

NEWSLETTER

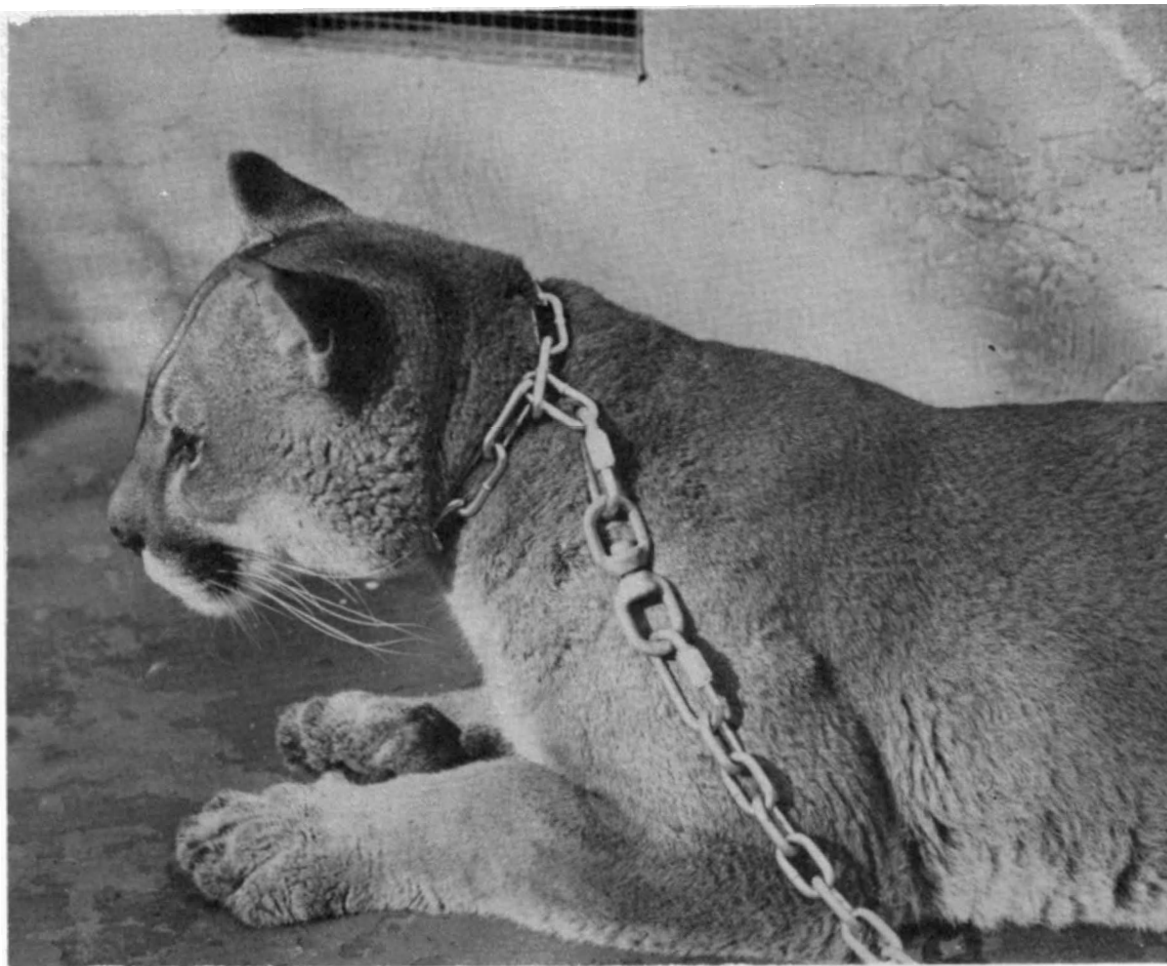
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Long Island Ocelot Club
1454 Fleetwood Drive E.
Mobile, Alabama 36605

Volume 18 Number 2
March - April 1974

LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



Brinkley is a male cougar, 90 pounds at 9 years of age. Here he's modeling a collar made of #4/0 straight link coil chain with 6mm quick links. For specific information on what the well dressed, budget minded and secure cat is wearing this season, see Dan Meier's article on secure rigging on page 3. Brinkley shares his home with Dan and a litter mate, also a male, Huntley.



**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.

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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.**

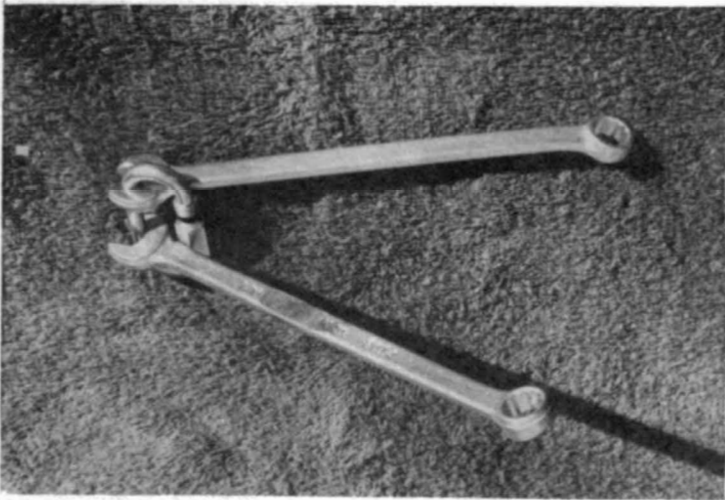
Low Cost Security Equipment

By Dan Meier

In June of 1973, Dave Salisbury of Cocoa, Florida, sent me a sample of a type of chain collar which he uses on his leopards and cougars when working them in public. (This is the only response I've had to my offer for items to test in the Newsletter of 17-3-11). This collar was made with #2/0 straight link coil chain and a 6 millimeter "quick link" assembled as shown on the cover. This is available at trailer supply dealers. The collar proved to have good strength, although by my standards the chain was somewhat light.

I had been aware of "quick links" for quite some time, but had never seriously considered them for cat rigging because of security problems: the sleeves tended to come loose easily unless tightened with a wrench, and would occasionally come loose even then. I had heard of one case locally of a wolf escaping because of this.

This casual dismissal of these links was a mistake! When I tested Mr. Salisbury's 6mm link, I got one of the surprises of my life when I got a yield strength of 3200 pounds, and a breaking strength of over 5500 pounds. This got me doing some serious thinking, and further testing on more samples obtained locally.



A little tinkering with some quick links showed me that it was absurdly easy to eliminate the tendency of the sleeve to unscrew by twisting the link in the following manner: Unscrew the sleeve so there is a gap of about 1/8" between it and the exposed threaded end of the link. Hook two wrenches, at least as long in inches as the size of the link in millimeters (you'll need them anyway if you use these links - more about this later), on the link as shown above. Squeezing the two free ends of the wrenches toward each other will pry the link ends sideways and slightly twist the back side of the link. This laterally offsets the two threaded ends just a bit, which creates a friction drag when the sleeve is engaged on both ends. This friction drag can be varied from easily finger tightenable to the point that a wrench is required to turn the sleeve, simply by varying the amount of twist applied.

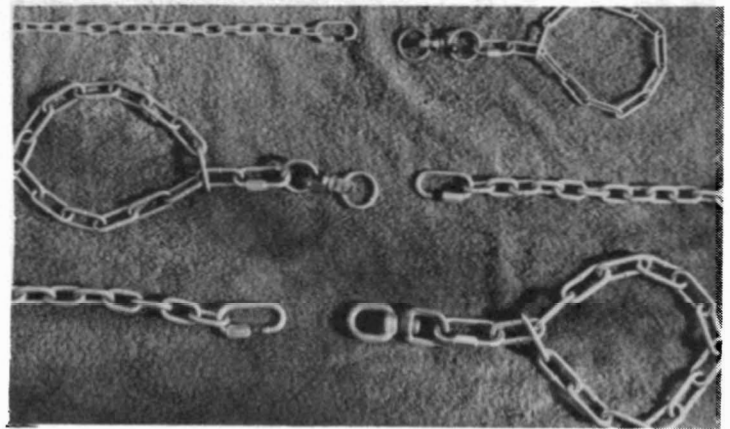
Don't overdo it - only a fraction of an inch of offset is needed to give adequate friction. Too much, and the treads won't engage at all. Just squeeze until you feel a little "give". Then screw the sleeve closed. If it takes a firm twist with the fingers to turn the sleeve after both ends are engaged, you've got it just right. If it's too tight, it may be possible to loosen the engagement by applying the wrenches in the opposite direction. These links are made of tough, ductile grade steel (look at the pictures of the broken links again) and will withstand this treatment several times without harm to the metal should a couple of adjustments be in order.

