

# NEWSLETTER

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

Volume 23 - Number 6  
November/December 1979

## LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



### CLOUDED LEOPARD IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT

Scheherazade, fondly known as Shari, a domestic born Clouded Leopard, is pictured here at 6 months. Shari is now 2 yrs old and lives with the Vanderwalls. She gets along well with the other animals in the house, including domestic cats, dogs, and exotics. However, problems do arise when she tries to ride the dogs like horses; for some reason it makes them very nervous. Shari enjoys running through the house and flying over furniture and people with her pet stuffed 6 foot snake, or huge octopus, dangling from her mouth.



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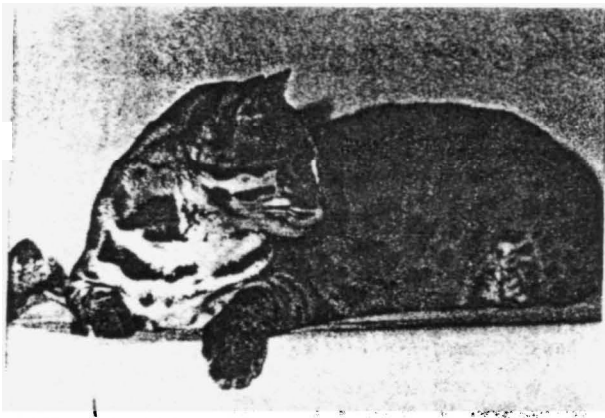
Send all Newsletter related material to the Editor. THANKS.

**PLEASE SHARE**  
**HAPPY TIMES**  
***sad times***  
**Helpful Hints**  
**QUESTIONS**  
**Answers** **PHOTOS**  
*poetry* **ART**  
**OR**  
**JUST YOUR RANDOM**  
**THOUGHTS**  
**L.I.O.C. NEEDS**  
**YOU!**

Material for publication in the LIOC 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 time of their meeting reports.

S  
E  
T  
H



by Stuart Holtzman

As you might have heard, we've been kind of snowed in here in Chicago. That hasn't phased Seth at all. To begin with, she's strictly an indoor cat - so whether it rained or snowed, was cloudy or sunny, she always viewed weather sort of "third hand". Yet, with the inclement weather, we have had more time to stay home and enjoy her presence. This is not to say, of course, that Seth doesn't like snow. Oh, by no means no! I scoop a bit off our windowsill, crunch it down to a ball and toss it to Seth. She finds nothing more enjoyable than to punch and nibble a piece off, cuff it and jump on it, until nothing is left but a moist area where once existed a junior size snowball.

Our domestic cat, Ezekial (Zeke) looks on at these shenanigans with a degree of circumspection and I often watch him put human thoughts into his mind as he watches her expend energy; such as: "you silly little thing, don't you know that snow is COLD and worse still it's WET. Well, if this is what Zeke was thinking and Seth could understand, she'd probably reply: "So what you big, lazy thing, this is the best wet sport I have had since Stu took away the litter tray which used to be filled with water. Ah, yes, those were the days - when excitement was tossed from the tray to the kitchen floor" We decided it would be best if Seth learned to use litter. She did.

Seth doesn't like people. I don't expect I would either, being Jungle-born. We've enjoyed her for more than seven years, but its obvious that during the first two months of her life, enroute from Thailand, she was fiercely abused. Thus, she only responds to my wife, Sulie, and myself. Yet, where food is involved she has shown a real sense of sportsmanship or compromise. Whenever we travel, our neighbors take care of our cats. They live across the hall from us and are over quite often. We have heard many amusing stories from them about how friendly (?) Seth is when we are away. She will follow them about, likes to tease their children by nipping their toes. Of course I might mention Seth gets more treats while we are away, so I think this a case of one slick cat who knows what it takes to get what she wants and where a feeding hand comes from.

As I am sure you know, the antics of Leopard cats, I won't relate what you already know, except that indicative of her sport, we have gone through 14 telephone cords - on a wall-mounted extension, a full 6 feet above the floor! Illinois Bell Telephone Company is becoming a little curious as to why we have averaged better than two cords a year. Excuses like: we have a child teething, our cat thought it was a snake, or the rubberized sheathing just seems to break all the time are beginning to wear a little thin with them.....

..... recently moved from an apartment to our first home with an effective area of about 3-4 times of our former abode. This was not only a major change for us, but also a traumatic shift of environment for Seth.

Realize that Seth, as well as our domestic, Zeke are indoor felines. Especially Seth, since she has never gone outside except in a carrier of cate to get to the veterinarian or from one of the other of the successive apartments in which we have resided.

We had grave forebodings of psychological trauma to Seth and made all sorts of preparations to alleviate or at least ameliorate the shock of the move. We planned on keeping Seth in her cage (which she normally uses only for dining) for a week prior to moving and thereafter keeping her confined until she acclimated to EACH and every room in our new house. We'd keep her away from Zeke who just loved to irritate her when she was "freaked" anyway. Regardless of these plans and preparations, and many other things, it just didn't go that way.

To begin with, Seth doesn't much enjoy confinement.. no cat does..especially a jungle born! So the idea of confining her for a week prior to moving never got off the ground, even though my wife, Sulie, insisted that that was the correct thing to do. I didn't have the heart to cage her, so that every day up to the day before we actually moved, Seth was running around, oft times getting into mischief, with her cohort in crime, Zeke.

Finally, she did end up in her cage, but not before acquiring a feel for the fact that something was definitely up and that she wasn't just sure she liked what was coming down. Cats, as you know, like a fixed environment. Change the position of just one piece of furniture and they'll know it. Seth, especially so. With boxes and boxes of books (from my law practice) down on the floor and not up on the shelves where she could sit upon them--something just wasn't right.

After we placed her in her cage (rather she placed herself - she walked in to eat and we locked the door on her) she pouted. And why not? If Zeke could be out, roaming around, knocking things over, well then, why couldn't she?

