

# NEWSLETTER

## CONTENTS:

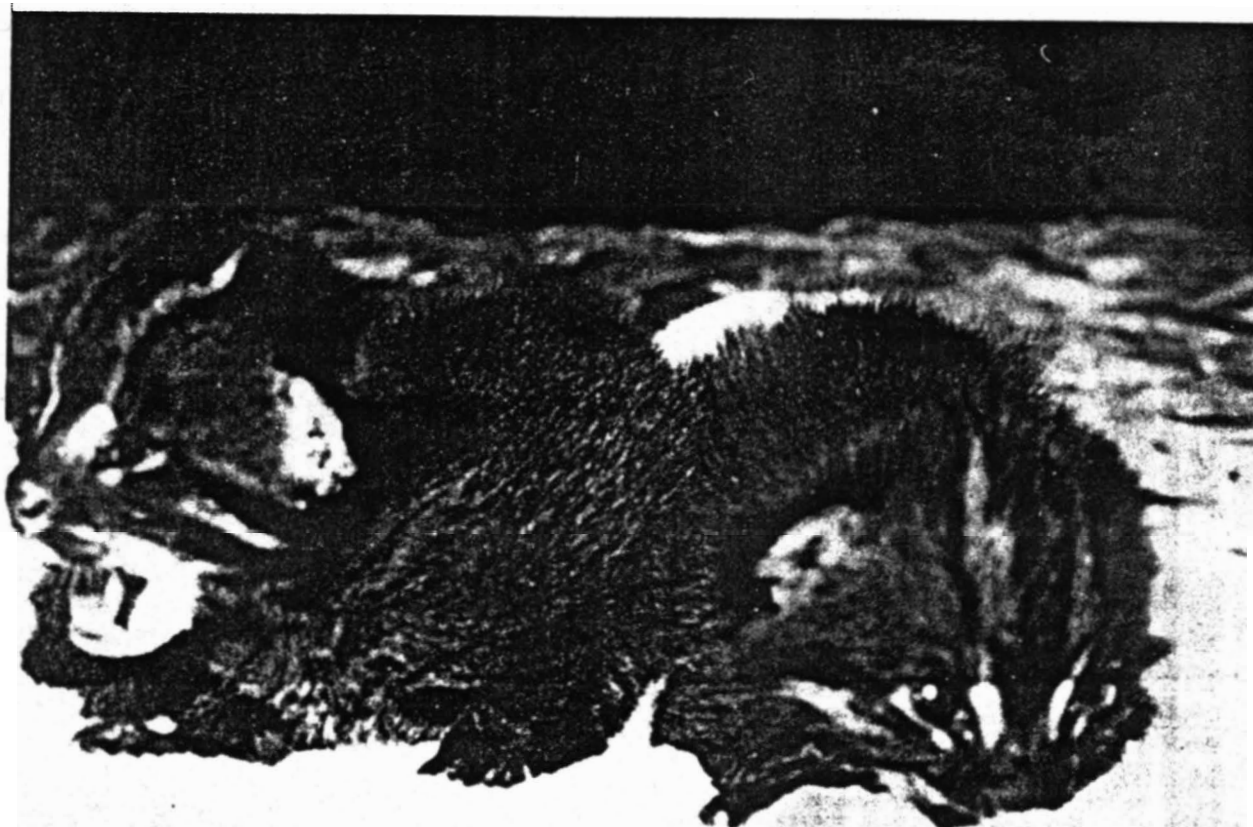
The Ballad of Ari - Part II .....	Page	3
Registration System Ready .....	Page	6
Wm. B. DeThailand & Flower .....	Page	7
Convention Plans Altered .....	Page	7
Legislative Report .....	Page	8
Word from New Jersey .....	Page	9
Branch Reports .....	Page	10
Editorial Response .....	Page	13
Constitutional Amendments Proposed..	Page	14

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

Volume 19 - Number 3

May - June 1975

## LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



Twin Golden Cat kittens born to William B. DeThailand and Flower who are owned by Liz Ghent. This picture was taken when the kittens (a boy and a girl) were three weeks old by Bill Boyle. For details, see page 7.



**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB  
NEWSLETTER**

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Material for publication in the Long Island  
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Local groups are advised that, if convenient,  
the holding of meetings during the odd numbered  
months will ensure the earliest publication time  
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To avoid any interruption of service and  
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new address, old address and the date of  
moving to our Membership Secretary,

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Please send all applications and renewals  
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Send all Newsletter and related material  
to the Editor.

## Please

I NEED YOUR HELP TO MAKE THE NEWSLETTER GREAT!

Send those cards & letters to:

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

We'd love to hear from you.

*Shirley*

# The Ballad of Ari - Part II

Today on the mountain a wrong was done:  
They took Ari from his home in the sun.  
They shot him with darts; four in all,  
With guns drawn, they waited for him to fall.  
But Ari stood alone, his eyes filled with fear,  
He begged me to help him, but they wouldn't let me near...

In part I Ari was forcibly removed from his cage at Ginny's home and taken to a pound, but only after he had recieved four tranquilizing darts and lassoed a couple of times for good measure by County officials. Ginny was fortunate enough to evade them and place her other cats with friends outside L.A. County sparing them Ari's ordeal. And with this short recap we continue with the story.

We arrived at the Pound at 9 AM Thanksgiving with a pickup truck driven by good friends and an extra car with manpower to lift the heavy contraption we'd built to rescue Ari and transport him to his new salvation - or so we thought

At first sight of him he resumed his restless pacing in the small cell, staring fixedly into space with no recognition of anyone. Ronny and I were left alone in the inside corridor adjoining Ari's cubicle and we were instructed to open his door and force him into our portable cage. They anticipated much trouble and difficulty, but we accomplished the task with a minimum of effort; Ari was happy to leave the pathetic barking dogs and unneighborly pig. But most people still were not to be trusted and Ari couldn't understand why. Then he was locked in securely and lifted onto the back of the open truck, where I sat beside him and we were off - my mind still racing as to how we could elude the caravan that followed closely, too closely. But it turned out there was no way - I was not trusted after the Buellton caper, and my lawyer Mr. M would permit no other car to cut in between his vehicle and the truck. The drive lasted about 40 minutes, Ari sitting majestically in his wire enclosure in full view of passing cars who honked and waved in friendly acknowledgement. I stroked his head, neck and chin through the openings and he purred loudly, thinking he was returning home and for a while he forgave me.

At Lion Country our entourage was ment by some of the personnel, including Mr. Q, head zoologist and manager, who informed me briskly that I would never be allowed to enter Ari's new den for any reason whatsoever, and he certainly could not have any of the familiar comforts of home. He was to share his quarters with a young female who had also be confiscated by the Fish and Game Department but she had lived there four months so far and had arrived in an emaciated condition which supported Mr. Q's strong contention that laymen should never own these animals in the first place, without exception. He seemed surprised to note Ari's superior physical shape and disposition, but immediately ordered me not to touch him anymore, as he refused to be liable for any sort of dangers the cat might inflict. Actually, Ari's overweight was probably a significant factor in saving his life, since he consistently refused to touch Zu-Preme which was the only food offered him. I was forbidden to provide him with his favorite menu, but my mind was already plotting a smuggling operation, and I acquired an ally. Her name is Pat and she had worked there in the nursery for five years. She took me aside and promised she would personally look after Ari; to be sure that he consumed his meals, see that no harm befell him, and give him the love and attention he craved. I was greatly relieved at this reassurance, but when she kept her word worse consequences were to follow.

We ate our Thanksgiving dinner in the little restaurant there, hamburgers and coleslaw. It was meager, but I knew I had to be grateful that my cats were still alive. Ari remained locked inside his box overnight within the confines of his new domicile, so we were unable to witness his release the following morning into the dark cave-like interior and the unpredictable meeting of its other inhabitants.

Friday I had an appointment with the Fish and Game people in Long Beach and had arranged for several friends to meet us there. I was uncertain of the purpose or what could be accomplished - and the futile outcome only proved I was correct in my assumption that nobody seemed to know what they were doing. Mr. M most of all. I felt he must be involved in their form of blackmail since he supported their insistence that unless I revealed Cavey's hideout I had dim hopes of Ari's return - ever. It was a stalemate. I could not betray Vivian and Ted. Also, had Mr. M secured the permit application that day, it would have saved us much time and aversity - however his bungling ineptness was becoming more and more evident.

I rushed home to watch my friend Virginia English on the Pamela Mason TV show, in which she stated the facts as they had happened the preceding week and appealed for help. The results were good and several listeners called in to offer assistance and sympathy. But as yet we were really powerless to suggest how they might lend a hand. At that point however, any support was well appreciated.



Later that day I stopped over to see Quito in his new abode, unaware til then that he had escaped during the night through a rotted floorboard. As I drove up they just had discovered him sitting innocently on a shelf in the garage. It had been a bad scare and they'd been afraid to add to my worries by informing be of his disappearance. I could understand their apprehension. Quito was a model guest from then on after we repaired the damaged area and they rewarded him occasionally by allowing his presence in the house during cocktail hour, when he was permitted to sample the cream sherry or dry-martini, all delicately imbibed via the right front paw. I visited him often as he was the closest of all the fugitives.

The following day we drove the two hours to Beaumont to reassure the Shambaugh boarders that they were not abandoned and forgotten. They were flourishing and still a bit confused but they did seem very pleased to see me. Vivian explained that little Seymour had become self-appointed chief protector and boss of the cage, not allowing anyone entrance and hoarding all the food at

altime. However, since I knew Seymour's daily limit consist of no more than four necks and kidney, and 20 or more were consumed by morning, I was not worried that the other two were starving. In fact, they had all gained weight under such expert care. Seymour did permit me to enter and she even tolerated Vivian accompanying me inside to clean it out - but without my presence Vivian was never authorized admittance and once suffered a sharp toothmark on the ankle for her intrusion. Cavey and Fenwyk were much more hospitable, but they never quite comprehended why my stopovers had to be short and bi-weekly, or why my departures didn't include them. This procedure continued for 11 weeks. Ted and Vivian far exceeded the bounds of friendship and my gratitude is eternal.