The security effectiveness of this modification has been thoroughly tested, and has been found to be completely effective in preventing the sleeves from coming unscrewed. It is not necessary to tighten the modified links with a wrench; the sleeve will stay in place when screwed fully closed by hand.

Tests were run on links in assorted sizes and included crossways pull and other abnormal loading conditions that could occur in normal use. My recommended strength ratings for these links are based on worst case, abnormal loading conditions, so the user of these links can stuff into them anything that will fit without worrying about abnormal conditions, provided that the links are used within the recommended strength ratings given in the table to follow.

The smaller collars are made using straight link coil chain. This type of chain has long, narrow links, so one end link of the collar will slip into the other. Refer to the table of equipment sizes for cats for the recommended parts. The picture below shows the three smallest sizes.

Strength standards require stronger chain for larger cats, and straight link coil chain is not generally available in sizes larger than #4/0. Suitable end links must therefore be attached to the ends of an appropriate size and type of chain. I most strongly recommend 7/32" Columbus-McKinnon alloy steel chain and Hammerloks. These have a breaking strength of over 8000 pounds, and are strong enough for any cat. They aren't terribly expensive - 95¢ a foot for chain and \$2.30 for the Hammerloks. CAUTION: Use only attaching devices designed for use with alloy chain. Ordinary shackles, chain repair links, etc., that will fit into the links of this type chain are not strong enough!



The necessary end links can be made from standard parachute hardware. One of the end links must be a solid connector link (Military #'s 213543, AD40A6470, or AN6562: Parachutes, Inc. # K-19) The other end link must be a section cut from a "D Ring" (Military #'s AN6564 or MS22046: Parachute, Inc. # K-20) The Connector link is too wide, and may slip past where it's supposed to stop. You will need a good quality tungsten or molybdenum high speed, 24 teeth per inch hacksaw blade to cut the heat treated alloy steel used in the chain and D Ring. Grind carefully - don't over-heat the metal or file off the sharp corners on the D Ring section where it was cut. Refer to the table on page 5 for recommended parts. Collars using 9mm and 12mm links are shown on the next page.

It is also possible to use the larger sized of "proof" chain with these end links, but totally unnecessary as the Columbus-McKinnon alloy will safely hold any cat and weighs two and one-half times less.

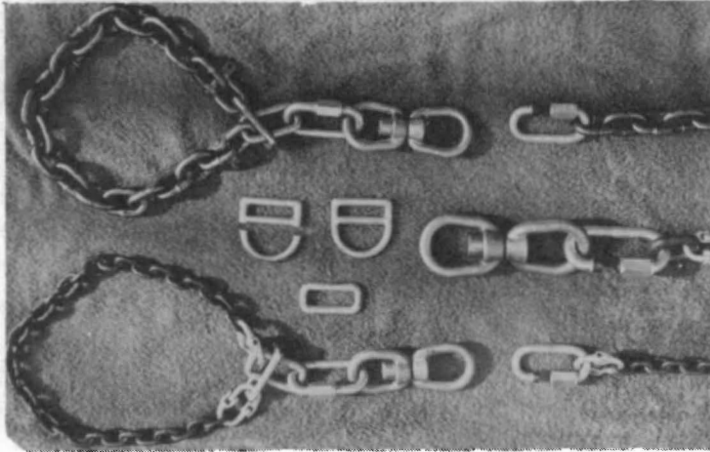
The quick link that holds the collar together will be attached to one end of a swivel. There HAS to be a swivel to keep the leash from getting twisted.

Continued on page 4...

Security Equipment....continued

Fico swivels must be used with a suitable ring in each end (3/32" or 1/8" rod diameter by 5/8" to 3/4" inside diameter for the FG663, 5/32" or 3/16" x 3/4" to 1" for the FG144.) Fico swivels are available at most yachting supply houses. A ring is necessary in the end to accept two quick links, to allow the recommended "attach #2 chain before removing #1 chain procedure. A ring should be used between the collar quick link and the swivel, as the quick link sleeve would jam in the swivel end if the quick link should get turned around and would damage and possibly break the swivel.

It is quite satisfactory to use an extra link of the collar chain instead of a ring between the collar quick link and the swivel. It is also possible to spread apart the sides of another link to a width of 3/4" across the inside of the link, and use that instead of the ring



on the free end of the swivel. Examine the outside of the weld carefully after spreading the link, and discard the link if there is any sign of pulling apart at the weld line. Extra links are cheap - your cat isn't!

Fico swivels use screw pins which should be secured against working loose. This can be done by slightly bending or twisting the tangs having the threaded holes so that the treaded holes are a little out of line with the un threaded holes in the other tangs. This will create a locking friction in the threads. The pins should be firmly tightened.

Forged steel eye-and-eye swivels have eyes large enough to accept two quick links so no extra rings are necessary. Forged steel swivels have the same type of raised ridge as the forged steel missing links. Also, the tow eyes are similar in size and shape, whereas the cast iron swivels have one eye much smaller than the other. Obviously, cast iron swivels should not be used!

The leash or tie-out is simply a length of chain with a quick link on each end. One link attaches to the ring or swivel eye on the cat's collar; the other link attaches to the owner's belt or other secure anchor point. Normally the same size chain is used for the leash as is used for the collar.

If you read the earlier Newsletter articles (16-6-5 and 17-1-8), you will remember that holding the end of your cat's leash in your hand is not good security. The strongest, most secure equipment in the world is worthless if you drop your end of it. There are several possible ways for you to adequately secure your end of it. If the leash is made of straight link coil chain, a separate belt is not essential, as the end link will fit through any other link and can be secured by putting the quick link through the protruding end of the end link, just as with the collar. Also, quick links 7mm and smaller will usually fit into any link of their recommended sizes of machine or proof chain. Otherwise, a length of straight link coil chain can be used for a belt, fastened just like the collar. This chain need not be larger than #4/0 - you'll break before the #4/0 chain will. This arrangement leaves the quick link sticking out, conveniently available for hooking the leash into it. Such a belt should have its own quick link so the quick link belonging with the leash can stay with the leash.

It must be noted that these techniques do not provide for an emergency quick release capability. This can be provided by connecting the belt quick link into the bale of a Nicro NM2000S snapshackle (also available at yachting supply houses) This snapshackle will hook into the leash quick link. Rings or swivels larger than 3/8", or quick links larger than 9mm are too large to seat properly in this snapshackle and may cause it to pop open under stress. This snapshackle must never be hooked into the middle of a length of chain, as it applies an improper stress to the hinge. If you have a large cat, you may put some kind of short nylon loop or lanyard on the pull string to make it easier to release under load. Yeah, I know, the snapshackle is expensive - around \$9, but you only need one of them and it's alot cheaper than your cat. If you ever get a cat over a limb and dangling on the other side, you will want to be able to cut loose fast!

There are a couple of potential problems inherent in using these links. One is that the threads tend to rust up tight unless protected. I find the modern "space age" lubricants such as TSI-300, 2001 or small arms lubricant to be most effective. WD-40 also works, after a fashion, but it has to be applied more often. The other problem is that the links may yield very slightly under certain abnormal loading conditions if severely stressed by a cat that weighs in at or near the maximum allowable weight for that size link. This will probably tightly jam the sleeve. It is therefore essential that suitable tools be kept available to either forcibly unscrew the sleeve or to cut the link. A wrench as long in inches as the size of the link in millimeters will be sufficient to force the sleeve. Another wrench is used to hold the link as was done when twisting the link.

Do I like this quick link system? No, not really. It is slow and cumbersome to use. Its big advantage is that it is by far the least expensive way to set up adequately strong and secure equipment. I like, and use, and recommend the infinitely more convenient (and considerably more expensive) Brummel hook collars and snapshackle leashes described in the Newsletter 16-2-5.

The equipment strength recommendations are based on "muscle factor" data given me by Bill Engler. Muscle factor is how many times stronger a cat is, pound for pound, than a person. This is: 4 for lions and tigers, 6 for jaguars, and 8 for all the rest except cheetahs, which is 8.5. I recommend that equipment be designed to withstand without breaking a maximum force equal to at least the cat's weight multiplied by the "muscle factor". It is necessary that the nominal breaking strength of the equipment be at least twice this figure to allow for normal wear and corrosion.