We moved. Seth went by cage in the back seat of our car. We placed her in an upstairs bedroom, (our house, known as an English Split, really has four levels of living space). She accepted this without too much excitement, much to our surprise. And believe it or not, she maintained our respect and ongoing relief when she maintained a decorum without a doubt, unexcelled by any wild-born feline in a new environment.

We kept her confined for about 2 or 3 days, then released her. Immediately, Zeke went to work on her - teasing her, cajoling her and all but scaring the wits out of her to the point where she would not come out of that one bedroom - at least for 30 minutes or so. As soon as we settled ourselves into a different part of the house, she began her investigations. And the very first, and by no means minor experience, which she had to deal with was the STAIRS.

The stairs. What were stairs? We'd never had stairs before. Thailand (from where she hails) had no stairs. WHAT ARE STAIRS? I guess in a choice between going up or going down a cat is going to go up, regardless of whether the cat has any idea of how to get down. She went up. Obviously, she negotiated that set, because a little later that evening we found her in the master bedroom which is at the far top of the house.

Coming down was another matter.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Since this is running to excesses, I can continue this at a later date. I hope that I have not bored you with detail. But in dealing with this animal, every movement, every breath, the slightest shudder, twitch or flick elicits a response. I can do no less when I write of her.

FURS SHOULD BE WORN ON  
THE ONES THEY WERE  
BORN ON!



## Hazards of Being a Lion

From Santa Cruz County, California comes the sad news that Caesar the lion is dead. Subject of a recent court case in which a neighbor filed a complaint about him, Caesar's owners, Rick & Sandy Robinson, decided that the only solution was to put their four year old pet to sleep.

The neighbors claimed that they were made nervous by having the lion so close and that he smelled and roared! Superior Court Judge, Harry Brauer, in his infinite wisdom, ordered that the lion was a public nuisance and must be removed, even though he resided in a fortress-like cage under a valid permit. Brauer called the neighbors fears legitimate because, "the fear of lions goes back to prehistoric times". Sounds like a really bright guy, doesn't he?

Caesar's owners realized that the continuing legal battle appeared futile as well as costly and surmised that he couldn't survive with other owners, thus their sad decision.



And, from Macedon N.Y....James Flora hand raised Keenja, his 2 year old, declawed lioness from a cub. When Keenja escaped recently, her owner said, "We didn't know what she would do" and since the cat posed a threat to neighbors, Flora used a 12-gauge shotgun to fire four deer slugs into the cat. She was found dead about a mile from the scene of the shooting

Penny Andrews, reprinted from  
Exotics Unlimited Newsletter



This poem is about "MEKO" a leopard cat who shares his life with three humans and six domestics. Reprinted from Exotics Unlimited Newsletter.

There's my tiny spotted fella I see,  
with huge brown eyes just staring at me  
He's got big fuzzy paws and a funny pink nose,  
and ALL of those spots, gosh just cant get over those.  
He's so bold and brave and forever makes us laugh.  
We'll end up watching him til our sides split in half.  
He'll jump on top the table, then leap to the back of  
the couch  
Just waiting there in silence, Oh my, he's starting to  
crouch.  
Yep, just as I suspected, he's found a kitty to jump on...  
Growl, hiss, snarl & zip...Down the hall, and he's gone.  
He's just playing a game of tag and reminding the rest  
who's king.  
Thinking of his cute and ornery ways, I'd never trade him  
for a thing.

## Readers Write



As a new member of LIOC, and reading that you needed material for the Newsletter, I thought I'd set down some of my thoughts on cats.

Cats have intrigued me from childhood. I remember reading with awe and some sadness about the ancient Egyptians mummifying their cats and burying them with little saucers of milk. And I have often thought since how sad those ancient people would be to see how cats, both wild and tame, have been treated in modern times.

As a veterinary assistant, I have had both sad and wonderful experiences with domestic cats. We have six housecats at the moment and for several years I have been helping strays and trying to find good homes for them.

I have been a zoo nursery volunteer for three and a half years, and have helped raise baby lions, cougars, servals, golden cats and Siberian tigers. I have a "nodding acquaintance" with most of the zoos adult cats.

Several of us volunteers have been on "serval watch" recently, making notes on the behaviour of four serval kittens born here. In hot sun or pouring rain, we are happy to stand for several hours, watching these beautiful babies.

Lion cubs are so adorable, cougar kittens so beautiful, and the female golden cat the most gorgeous animal. Its hard to choose a favorite. But our Siberian tiger cub completely stole our hearts with his sweet ways, we all cried a little the day he left.

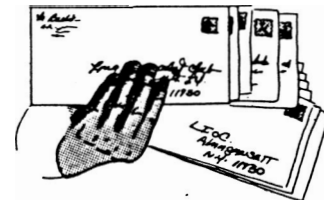
I don't own an exotic, but take great joy in helping with the zoo cats, seeing the feline of the Oregon Educational Exotic Feline Club, one of their members recently acquired a clouded leopard! Also had a recent memorable visit to the Cougar Mountain Breeding Compound to see all the gorgeous- well-cared for cats of Terry & Shelley Starns.

I'm a compulsive writer, have written about 24 cat articles, soon to be published in a booklet with proceeds going to the Feline Division of the Morris Animal Foundation. Plus letters to editors and congressmen urging better wildlife legislation, especially protection for the world's endangered cats.

I read every cat book and magazine I can get my hands on and have numerous photo albums of felines of all species. My idea of vacation is visiting zoos and wildlife parks. I shudder to think there are actually people who take pleasure in shooting wild felines and the thought of any creature in a steel trap or coat made of a wild thing's fur is beyond my comprehension.