Sunday, December 1st, my son Tom and two friends drove me to Lion Country to see Ari for the first time since his incarceration there. Any hopes that he was better off there than at the pound hit rock bottom at first glimpse of his desolation. I'd concealed some chicken necks and other tidbits in my huge purse, and at first opportunity I forced them through the holes which afforded a dim view of the dark dungeon inside. But Ari completely ignored my offerings, refused to touch them and paced endlessly up and down, up and down, and gave no response when I called his name. He avoided any contact with the female cougar by retreating into his box, the only familiar sanctuary in an otherwise hostile and dreary environment. The sun rarely filtered through the dusky obscure covering and only one bare ledge offered refuge from the cold cement. At no time that day did Ari grant me a look of remembrance or condemnation - I was just another face peering at him. I remained for several hours of self-torture and rebuff, in the meantime noticing that the same situation persisted as had manifested itself at the pound: ANYONE, especially children could penetrate the insecure fastenings, thru which we viewed the two cats, by inserting their entire hand through the loose opening in pretense of offering food or solace, but no one watched or guarded who could guarantee that part of limb would not be severed in the process, as weren't these wild and fierce animals? I mentioned this to Pat who seemed a bit remote and less conspiratory, though at the time I was unaware that her attitude was attributable to fear. She said that no one, including herself, had been able to approach or console Ari; he still refused any sort of food or solace and he reacted to any form of human contact by lowering his ears and hissing ominously - something I had never witnessed in his personality before. In fact, if I had not known his beautiful face and every facet of his body intimately, I might have believed they'd exchanged him for a cougar from the wilds.

Meanwhile, Fish and Game and Mr. M were still insisting that I produce Cavey for their inspection and I was beginning to realize that I must do so for Ari's sake, not at Vivian's but at some neutral legitimate territory where I could transfer her for a short time so they could verify that she was indeed over six years old and not a native Californian. I knew she would suffer greatly if removed for very long from her intimate companions, Fenwyk and Seymour, but then how much more could Ari endure? For that matter, my own stability was wearing thin and though my stamina strong, I feared for my own sanity. These cats became such an intimate part of our lives once entwined, that I could not imagine an existence without them. I was totally unable to force myself down the hill where I would be compelled to gaze at the evacuated cages, doors ajar, attesting to the silence and the void. The horses were there, my children fed and watered them, but they too sensed a loneliness and a deficiency in their formerly active and blissful domain, now forlorn and bereft of habitation.

My next trip to Lion Country convinced me that Ari must be removed or he would surely never survive. Things had progressed from bleak to desperate. During my first half hour there Ari remained motionless and prone on the ledge, his back facing me from the opposite end of the room, his ears never flickering at the sound of my voice, his entire existence surrendering to futility. There was no sign of life; he was dying of a broken heart. In the center of the room a pile of Zu-Preme lay on a plate, untouched, rotting and infested with flies. In desperation I finally threw in some of the chicken necks I'd managed to conceal, and this prompted a slight awareness and reaction, culminating a few minutes later when Ari half slid, half fell off his perch and wobbled unsteadily over to sniff at the fam-

iliar food. The female crouched expectantly nearby, so he quickly gobbled it all up, only to regurgitate it in a few minutes, unchewed. She then crept over and greedily consumed his vomit, all the while hissing ominously. At that point one of the employees, a hefty marine-type with long blond hair, entered the cage carrying a caveman club which he held aloft in preparation to defend himself against the inevitable attack. At the sight of him both cats cringed as though they'd experienced the thrust before - but Ari stood his ground, teeth bared, ears lowered menacingly. Without provocation the man then lunged at Ari and struck him heavily on the jaw, then poised ready to strike another blow. My senses raged inside me. I screamed: "Don't hit him again! He's never been beaten in his life!" The man then yelled at me angrily "That's the only thing you can do to this animal, he's mean and dangerous and has already bitten three people." At that moment I knew myself capable of murder; if I'd had a weapon I could have inflicted blows of equal intensity upon that so-called human being as he had bestowed upon Ari with identical malice and animosity. Pat was not present that day, but I phoned her later to determine if it was true that Ari had bitten three people. She confirmed my worst fears - one man had acquired 12 stitches. However, she also broke down and confessed that Ari had been justified each time; he'd been battered beyond endurance and any animal so assaulted MUST retaliate. She remained firm in her pledge to shelter him, but two days later her interference with his discipline incited her dismissal. Without her presence and support I knew Ari was doomed. Fate stepped in again.

Pat called me the night of December 12th and informed me that, through her one remaining confidant at Lion Country, she had learned that Ari was to be spirited away the following morning to an unknown destination provided by Fish and Game. It seems that Mr. Q did not desire Ari's presence there any longer, due to the unfortunate publicity generated by myself following my last sojourn there, witnessed by several impressionable patrons when I caused a commotion by protesting Ari's treatment so vehemently. So, motivated by the resultant inquiry into the incident by prominent authorities, Mr. Q ordered that unless Ari was removed immediately he would either be destroyed or hidden in one of the Hill Huts where animals are sent when they are old and infirm. Under no circumstances was I ever to be allowed into Lion Country again, and if I so persevered I would be subject to immediate arrest.

Mr. M, my faithful lawyer, had been completely unavailable every hour of the day or night that I had tried to contact him during the past week, and he never returned any of my calls. So, as a result I left word with his answering service to inform him that he was fired - no longer on the case. That brought response, but slightly too late, he did not take kindly to being discharged, so he is now suing me for \$1,300. After 11 days of incompetent service in which he accomplished nothing and no court appearance, it'll be a frigid day in hell before he collects.

At dawn, Friday the 13th, Rick, Dana and I arrived in the parking lot of Lion Country, supposedly the only exit from which Ari could depart - the gates did not open until 9 AM. My friends were able to sneak in undetected and confirm that Ari was crated for exodus. I frugally kept out of site until Warden J from Fish and Game appeared and obviously alerted as to my instability and ineptness from Mr. Q, he threatened to arrest all three of us unless we vacated the premises immediately. Unfortunately, he was qualified to do so. Mr. Q appeared briefly and yelled at me that my interference was contributing to the early demise of my cat, that I was completely unqualified and unfit to own one in the first place, and that I had made a spectacle of myself and caused him nothing but trouble. Furthermore, I was forever expelled from any of the Lion Countries and if I ever returned, he would be forced to personally summon the authorities. I did not feel he merited a denial or rebuttal of any sort, so I ignored him and said nothing. Defeat was inevitable as I knew the futility of argument with such pomposity, so we departed in despair.\*

We remained outside the public gates for an hour or so hoping to catch a glimpse of Ari but they evaded us entirely. Warden J arrived at my house at 2 PM that afternoon claiming that Ari had indeed departed Lion Country, but his destination was as yet unknown as they had not located a suitable asylum. Any suggestions I

offered were subsequently denied; I was not permitted to know where he was taken, and he was lost to me for four weeks. During that time I was never told whether he was alive or dead, where he was, or if he would ever be returned to me - they could have shot him, claimed self-defense and there was nothing I could do. Pat told me later that they actually concealed Ari in one of the huts for awhile to throw me off the scent, but eventually he was moved.

The Warden seemed very unfriendly at first, but gradually mellowed a bit after realizing that perhaps I wasn't quite as unbalanced as Mr. Q claimed. And, after inspecting the cages, he was forced to admit that they weren't backyard chickenwire aviaries as rumored, so he could finally comprehend that perhaps it was my love for the cats that had prohibited the disclosure of Cavey's hideout. This finally established, he agreed to sign a waiver granting the Shambaugh's immunity against any retaliation, and promising that they would not be prosecuted for harboring my cats. I exhibited all papers for both my cougars, with proof of birthplace, Ari's three previous owners, and Cavey's importer. Then in a great dramatic moment I revealed Cavey's present address - and that night Vivian told me that a Fish & Game representative appeared approximately ten minutes after the Warden left my house, alerted via radio to check my veracity at once. He seemed convinced and satisfied, and the wheels were in motion at last...though too late for Ari.

My friend Craig, who was keeping Jasmin and Nina, had in actuality only one extra bedroom in his home, and since the two cats couldn't share quarters, Jasmin had been relegated temporarily to the garage. But it was dark and unsatisfactory for any length of time so she was eventually transferred to the home of his friends in Whittier who owned a raccoon and were willing to board her in a hastily constructed cage in the rear of their yard. I visited her there at least twice a week for three weeks and though they provided all her physical needs, she deteriorated rapidly away from the familiarity of the only home she had perhaps ever known. She sucked her tail for constant solace, growled greedily when food was offered and concealed herself under layers of blanket and newspapers in a grocery box I had supplied for her warmth and comfort. When out on a leash, she distrusted me and suddenly craved large quantities of grass, which luckily resulted in a tremendous regurgitation of the greenery, accompanied by masses of half-chewed blanket, shredded and partly digested. She had evidently consumed it as a form of



\* A slight form of retribution occurred a few days later when Mr. Q was filmed on TV killing ducks and rabbits in Lion Country at random with a shotgun. When interviewed, he explained that they were plagued with an over-population problem and he was merely restoring the balance. However, mysteriously, the carcasses ultimately emerged somehow in his home freezer, and this was a bit more difficult to explain. Soon after, some of you may recall that the same Mr. Q, appearing on TV again, this time bewailing the fact that someone had kidnapped one of his baby cheetahs - and he was sure it was either a former employee, embittered perhaps, or some "crackpot". The slur was intentional tho I didn't take it seriously.

rebellion and consolation in her solitary confinement, but if undetected, it could have killed her. As her condition worsened I knew she might perish. She must return home to regain the desire to fight this despair and weakness, regardless of the risk involved. I felt her life worth any gamble, so in great secrecy and darkness we brought her back. Slowly, very slowly, she gradually recovered the weight and spirit she had lost. Though I endured much emotional torture during these long months, the cats suffered worse. We never left Jasmin unguarded and were always prepared to hide her in the event that trespassers might approach unawares.