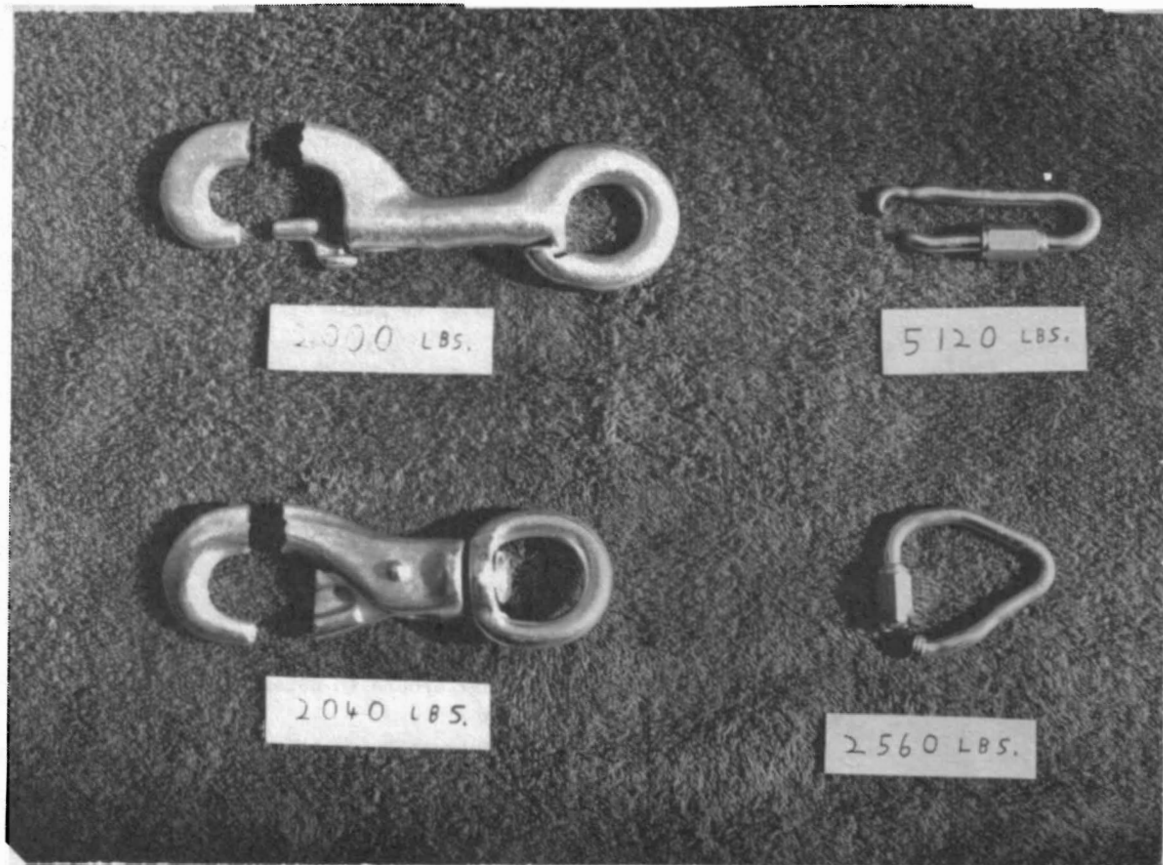
I'd like for all LIOC members who have large cats, to tell me whether or not such extreme strength levels are actually needed. If your cat severely stresses his equipment, let me know about it. I need to know what kind of cat, his weight, what equipment was involved how it was anchored down, what the apparent cause of the incident was, and whether or not there was any damage to the equipment. If at all possible, the equipment itself should be sent in for test. If any part of the equipment actually broke, an identical unbroken piece would be needed for testing.

Dan Meier
301 S. 24th Street
Richmond, California 94804

EDITOR'S NOTE: Additional information in the form of actual stress poundage is available upon request from Dan. He'll be more than happy to furnish this or answer any questions you may have. Please contact him directly.

Sources of supply for those materials in Dan's article can be found on page 13 for those who cannot find them locally and might need to order them by mail.

**Booster
Time?**



LOOKS ARE DECEIVING - Note that the cast iron snaps (the biggest and strongest ones I could find) had a brittle failure, with almost no distortion or warning. The 6mm quick links on the right distorted giving plenty of warning that they had been overloaded. The difference in size and weight is obvious, and there's no spring-loaded opening for the cat to wiggle out of.

CAT SIZE/EQUIPMENT

CROSS REFERENCE CHART

CAT'S WEIGHT			COLLAR PARTS			LEASH PARTS	
LIONS & TIGERS	JAGUARS	ALL OTHER CATS	CHAIN SIZE	SWIVEL SIZE	QUICK LINK SIZE	CHAIN SIZE	QUICK LINK SIZE
40	40	40	#4 Coil	FG663(1)	3-5	#4 Coil or Machine 1/32 aircraft cable	3-5
80	80	80	#1/0 Coil	FG144	5	#1/0 Coil or Machine 1/8" aircraft cable	5
240	160	120	#4/0 Coil	1/4" forged Steel	6	#4/0 coil or machine 7/32" alloy 5/32" aircraft cable	6
320	210	160	#5/0 Coil 7/32" Alloy	" "	7	" "	7
400	270	200	7/32" alloy	5/16" forged steel	8	7/32" alloy 7/32" aircraft cable	8
480	320	240	" "	3/8" Forged Steel	9	" "	9
600	400	300	" "	" "	12	7/32" alloy 1/4" aircraft cable	12
800	530	400	7/32" Columbus-McKinnon alloy 9/32" alloy	1/2" forged steel	12	7/32" Columbus-McKinnon Alloy 9/32" alloy 5/16" aircraft calbe	12

New Dietary Product

Because of the higher nutritional values of this product, three pounds of Feline-Canine Fare replaces four pounds of any natural product, with added benefits of less fecal matter, less odor and thus less cleanup required. A balance ration of trace minerals is included, thus eliminating the need for other supplements, and with no refrigeration required.

The 3% ash content is as low as we can obtain with the formulation as we produce it.

GUARANTEED ANALYSIS

Crude Protein	26.0%
Crude Fat	6.0%
Crude Fibre	1.0%
Ash	3.0%
Added Minerals	3.5%
Moisture	60.0%

Portion packs of either 4, 6, or 16 ounces. Each in disposable plastic trays, with shrink film oven wrap. Packed 60 pounds per carton. **Loaf pack - 15 pound loaves, each loaf individually wrapped, packed 60 pounds per carton.** Mouse Pack - mouse shaped 4 ounce portions in disposable trays of eight mice per tray. **Packed 15 trays or 30 pounds per carton.** Price: 39¢ a pound, or \$23.40 per case of #15 loaves, F.O.B. Los Angeles. We would suggest combining any regional orders to obtain better freight rates on shipments.

Reliable Protein Products
1736 East 23rd Street
Los Angeles, California 90058
(213) 747-5881



THE BIRTHS

Charles and Sadie Douglas have two new ocelot kittens. The mother Pepper, is taking good care of them so their sex is yet undetermined. Pepper is four years old and this is her first litter. The father is Tiki.

The Olympic Game Farm is still at it - they report in this month with three cougar litters, one bobcat litter and their first ocelot kit.

The Hatfield's jaguar Sassy has presented them with three babies. As of this writing two survive..the mother destroyed one. Also late word has it they have three more ocelot kits to add to the list.

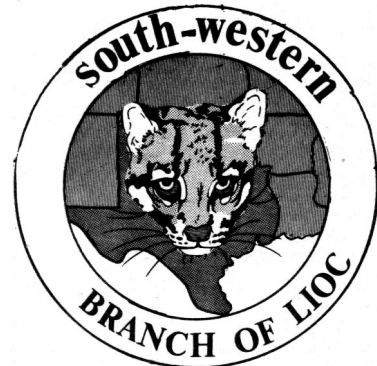
Before Surgery...

The National Cancer Institute still needs your help in collecting tissue samples from the exotic cats to help in their research programs. **If you are anticipating surgery please contact them first.** A tissue sample taken from your cat (it won't hurt him) may be vital in saving someone's life through this research.

Please contact them prior to surgery at the address below or call collect identifying yourself as a member of the Long Island Ocelot Club. It won't cost you anything but a minute of your time and it may be invaluable to their cause....please help.

Contact: Marie Purdy
National Cancer Institute
Viral Leukemia Branch
Landau Building, Room C-306
Bethesda, Md. 20014
(301) 496-6135

Meeting Announcement



A revival meeting of the South-Western Branch will be held June 22nd in Marshall, Texas at Roger Harmon's "farm". Meeting will start at 2:00 PM.

