is crudely sketched below:



In the knit version it includes four colors: black, white, gold and cinnamon brown, the sweater, on the back of which the head appears, may be knit in any color the knitter chooses. The design is identified by "Kit No. 529A, No. 526A or 1418A depending upon the size to be made.

For a catalog which will permit selection of materials, write MARY MAXIM, 1001 Holland Avenue, Port Huron, Mich. 48060 or ask your local store to get one for you.

## Catsitter Available

Mrs. Hood, who was with the Sanford Zoo in Sanford, Florida until her recent retirement, and has been a member of the Florida Chapter for nine years, has volunteered to cat sit for vacationing club members in her area. Her idea is to come to your home anywhere in the state of Florida and sit with your cats in their home for a "small fee". If you are interested, contact Mrs. Hood care of Sadie Douglas, Rt 5, Box 130 A, Orlando, Florida.

### Remember

**A balanced diet  
includes roughage**

Greens make good roughage - but not all green things are good for your cat - in fact they're downright dangerous. Don't let your cats eat philodendron, ivy, holly, mistletoe, poinsetta, rhododendron or chrysanthemums....elephant ears and calla lillies are also a no' no. Although the effects of these plants may not produce immediate illness the poison in them has an accumulative effect.



### MEETING REPORT

January, 1974

Our January meeting was held at "Gator Jungle" in Christmas, Florida. Our hosts were Herman and Annette Brooks. The weather was nice and we had a good turn out.

Those present were: Bob & Sandy Hartkopf, Charles, Sadie, and Mike Douglas, Art and Carol Van Black, B. J. Lester, Bob & Anne Davis with two ocelots, Dan and Jackie Harwell, Laura Cox, Don Piechocki, Don and Dee Wilson, Dan, Vela and Athena Canty, Delores Tikyin, Janie and Kim Baetjer, Ward and Barbara Price with cougar K.K. and daughter Sissy, Dr. Hadden, Ken and Jean Hatfield with baby ocelot, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tumey with ocelot. Three guests came with Delores, two with Jane, the Douglasses had four and the Brooks had twelve or so.

Herman had prepared a nice barbeque chicken dinner with all the trimmings so everyone gathered in the backyard to eat and visit. Ken called the meeting to order and we discussed meeting on Saturday because of the fuel shortage. It was decided to continue to meet on Sundays. There was no new business so we adjourned to visit and look over Gator Jungle.

Our thanks to Herman and Annette for a very nice afternoon. The March meeting will be in Fort Lauderdale...hope to see everyone there.

Sadie Douglas  
Corresponding Secretary  
Florida Chapter



# Introducing:

L.I.O.C. Editor & Director-

Shirley Treanor

My husband Danny and I joined LIOC in 1967 after falling in love with one of those cute, cuddly ocelot kittens then found in the pet shops. When the kitten turned out to be sold, I had already made up my mind that I had to have one...no matter what. After a bit of research I found the Long Island Ocelot Club and Carlos Barrera. Through Carlos' efforts I received my first exotic.

At some point in time I volunteered my services in whatever capacity would help to Catherine Cisin. By this time that little ocelot was a full fledged member of the family with equal voting rights...we were helpless. Shortly, I was taken up on my offer to help and since Gene Brill was wanting to retire, I started my three year career as Secretary/Treasurer in July of 1970. I now find myself Editor and Term Director and as much in love with exotics as ever.

We now have a pair of margays, Tuffy (shown above) and Critter, a domestic born Douglas kit who is her mate, five oncillas (little spotted cats) four females and one male and two domestic cats. To date we've had three kittens born - two stillborn and one which lived to age one month and was then killed by another cat.

Other than this one quirk, we're average enough. Danny is on local television in the capacity of Weatherman and Host of the noon talk show. Those of you who watched America's Junior Miss Pageant May 6th, heard Danny's voice do the opening and closing credits. When I work it's as a secretary. We enjoy tennis, indoor gardening, the cats of course, and Dan is a record nut.

I guess I about covered my feelings toward L.I.O.C. in the Editorial. Like Ken Hatfield, I beleive that the Long Island Ocelot Club is a very special organization because it is the only organization dedicated to caring for the pet exotic. I also beleive this should still be our main concern. There is no way to evaluate the service it provides in this capacity, nor is there any way to evaluate the many fantastic friends we have made through LIOC and the South-West Branch; they are priceless.

I would like to offer each of you an opportunity to contribute to this worthwhile cause - via the Newsletter. It is the voice of the club - use it.

## Beware -

BE CAREFULL when selecting paint for your cat's living quarters or cage. Make sure the paint you use is lead-free to avoid lead poisoning.

# L. I. O. C. NEEDS YOU!



Shirley Treanor, our new Editor and a Term Director is shown above with Tuffy margay.



## BIRTHS continued

The Olympia Game Farm is off to a good start this year with a black leopard cub, a litter of cougars, a litter of golden cats, a litter of fishing cats and a litter of timber wolves, artificially inseminated. The Olympia Game Farm is operated by Bill Hodge in Sequim, Washington. Additional litters are expected soon.