A few weeks later I abducted Quito for the weekend but was unable to relinquish him the following Monday - his joy was too apparent. So he stayed too and I luxuriated in the company of both ocelots who thrived and existed happily once more. I knew that life without the cats would be impossible for me.

Christmas had passed by then, but all my children had accepted the fact that there would be no celebration this year - money had vanished for lawyers, phone bills, extra gasoline for the long trips twice a week, and where was Ari? I prayed he was still alive.

In the meantime, interest and involvement was actually escalating, but little was accomplished. Bill Burred expressed concern over Ari's treatment, but his only solution consisted of an offer for Ari's purchase by an animal trainer. Someone connected with Cleveland Amory's group had mysteriously contacted Fish and Game three separate times only to be informed: 1 - he was dead, 2 - he was still at Lion Country and 3- he was back with me. Ken Hatfield phoned from Florida offering many constructive suggestions, based on a few other recent cases similar to mine in the East. He said that much publicity must be generated to promote laws and their methods of impounding enforced equally and he hoped my lawyer was a fighter. After much searching I had retained Robert Sussin who has since proved his competence. January 7th the third court appearance of six so far, we stood before the Judge accused by Fish & Game of failure to obtain proper licenses for two cougars. The previous week I'd received my permit from them via Sacramento for the year 1974, two days before expiration - but this indicated an automatic renewal for 1975 whenever they get around to it. The judge fined me \$65 for lacking the required papers and ordered that I pay for Ari's board of \$150 for the four weeks he was lodged at a breeding farm in San Diego...he could be returned to me the following day!

Warden J agreed to deliver him and announced that I might notice a slight change in his personality, since he had mated with two available females several times. I was filled with relief, and mixed emotions - my ecstasy that he was alive, the anticipation of seeing him again, wondering if he would be different, whether he would even remember me - thoughts flooded my mind mingled with the ultimate relief. However, one fear still predominated, that he was still illegal in the County and I would be unable to conceal him as easily as Jasmin and Quito. What if the authorities arrived unannounced as before, and dragged him away or shot him? I must not panic!

Robert contacted Animal Control and arranged that I must file for my permit with Planning Commission before noon, January 8th, when Ari was expected. The complicated forms were acquired and necessitated many hours of research and diligent transcription, copies of plot plans, names of adjacent property owners within 500 feet of my boundaries, health regulations, red tape, mass confusion and then after a sleepless night, we were forced to delve into the ancient and dim recesses of the Archives building in the Hall of Records for further information available nowhere else.

Then, at 11 AM, armed with all essential materials, we were informed that we needed four more copies of the expanded maps, but it would take several days for the order to be completed, as they could only purchase them at one location. In frustration and anger we rushed home - too late to greet Ari who had already been deposited and released into his old familiar cage. Some of my children had helped and were elated to see him again! But, I was not prepared for the scrawny, boney, and pathetic animal who inhabited Ari's cage, sniffing suspiciously at the half-recognizable odors of his canopied bed and carpeted perches. A strange serenity enveloped his otherwise strained and nervous body. Every rib



manifested itself in an ugly symmetry and deep scratches predominated on his face and neck, evidently conflicted by the females he'd conquered. But it was my beloved Ari - his beautiful face could never be altered, the innocence remained and the benevolence - but he refused to acknowledge me in any way, and it broke my heart.

I stayed with him most of the night as he became re-acquainted with his memories, but I remained as an intruder. I knew it would take time and utmost patience, but I was convinced the old Ari would eventually emerge unscathed. I was partially correct in this diagnosis, but no one could ever be aware of all he had endured within the past six weeks.

Without neglecting the other cats, both here and away, I worked with Ari every available extra minute, and day by day he returned to me, one step at a time, till our relationship resumed and surpassed its former intimacy and devotion. Soon he trusted me and depended upon me more than ever before, but this is not so with others. He never forgot the long haired attendants at Lion Country nor the men in uniform who had punished him without reason - any resemblance or reminder he observes with apprehension. Sometimes his ears flatten automatically in warning, and I must caution the innocent offender to stay back. Ari never before had questioned the motives of a human. But I became his personal property once more and soon he was responding to my calls from the house. He sat with me by the hour on his outside sofa and he purred and licked me while I wrote this painful narrative.

We complied with all the complex rules of the Planning Commission in fulfilling their myriad requirements, but I correctly assumed that our permit would be denied and I was formally notified of this on February 21st. Mr. Stone had not been idle, armed with a petition and his prevarications that I allowed the cats to run loose, he was able to obtain the signature of 12 dissenters in the vicinity, each of whom wrote a letter protesting my possession of the cats. Not one of them have ever met me, seen the cats, nor ever bothered to inspect the premises on which they were kept. If they were so frightened, why hadn't they expressed their fears to me? Like automatons they signed a request that these animals be condemned and removed - like flushing a toilet to dispose of waste.

Only two objections were necessary to veto my plea for legality - a thousand tributes could not have reversed the verdict. But now I can appeal, which is the right of any condemned prisoner, and ask for a Public Hearing in which each dissenter must appear and state his reasons for disapproval under oath. My friends can assist and challenge and many have offered to do so. I read most of the correspondence sent in by Mr. Stone's advocates (they are on record) and, without exception, they contain nothing but empty irrelevant statements and falsehoods. It's one thing to write a letter that you've met Ari eye-to-eye on your front lawn and quite another to swear before the commissioners that your cocker spaniel chased him off. Many of the notations mentioned such unrelated items as my black dog who chases horses, a loud party once, fabrications about me and the cats, unfounded rumors and outright lies. I have already paid the fee for the hearing - \$200 and sent in the additional forms, comprising huge amounts of extra paperwork and research, since my case is unprecedented in L.A. Best of all, however, I will have TIME for preparation, due to a five month back-log on public hearings so it may not occur until August or September.

In the meantime, at our last court appearance, Animal Control and the judge agreed to allow my cats home with me, without interference, until the final decision. It was my first tangible victory, and Robert believes they only concurred because they feared my retaliation in the form of a future lawsuit. I admit it has crossed my mind.

It is heaven to have 8 of my cats back! Cavey, Fenwyk Seymour and Gato decamped from Shambaugh's at the first opportunity I could borrow a truck. Attachments had formed there and I knew Vivian and Ted were sad to see them leave. Their final release into the familiarity of the bunkbeds, trees, logs, rafters and sunperches as a joyous occasion, but they had suffered no traumas in their absence, so their recollections of everything was immediate. Nina's homecoming was equally happy and she has lost none of her gentility and friendliness.

The only cat to remain in her new environment was Juna, Karen's black leopard, who had thrived with Brian R. Such a mutual affection and dependency had developed between them that Karen and I agreed Brian should keep her with him. I miss her terribly, but I know she is contented with her new owner. He is able to handle her and train her as I never could and is planning to breed her soon.

Which reminds me, now that Ari has gained the knowledge of mating, maybe Cavey won't seem so platonic to him any more - and perhaps something tangible and good could emerge from this whole terrible mess. It is far from over.

If I lose the hearing I will move away to another county or somewhere where cats are undeniably legal - none will ever be sold or sacrificed. But I must win, if only for the principle, and perhaps to help others in similar situations. I have lost much; money of course (I still owe a great deal), but mostly an integral part of Ari is gone. He is not the same trusting cat as before. Sometimes he paces (never in the past), he becomes nervous and irritable without reason, he calls me demandingly at times in a strange loud voice, becoming very impatient when I'm not with him. I never know for sure whether he produced any cubs at the breeding farm. If he did should one be mine? But how could I ever prove Ari to be the sire? Fish and Game has passed new laws in California that ALL exotics must obtain permits, indigenous or not and they intend to enforce it vigorously. I have sent in the applications for my six smaller cats but last week Warden J suggested strongly (threatened?) that I may have difficulties acquiring the necessary documents unless I pay off the \$150 for Ari's board in San Diego. It is endless. But I will not surrender - you'll be hearing from us again!

## Registration System Ready!

LIOC's registration system is in its final stages of preparation. Until the board can appoint a Registration Secretary, Shirley Treanor will act as such and all inquiries should be directed to her. Shirley will be sending all Branch Representatives the necessary forms as soon as they are back from the printers so those near Branches can get forms from them.

There will be a two year period during which wild-born cats will be accepted for registration as founding stock. A brief run-down of our system follows:

### NON-DOMESTIC (Breeder Registration)

Use Registration/Transfer Application (Form RT-1). This should be accompanied by any pertinent paperwork which would prove the cat entered the country legally, or which would otherwise help prove import date or aid in tracing ownership, ie: bills of sale, shipping receipts, a vet's statement, etc. This application should be accompanied by a check in the amount of \$3.00. An LIOC Registration Card will be issued.