There are many people who don't know of LIOC and believe its a club for rich folks who want exotics as a status symbol. More people should be made aware of your efforts for the conservation of exotics. All zoos, wildlife parks and clubs such as LIOC should work together or before we know it many beautiful felines will be lost to us forever

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Washoregal, Wa 98671

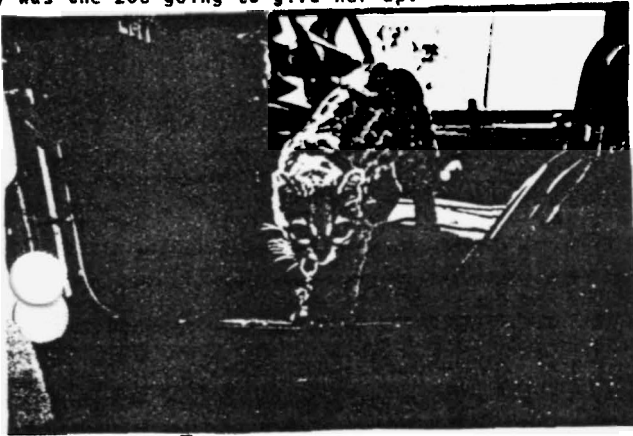


# PENNY

by Heidi Marie Fahrenholz

When I first saw Penny in the zoo, she was lying rolled in a ball in the corner of a glass cage that looked much like a fish tank, her fur all covered with sawdust. Her body looked so tiny that it was hard to believe that she was a margay, but from her markings it had to be so.

Contrary to what I believe in, I knocked at the glass to make her wake up and look at me. Slowly her head emerged from under her right front paw and big black eyes looked at, or rather through me. The sight of her little face gave me quite a shock. Apart from the fact that her ears were all slashed from many fights with her cage-mates (she had survived four males in that cage) she looked exactly like my favorite margay Ocel, a very big wild born male. Although it was much smaller, her face had the same shape and expression as Ocel's, the color of her fur was the same and her body shape and markings, though smaller were almost identical. Seeing this unhappy, tiny bundle of fur that looked so much like my contented and pampered pet was almost more than I could bear, but no way was the zoo going to give her up.



It took me almost one and a half years to get Penny out of there, a time during which I had tried everything from offering a ridiculously high sum for her to threatening to put the condition under which she was kept in the local papers. Finally my day of victory arrived and I went to collect her. When I had paid for her at the office I asked to be allowed to put her in the travelling cage myself. I had some fresh grass with me and knowing that she had never received grass in the zoo I was sure she would follow it wherever I put it, but I wasn't given the chance. When I came downstairs to the cages, Penny was already hanging in the keeper's net ready to be pushed into the traveling cage. The keeper watched me and the grass, grinning and murmured something like this being a cat and not a cow. I didn't reply anything but offered the grass to Penny who was sitting quietly in the carrier. She grabbed the grass with such greed that she almost ripped the skin off my hand - she finished every bit of the grass. I left without even looking at the keeper's dumb-struck face.

I had covered the carrier with a towel in order to keep frightening sights from Penny and placed her next to me in the seat. After driving a while, I stopped and bent down to Penny, lifting the towel to reassure her, but Penny needed no reassurance. She was lying comfortably on the cushion with front paws neatly folded and looked at me without fear. From what I had been told, at the zoo I was more than surprised. The director assured me that she was shy and unhandlable, even vicious at times and that he would not feel liable for any injuries she might do to me since he had warned me. Gently I put my hand in the carrier for Penny to sniff. She politely touched it with her all black nose (also the same as Ocel's) and continued to watch me attentively. I removed the towel and Penny's interested glance wandered from the window to my face and vice versa the whole drive home. I was ever so anxious to get home and open the carrier to see what she would do in my bedroom.

When we arrived Penny immediately came out of the carrier sniffing the carpet carefully, which must have borne the smell of almost all of my 14 exotics who all, at times, are in that room when they roam the house. She exercised her claws on the carpet and flung herself on her side, watching me with interest. Slowly I moved my hand and arm toward her to stroke her. She immediately hung on my arm, all four paws clinging to it, before I even had a chance to touch her. Then she started biting, but oh so very gently. I lifted her on my lap where she stayed and I stroked her while she gently nibbled at my fingers.

Was it possible that a person who had cared for and fed this animal for more than five years had not realized that Penny was completely tame and that this zoo animal had probably started its life as a pet and was more imprinted with man than many all tame pets I knew? Obviously it was possible.

Ever since Penny has only meant joy to us. She dearly loved her new large and natural outdoor place but as she was much too small to join any of my other margays (she only weighs 6 pounds), and my oncillas who are more her size were more than unfriendly to her, she had to stay on her own. During tea time each day Penny was allowed into the house for an hour or two and during this time I introduced her to my most gentle, domestic born, male oncilla, Gato. From that day they have been playing in the house together while we watch them. Gato was happy since this provided him with an additional couple of hours free run before he was allowed to roam the house with his fellow oncillas in the evening.

Soon after she arrived, Penny came into heat. She called for me and did not care for any of my male margays whom she could see and smell through the fence. Nor did she care for Gato oncilla. She just wanted me. She would spend hours rubbing and rolling in my lap. She was most loving and loveable when she was in heat, but I felt that she was in heat too often. When she showed signs of heat every week instead of every six weeks like the rest of my girls, I knew something to be wrong. Everytime she was in heat there was also a lot of discharge and when I first noticed the discharge when she was not in season, I knew her real troubles had started. I went to the vet with her, where she behaved beautifully, and he decided that she would have to be spayed as soon as she was out of season. After the operation I was told that her ovaries were cystic and that she had just been about to develop an infection of the uterus.

Penny recovered rapidly and soon could enjoy her outdoor place again. Although I missed her affectionate ways when in heat, she still remained the loving cat she was before. I soon tried to put a collar around her neck which she accepted as if she had never been without one, but when I tried to walk her in the garden she got terribly frightened by the enormity of the space and would hide under me. I then had the idea to take her carrier which she used to sleep in, out into the garden and with her sitting in the carrier with the door open I walked around with Penny watching the scenery. It did not take long before she ventured out and walked a few steps on the leash - always returning to the carrier quickly when she felt insecure. After three weeks we did not need the carrier anymore and Penny was going on walks like Ocel or any of my other leash trained cats.