Contact Roger and let him know if you can attend his address is:

401 E. Pinecrest Drive
Marshall, Texas 75670

If you'll need to stay the night, we recommend the Holiday Inn in Marshall. Contact your local Inn for reservations, or let Roger know to make them for you.

It's been a while folk - got lots of catching up to do...so YALL COME!

Readers Write

Dear Sir:

I am asking for your assistance in making a decision whether or not to attempt to purchase an ocelot.

I have ten acres of heavily wooded forest at 7,000 feet elevation, twenty miles outside of Colorado Springs. The temperature in this area is cool - rarely above 90 degrees in the summer and quite variable in the winter - from 20 degrees below to 70 degrees above zero.

I have seven Irish Wolfhounds and two great danes, who get along quite well with my short hair tabby cats. I live alone, and I love the all. I do have show dogs and the puppies of both breeds often play rather roughly with the cats who tolerate them most of the time with what dignity they can muster. When things get too rough they teach each pup a lesson, to establish a degree of respect. I do have visitors often and some bring small children. During some of these visits my more exuberant dogs are kept out of the house.

This roughly outlines the environment into which I might consider bringing an ocelot.

I need your advice concerning whether this type of environment would present any problems which would be a hardship for a cat.

Would declawing and defanging put it at an unfair advantage in the event it had a serious argument with one of my giant dogs? Would it be less able to climb out of harms way? To avoid any serious injury to puppies I think I would prefer alteration.

Would the cat tolerate being banished from the house for several hours to several days in a warm, large kennel when young children are visiting? Of course when children are not visiting the cat would have the same house privileges as everyone else.

Dr. Paul W. Palmer, M.D.
13775 Vollmer Road
Colorado Springs, Colorado 80908

Dear Shirley:

I feel the government is trying to take away the right of the individual to own the pet we so desire. They are starting with the falconer's as they have the least number of people involved with the hobby or sport involving a form of exotic. One of the parties pushing the Government to get this bill passed is the Sierra Club. This club is very opposed to people owning any type of exotic animal.

I am getting tired of the government, state, city and federal, telling me how to keep, house, feed, and every other thing imaginable when it comes to owning an exotic. What gives these people the qualifications to tell me this? I've been treated like some kind of nut because I won an exotic animal.

Let me give you an example of what happened to be because I own a pair of cougars. I bought a house in Freemont, California and moved into it. I was not aware of any ordinances against my cats. After being there three months, the animal control came out and told me that unless I built a cage costing approximately \$2,000 in less than five days, they would site me and take the animals. I am fortunate in that I have a higher income and money talks.

I hired a lawyer and we began talking with the City Manager, Zoning Commissioner, City Attorney and the Animal Control people. The reason why I bought this particular house is because it has a 20' x 20' enclosed patio which I had fixed up for the animals. After pulling strings and

putting pressure on the city government, they issued me a permit. If I hadn't had the money to fight them and didn't know some of the people I do, I wouldn't have had a chance. The cage the city proposed I build was much smaller than the quarters I renovated for them.

None of the people I talked with who were enforcing these regulations had any experience with any type of exotic animal. I did volunteer to the City Manager my time in talking to people who wish to own an exotic and give them some idea as what's involved in caring for these animals.

The City Manager in turn is going to review the present ordinances with thought to making them more lenient for those who can properly afford to take care of an exotic.

If we want to continue to own exotic animals, we will all have to stick together, unite with other clubs like the falconers, and fight these things together. If we don't in a few years none of us will be able to legally own an exotic. Don't let the government, or anyone else, take away our rights to own the animal of our choice.

Chris Dalri
Freemont, Cal.



We're gonna fight!

Ken Hatfield is going to head up our efforts to fight the recent legislation against exotic cats. Ken is planning to make a trip to Washington, D.C. to talk to the folks at the Department of the Interior with respect to having our kittens exempted from the present proposed ban on interstate shipment and sale of wildlife. Since these kittens are descendants of animals which are legal under the act, having been brought into the country prior to the act, we have high hopes. Should this fail however, Ken is willing to take to the courts in this fight.

Of course this will take money. We are asking for donations (whatever the amount) to help finance the travel expenses, and any legal fees he will have to incur. Please be generous....send checks to:

Ken Hatfield - LIOC Legal Aid
1991 S. W. 136th Avenue
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33314

When exotics are
outlawed

Exotic owners will be
Outlaws



Commentary: Fur Farming

By Bill Boyle

Recently, the issue of fur farming of exotic felines has become a matter which has provoked much thought and discussion among not only L.I.O.C. members but wildlife conservationists throughout the entire world. I was very fortunate in being able to attend the Third Symposium on Cats of the World recently held in Seattle, Washington directed by Randall L. Eaton and sponsored by the Woodland Park Zoological Society. Needless to say the whole symposium was informative, interesting and fascinating. Experts from all over the world attended and the lectures were superb.

Almost one complete afternoon was devoted to the problem of commercial fur farming of exotic felines. Mr. Brager-Larsen of the International Fur Breeders Association gave a lengthy lecture on why commercial fur farming of exotic felines was desirable. His basic premise was that females or women have some sort of innate desire to wear the natural pelts of spotted cats. He felt that once this premise was accepted that his second premise, to-wit that by ranching commercially the spotted cats, the remaining cats in the wild would not be poached and would be left alone and therefore not be endangered. He stated that the demand for these spotted pelts would not be feasible. He readily admitted that their (fur breeders association) main reason for wanting to ranch exotics was for profit involved. He gave a lengthy dissertation with reference to what they have accomplished with the mink and also admitted that the fur breeders' association has the funds to do the necessary research in order to launch such a program on a large scale, and in fact were already proceeding in Germany and in other countries. Dr. Leyhausen, in rebuttal, replied that his research indicated, that it would take some ten years to develop an efficient ranching system and during the interim period, by sanctioning the use of spotted pelts, the demand would increase in all countries at a rapid and ever increasing rate. This demand in turn would encourage further poaching of the animals left in the wild and eventual destruction of the spotted felines in their natural habitat. He felt quite strongly that the fur industry would never be able to meet the demand that they would create and that therefore, for practical reasons alone, fur farming of exotic felines would not help conserve them but would have the opposite effect. Dr. Leyhausen also commented on the emotional distaste for such a program and felt quite strongly that we as human beings do operate somewhat on an emotional basis and that he for one was proud that he was emotional in his feelings.

My own personal conclusion with reference to this issue is that there are many alternatives for saving our exotic felines and that said alternatives are sound and reasonable.

1. Establish and encourage the establishment of natural game reserves in all countries and also develop wildlife parks such as Lion Country Safari. These organizations operate also for a profit motive. The results are not only an educational and entertaining experience for the general public but far less distasteful than commercial fur farming. They further will help in the preservation of the exotics,
2. Increased international efforts to ban the export and import of spotted furs. Admittedly this is a difficult and frustrating effort and requires money, time and devotion. However, if we consider the progress made in the United States in the last ten years alone, through conservation efforts and planned promotion against wearing of spotted furs, there is no reason that the same results and efforts cannot be achieved in other countries. We should keep in mind that once the demand for exotic spotted pelts is gone then the supply is safe. Of course, we realize that population inroads due to expansion will limit the territories available for the wild felines. But this is an entirely separate issue and even though admittedly has reduced the wild feline population, it is not the subject of this discussion. It is obvious that our conservation efforts throughout the world are having some effect on preserving our wild felines. It should be noted that in 1968 over 148,000 ocelot pelts were exported from South America. In 1972 the figure dropped to 25,000. There are many explanations for this drop but certainly South America's cooperation with the United States and other conservation minded countries has been a major factor.

3. Encourage L.I.O.C. and other private owners to breed their cats, so that the limited pet demand can be adequately satisfied. L.I.O.C. and other private owners have not done much in the past in this direction but during the past three years I personally have noticed that we have begun to move in this direction. The wealth of information that our members have contributed regarding the exotics has been under estimated not only by the general public but by some of the conservationists and it is high time that we realize that we are and can be a significant instrument in the saving of all exotic felines. We should not apologize for private ownership and conservation of a species. There is no reason why loving and having these animals as pets cannot be compatible with saving them from extinction if the membership cooperates.