### DOMESTIC REGISTRATION (Existing cats)

No domestic born kitten will be registered as such, (Domestic born registration numbers will begin with the letter "D") unless both parents are registered (except where one is dead and so certified by the breeder). Because large scale breeders may not be in the position to register all cats at once, domestic registration certificates will be granted to existing domestics if the original breeder certifies the birth and signs the application (Form RT-1). Fee for this registration is \$3.00. A LIOC Registration Card will be issued.

### DOMESTIC BIRTHS (Future)

The breeder should send in a Litter Registration Application (Form LR-1) in duplicate. An appropriate number of individual Registration/Transfer Applications (Form RT-1) will be returned. Kits may then be re-registered by the breeder or the application given to the new owner who may then in turn register it. The initial fee is \$3.00 and will cover the registration and original. Continued page 16

# William B. deThailand and \* Flower \*

BY BILL BOYLE

The story of William B. and Flower begins about six years ago in Boring, Oregon. William B., a wild born adult golden cat, and an adult female golden cat were imported from Thailand by Wilbur and Mary Ellen Tracy of Pacific Northwest Branch. Their intentions at that time were to attempt breeding these rare and beautiful exotics.

Unfortunately, some months later the female escaped from her cage and was shot by a farmer and poor Wild Willy was then all alone. Finally, when the Tracys moved to California, Willy was given to the Olympic Game Farm. This event occurred about four years ago and unfortunately the Game Farm at that time did not have any Golden Cats, and had no use for Willy. Bill Hodge (bless his soul) asked me if I would like to have the cat and, of course, I immediately accepted. Willy then came to Tacoma and lived with me on Lake Steilacoom along with Henry & Hazel (ocelots), and Stanley (bobcat). But again Willy was still alone.

I looked and looked for an adult female but was unsuccessful. Willy was not tame and completely unapproachable in spite of all my efforts.

About three years ago I sold my house on the lake, moved into the city and unfortunately did not have adequate facilities to take Willy with me so Liz Ghent took Willy to Seattle to live with her and Loki LaPuma. Again, Willy was all alone really.

While attending the national convention in Los Angeles two and a half years ago, I discussed Willy's plight with Bob & Lil Smith of ACEC. Bob and Lil have been great friends for many years and some months later they called and told me that they had been given a whole female Golden Cat called "Flower" and that they might consider a breeding loan. Wow! Elizabeth and I went wild and immediately started negotiations with Bob & Lil. Finally some months later little Flower was shipped to Liz on loan.

Well, it was love at first sight for Willy B. Liz had nursed poor Willy back from near death from a Salmonella infection and believe me Flower restored his mental health (if you know what I mean).

Liz reported many attempted matings and suggested or suspected that Flower had absorbed on litter of kittens. We both were becoming a little bit discouraged but kept on trying.

1973 and 1974 were bad years for Liz Ghent. She lives in a beautiful neighborhood in Seattle but unfortunately her neighbors are not nearly as beautiful as her surroundings. Three criminal citations were brought against Liz as follows:

1. "Keeping more than three animals in a residential zone."
2. "Disturbing the peace" by allowing Loke (cougar) to "howl" at night, and
3. "Allowing a dangerous animal to roam at large". (Actually, a 12 pound margay that she was boarding for a few days escaped through a bathroom window and was recovered a few hours later in a neighbor's garage.)

I personally represented Liz at two of these trials and they were unbelievable. At one trial ten neighbors showed up and testified against her. Perjury was rampant and it was obvious to me that her neighbors were deliberately harassing her with these trumped up charges. Neighbors at the trial freely admitted using ladders to observe over Liz's eight foot fence and take pictures. Tape recordings were introduced of Loki's night chirpings, etc. Lies were told about the smell emitting from her cages. So called responsible citizens at these trials violated the law with their perjured and misrepresented testimony. Anyone who is acquainted with Elizabeth Ghent knows that she is probably the most responsible member of the Cascade Branch of LIQC and it is obvious

that the whole thing was a neighborhood harassment and completely unjustified.

As a result of these actions, Liz decided to move out of the city and as of this date she is in this process.

To make a long story short, on March 10th Liz heard litter noises coming from Flower's nesting box. The big event had finally happened. Flower took good care of her babies (one male and one female) for three weeks, but then became excited and began dragging the kittens around so Liz took them from Flower and is hand-raising them. At four weeks they are beautiful, healthy and thriving.

1975 will be a good year for Liz Ghent, a responsible intelligent animal lover and one of the best friends I have ever had.

**KNOW  
YOUR  
VETERINARIAN'S  
TELEPHONE NUMBER**

## Convention Plans Altered

Due to last minute difficulties, the location of our 1975 Convention in the Sun, will be held at the Ramada Inn South (8700 S. Orange Blossom Trail) in Orlando instead of the Holiday Inn as previously announced. Room rates vary from \$17-26 for a groundfloor, poolside room, to \$16-18 for second floor accommodations. Children under 18 are at no extra charge in their parents room. **RESERVATIONS MUST BE MADE BY JULY 15TH.** These may be made by calling direct, toll free 1-800-228-2828. Do mention you are with LIQC. Limousine service is available from the Jet-Port free of charge - there is a courtesy phone at the Jet-Port for those wishing this service. Bus service to the major Orlando attractions is also available.

Registration for convention will be \$15.00 per person. This should be sent to Sadie Douglas, Rt 5, Box 130A, Orlando, Florida 32807 as soon as possible. This fee covers the Banquet, registration, and the General Membership meeting Breakfast.....there will be no other charges for convention activities.

With the thought in mind that Convention should be a time for meeting old and new friends, plenty of time will be allowed for that. Of course, our home-movies will be scheduled for Friday evening, so anyone having some may bring them, if special equipment is needed, please let Sadie know, an 8mm projector as well as a slide projector will be there.

Our cats are welcome, however Florida is a permit state and we have made arrangements to have a blanket permit issued for visiting cats. For your protection, please Notify Ken Hatfield as soon as possible (at least by July 1st) if you will be bringing your cats.

Our 1975 Convention will be dedicated to the memories of D'Arcy Bancroft, Peg Freeman, and Bill Hodge.

Activities will start at 10 AM Friday, August 1st, and conclude with a trip to Robert Baudy's Rare Feline Breeding Compound on Sunday, August 3rd.

Florida has lots to offer in the way of tourist attractions and many are within a couple hours drive from Orlando. A quick glance at our map shows the following within a hundred miles, of course Disney World, Sea World, Busch Gardens in Tampa, Silver Springs outside Ocala, and Cape Kennedy on the east coast. So, come a few days early and stay a few days late - there's lots to do and lots of good folks to do it with - SEE YOU THERE.

# LEGISLATIVE REPORT

## A Win in Florida!

Floridians have won the battle to own exotics as pets! The new piece of legislation would have made it impossible to own many of the larger species and difficult to own the smaller species. A fee of \$100 was enacted for any exotic owner.

In hearings the beginning of this month, Ken Hatfield argued our case effectively and won! An amendment will be introduced to lower the permit fee to \$25, and even those animals on the unsafe list will be allowed if the owner can meet the same security requirements as those imposed on exhibitors. Caging can comprise of a room or other indoor facility if it meets minimum standards. Also, Ken has been placed on the board which makes decisions regarding exotics.

## Confusion in Connecticut

A couple in Montville, Connecticut recently had their leopard seized under local state law which requires a permit for endangered species. The couple bought Sheba as a 10 day old cub from a man who approached them.

Ironically, the State broke several Federal laws when the confiscated the cat. They first transported it across state lines to New York (without the required New York state permit) the cat is considered a commercial animal since the couple who own it run a game farm. Then, they brought it back to Connecticut, again without required Federal or state permits. So far, the only crime the people committed was possession of an endangered specie without a state permit. The State however, has stumbled across state lines, in and out of permit states without the necessary paperwork.

## Domestics Next?

Hate to say we told you so - but in a FROM THE KENNELS release it looks that way. The article suggests that such a bill is being studied in Congress at the suggestion of the Department of Health, Education & Welfare. HEW contends that domestic animals carry many diseases which are harmful to human interests and are asking that importation of these animals be banned, perhaps under an amendment to the Lacey Act. This latest piece of folly will be known as "Live Domesticated Animal Public Health Protection Bill" - didn't we tell you so?

## Habitat Search On

Our help is being asked by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife service to establish areas which support endangered or threatened species. The "critical habitat" would then be protected under the endangered species act.

Information may be sent to the Director, Fish & Wildlife Service, Washington, D.C. 20240.

**EXTINCT IS  
FOREVER!**  
Don't spay or neuter

## LEGAL FUND PROGRESSES

Quote from a letter from Barbara M. Smith of Evansville, Indiana: "I intended to send something ages ago and just plain set it aside and forgot until I recieved my January Newsletter yesterday. (Ed: contained a commentary regarding legal fund by Bill Boyle) Keep on harrassing people in the Newsletter to send something," end quote. So, consider yourselves "Harrassed" for this issue! And, do you know what? 14 of you nice folks sent checks which Ken feels were directly due to that Newsletter.

The following is an update on the list of those who have contributed; please consider this an acknowledgment of receipt and the "Thanks of the Club".

Ronna Adrian  
Roger Harmon  
Bernard & Corrine Goodman  
James Mills  
Terry Foreman (Canada)  
Helen Kershaw  
Virginia Ritter  
George Rose  
Doug Eller  
Dan Meler  
Cascade Branch (4th)  
MidWestern Branch  
Jan Goldsmith  
Len & Pat Parker  
Art Human

James & Irene Stopherd  
Mike Smith (5th)  
Michael Bean  
Sally Costaritini  
Charlotte Bogar  
Barbara Smith  
Dave & Marguretta Kelly  
Karen Chovan  
Edith Kuzmicki  
Central States Branch(3rd)  
Diana Suerken  
Jan Thomas (Canada)  
Herb & Barbara Wilton  
Deanna Stevenson

Total contributions to date - \$3,160. A retainer has been given Stanley Seligman our attorney. Mr. Seligman will research the law and the possibilities of what can be done. Unfortunately, we cannot push the situation yet as we do not have the funds to pay for the action. We're getting there slowly but surely - won't you help speed things up?