I found that Penny loved the car and she soon joined me and rode with me when I drove the few miles every day to Nickel, a margay rescue, whom I had taken in shortly after I received Penny, and whom I could not house anymore due to lack of space. He was boarding in a beautiful indoor/outdoor facility of a friend who had lost their ocelot.

I am more than happy, and I think Penny is too, that I have finally succeeded in getting her. I was more than upset when I visited that same zoo again and saw a pair of young geoffroy cats cuddled up in Penny's former cage.





### Meeting Report

The fall meeting of the SW branch was held in the home of our President, Rebecca Morgan in Dallas, Texas.

The meeting was called to order by Rebecca with the first order of business being a report of the National Convention. Dr. Roger Harmon and Shirley Treanor alternated in bringing us up to date on the convention activities, including new laws on captive born endangered species. Election of officers were discussed as two members of SW, Elmer Morgan and Shirley Treanor are running for Term Directors, with an explanation of how to properly fill out the ballots to insure that your vote will be counted.

New business was brought before the group. This was raising funds through the sale of an original artists conception of a snow leopard. The SW Branch purchased the painting with funds raised at the Canton sales. It is intended that the proceeds would be divided between the general fund and Bill Engler's family. After much discussion it was decided that the best way to handle it would be to hold a raffle via the newsletter.

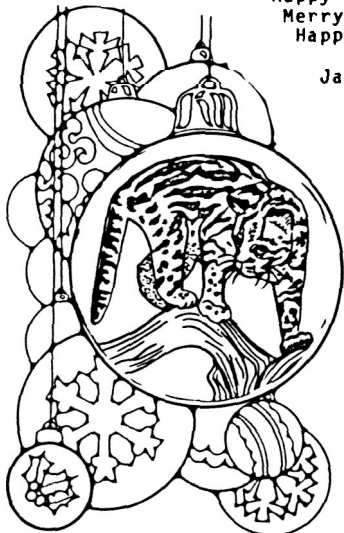
Because the branch has invested so much in this painting it was decided that unless the initial purchase price was covered, the picture would be offered to the highest bidder within our branch as several have expressed an interest in it. The funds generated by the raffle would then be returned.

The next meeting is scheduled for spring at the home of Walter & Lois Marshall in Angleton.

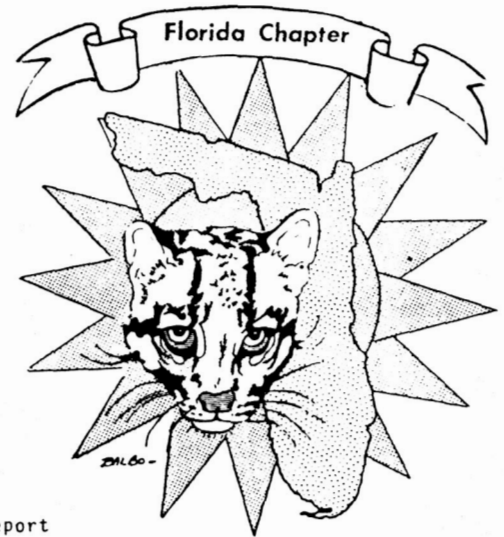
Attending this meeting were: Jan & Jerry Neal, Elfriede Vickery, Stacy Goodner, Kent Zink, Roger & Kay Harmon, Ann Heinrich, Elmer & Rebecca Morgan, John Liles, Harriet Leake, Shirley Treanor, Karen Anderson and Beverly Marti.

Until the spring meeting,  
Happy Thanksgiving,  
Merry Christmas and  
Happy New Year

Jan Neal, Secretary



Season's Greetings  
Felices Pascuas  
Meilleurs Voeux  
Frohe Weihnachten



### Meeting Report

What a gathering of the cat clan was the November meeting of our Florida group. Hosted by Florida Chapter President Danny Treanor with his hostess Ellen Bartlett, we were treated to an excellent barbequed chicken (ala Danny) lunch with all the usual side orders. And to top it off, homemade ice cream. Danny's house is on a small lake in Orlando and the setting was delightful. His two margays welcomed everyone from their quarters and their big, brown eyes were not the only ones that grew large upon seeing a clouded leopard walk in with his mistress, June Shatto. His name is Sir Winston, he's about 7 months old and he's a charmer. Stole everyone's heart (and June's pocketbook) Then yours truly barged in with two 1 month old leopard cubs (an Asian & an African) born at Robert Baudy's Feline Compound that are being hand raised. And our club treasurer, Jean Hatfield with her baby puma journeyed all the way from Ft. Lauderdale. We had a special guest, Dr. John Gabler, a surgeon at the Eustis Hospital who formerly owned his own private zoo in New York and now has reptiles, lemurs and a binturong, plus sometimes an exotic cat, and his two dobermans.

Our 35 attendees enjoyed a marvelous slide presentation and talk by Dave Butcher, the marine mammal trainer and behaviorist from Sea World. He was assisted by his wife Laurie. It was a fine program and very educational. Those attending in addition to the above were: Charles Douglas; Bonnie Hadley and children; Laura Cox; Delores & Greg Murphy; Michael Foisy; W.E. Zenon; Barbara and Ward Price (former members we haven't seen in 3 years) Siggy & Sally Nied; Carolyn James and daughter Candi; Gertrude & Arthur Freeman; Gwen Kemper and Mr. Dinwoodie; Rita Brickwood; Mr. & Mrs. Scot and James Wheatly with guest Jill Thibeault. We missed seeing our National President Ken Hatfield, who was in the Pacific Northwest on business.

Doorprizes, donated by Beejay of a pewter lion's head key ring and a cheetah poster were won by the Nields and the Freemans. Danny donated the money collected for lunch to the club's treasury and we had a dollar-drawing where half of the money went to the treasury and half was won by Siggy Nied. The Florida wildlife law was briefly discussed.

All in all, it was a tremendous meeting - hats off to Mr. Treanor!

Respectfully submitted  
BeeJay Lester, Secretary





#### THAT'S A NO-NO:

Federal authorities charged Washington D.C. physician with killing a Canada goose with his golf putter May 3rd at a local country club according to an Associated Press release.