4. Zoos throughout the world should and are increasing their efforts toward breeding endangered species. Many of our more progressive zoos are now developing more natural habitats for their felines and gone should be the days of small cages housing tigers, lions, etc. The wildlife parks have already proven that exhibition and conservation can be compatible. It should be noted that grotto types of exhibitions of the smaller felids has proven interesting to the public so there is no need for zoos to restrict their collections to the larger more spectacular felines. People are interested in the small felines especially if they are displayed or exhibited in an interesting manner.

In conclusion, it appears to me at least that there is no validity in the argument that fur farming will save our cats. Admittedly, I am emotional with reference to this issue but after listening to the experts and considering both sides of the argument I can only conclude that Dr. Leyhausen is correct. As we all know the ranch raised mink bears little or no resemblance to its wild brothers. Imagine twenty years from now an ocelot whose decedents have been raised in tiny cages selectively bred for pelt size, color, etc. I personally envision a schmoo type animal with a huge body and a tiny head bearing little or no resemblance to the two beautiful ocelots that I now keep in my home.

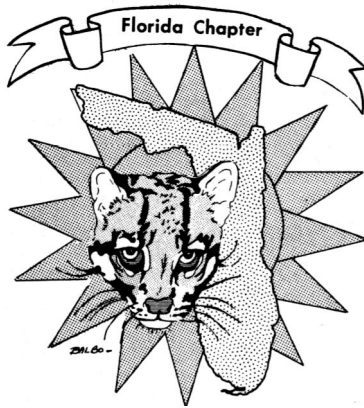
EDITOR'S NOTE: Needless to say L.I.O.C. will not condone fur farming. The intent of our organization, which is the preservation and propagation of all species of felida, leaves little room for discussion on the matter.

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



The Florida Chapter of LIOC holds its meeting on Sunday, May 12th at Moss Park in Orlando, Florida. Hosts were Sadie Douglas and Vela Canty.

We had a nice turnout in spite of a light rain that stayed with us all day. Those present were: Charles and Sadie Douglas, Dan and Vela Canty, Bob and Sandy Harkipf, Chuck and Susie Kindt, Ken Hatfield, Don and Bonnie Hadley, Adele and Harold Thompson, Ward and Barbara Price, B. J. Lester, Kim and Jane Bajeter, Don Pachocki, and Ron and Chris Tucker. Mrs. Hood and grandson Cridket came for the meeting but had to leave early as Mrs. Hood became ill. Jean Hatfield couldn't be with us as she remained home to baby-sit with their new jaguar cubs. Everyone missed her and we appreciated Susie Kindt collecting the money in Jean's absence.

Special thanks go to Vela Canty for the nice lunch she prepared - everyone enjoyed it and most went back for seconds. After lunch Ken called the meeting to order. The main topic was of course a proposed bill now in Tallahassee, HB3172. Ken urged all members to write to their local representatives opposing this new bill as it's unconstitutional. Members voted to spend our treasury money for stamps and form letters. Some members of course have already written. Ken has also written to A.C.L.U. for legal help, but so far hasn't received an answer.

Ken spoke briefly on ocelot fur farming in Germany and Denmark.

The meeting adjourned with more visiting and playing with Chuck and Susie's baby golden cat which is now nine weeks old. She is so very friendly and several members were tempted to steal her.

Finally everyone got started for home. Notices for the July meeting will be mailed to members.

Sadie Douglas
Corresponding Secretary
Florida Chapter LIOC

Remember

A balanced diet
includes roughage

MEETING REPORT

APRIL, 1974

The Cascade Branch of LIOC met at Milt and Marci Wilde's home in Bothell, Washington. With the aid of a few trees, we managed to have four cougars and two bobcats in the backyard. Charlie Brown, bobcat, played host to all visiting felines. The neighbors were a bit wary but no problems occurred.

After the usual beginning chit chat we got down to business. We adopted six by-laws for our branch. Without going into great detail they state: no one cat host a meeting if their cat has been sick thirty days prior to the meeting date, no children under twelve years of age, the host of the meetings is responsible for seeing that no uninvited children drop in, the branch will handle and talk to anyone who is mistreating, or not taking proper care of their animals, and last but not least, members shall provide and/or make sure that there are proper facilities for their cats before bringing them to a meeting.

The next hour was spent discussing fur farming of felines. A motion was made that anyone in the fur farming business or anyone actively supporting fur farming may not be a member of our branch. It was decided to table the motion. Nothing was settled.

John Parramore read parts of a couple of laws which state we cannot sell, nor legally move our cats without numerous permits. Due to lack of time we were not able to decide how we could best tackle this problem.

Dale Pederson of Graham, Washington, said he will board our cats if the need arises. I'm sure this will come in handy for some members.

Barbara Wilson, her daughter Kathy, Gale Schaecher and Pat Schaecher joined us from the Portland Branch. They brought bumper stickers and convention buttons to sell. They also had their picture buttons for everyone to see. They really are great. The machine will be at the convention so everyone can have a picture of their "baby" to wear.

It was decided that we would get a committee to meet with Portland to decide how we could help. John & Linda Parramore, Chip DiJulio, and I volunteered. Hopefully we'll get something done.

Dean Barrick brought some drawings of different cats that he had drawn. They were terrific.

Meeting was adjourned and everyone ate a fabulous lunch. Blaine Wells brought Merlin, Judy and Wade brought Misty and Spike, Fritz brought Rick and Rochelle, and Clint and Judy White had two bob kitties, Anthony and Cleo.

A raffle ended the gathering. Our next meeting is planned for June 2nd.

Respectfully submitted
Rochelle Kozisek

Tuffy: An Alaskan Lynx

By John Fouse

When Mr. and Mrs. America think of Alaska, if indeed they do think of it at all, they ponder the mass expanses of arctic tundra, eskimos, rugged mountain ranges, moose and polar bear. When Mr. and Mrs. L.I.O.C. think of Alaska, if indeed they should ever think of it at all, they ponder not the ice and snow as others would, but they dream and wonder of Felis Lynx, the northern lynx.

Since childhood I have been intrigued by that wonderful and mysterious creature, the cat. Big cats, small cats, fat cats, but mostly, wild or exotic cats. When my father would take my tow brothers and I to the zoo, all I cared about were the cats. I would stare at them for hours, as I do now, these wonderful and most beautiful of God's unhuman creatures.

Not having much of an imagination, the thought had never occurred to me that anyone had ever had an exotic cat as a pet, so you can imagine how delighted and interested I became when I discovered L.I.O.C. Like others, I first became bananas over this type of cat and then I went bananas over that type of cat.

In December, 1971, during one of my weekly visits to the Alaska Children's Zoo (not a big one, but a small zoo is better than no zoo at all), I was sitting in front of the lynx cage with my friend and zoo Director, Dick Zinnman; we were discussing Mr. Felis Lynx and the background on how he came to acquire the two in the cage before us, but that's another story, Dick happened to mention a man he knew who had raised wild born lynx as pets. I got the man's name and that evening I called him only to discover that the cat had been put to sleep two weeks before. I learned that the lynx had lived to be over 16 years old, and had been having heart trouble, among other things. He told me to contact him after the New Year and he would be glad to answer my questions. Thus I came to learn the wonderful story of Tuffy the lynx.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sperstad were living near Hope, Alaska, about one hundred miles south of Anchorage, in the spring of 1956. One morning while checking his trap line with a friend, they discovered a female lynx who had been killed by wolf while caught in one of the traps. By the looks of the female it appeared that she was nursing kittens, so they searched the area and soon discovered the den nearby. In the den they found four kittens, two male and two female, that appeared to be about two or three weeks old. Tom took the kittens home to his wife and that's where it all began.

Now before the do-gooders and other save everything types get all bent out of shape, let me add a word or two about the Sperstad's. Tom is a game guide by trade. He was doing it before I was born (and that was nearly twenty-nine years ago) and he and his wife have spent most of their lives in Alaska. There's one thing you should know about the typical long-time Alaskan, he or she is a real person, concerned about real things. I am not a long-time Alaskan, but I'd be proud to be able to say I was. There are few "do-gooders" in Alaska, but a lot of real people doing the best job they can, all things considered. To some a trapline is a terrible and evil thing. To others in some places (like Hope, Alaska in the '50's) it'll most likely be where you get your next meal. Even today, life is hard for man and beast in the land of the midnight sun.

The kittens found the first few days in their new home with their new parents a little rough. The Sperstads' first tried to feed them dry dog food but that didn't work too well. After trying this and that, they found that the kittens would take to raw hamburger and powdered milk. Once the menu was established everything seemed to be going fine.