# WORD FROM NEW JERSEY

By Deanna Stevenson

You have read about the confiscation of the three ocelots that were seized by the State of New Jersey in a previous Newsletter. Two of the ocelots, Moka & Mala, belong to us and Sheena, belonging to Mr. & Mrs. Ken Neuhaus, was at our home because she was in season and we were trying to make her with Moka.

It has been three long months since this happened and we still don't have our cats back. We have lost two court hearings and are waiting for our appeal to come up. Meanwhile, Moka, Mala and Sheena are sitting in a little cage at a zoo. They are all in a cage no bigger than 6 feet by 5 feet with no platforms or a place to hide in, they are not out doors however and are in a heated area.

At our home Moka and Mala have their own room with platforms and ramps with a large treehouse my husband, Erik, built for them. They spend most of their time with us and their room was used only when we were not home and at night. Ken Neuhaus has the same type of set up for Sheena.

I can't begin to tell you what it's like these past three months. Moka, Mala and Sheena were total members of our families. It was like having the children snatch away and financially it has been devastating.

We had called an emergency meeting with over 53 notices sent out and believe it or not, only about 8 members showed up and about 6 others called. One couple who are not even members of Mid-Atlantic States Branch drove 350 miles to the meeting to see what they could do to help. You have no idea what their support has meant to us. They and a few others donated money to help us to fight this in court, one other member sent money by mail. We also had one other gentleman from the Canadian Branch send a donation - it was greatly appreciated but it hurt that most of our own members seemed to care less.



MOKA  
& MALA

This is a plea for donations. NOT for ourselves, but for all of you. I know you have heard this before, but if there is not enough money to fight the Federal laws then we have all lost. The Legal Fund is the last hope for all of us. So everyone should give as much as they can to the Legal Fund, because many states are passing laws based on the Federal laws, just as New Jersey did. If you think that turning your back on this will make it go away, I've got news for you, it won't, it will only get worse and as sure as I'm sitting here writing this it will happen again and again.

We don't know when we'll get our cats back or even if we will ever get them back. We have been so upset that we don't know if we're coming or going. Outside of my children and my husband, Moka and Mala were my life.

So, if you love or care for your cats (and I'm sure you do), stand up and be counted. Dig deep into your pockets and give what you can to the Legal Fund...it is too late for it to help us but it can help you in the future.

There is one thing you can do for us. That is to send a telegram to Governor Brendan Byrne, Trenton, New Jersey, asking to have the ocelots returned to the families who love them and to keep them from a life in prison behind bars.

The way things are going it won't be long before we will all be living under a dictatorship. I don't know if you people can accept that, but I for one could not live that way.

The State of New Jersey says it's against the law to have ocelots without a permit from the State. Then, they turn around and say it is not their policy to issue permits for exotic cats. It can only be concluded from this type of statement that their interests are solely



SHEENA

those pertaining to the law and only the written law, with neither interest in the animals' needs or welfare, nor interest in a person's ability to be responsible enough to care for these animals in a way no zoo or commercial establishment could ever hope to.

The law seems to look no further than it's nose and only then to serve its own purpose regardless of the most basic concept of humane intentions. How do they qualify their laws? Do they ask people? Do they invite public debate?

I think these questions become academic when you consider the results of our court battles, seeing the faces of the E.P.A. officials afterwards, a joke - a farce - at our expense, at the expense of every person who cared enough about the animal situation to assume responsibility and try to correct a terrible situation, by increasing their numbers.

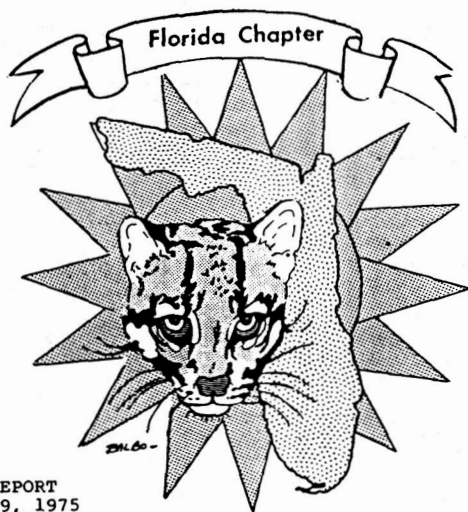
To us, it has been a slap in the face, and you, the membership, has gotten the very same slap, for having dared to take our heads out of the sand and to quote a phrase "GIVE A DAMN". Your faces will continue to be slapped until we take it court and this can be accomplished only by building the legal fund - together we can do it and assure the safety of all.

\*\* Last word in on the issue is: The judge has ruled that contrary to the State's claims, the ownership of the ocelots were not forfeited and will remain with their original owners until all legal recourse have been exhausted. The judge did maintain that the seizure of the cats was legal. The State Game Dept. has been censured for dragging its feet on the permit hearing and was ordered to proceed with the hearing as soon as possible.

## ESPECIALLY OCELOTS JOINS FIGHT

Is your copy of ESPECIALLY OCELOTS dog-eared, ragged? Copies of this invaluable book are now available from LIOC with 100% of the proceeds to go to the Legal Fund. Send \$3.95 plus .18 postage & handling to:

LIOC  
1454 Fleetwood Dr. E.  
Mobile, Al. 36605



# MEETING REPORT January 19, 1975

We had our January meeting at the home of Henry and Ursula Seiden in Miami on the 19th instead of the 12; that was Super Bowl Sunday and even though the Dolphins didn't make it, we have an unwritten rule in Florida regarding meetings on Super Bowl days. Anyway, there were 38 members and guests and 11 felines including our host ocelots Jacqueline and Moses. There were 4 more ocelots, one cougar, two Geoffroy cats and two golden cats. And, of those 11 felines, 6 were domestic born! Members attending were: Don Piechocki, Linda Long, Barbara Bond, Bob & Anne Davis, Larry Redelin, Jim Maderas, Andrea Johnson, Mary DePew, Dannis & Gail Kelly with ocelot Cocoa, Hikmet & Nettie Tuzcu with Geoffroy cat mother Princess and her kitten, Mrs. Aiken and daughter with cougar Sam, Dianne Whetsel, Mr. & Mrs. Phillips with ocelot Tigi, Cindy Gittleman, Frank Gallasso, Chuck & Susie Kindt with golden cats Sister & Herchel, Jim & Lynn Craft, Ken & Jean Hatfield with mother ocelot Inca and offspring Pokey, and our hosts, Henry & Ursula Seiden.

We all started gathering about 12:30 or so, and it was such a pleasure to see old members and meet new ones. A lot of folks leave their cats home, because as you know, ocelots are basically home-bodies when they mature. Ocelot Tigi Phillips, for example, prefers to stay in his own car even though he travelled all the way across town to join us. Cindy & Frank didn't bring their new baby ocelot, as he had just been declawed. Mr. & Mrs. Tuzcu brought their 6 month old Geoffroy and he was handled and petted by everyone, and was just a doll. His mother, however, stayed in the carrier and didn't speak to anyone. Chuck & Susie Kindt brought their domestic born golden cats - now there are gorgeous pets. Suzie says that she can even wash the floor and they will sit and watch and never once attempt to get into or turn over the bucket. Can you imagine trying to mop with a young ocelot around? Mrs. Aiken and her daughter Mary, brought 5 month old Sammy the cougar. He wanted to join Connie & Lori in the pool, but didn't quite dare, I guess. Herchel really gave Sam a good going over; sniffed him from one end to the other and back again. Neither one could quite decide whether or not to be friends and just decided to ignore the whole situation.

We brought beautiful Inca ocelot and her 3 month offspring Pokey. Ordinarily, all she would do is hide, but when we took her "baby" out of the carrier, she was right after him, talking away and trying to get him back inside. He is still nursing by the way, and is now 5 months old. Gail & Dennis Kelly brought cocoa, the offspring of the host ocelots who is about 5 days older than Pokey. Gail held Cocoa in her lap and Pokey tried 2 or three times to get close to visit, but she would have none of it. Spit and swatted him and generally raised Cain. No intruders allowed close to her family - at 3 months old yet.

Before too long Ken called the business meeting to order and there was much to discuss. First, he went over the Florida By-Laws and it was voted to add "and is a Florida resident" to a couple of them, to the ballot on the up-coming elections. He also announced that he didn't plan to stand for re-election for the Florida Chapter President for a couple of reasons, among them being the

fact that he had been in office four years and felt it was time to give someone else a chance as well as that he hoped that someone else might have more ideas on conducting meetings and fund raising projects, etc. The Secretary was supposed to handle nominations in time for an election in March; however for a variety of reasons, didn't get to it in time.

The legal problems were brought up next, which are, unfortunately still with us only more so. The situation Federally and State-wise was reviewed and the Case of Mr. & Mrs. Stevenson in New Jersey was discussed. It is a poor reflection on our way of life in these United States now-a-days, but it was emphasized to never, never open your door to any law officer (or stranger for that matter) unless he has a search warrant or do not put a foot outside your door. Unfortunately, we have our Constitutional rights only if we have the money necessary to pay for them, which is the situation in New Jersey. They don't have it so they have lost their cats.