Sherman Thomas was charged in U.S. District court with killing a goose during closed season, and with illegally possessing a Canada goose.

Club members witnessing the "murder" give two versions: the first is that the goose honked just as Thomas was putting on the 17th green causing him to miss his putt and attack the goose in a rage.

The other version is that the goose was injured when accidentally hit by the ball as Thomas made his approach shot. Thomas then killed the injured bird to put it out of its misery.

Federal law proscribes the types of weapons that can be used to hunt geese. Hunters can use shotguns, bows and arrows or birds of prey such as falcons - Golf clubs are forbidden.



#### RARE CRANES PROTECTED FROM SPILL

Crude oil from the Mexican well is threatening the rare whooping crane. Crews began filling in a gap between two islands to stop the oil from reaching the winter nesting grounds of the rare cranes. The pass is half a mile wide at the mouth, but narrows to 200 feet before entering Aransas Bay, where the cranes & other waterfowl spend the winter.

There are only 126 of the endangered cranes left in the world and the largest flock consisting of 74 adult and 14 hatched chicks is due to arrive at the Aransas Pass Wildlife Refuge in mid October.

Biologist Hans Stuart of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service said flights over the soiled beaches have revealed very few dead birds according to the Associated Press report. "In fact, there were very few birds at all along the oiled areas," he said. "We found the number of birds decreased rapidly in proportion to the amount of oil on the beach." Scientists speculate the birds moved to the bay side of the islands to avoid the oil.

#### FASTES & SLOWEST

Can you name the fastest creature on earth? No, not the cheetah, but the spinetailed swift, a bird that has been clocked at 105 mph. And the slowest? Probably the garden snail which can average about 150 feet per hour - about the same speed as some people we know.

#### A TOUGH ONE!

In Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, Sam a cat, stepped on the wrong wire while strolling through an electrical substation. Sam triggered a 14,000 volt fireworks display which knocked out power in the city's downtown section for 25 minutes. And Sam? He staggered home - which is the city's detoxification center and curled up in his

#### NIT-PECKING

Consider the plight of two independent producers attempting to find more domestic oil, which the country badly needs. It cost J.N. Warren and Allan King, founders of Houston based GoldKing Production Company some \$38,000 before they were able to convince a federal agency that a \$300,000 well plan for Polk County, Texas, would not interfere with the woodpecker's mating season.

#### HUNTING BANNED

Uganda has banned all hunting and trading in game trophies for a five year period in hopes of increasing their animal populations - GREAT MOVE!

#### KILL SCHEDULED

The Peruvian government plans to kill up to 10,000 of the estimated 60,000 rare vicunas (a small llama-like animal prized for its fur) This action is being taken because of claims that the vicunas are taking necessary forage from domestic herds at the Pampa Galeras Reserve. The skins and meat would be sold for government profit. What puzzles us is why are domestic herds being given priority in a "preserve"?

#### SWEETHEART DEAD

Sweetheart, a giant crocodile which lived in Australia, died at the age of 300 according to some estimates. Sweetheart died during an attempt to move her from a lagoon where she loved to sneak up on fishermen and attack their outboard motors to a more isolated area.



#### MONKEY BUSINESS

Want to hear about the problems of over population? Well, in Durban, South Africa, monkey populations are mushrooming and as a result hoards of them plague the city, storming over roof tops, stealing fruit from trees in backyards and even running off with dog food still in pans. The worst, however, came when six monkeys tried to kidnap two children. A mother heard her two young boys screaming, came out to see two monkeys pulling her sons by the arms across the porch. Only after a stiff chase did the animals abandon the boys - safe & unharmed.

#### NO FUN AT ALL IN KNOXVILLE

In Knoxville, Tenn. animals with a penchant for a good time are in for a few rough days. A new ordinance passed by the City Council keeps animals from drinking or smoking. The new ordinance calls for a \$50 fine for anyone convicted of "giving or offering tobacco, alcohol or other known noxious substance to a bird or animal"

#### NEW PET BILL

Congressman Biaggi of New York has introduced a bill which would prohibit Federal assistance to rental housing projects for the elderly or handicapped if the projects do not allow tenants to own standard "non-bothersome" pets. The list would probably include dogs, cats, fish, birds, etc. There has been no publicity yet, but a cry is expected from renter associations across the nation,

# Believe it or Not

I have often thought of writing an article for the newsletter about our Sasha, who is capable of letting herself out of her room. We hear a thumping of her body against the door as she leaps at the doorknob, and then when she has it unlatched, we hear the quiet squeak as she runs her paw under the door and pulls it to her. Instead of darting out, she silently creeps down the hall and we see one large, round eye and one round ear peeking at us from the door of the dining room. If we do not yell at her, then she struts out with tail erect like a spotted flagpole.

Then I thought to write of Meiko, who did the same, but who from the time she was a tiny kitten had the run of the house all of the time when I was home. To prevent her escape, even my husband was instructed to knock at the front door before entering. Before he would enter I would scoop the kit up and carry her to the diningroom out of reach of the front door. Suddenly, one day when she heard someone on the front steps, she raced to the dining room and sat in the middle of the floor staring at the door expectantly and from that day forward greeted all company from the center of the diningroom floor. She was much smarter than we thought and we had no idea we were training her at the time.

Of course, I could always tell you of little Tom Thumb who slept with us at night and every morning would play keep-away with the clean socks as my husband tried to dress for work. On one particular morning, my husband was in a disagreeable mood and growled "Go away cat! I don't have time for you this morning." As he left the room and was closing the door, Tom Thumb raced over and hit the door with all four, slamming the door on my husband's rear, then with such a satisfied look on his face, as though he were dusting his little paws with pride, he wheeled and came over to nuzzle me, purring loudly. In disbelief we tried the same sequence again and got the same results.