After having the lynx kittens for about two weeks, they gave one of the females to some friends, but in a short time it died. Meanwhile, back at the Sperstads, the other three were doing fine and soon had the run of the place. The Sperstads didn't really know what to do with their foster children. All three appeared to be almost completely at ease in what would normally be strange surroundings for lynx kittens. They would follow the humans around all day long (between naps and feedings) and showed no fear of anyone or anything. The Sperstads didn't really plan to keep the kittens, it just turned out that the kittens decided to keep the Sperstads.

Once the three of them were big enough and strong enough to run around the house and get a pretty good idea of where everything was in their new home, the Sperstads started letting the kittens on the loose outside. The idea was that if and when they choose to return to their natural home, there would be nothing to stop them.

From the first day they had the kittens, there was one who demanded more attention, was most lovable, won all the wrestling matches and ate most of the food. It could have been because he was also the biggest of the litter, but he was the favorite from the start. He was named Tuffy, the other male was named Stinky and the remaining female, Fluffy.

Now, the Sperstads' knew nothing of exotic cats, they raised the kittens on common sense and love. None of the kittens was ever given any type of shot and required little or no medical attention. No doubt there was a lot of luck involved here.

As time went on, the lynx all became more and more like domestic house cats. They were just bigger, stronger, smarter, and ate more.

As with all exotics, claws became a problem. The problem was solved by giving the guilty party a good smack with a newspaper or anything else that was handy. In no time at all everyone concerned got the point. The kittens decided that it was better not to get hit with a newspaper than it was to claw up the furniture.

All three of the lynx loved almost all humans they met. They especially loved children. The Sperstads' young grandchildren would play with the lynx for hours. They three lynxes especially loved to sleep with the kids.

Tuffy, the largest of the three, had the most outstanding personality. Sometimes he seemed almost human in his actions. When he ate, he liked to be served at the table when the family ate. He would eat anything and everything, but his diet consisted of chicken, canned dog food and cat food for the most part. All three liked to ride in the car but Tuffy especially loved it. He would sit in the back seat and behaved himself quite well. The longer the ride, the better he liked it.

Unlike his brother and sister, Tuffy had one bad habit, if you can call it really bad - he loved beer. He would drink all he could get, but it didn't take much and he'd be down and out. After a good sleep, Tuffy would suffer from a hangover and sit in the corner and feel sorry for himself. The only time you couldn't handle him was when he was suffering from a hangover, even Fluffy and Stinky would stay out of his way then.

Continued page 11



Tuffy...continued

When they were about three years old, Stinky and Fluffy went outside one day and were never seen again. Shortly after that, the Sperstads moved to Anchorage. It didn't take Tuffy long to adjust to his new home. Their new home was about ten miles south of Anchorage and the nearest house was a mile away, so there was no trouble with the neighbors who might not understand about a lynx living next door.

By the time Tuffy was three years old, he weighed over forty pounds. This was due in part to his diet, and the fact that he was extremely lazy. Spoiled may be a better choice of words as he loved to be carried around and have everyone make a general fuss about him. As Mrs. Sperstad put it, "Tuffy had us very well trained".

Tuffy's life was rather uneventful for the most part, he spent most of his time taking naps, or eating or playing with the grandchildren. The older he got, the less he cared for going outside to play.

At about the age of thirteen, he began having heart trouble. By that time he was nearly sixty pounds. Various diets were designed to help him loose weight but they did no good. The Sperstads didn't know how long he would have lived in the wild but were quite sure it wouldn't have been much over ten years.

In the fall of 1971, Tuffy was in a real bad way, he had little or no energy and began keeping to himself more and more. A few weeks before Christmas Tuffy had a heart attack and the vet recommended he be put to sleep. His passing was a deep loss to the Sperstads who loved him dearly. Their relationship with Tuffy was a rewarding experience that has added pleasure to their lives. I had never met Tuffy, but I miss him too.



ON HAIR PULLING

Linda Morse of the Pacific Northwest Branch reports that she and other members up there have had success in curbing hair pulling by supplementing their cat's diet with extra vitamin E....it's worth a try.

SMELLY PROBLEMS?

Jean Townes says we've all seen the television commercial advocating the use of baking soda in a litter box. She suggests the same for those cats who use a water pan. Add approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soda to the water and it neutralized the odors.

BAD NEWS

Sassy Tassy, a three year old bobcat, is dead of anemia. Sassy belonged with the Malyszka family of Santa Ana, California. Jill and Ray are early members of LIOC.

HELP FOR SPRAYING ASKED

The only problem we have with Sakki is that she sprays alot. I had tried everything to stop her. She does not do it all the time, only in the mornings and early afternoons. At night, when I open the sliding glass door to the patio, she comes in, jumps on the bed, washes herself and goes to sleep...no problem. But early in the morning I have to put her outside, or if the weather is not nice, I have her in one of the bathrooms. In the bathroom she won't spray...does anyone have any suggestions?

Mrs. Elfie Pearson
R. Rt #2, Box 1413
Daytona Beach, Fla. 32019

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.



Jake

She's older of course, definately a lady of the world; sweet and timid but very forceful. The lady's name is Katie. Katie is five years old, a bobcat, and this is her third home... but it's definately her last.

Jake is in heaven - it's nice for him as domestic cats and dogs do get tiring.

Katie is the first lady bobcat Jake has ever met. It isn't exactly love at first sight, or maybe it is. With a wire partition between them, they put their heads down and charge like two bulls with their tails wagging.

As soon as they have adjusted, Katie will join Jake in a 12' x 12' pen outside. Jake also has a cable which he is put out on. It's about fifty feet long and allows him to play with his balls and toys in the tall grass.

The Lady In Jake's Life



Katie

Jake is still loving and affectionate to everyone which means if you get too close you get slobbered on. Too close may be twenty feet away. Strange as it seems, Jake thinks he's part bird. He can span the living room of twenty-three feet and be in your arms in a second. If you or he misses, he just falls to the floor, never putting a claw in you. Ye, Jake has all his original equipment.

We love them both and enjoy watching them fo hours. As you can see, Katie has no black spots and Jake at times looks much like an ocelot, having beautiful spots all over him. It is facinating that bobcats come in so many colors.

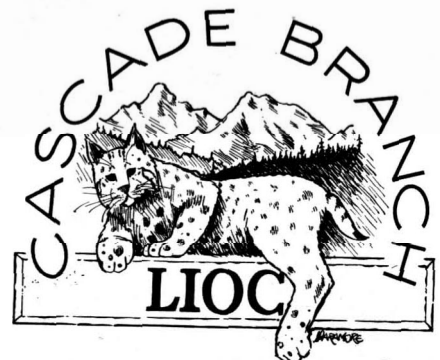
With a little luck, we'll have little ones next year...we'll keep you posted.

Wally and Ginger Bordwell
Shelton, Washington



Convention 1974

Cosmopolitan Airtel
Portland, Oregon
August 2, 3 & 4



SPEAKERS

Dr. Randall Eaton of the Woodland Park Zoo will speak on the reproductive biology and behavior of the ocelot.

William Hodge will speak on the Olympic Game Farm in Sequim, Washington. Watch the next Newsletter for an article on this.

Dr. Tulene of the Buckley School will speak on genetics.

For further information contact:

Herb Wilton
7800 S.E. Luther Road
Portland, Oregon 97206
(503) 774-1657
(503) 771-1079



Love vs. Discipline... Or Both?

By B. J. Lester

To me, the love one feels for an exotic animal should be translated to mean "understanding" and looking at life through an exotic cat's eyes. It shouldn't be the possessive, egotistical, all-consuming love that blinds one to the animal's true needs.

This has been my philosophy during the short four and one half years that I have had margays and babysat with ocelots. And it includes my two years working at the Jacksonville, Florida Zoo. Mainly, my experience has been with a male margay obtained when he was about four months old. He had been caught wild in Columbia, South America, and had been in Florida about a month, living with a family who had children (that's about all I know about his background).

The primary ingredients I have used in living at peace with him (and visa versa) have been to gear my lifestyle to his every need (except the one in which he chews and swallows leather and rubber).

I spent almost every moment when I was at home with him, playing with him and letting his natural instincts come forth. Such as...he learned to retrieve a small ball to use up his extra energies. We would go for romps in the grass (leashed of course) and run fast together with Gigolo dashing up the nearest tree, and dashing back down head first. Or...he would climb and wind his way through the small branches of a low tree, getting his leash tangled, hanging upside down. Or just sit quietly and listen to the sounds of the world.