In Florida, the new law has yet to be "promulgated" (my, how they all love that word). The more the group present discussed what had happened in New Jersey, California, and other states and reviewed how our new law is written, the more concerned everyone got. It was finally decided that we will eventually wind up in court (due to such phrases as 'status', 'appropriate neighborhood', 'qualified owner', etc.) Those present voted that all Florida members should vote on the question of each Florida membership pledging \$50 to be paid over a period of a year, either in a lump sum or so much per month, to be put in a Florida Legal Fund to protect our rights to own our cats. It was decided that all members should vote on this as the number of members present did not represent a majority of the Chapter. (Incidentally, it was a unanimous vote of approval both at the meeting and when the reply slips were received from the members.) In fact, Don Piechocki had already contributed \$25 to the Florida fund and before the afternoon was over the Seidens had give \$25, and Bob & Ann Davis and Mr. & Mrs. Phillips paid their whole \$50 pledge, and Nettie Tuzcu had paid part of hers.

When we got onto the subject of meetings and there followed a spirited discussion on the subject of whether or not there should be two Florida chapters - one "up" and the other "down", the lack of volunteers to host meetings, what could be added to meetings to attract more members, etc. It was decided, for one thing, that perhaps we could get more hosts if they didn't have to provide food, so we shall try a "bring your own lunch" type of get together soon. (May 11 at the Hatfields). By this time, it had gotten to be about 3 o'clock and everyone was hungry, so the meeting was adjourned. We then had a nice lunch and continued our visiting and talking about our cats. And don't forget Floridians, that we are hosting the National Convention in August. You know what Ken says (among other things) the way to make a successful convention is to come & bring a friend (and come to think of it, the same thing applies to our chapter meetings).

Submitted by  
Jean Hatfield

## YOU CAN HELP

Besides sending in a monetary offering which is VERY important, you can help fight recent laws by watching your local newspaper for articles about damage done by domestic animals, dogbites, livestock damage, etc. This could be useful in establishing that our animals are no more a menace than many domestic animals. Its a little thing to do and yet it might help a lot - send them to:

Ken Hatfield  
1991 S.W. 136th Avenue  
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33325





## MEETING REPORT

Our February 23rd meeting took place at Bob & Lil Smith's. No cats could attend for the usual reason - but there are always plenty on exhibit at the Smith's, so nobody could feel cheated. Ocelots and margays predominated in the large backyard cages, all beautiful and mostly tame.

Jack Breslin's twin, two-month old domestic born ocelots were also staying there temporarily and had the run of the house. Everyone envies Jack and Jean's Midas Touch with their breeding cats, producing at least two cubs twice a year.

There were about 40 members and guests present, most of us must remain anonymous, and the main topic of conversation centered around our legal problems, which are numerous, and my own terrible experience. Virginia English demonstrated a squeeze box she'd brought, as many of us have the need for one from time to time. We also discussed T. Harrison Van Ard who lives in San Bernadino, and claims to have discovered a new breed of cat. Actually, they are a leopard cat-domestic cross and he's selling state franchises for \$7,500. to unwary investors hoping to raise these felines. We all agreed that our Club should write him a letter (which I did) disassociating ourselves with his activities and condemning his fraudulent method. I also sent copies to the Better Business Bureau, District Attorney, Attorney General, etc. We all enjoyed many snacks and beverages and it was fun to get together again after a five month lapse.

We held our next meeting a month later in a legal location in Riverside County, the lovely home of Ralph and A.J. Nordman, just outside Banning. Cats were invited, but due to the long drive very few of them made an appearance. Quito, my 40 lb. ocelot was practically the only guest, but he looked forward expectantly to much attention and maybe a few slurps of beer or wine, cupped in the right front paw. He wasn't disappointed, though he kept hoping that Brian Romberg's tiny pet goat might come a bit closer. The Nordman's gorgeous Chaus presided in her cage with four domestic pussycat friends, and observed all the activities languidly. The hit of the afternoon was Ted and Vivian Shambaugh's adorable baby cougar, Sunshine, sucking on her bottle and passed around the group with great admiration and delight.

A delicious pot luck lunch was consumed by all, and again the meeting centered on illegality and the new California Fish & Game Laws. Now ALL cats must obtain a permit, indigenous or not - \$25 every two years for one cat or a hundred, they must pass inspection and their enclosures must be regulated. Forms can be obtained from any Fish & Game Office, and the required information includes such details as where the cat was purchased, from whom, and no cat may be transferred or sold without permission from Fish & Game. This now concerns all of us out here, but any violators may have their animals confiscated and perhaps never returned. So, watch out for malicious neighbors. Fish and Game has informed me that they will check out any reports of unlicensed exotics. Sometimes I think that all of us cat lovers should emigrate to an island off Honduras and bask in our lawlessness and criminality - but I guess they'd find us there too! We must all stick together and keep on fighting.

Submitted by,  
Ginny Story



## MEETING REPORT March, 1975

Our March meeting was held at the home of Marvin & Jackie Happle in Beaverton. Sami & Chico (ocelots) were there to greet both human and feline members and guests. After the usual hellos and cat talk we got down to the business of the day.

Minutes were read from the January meeting and Gayle Schaecher reported that she had sent a complete "Cat Census" to Ken for members in the area.

By-laws were again brought up. Most important to settle was the different officer's duties. We now know for sure what is to be done by each and everyone.

There was much discussion on the different people who have resigned from the branch. It saddens most of us that the branch has split and the people that have resigned are seeking a branch of their own. Most of us feel it could be quite harmful, since we feel that two branches in the same area would cause conflict and our main purpose would be lost. We feel that whatever problems there are can be worked out and everyone can get back together again.

At the same time we discussed the recent editorial in the current Newsletter. Hopefully something more will be brought out in the next newsletter to straighten out whatever misunderstandings it seemed to cause.

We did discuss the work that the Morris Foundation is doing and we have decided to join them. We also sent a cash donation.

Gayle reported that Sheba (ocelot) has been sent to the Olympic Game Farm to be put in a breeding program. She also reports that she has on a breeding loan, a male margay for Tiki, her female. Since the meeting, I'm happy to report that Tiki and Nikki are getting along very well.

Linda Morse reports things are happening at her house in the bobcat room. Maybe this year will bring the patter of little feet.

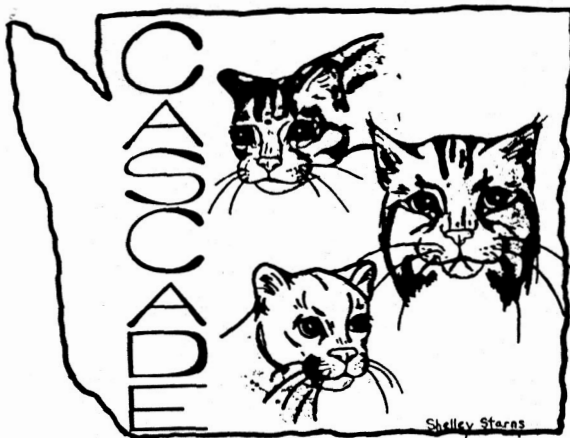
Harold Brown, a guest who owns a 200 lb. cougar named Bigfoot, reported to new members and guests the dos and don'ts of bring up a young cat. It was nice that Harold could attend. It has been a while since we've seen him.

After the business part of the meeting, we got down to the real business - cats. It was so nice to see everyone and their "babies", compare notes and exchange ideas. The day ended with fried chicken and the trimmings, many picture taking sessions and Skeeter Schaecher (ocelot) taking a dip in the pool.

Our thanks to Marv & Jackie for the wonderful day.

Respectfully submitted,  
Gayle Schaecher

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



**MEETING REPORT**  
April 20th, 1975

The meeting of the Cascade Branch was held in the home of Chip DiJulio in Brier, Washington. The weather was partially cloudy, but no rain! All in all, a nice day for visiting and cats.

We had quite a variety of cats present. Ginger Bordwell from the Pacific Northwest Branch came with Jake bobcat and Tigger Geoffrey's Cat. The Paramores brought their two jaguarundis, Ed Smith brought Auroara, his 11 month old lion, and Terry and I brought our latest addition, Dea, a female serval kitten. We were quite proud of Liz Ghent, who a couple of months ago became the "mother" of two Golden Cat kittens (1 male, 1 female). The babies came to the meeting and were adorable to say the least. And, of course, Sam Cougar has there hosting the operation.

The meeting was called to order by Coordinator Terry Starns. We were all saddened to hear of the recent death of our friend, Bill Hodge. A card to June was passed around for all to sign. Terry also reported that Bill Boyle had sent flowers for the Branch.

The H.E.L.P. Committee reported on the by-laws that they had come up with to date. When they are completed they will be presented to the membership for a vote.

Under old business, Don Morris gave a brief summary on his plan to raise funds with a dinner/dance and had some pictures of a previous one he had participated in.

Natasha Labinsky, who is a Tupperware dealer, suggested we have a Tupperware party to raise funds also. This sounded like a good idea to us too, so she agreed to make further plans and report back.

New business included a donation to the Legal Fund in memory of Bill Hodge and all he has done for us and our cats.

Most of the members reported that they are receiving their newsletters now although a couple are still having troubles.

After writing to the Stevensons asking if we could help in any way, they reported that it might be helpful if we sent telegrams or mailgrams to the Governor of New Jersey asking that the cats be returned to them. The address is Governor Brendan Byrne, State Capitol, Trenton, N.J.

A Letter from Ken Hatfield was read concerning the status of the Legal Fund to date. It was apparent that we must all donate much more for it to be successful.

Ginger from Pacific Northwest mentioned that we ought to have some joint meetings with them this summer. It sounds like a good idea and maybe we can even include the nearby Canadian Branch.

Speaking of Canada, our next meeting is scheduled for June 1st at the Ellis' in British Columbia.