Sounds just like a margay, ocelot or maybe oncilla? Perhaps, but the above three characters are ALL Leopard cats. Impossible??? Not at all, but possibly the participation of your disbelief is why I and other Leopard Cat owners have seldom submitted an article about our little spotted companions.

Pat Quillen



## ➡ VITAMIN G

- 1 - necessary to growth and development
- 2 - Necessary to normal calcium metabolism and erythrocyte formation

### Most Reliable Source

Cereal germ, brewer's yeast, eggs

# Vitamins

## VITAMIN A

- 1 - Promotes tissue formation
- 2 - Increases blood platelets
- 3 - Promotes growth and feeling of well-being
- 4 - Promotes appetite and digestion, especially in young
- 5 - Essential to the health of epithelial tissues and its resistance to infection, notably of eyes, tonsils, sinuses, air passages, lungs and gastro-intestinal tract.

### Most Reliable sources

Whole milk, butter, cheese, egg yolk, cod liver oil, thin green leafy vegetables, yellow vegetables (ie, sweet potatoes, corn, carrots) fish oils.

## VITAMIN B

- 1 - increases appetite
- 2 - Promotes digestion
- 3 - Promotes growth by stimulating metabolic processes
- 4 - Protects body from certain nerve and brain disease
- 5 - Increases quantity and improves quality of milk during lactation. Mothers who do not have enough milk are usually deficient in Vitamin B
- 6 - Stimulates pancreatic secretions, including insulin
- 7 - Necessary to maintenance of thyroid and adrenal glands
- 8 - Necessary to normal function of anterior pituitary

### Most reliable sources

Whole grain cereals, raw fruits, buttermilk, egg yolk, honey and yeast.

## VITAMIN C

- 1 - Essential to the health of endothelial tissues
- 2 - Cooperates with B in nutrition and thyro-adrenal system
- 3 - Essential to oxygen metabolism
- 4 - cooperates with D in regulation of calcium metabolism
- 5 - Promotes leucocytic and phagocytic activity

### Most Reliable Sources

Citrus, raw fruits, sprouted grains, leafy vegetables, unpasteurized milk, liver, raw cabbage, potatoes

Vitamin C is not stored in the body - a fresh supply must be had every day

## VITAMIN D

Vitamin D is the only dangerous vitamin, causing arteriosclerosis in overdosage and premature symptoms of senility

- 1 - controls calcium equilibrium and regulates mineral metabolism

### Most Reliable Sources

Cod liver oil and other fish oils, egg yolk, whole milk, spinach. Exposure of naked skin to sunshine or ultra-violet light.

## VITAMIN E

- 1 - Necessary to reproduction, both in male and female
- 2 - Probably concerned in the metabolism of calcium.

### Most Reliable Sources

Whole grain cereals, milk, lettuce, watercress and raw fruits

## VITAMIN F

- 1 - Promotes growth
- 2 - Concerned with calcium metabolism. Reduces serum calcium, cooperated with D if present but aggravates rickets if the supply of D is deficient
- 3 - Aid in anemic conditions of deficiency origin
- 4 - Improves skin color and circulation





# QUIZ

Reprinted from "Feline Behavior" by Dr. Benjamin Hart and published in Feline Practice

## QUESTIONS - TRUE OR FALSE?

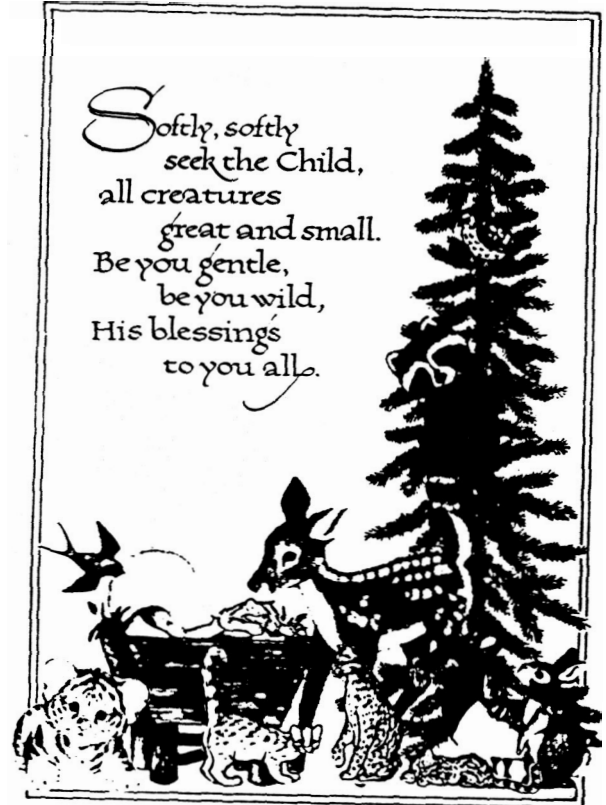
1. Because cats are basically asocial and do not form dominance-subordination relationships as readily as more social animals such as dogs, hitting a cat is not as likely to result in obedience and submissive behavior.
2. Because of a cat's natural social tendencies, punishment has no place in dealing with feline misbehavior problems.
3. Training cats with the use of rewards is generally useless.
4. Since getting cats to eat can sometimes be a problem, we can make use of the fact that appetite can sometimes be substantially increased by providing the cats with increased feeding opportunities and a greater diet variety between meals.
5. Spaying female cats and castrating males tend to make them more likely to gain weight.