I took him with me in the car as many places as possible, even to the ice skating rink and one time to the movies (when he was about six months old). He has been on television many times and on exhibit at trade shows for the Jacksonville Zoo and visited schoolrooms for the youngsters to see and learn about exotics; and to be instructed in the problems of having wildlife as pets.

When Gigolo first came to live with me, I took him to an LIOC meeting (involving a five hour ride). When I took him out of his cage and held him close to me, he bit my face. Ken Hatfield was standing there and said I shouldn't have done this...because the cat was just frightened and in a strange place. That was the first and last time I have ever slapped him.

During his subsequent periods of growth and behavior changes, I observed his moods and the time of day when he behaved in certain ways. I pretty much know now when he will do just what, and I behave accordingly. For a while, I tried different methods of "disciplining" - such as a small piece of leather with which to sting him if he bit too hard. That didn't work! Gigolo tried to eat the leather.

Then, I took a rolled-up newspaper to swat him lightly with if he got too excited and lost his cool. That just infuriated him all the more. I also tried giving him a dose of his own medicine - He bit me - I bit him! (This sometimes works with primates) But then Gigolo would bite me even harder and since his teeth were sharper than mine that method was eliminated.

So now when he gets too excited, I hold him close, talk softly to him and pretend like I am crying with a high squeal. He almost always stops biting me and glances around to see what the squeal came from.

Only rarely do I have to unwind his four paws and pry open his mouth to quickly put him into his holding cage. After a minute or so he is calm once again and has forgotten the source of his excitement, and then we go back to our tumbling.

Sometimes when he is very, very "on his mads" as I call his behavior when he spits and runs up and down his perches, I can hold him close and lie down on the bed. He then totally changes his mood from madness to love. He actually verbalizes to me, giving the mating call and its attendant postures.

Gigolo and I are in tune to each other for another reason. He has always lived in the same facility with me. We cook together, eat together, and at one time slept together. But...with Gigolo's habit of chewing cloth, it became necessary for me to build a wire cage around my bed. Also had to replace my curtains with oil cloth and remove the rug and lay linoleum. Gigolo actually cries to get into the bed-cage with me during the night. If I relent and let him, he is okay for a few minutes but then suddenly attacks the pillow case with such fury that one would think it was a rabbit or chicken.

There is also the outdoor exercise cage with the den, perches and tree in it for romping during good weather. Our climate here in north Florida goes down to freezing sometimes but Gigolo still likes to be in his outside cage for a short while. There is a heat lamp in his den but he rarely goes in it, preferring to sleep in the outside barrel. I put up plastic wind shields from December through March because I live a block from the Atlantic Ocean and it gets rather raw on occasion.

Now that Gigolo has fully matured, I don't take him around the public too often. We still go to the vet where he behaves unlike he did as a youngster. He used to be really good at the vet's but now he growls and spits at the vet as he enters the room. However, he does not seem to mind the other people at the clinic. He bit me (breaking the skin) for the first time ever during our last vet visit as I held him down for his injections. It seems that Gigolo relates the sight (or maybe the smell) of the vet with the sting of the shots and the insertion of the thermometers.

How beautiful and fascinating are the instincts of these exotics! I only hope that these traits stay with the captive born ones since they are a marvel of nature and a wonder of wildlife; a joy to behold.

I, personally, do not believe in declawing or defanging the small exotics and have had little experience with the big ones. However, my two second-hand margays, reared by someone else, are a different story. It has taken me six months to a year to gain their confidence and then I am never really sure of their behavior.

Realizing that the above is not new information to many owners, I wanted to share it with other members in hopes they will submit their experiences for us to enjoy.

The main thing about being "married" to a margay - I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Love, honor, and obey? Yea, man!!!



Introducing: Term Directors

John Paramore

I don't guess I'm a whole bunch different from most members....crazier maybe, but we all are to one degree or another. I'm the neighborhood weirdo of course, and I've always been a maverick of sorts, which may show before I get to the end of this, but overall I'm pretty average.

I was born in Los Angeles, 34 years ago, and was promptly reeled off to the Northwest by parents who saw better living here. Most of my life has been spent skipping between this area and Southern California, with a few side trips courtesy of Uncle Sam. Historically, the family ain't much to get excited over, my only ancestors of any note were General McClellan, most famous for his ability to avoid combat in the civil war, Uncle Homer (Mills) who was one of the truly talented con-men in history (averaged \$500,000 for twenty years selling phony mine stocks before he was caught....then did nearly as well at it...as a prisoner) and was not mentioned in the family, and that's probably why I liked him. For what this is worth, ant to confirm the suspicions of the "walking dictionaries", Wise apples, and other wizards of the universe in the club, the name is French in origin, was originally spelled Paramour (spelling apparently altered by embarrassed Victorian ancestors) and for the very reasons you might suspect...the founders of the name were...ahhh...er..ladies of the court? Anyway, I've long given up wishing that my ancestors had stuck to things like smithing or shoe-making.

As to hobbies, I'm first of all a racing nut. I spent a number of years driving limited hydroplanes, but as a married sort gave that up. I also like photography and art (I was trained as a commercial artist...when I told the army that they made me a road grader operator). I like playing with odd mechanical things, and restoring weird cars... currently I'm starting on an early Corvair coupe (don't laugh, before that is was Borgwards). And, of course, Linda and I are cat nuts. We have a leopard, Felix, and three ocelots, Cholo, Budget and Max, and another pair of ocelots expected momentarily. We also have about a half dozen cats, a dog, some tortoises, and a decent landlady. In addition, we seem to be the local weird animal aid station, taking in and repairing such things as wounded crows, pregnant chipmunks, and last year, a "lawn-mowered" garter snake (that recovered nicely). I'm also a motorcycle addict.

We got our first cat in 1969...and the wrong way, by discovering Cholo in a pet shop and saying something like "Gee!...we allus wanted one of them!" Fortunately, our vet at the time was honest ("Frankly", he said, "Those things scare the hell out of me!") and referred us to the area wildcat vet, Dr. James Foster, who was an L.I.O.C. member and told us how to join. The Club, and members who knew what mistakes to avoid and what to do, is probably the major reason we've still got our cats and, so far at least, have had decent success with them.

Currently, my special interest is in breeding by artificial insemination, and we've been working with several researchers and members and the Olympic Game Farm to produce various wild animals, particularly difficult to breed cats, by artificial insemination. Currently, the game farm has several expecting timber wolves that were inseminated, so we're getting there.

Bill Boyle

My involvement with the Long Island Ocelot Club began about six years ago. Prior to that time I had for years been interested and fascinated by exotic felines. One night on T.V. I happened to see the Disney film on the ocelot that had been raised by a gas station attendant in the Southern part of New Mexico. That did it -- I had to have one. I immediately contacted a client of mine who deals mainly in exotic fish and after a lengthy inquiry was advised that he could purchase a kitten in Columbia, Central America when he was down there on a fish buying trip. I, of course, advised him that I would like him to purchase the kitten for me.

About six months passed and by this time I had pretty well forgotten the whole thing. Then on the day before Thanksgiving, 1968, my client called me and advised that my kitten was arriving that afternoon from Central America at the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport. WOW! The state of shock was unbelievable. I had no knowledge whatsoever about training, feeding or caring in any way for such an animal. Anyway, I was bound and determined and approached the feeding problem as I would a young child. I fed him boned chicken breasts, hamburger, baby vitamins and finally steamed bone meal on the advice of my veterinarian. I was the only one in Tacoma, Washington who had an ocelot let alone who had ever heard of an ocelot. Fortunately, my vet, Dr. Robert Whitacre, was well experienced in the field of domestic felines and gave me the basics of good nutrition and fortunately Henry was a healthy specimen, so my problems were minimum with reference to nutrition. I decided the only way to tame this little monster was to take some time off so I withdrew from my law practice for approximately ten days and spent day and night gaining this little kitten's confidence. It finally worked and we have been friends ever since.

I learned about the Long Island Ocelot Club in a small paperback book purchased in a local pet store. I immediately wrote to Catherine Cisin and purchased her book and joined the club and local branch. Six months later I was on a business trip in San Antonio, Texas and was fortunate enough to be able to purchase a female, Hazel, from a private party who had imported her from Nicaragua. She was three months old and very tame.