John Paramore gave a short talk on jaguarundis. Then we had a raffle. Winners were: Petra Williams, a sweater and a bobcat puzzle, Judy White - lion peechee, Bette Hawkinson - lion peechee, and Richard Dyck - cat matches.

MEETING REPORT  
March 21, 1975



**MEETING REPORT**  
March 21, 1975

A very important meeting was held at the home of Judy and Gene Wilson with 12 persons in attendance. Major topic of discussion was the recent submittal of our proposed ordinance, with recommendations from the Special Services Committee, to the County Board of Supervisors. There were many recommendations that we and our attorney could not go along with, and we wanted to have everyone in unison when appearing before the Board. The new California State Law, which gives permits to exotic animal owners was discussed and it was evident that the County Council was most worried about the effect another permit system in the city and county would have and would it conflict with the State system? We decided to let our attorney handle any presentation before the County Board and then we would comment on special questions.

We also discussed a most puzzling problem. That being the San Diego Zoo position against our organization and private individuals possessing wildlife. Or maybe it is just Clyde Hill, Curator of Mammals that is so adamantly against us. We thought it most strange since he doesn't know any of us, or our goals. In any event, his comments are not carrying much weight. We feel it is a shame that those of us who are working for the same cause can't be open minded enough to listen and learn from one another, whether or not that person be a zoo official, private owner, researcher, etc.

Since that meeting, we have learned from our attorney that County Council for San Diego, has made their investigation of all the proposals for a permit system and we should be going before the County Board of Supervisors soon. Wish us luck! What a great feeling it is to be WINNING.

We would also like to extend our congratulations to Ken Hatfield and his officers for doing an outstanding job with LIOC.

Respectfully submitted,  
Judy Wilson  
Secretary/Treasurer

We welcomed new members Ed Smith, Petra and Cyril Williams.

Guests included Ginger Bordwell, Henry & Judy Sauer, and Dick & Cheryl Maltsby.

Members attending were: Terry & Shelley Starns, Clint & Judy White, Chip DiJulio, John & Carol Ellis, Richard & Evelyn Dyck, Steve Johnson, Bette Hawkinson and husband Larry, Don & Marie Morris, Natasha Labinsky, Ron Provost, John & Linda Paramore, and Liz Ghent.

Amidst Purrs & Growls,  
Shelley Starns  
Secretary/Treasurer

# EDITORIAL RESPONSE

Below are two of the many letter I received in reply to my editorial. I received more pro than con but I think it is apparent that we need certain standards we can offer and suggest to potential owners. I hate the thought that we must tell members how to take care of their cats, but evidently this is needed, and perhaps it would be a good subject for discussion at convention. If any of you have thoughts on the subject, we'd be glad to hear them.

In 1962, in Tacoma Washington, a pair of lions escaped during a storm. Their owner kept them in improper security. One of the animals injured a local resident and the result of that was that ALL wild pets were banned in the area.

A few years later in Portland, the L.I.O.C. branch coordinators there managed to do the same favor there for area cat owners. They kept several lions and a jaguar under risky security and walked them in the neighborhood. Neighbors who complained were told to mind their own business. This resulted in a petition drive which succeeded in banning cats from Portland and Multnomah County. Later they managed to lose three asian golden cats (1 recovered, 1 never seen again and 1 killed by a hunter) and because of lax security have had two lions killed by neighbors in two months after they escaped into the neighborhood and killed livestock. Their actions and lack of judgement generated headlines of outrage throughout the entire northwest and brought pressure from humane organizations and animal control authorities on all of us. Their behaviour not only made it nearly impossible for us to keep cats, but provided a negative model to which all of us here are still compared.

The reason for noting these incidents was a recent News-letter editorial which appeared to advocate looking the other way when confronted with questionable behaviour by cat owners. While I can accept the fact that as owners we need to stick together, I can't accept the philosophy that we are obligated to defend owners who's actions risk our cats and as one of "the out of state letter writers" mentioned in the editorial, I feel that a response to the editorial is required.

There has never been a negative law passed that could not find its origins in the foolish actions of an owner or dealer. In some cases that misbehaviour was clearly a case of open public risk, or cruelty. But in the majority of cases, its simply a case of somebody behaving like an idiot before a public that doesn't understand us and is scared stiff. Because of this, we can't afford to ignore such people. Certainly we should try our best to push for attitude and behavioural change in them but where this fails and where such people pose risks to our cats we have no choice but to do what is necessary to publicly expose them. We have to be able to prove to the authorities that we are a responsible group and can be trusted to handle ourselves with little or no governmental help. This might mean doing as little as using peer pressure to keep an owner from dragging his cats through taverns, stores & schools to as much as closing down a pet shop. When the choice is doing that or letting unknowledgable frightened bureaucrats do it for you..or to you, there really is no choice. If we go into hiding whenever a foolish owner turns up we're going to pay for it. As a group, we are considered no better than the worst among us due to the public attitude outlined above. When an owner upsets people by his actions we have to choose between calling a spade a spade, denying our enemies the chance to bury us, or ignoring or covering up for him or her, thus leaving it to our opponents to hold services after we've buried ourselves.

This, of course, doesn't justify ripping into another member or owner over personality conflicts, but if you're so stupid that you don't realize actions by others which threaten the majority of owners, its my opinion that you're too stupid to be a good owner.

In the case noted in the editorial, the member who got panned has posed what I consider a direct threat to every owner in the Northwest by their actions and attitudes. Additionally, they seem to feel that LIOC is to be used as a tool for their interests in promotional

schemes. The person has taken a lion to several public places in apparent indifference to security needs, and in total indifference to the requests of other local members that she "cool it" in the interests of the majority. When told by the Portland City Council to erect suitable temporary facilities to gain permit to keep the cat, she chose instead to go to the local papers and broadcasters in a play for sympathy. This not only irritated the Council, and threatened a hardening of attitudes of cat owners there, but her appearances in the Seattle area on TV and in the papers (especially pictures of her small son with the cat) upset the City Council of Seattle so much that moves have been made to raise fees to as much as \$75.00 per cat per year on the theory that high fees will eliminate owners like her. I could go on at length about the things this person has done, including a recent complaint I'm still checking on that involves misrepresentation in the sale of a hybrid leopard cat...and all of these performed while she shouts LIOC - loudly.

The actions and attitudes of this "member" have jeopardized every member in Oregon & Washington and we cannot afford her in any way. The letter that I wrote to the Portland City Council simply outlined what I would expect as basic security for a lion kept in a residential area. Others were substantially more harsh, however they knew of things I'd been unaware of and as owners interested in protecting their own cats had every right to complain about her antics. It was their duty to do so, and I'll stand with them against anybody who disagrees. I should point out here also, that this person would not have been before a negative council if she hadn't drawn citizens' complaints by dragging the lion through stores in the first place.

Now, I believe in the live & let live philosophy, and I agree that we have to stick together to survive, but I also believe that when we're under the gun, as we are, live & Let live doesn't apply to those who risk our cats and sticking together doesn't include backing up such people either.

John Paramore



The editorial on the negative aspects of the Long Island Ocelot Club interested me greatly, as did the tongue in cheek article "How to Destroy a Club". The back-biting and petty jealousies that seem to abound in any organization, be it an animal club or a ladies' garden society are always defeating to the overall purpose for which the club was formed.

Often when I recommend to someone that they join LIOC and our local group, A.C.E.C., they say, "I'm not a joiner" or "I don't like clubs". No doubt they are thinking of these internal machinations when they hesitate to become members. Very possibly, too, the members who stick their heads in the sand are hoping they won't have to become involved in the political problems and personality conflicts that are bound to be part of any group.

At this time, when solidarity is so important for the protection of our cats, your rule of keeping quiet unless you have something nice to say is certainly valid. When dealing with animal regulatory officials (whether local, state, or federal), the press or any outsiders, we must present a unified front and the image of responsible dedication to the purposes of our organization.

I must take this a step further and submit for the members' consideration that the image of dedication to our purposes would be considerably easier to maintain if our purposes were more clearly defined. As you point out, we cannot recommend specifications for feeding and housing unless we have first hand knowledge of the specie in question. Since so many species are represented by our Club, would it not be possible to set minimum standards for the care of each of these species, based on members experience and expertise? If we were to "clean

Continued page 14





## OBITUARY

Bill Hodge of the Olympic Game Farm died April 15, 1975. L.I.O.C., its members and their cats have lost a good friend. Bill was a day short of 47 years of age when he died. He is survived by his wife, June and children, Billy, Vonda and Tommy.

John Paramore, who knew Bill well, wrote the following: "I'll remember Bill as a gem in the rough. A man who never broke his word with me, and though he was dynamite on feet to those who hurt him, was as solid a friend as could have been asked for when needed. I'll remember Bill as a man who, as a dealer, bought entire shipments of animals he hadn't ordered, just to save a dying margay, and a friend who always encouraged me to try new concepts and forget convention if it looked promising to do so, and a man who said what he felt, and stuck to his opinions. Bill is leaving a hole that really can't be filled."

We will all remember Bill Hodge. The information he shared with us is tremendous and the Column heading "HODGEPUDGE" will remain in his memory.

## CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS PROPOSED

Nominations are in for our 1975 elections. As was stated in the last Newsletter, all present officers & directors are up for re-election automatically if they do not decline in writing. To date none have done so. Ballots for the vote on Officers & Directors will be mailed with the next issue of the Newsletter and must be returned by October 1st, as the Constitution now stands.

The following amendments to the Constitution have been proposed. Please vote Yes or No on each proposed amendment and send them to Ken Hatfield, 1991 SW. 136 Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33325 no later than June 10th.