## ANSWERS

1. TRUE - In dogs, physical and verbal punishment or the threat of punishment, is often an effective training procedure and reinforces the dominance-subordination relationship between person and animal. With cats, such punishment is almost always ineffective because it frequently evokes a tendency for the cat to fight back or escape rather than conform to the wishes of the person delivering the punishment. It is particularly useless to punish a cat several hours after the act of misbehavior.
2. FALSE - If used for the appropriate problems and utilized in the appropriate manner, punishment can be an effective way in which to alter behavior. Punishment is not a cruel, human invented process, but is something to which all animals are accustomed. Adult cats, for example, receive painful stimulation from other cats, tree branches, bushes and swinging doors. The cat responds by changing its behavior so as to avoid the likelihood of being punished again. The secret to effective use of punishment is to mimic a natural situation. The behavioral act to be punished should be specific such as going after the canary, eating a house plant or jumping on a table. The punishment should be delivered in a manner which dissociates the painful stimulus from the person delivering the punishment so that a connection is made between the punishment and the object to which the behavior is directed. Examples of punishing techniques can be dissociated from the person delivering the punishment are the use of a spray, dropping a bag of tin cans from a hood or using an electric fence charger.
3. FALSE - Cats are as intelligent as other carnivores such as dogs and are capable of learning some rather complex tasks. Like people, cats are probably learning new responses every day in order to manage in a changing environment.
4. TRUE - Recent work has shown that when cats are fed exclusively on a single food, even tho nutritionally balance, the animals may develop a transient depression of interest in that particular food and will tend to respond to a novel diet. This recent work contradicts the older concept that cats will be restricted in the food they take as adults if they are not exposed to a variety of foods as a kitten. When given free access to a complete cat food, it has been observed that cats make as many as a dozen or more visits to the food dish throughout a 24 hour period. Domestic cats are apparently frequent feeders taking small meals. This is what one would expect from the ancestor of the domestic cat which

was a small North African cat that preyed upon small rodents, birds and insects. Contrary to our over-romanticized version of the domestic feline behavior, the house cat is not a miniature lion or tiger that preys upon game which is larger than itself and lives by the rule of feast or famine.

5. TRUE & FALSE - Yes, both answers. The appropriate experiments have not been done on cats, so we must extrapolate from work on the laboratory rat. Spayed female rats tend to increase food intake



Softly, softly  
seek the Child,  
all creatures  
great and small.  
Be you gentle,  
be you wild,  
His blessings  
to you all.

## WILD COUSINS OF THE CAT

By: Alice L. Hopf \$6.95  
G.P. Putnam's Sons

This book is a waste of money for anyone except the rank amateur who has never read anything about exotics. The author, a New Yorker, took excerpts from such authors as Denis, Schaller and Walker and put it all together as if she were an authority.

Futhermore, there is no mention of LIOC or its members breeding records nor Robert Baudy's work in feline conservation. Copyrighted in 1975 it uses scientific names of "Leo" for the "Panthera" (great cats) and says that leopards like water, which most do not although they will swim if necessary. The book says "Florida puma" is reddish - not so! The four species of Florida panthers (not called pumas though the are), at the Rare Feline Breeding Compound, are a greyish-beige. The book also says no clouded leopards have been born in captivity. Not so: born at San Diego and for a number of years at Rare Feline Breeding Compound.

There are many other discrepancies and inaccuracies as a result of unresearched material...nuff said book lovers - beware of "Wild Cousins of the Cat".

# ART



COUGAR

BY CHARLES FRACE'

21½"x26"

1,000 signed & numbered \$90.00

4,000 signed - \$75.00

Distributed by  
Frame House Gallery

SIBERIAN TIGER  
by Charles Frace  
2000 signed & numbered \$100.  
27x33



COOL CARNIVORE  
Charles Harper  
24x24 \$50.00

## Comics Not Funny

The American Medical Association, Department of Environmental, Public and Occupational Health has issued a report which states that the special, colored sections (ie: pictures, sale circulars, comics) may cause serious problems for small children, puppies and or kittens, when used in feeding areas, or in litter trays.

The department's investigations show that a high lead content is present in the colored inks used for pictures, comics etc. Animals that play and chew on these papers can absorb the lead directly into their systems. People are warned not to burn these sections where the smoke might be inhaled.



## MORE WHITE TIGERS

July 9th, the 8th and 9th white tiger births occurred at the Cincinnati Zoo. The parents are less than 3 years old.

In 1974 the Cincinnati Zoo were loaned a pair of heterogeneous offspring from the National Zoo. They gave birth to four cubs (1/2 white 0/1 yellow). These were returned to the National Zoo. The mother remained in Cincinnati. During this time she was bred again to a white male on loan from the Hawthorne Circus and gave birth to 5 cubs. By agreement, two were returned to the circus, one went to the National Zoo and the remaining two were kept in Cincinnati and are now the parents of two more white tiger cubs.

# 30 Years of Ocelots

## From Catherine

(That must mean 30 years of cleaning, feeding, doctoring, and their associated share of heartbreak, fatigue and determination)

Cleaning involves the constant battle against paradalis perfume - tangerine in color only! Her instinct is to share her scent with all within range. The freshly cleaned potty area is a challenge: it must be "remarked" thus reinstated. Having removed her product from her potty area, until fresh filling is supplied, she selects a nearby target until both customary place and her substitute are cleaned.

The scent of an ocelot's urine is actually never wiped off or out: it lingers. Both sexes spray. No matter what commercial odor eliminators claim, these products deaden the human's sense of smell, not altering the offending sources.

Tercera whose house I have lived in for sixteen years, usually announces the presence of a defecation in her toilet with a loud "maouw". Heralding the event isn't really necessary. The scent, usually occurs during breakfast. My daily chores have begun. Now is the time to be watchful. Ocelots have the natural camouflage which renders them essentially invisible even in the center of a room or out of doors.

Feeding provides fuel for her most efficient alimentary system. Usually a snack like a chicken foot (literally) is her breakfast with nothing further until late afternoon when her dinner which will be consumed during the night, is served. A proper balance of bone and canned food will insure proper consistency in the end product. Getting acceptable and nutritious food is an ever changing schooling. Our very best friend is the local chicken farmer who gives us chicken feet and heads--admittedly his garbage, but feline gourmet, consumed raw and completely, excluding only beaks. It is really surprising which human delicacies may be rejected or accepted.

Doctoring requires a veterinarian who has had experience with, or who is truly qualified to treat wild (now domesticated) felines. He is not, generally at the popular readily available "dog & cat" clinic. Rather he is found serving a well populated zoo or sometimes treating large animals. When he is found and treats the ocelot, he will surprisingly in the owner's mind, become, partly a diety.