My involvement with exotics then took ridiculous proportions. I became so involved purchasing unwanted cats and placing them that my law partners were threatening dissolution of the law firm, and of course my bank account dwindled substantially due to my unsound decisions. Bobcats, cougars, a leopard (now with the Paramores), leopard cat, etc., all arrived in succession over a period of a few years. I just could not resist these animals. My final and most recent effort was hand raising an eight day old kitten cougar from the game farm. Those two hour feedings really got to me but I must say it was a satisfying and rewarding experience. I was very saddened to have to sell this little kitten but the sale was necessitated by my moving from my larger home on the lake into town where I knew she would not be tolerated by the neighbors. During this last year, with my sanity restored, I now am very content with just Hazel and Henry, except an unresolved decision to purchase a clouded leopard kitten from the Olympic Game Farm.

My original involvement with the Long Island Ocelot Club was strictly as a pet owner. My concern for conservation, breeding, etc., was negligible. However, during the past two years my concept of what L.I.O.C. should be has changed considerably. I believe now that we should still be pet oriented, but also devote much more of our efforts toward breeding, conservation, Continued..page 15



New Branch Forming

Paula Strickland is interested in trying to form a new Branch in the Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, and Washington, D. C. area.

If you are interested in trying to get a branch going in this area, please contact Paula at the address below:

Mrs. Paula Strickland
12705 Gordon Boulevard # 32
Woodbridge, Virginia 22191
Phone: (703) 494-8354

Recent Arrivals

John and Rebecca Duke have included in their household a ten month old female cougar, Tina. Tina came to them with a serious calcium deficiency. Since someday they hope to breed Tina, they would be interested in hearing from anyone who might have information on whether this deficiency will interfere with her breeding abilities.

Heide-Marie Fahrenholz of Ringweg, Germany, has adopted a ten week old ocelot, Pardelino. At this time the newcomer is doing great, having adopted to his home and the margay he shares it with. After the initial difficulties they are now sleeping together and getting along very well.

⇒ Security Equipment Sources of Supply

Alloy chain and Hammerloks are available from Columbus-McKinnon Chain Division, Tonawanda, New York, 14150.

Fico and Nico parts: Lands' End, 2241 N. Elston Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

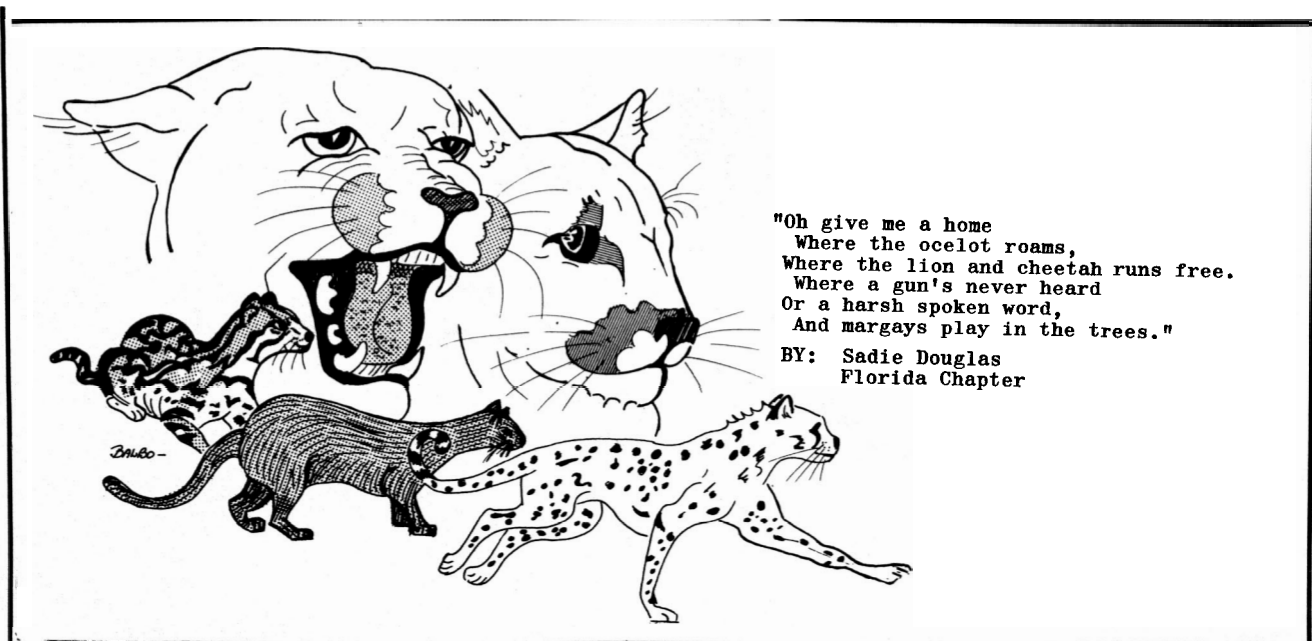
Connector Lings and D-rings: Parachutes, Inc., P. O. Box 96, Orange, Mass. 01364.

Bill Boyle...continued

research, and furnishing the public and experts with information that will make it known that we are not just a bunch of egomaniacs who have exotics for the "parade" factor. We have been a valuable asset for the conservation efforts and we have a wealth of experience and expertise to contribute. There is no reason why a conflict between pet ownership and conservation should be inevitable. The two are not necessarily incompatible. Further, I believe that we should carefully consider legislation proposed and ban together to support what is good for our cats and help defeat what is irresponsible and hastily drafted statutory enactments, and believe me, as an attorney, I assure you most of it is just that!

Other than my interest in the exotics and their welfare, I involve myself, of course, in my professional life and its attendant organizations. I must admit that during the past years the cats have taken priority over all my other activities. However, my hobbies and interests are fortunately varied. I read voraciously; travel too much, photography to a limited degree, and of course, the usual social events that we all engage in. In conclusion, I should like to add that L.I.O.C. has been an integral part of my life these past years and has furnished me with many months of enjoyment and a sense of purpose, aside from the many fine friendships acquired along the way. I should hope that I will have many, many more years of the same.

**KNOW
YOUR
VETERINARIAN'S
TELEPHONE NUMBER**



"Oh give me a home
Where the ocelot roams,
Where the lion and cheetah runs free.
Where a gun's never heard
Or a harsh spoken word,
And margays play in the trees."

BY: Sadie Douglas
Florida Chapter

Department of the Interior to Hold Hearings

The Department of the Interior advises that before final rulemaking on the changes to the Endangered Species Act of December, 1973, there will be hearings in San Francisco, Washington, D.C. and Miami. The dates, places and times of the hearings will be published in the Federal Register prior to that date, as soon as the draft environmental impact statement being prepared in conjunction with the proposal, has been completed. At least 60 days will be allowed between the publication of that notice and the hearing date.

We ask members in these areas, especially those of you who are breeders to attend these hearings, pointing out the difficulties such a proposal would have on those who are breeding cats in captivity prior to the cut-off date. All relevant comments will be fully considered before final regulations are promulgated.

New Members

1863-174 Linda Brock, Van Nuys, California
1869-174 Rod & Carol Ebertowski, San Jose, California
1881-174 Wesley A. Gentry, Lakeside, California
1868-174 Steven & Debbie Bjork, Arvada, Colorado
1874-174 Dorothy O. Firestone, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
1875-174 Mr. & Mrs. Keith Firestone, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
1872-173 B. Cubbedge & Mary Phillips, Miami, Fla.
1859-174 Pat Bowie, Douglasville, Georgia
1864-174 Arthur A. Elewell, Des Moines, Iowa
1867-174 Kenneth & Nelda Ebling, Overland Park, Kansas
1877-174 Dr. Lawrence Koehler, Petoskey, Michigan
1865-174 Ilene Massey, Independence, Missouri
1878-174 Carolyn & Tom Kirker, Wayne, New Jersey
1879-174 Mike & Maguy Dishon, APO, New York
1858-174 Charles W. Plaxco, Matthews, North Carolina
1857-174 Mr. & Mrs. Richard Johnson, Portland, Oregon
1873-174 Steve & Claudia Carver, Portland, Oregon
1884-174 Len Parker, Portland, Oregon
1883-174 Joaquine Newell, Gresham, Oregon
1857-174 Marc Valetine, Germantown, Tennessee
1862-174 Phillip M. Cook, El Paso, Texas
1856-174 LTC Mervin E. Brock, Springfield, Virginia
1860-174 Rick Lyons, Edmonds, Washington
1870-174 Marie E. Morris, Lake Stevens, Washington
1882-174 David & Sue Alderson, Vancouver, Washington
1876-174 Mrs. Donna Sauer, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