1. Add Article III-5  
An organization whose goals are similar to those of the Long Island Ocelot Club may be designated as an Associated Member by filing a copy of their Rules & Regulations with the Board of Directors and a copy of their charter if incorporated. Upon determination by the board that the applicant's aims are similar and not in any way contradictory to the society's it may be named an Associated organization.
2. Add Article III-6  
The Long Island Ocelot Club may become an associated member of other organizations whose goals are similar to those of the Society's with the approval of the Board of Directors.
3. Amend Article V:  
3. March 20th of the election year should be changed to May 20th.
4. April 1st shall be changed to June 1st with publication in the July issue.
5. Ballots to be in by September 15th for publication in the November issue.

## 9th Lottie to be Presented at Convention 75

Lottie Manager, Catherine Cisin, writes that a Lottie WILL be presented this year at convention. For those of you new to LIOC, the Lottie is a bronzed statuette in the form of an ocelot's head which is created by Brenda Duprey.

The Lottie signifies "unusual devotion to exotic felines, exemplary conduct at home and abroad relative to the cats and unusual service to L.I.O.C."

The past recipients of the Lottie make up the voting and nominating committee. In the past the Lottie has been presented eight times:

1966 - Gene Brill  
1967 - Bill Engler  
1968 - Mike Balbo  
1969 - Dave Salisbury  
1970 - Bob Peraner  
1971 - Johnny Ebner  
1972 - Catherine Cisin  
1973 - Ken & Jean Hatfield  
1974 - none awarded  
1975 - ?



The 1975 Lottie will be presented at the Convention Banquet - won't you join us?



## EDITORIAL RESPONSE..cont.

our own back yard" we should stand a better chance of convincing the powers that be that we are responsible individuals and not just a "bunch of nuts" as we are often called.

Through the ages I have worked with many organizations that purport to be interested in the welfare of animals in general or wildlife in particular. I have met with tremendous antagonism against exotic cat ownership, but have been fortunate enough to wear down their resistance through persistent adherence to the standards I set for myself. Since we need all the friends we can get, it is most discouraging to have some member "blow it" by irresponsibility, inadequate care of the cats or flagrant flaunting of the restrictions placed on us.

This is a crucial time in the history of LIOC, to say nothing of the history of our country. We are fighting for not only our existence as a club, but also for our individual rights. Now is the time for us to take a stand on issues such as what is proper care for an ocelot, margay, etc., how to assure the best possible dispensation of the off-spring resulting from our breeding programs, how we intend to cope with the potential for over-population of exotics and how we stand on the laws that affect us directly in regards to keeping our pets. If we prove we have all aspects of exotic ownership covered we can demand a say in the restrictions placed on us. If we look the other way when a member refuses to even try and legalize his situation or obviously keeps his cats in a manner that is unfitting, we are jeopardizing all our cats. It doesn't matter if the member who endangers us is one who's company we enjoy, who is fun to be with at meetings or if we dislike him intensely. The only criterion should be adherence to the standards we will set for the well being of the cats. When we have such standards we will truly be united and able to offer something to our communities. Until then, we will continue to see our personal freedoms eroded and our difficulties mount.

*Virginia English*  
Virginia English

# EN'S

A detailed black and white line drawing of a flea, shown from a side profile. The flea has a segmented body with prominent ridges, long hind legs for jumping, and small antennae. It is positioned in the lower right area of the page.

1. We have hung Shell No-Pest strips in their room or enclosure. These MUST be WELL VENTILATED.
2. We have hung flea collars (not on the cats) in their rooms or enclosures - again the area must be well ventilated.
3. We have also used liquid flea sprays as well as powdered preparations. These products are of local manufacture and would not be available in your area so the are shown below from these preparations to give you a general idea of the ingredients that are considered safe as any parasite-killing preparation can be. This preparation can be ordered at a cost of \$24 per gallon from the manufacturer.

Jevin (tradename) garden spray is also effective. It can be applied with a sprayer and is safe even for young kittens. We have had no adverse reactions with it.



*Books*

Registration - cont

Full transfer of the kit if it is done at the same time.

Certificate of Domestic Birth and LIOC Registration Card will be issued. Any kittens who die after the litter has been registered should be reported to the Registrar and the appropriate application returned. Failure to do so may result in revocation of all registration privileges. No litter registration will be accepted if parents are not registered and Registrar provided with the LIOC registration number.

#### TRANSFER OF OWNERSHIP

Use the Registration/Transfer Application (Form RT-1) This must be accompanied by the present owner's Registration Card or an affidavit stating the card has been lost. NO TRANSFER WILL BE MADE WITHOUT SUCH DOCUMENTATION. The fee for transfer is \$2.00. A new registration card will be issued to the new owner. Do not take possession of an animal without either a registration card or an affidavit - the cat may not be registered. Ask to see the Certificate of Domestic Birth or check with the Registrar.

Copies of documents on file and pedigrees of individual cats may be obtained for a fee of \$1.00. In the case of a lost document, an affidavit stating the original was lost or destroyed must be presented before a new one will be issued.

The death of any registered cat must be reported to the registrar as soon as possible and accompanied by the Registration Card. Failure to do so could result in loss of registration privileges. We also suggest that should a registered cat be anesthetized for any reason (declawing) the registration number be tattooed inside a hind leg. This is a simple, painless procedure which most vets are prepared to do.



#### FROM THE ART WORLD

Richard Evans Younger strikes again, this time with an offering of an ocelot seated among jungle foliage. The markings of this ocelot are less than perfect but we see so few renderings of our favorite subjects it is worth considering. The signed and numbered prints are 16X20 and are available from the Frame House Gallery, Louisville, Kentucky for \$30. Many of the better department and art dealers around the country carry works from the Frame House Gallery so you might check in your town.

A bronze sculpture of a cougar mounted on natural jade signed and numbered by the artist, Gary N. Herbert, is available from the Wilderness Society, 1901 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. The cougar is shown climbing a tree limb and is available for only - \$180. plus \$10. handling, shipping and insurance fees.

#### BALI TIGER NOW EXTINCT?

A recent expedition has found no trace of the Bali Tiger, reinforcing fears that this sub-species is extinct. Perhaps the U.S.D.I. or some other governmental agency should pass a law to bring it back?

#### STOLEN ANIMAL SURVEY

A report in the March, 1975 issue of American Assoc. of Zoos Newsletter states a cheetah cub was stolen from Lion Country Safari in California, two lion cubs were taken from Lion Country Safari in Florida and one cheetah cub disappeared from the San Diego Wild Animal Park.

Other animals were also stolen from other zoos but they were not felines. A good percentage have been recovered due to widespread publicity through the press and wire services. AAZPA stated "it would seem to be a good policy to squeeze as much publicity as possible out of the thefts not only to locate the animals, but to discourage such occurrences by also reporting recoveries." Information is being compiled by Clyde A. Hill, Curator of Mammals, San Diego Zoo, Box 551, San Diego, Cal. 92112. LIOC members would do well to take note of the above and take precautions against such occurrences in their compounds.

#### REVERSIBLE CONTRACEPTION PROJECT

Dr. Clinton Gray of the National Zoo and Dr. U.S. Seal of the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Minneapolis are collaborating in a long-term study to determine if a new procedure for reversible contraception will prove effective. The subjects are 60 lions at Lion Country Safari's facility in Doswell, Va. Officials there welcomed the contraception assistance since an over-population of cubs was causing serious economic problems. Fifty males and females received implantations of cigarette-sized plastic cylinders, placed subcutaneously in the loose skin just in front of the front shoulder. For the males the silastic cylinder (time released) is impregnated with one of six different types of anti-androgens which prevent glands from creating sperm. The females are receiving progestins preventing ovulation. Some of the implants will be removed after one year at which time it is hoped that normal and successful reproduction will occur. Ten lions and lionesses were not treated and will be used as controls over the experimental period. Preliminary examinations indicate no physiological or behavioral changes in the animals and both Drs. Gray and Seal anxiously await the determination of reversibility with this chemical contraceptive technique.

#### FILMSTRIPS FOR CONSERVATION

The East African Wildlife Society, in cooperation with the New York Times has produced a set of sound and color filmstrips on the ecology of African wildlife. They are about the amazing animals of Africa and their struggle for survival. They dramatically exemplify the ecological conflicts that abound in today's world and explain how the fate of these animals is inexorably tied in with the population explosion, pollution, land erosion and the struggle of the African people to raise their standard of living. There is one film in the set called THE LAST OF THE BIG CATS, about the lion primarily. It shows the lion's relationship to his environment, to man, to other animals on the African savanna. The last third of the filmstrip deals with the leopard and cheetah. The value of their fur makes their existence a precarious one, for poachers regularly invade the areas where they are presumably protected.

#### WWF's OPERATION TIGER CONTINUES

The elusive tiger has been the object of an intensive study supported by the World Wildlife Fund of the U.S. and carried on by scientist from the Smithsonian Institution, in Nepal's Chitwan National Park.

Radio tracking, a method never used before in tiger research has enabled scientists to determine many environmental factors critical to the species' survival. WWF has approved payment for extending the project for yet another year.

Researchers report that in parts of the study area, the big cats are carrying on the daily cycle of their lives in the cover of tall grasses and forests within sight and sound and often, within a stone's throw of village life. It is encouraging to see the close relationship between cat and man in terms of prospects of preserving and maintaining tiger populations in the wild.

#### AND, FROM THE WORLD OF MEDICINE

B.J. Lester writes, "I am not familiar with the following, but perhaps it contains information that would be helpful to some of our members." "The following was listed in the Directory of Members published by the American Assoc. of Zoo Veterinarians" JOURNAL OF FELINE MEDICINE AND SURGERY FOR THE PRACTITIONER, P.O.Box 4506, Santa Barbara, Cal. 93103.