Because the cat vomits does not necessarily mean a trip to a veterinarian. Vomiting may be due to something like grass, ingested as an emetic, or simply the texture of food is displeasing to the cat's stomach. Vomiting is voluntary. All familiar circumstances accountable, your best friend, the knowledgeable veterinarian may need to be consulted.

Absorb and heed professional advice even after lessons are learned. Obviously there is much heartbreak in losing your feline child whether you are able to recognize impending danger, or temper the judgement of the learned doctor.

Two of my ocelots have departed. One, arriving in incorribible ill health, died after a few weeks; the second, after eight and a half years, died of peritonitis which might have been forestalled by surgery. I resisted spaying her. The third, my current ocelot, Tercera, may be enjoying her seventeenth year using only one of her lungs, the other only half useful. At thirteen she was diagnosed as requiring surgery to remove the lower lobe of the infected lung. Rather than subject her to the trauma of major surgery at her advanced age, all body functions apparently normal, I told her veterinarian I'd let nature take its course. Life goes on interrupted only by an occasional cough.

# SPOCK

While my personal fatigue sometimes prevails, my feline domination lives after all these years of commitment. I can't count my many minor and major well distributed fading and faded scars, but like all our feline oriented family, I wear them recalling lessons learned, understanding how they came about. As I have often said, every cat is an individual within its species. Thus anything I say here cannot be generally applicable but may serve to guide understanding of our complex creatures.

by Catherine Cisin, Founder of LIOC  
and author of *ESPECIALLY OCELOTS*



## From the Cat's Viewpoint

This is my Man. I am not afraid of him. He is very powerful, for he eats a lot; his is All-eating. What are you eating? Give me some!

He is not beautiful, because he has no fur. Not having sufficient saliva, he has to wash himself with water. He miaows with a gruff voice and much too often. Sometimes he purrs in his sleep.

Open the door for Me.

I don't know why he became the Master; he must have eaten something magnificent.

He doesn't mess up my rooms.

He takes into his paw a sharp, black claw and uses it to engrave white leaves. He can't play in any other way. He sleeps at night instead of in the day, he can't see in the dark, he has no delights. He never thinks of blood, never dreams of the hunt and of the fray, never does he sing with love.

Often during the night when I hear magic and mysterious voices, when I see how everything is becoming alive with the darkness, HE sits at the table with head bowed and all the time he scratches with that black claw at the white leaves. You mustn't believe that I care about you. I only hear the soft rustling of your claw. Sometimes the rustling stops, the poor dull head doesn't know now any more how to play, and then I feel sorry for him and I begin to approach and miaow softly in sweet tantalizing words. Then my Man lifts me up and buries his warm head in my fur. Just then, for a second, a flash of his existence awakens in him, and he sighs with bliss and purrs something which is almost understandable.

But you mustn't believe that I care about you. You have warmed me and now again I shall go and listen to the dark voices.

Karel Capek.  
I HAD A DOG & A CAT  
(translated by M. Weatherall) - 11 -



April, 5th 1979 was a very special day at Cougar Mountain Sactuary in Washington. The expected/unexpected birth of two male caracals made this day more special than others. A pair of adults (Questor & Uhura) being boarded at the compound belonging to Jean Townes were the proud parents.

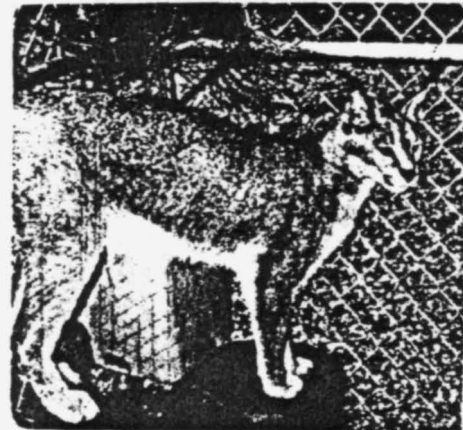
It had been thought that Uhura was pregnant, but the thought had been given up when no kittens appeared on schedule. The date of breeding was not known for sure and the gestation period was not even a positive factor.

Kitten noises on the morning of the 5th alerted us to their arrival. As one kitten appeared to be dead (and indeed was) the decision was made to take the remaining kit for hand-raising.

Both were males. The mahogany colored ball of fluff was named "Spock" after, you guessed it Mr. Spock of Star Trek fame.



UHURA, mother to Spock



QUESTOR, father of Spock



# IN REPLY

Oddly, in one of the recent Newsletters I read about raw eggs being a "no-no" for exotics. As I'd understood it, in the wild they will include raw eggs from fowl and birds as they can indulge. I've been giving Delilah (ocelot) an average of 1 egg a day for all her 16 years and not only does she love it but I understand it is quite good for a lustrous coat which she has. I seldom brush her as she does it herself.

Her diet consists of 1 can (small) cat food - she prefers tuna, 1 raw egg (in the mornings only) a few pieces of celery and other greens. I repeat the cat food/greens in the evenings plus some light pieces of leftovers. I pamper her sometimes with a can of sardines (in tomato sauce) and an occasional dose of V-8 juice. She'd love to have beer (every time she sees a can she'll topple it and lick it) but that's a "no-no".

I'd guess because she's never been mated from time to time she'd pass small amounts of blood in the urine. This I found I could control with the administering of 1 pill of a readily available medication called "Cystex" It would stop the bleeding within an hour and that has not recurred in several months.

At 16 she's very active; gives me a rousing welcome everytime I come back, plays chase the tail and hide & seek and still tackles & ambushes my poor friends. She'd wake be up at 5 am with her mischief and when I'd abandon the bed, she'd promptly settle on it for a fast nap. With age, she has become very devoted and a very great comfort and source of inspiration to me.

Ralph Ferrer

## A PRAYER

Dear Father, hear and bless  
Thy beasts and singing birds,  
And guard with tenderness  
Small things that have no  
words.

Happy New Year

