

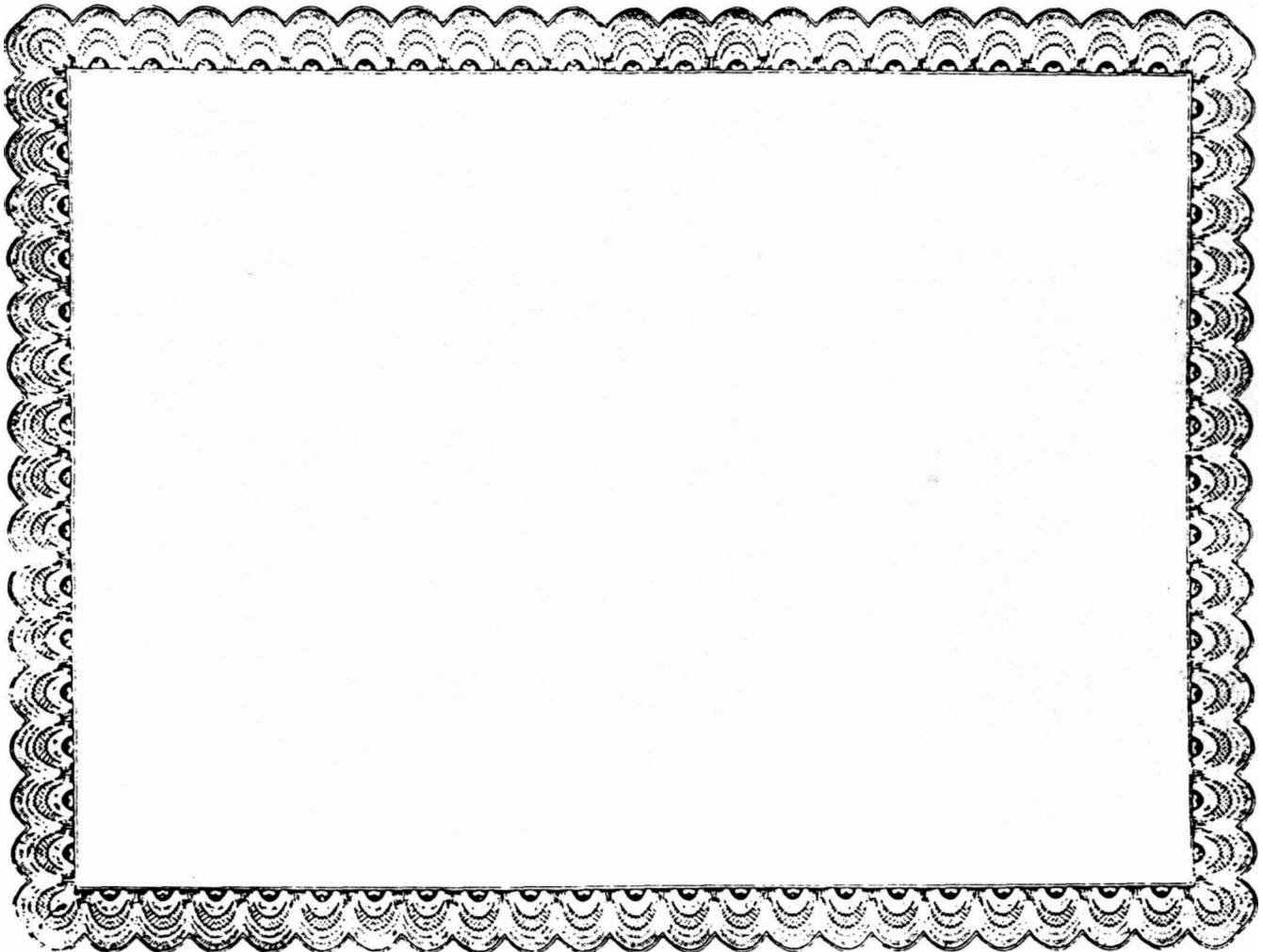
NEWSLETTER

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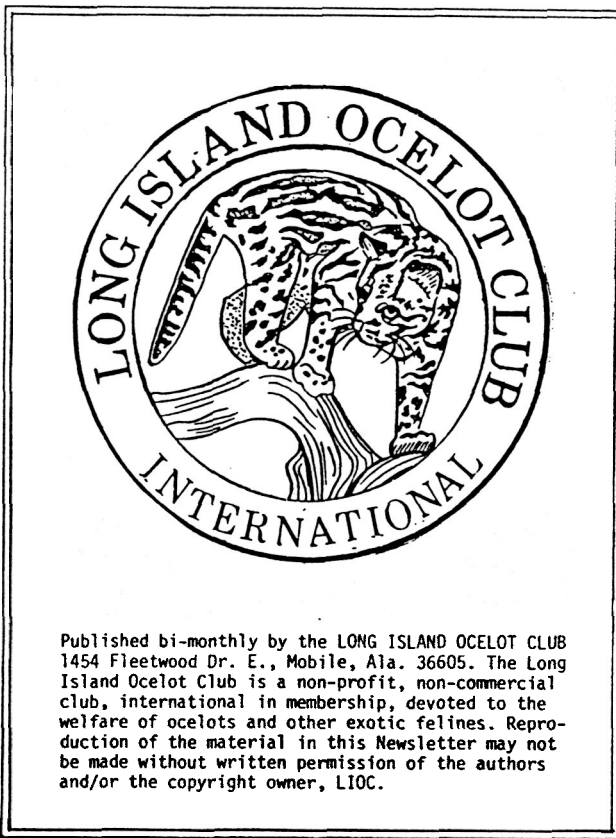
Long Island Ocelot Club 1454 Fleetwood Drive E. Mobile, Alabama 36605	Volume 28, Number 1 January/February 1984
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LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



THIS IS NOT A PICTURE OF A WHITE TIGER IN A SNOW STORM!

It is the space your cat's picture should be in. It is the space filled by apathy. Quite frankly folks, it's empty because no pictures were received to fill it.



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Help Wanted

REPORTERS

The Long Island Ocelot Club urgently needs material for its Newsletter publication. We can only share those experiences, funny, happy, sad or tragic, which are sent to us. This sharing is a part of the enjoyment of owning an exotic.

WRITING EXPERIENCE: None whatsoever

PREREQUISITES: Love of exotic cats

TYPE OF MATERIAL Articles of happy and sad experiences; technical articles; opinions of any and all exotic cat related subjects (including LIOC) all short and long items - also day to day experiences; announcements of: adoptions, pregnancies, births, deaths (with autopsy report if one was done) all subjects of interest; all questions - give other members a chance to help.

SALARY: The love and gratitude of all exotics, their owners: and the Newsletter Editor

STARTING TIME: IMMEDIATELY!! The Newsletter is waiting on You.

Tara-ific

By Barbara Grimes

I went out to my mailbox the other day and there was delighted to find a Newsletter. I really look forward to reading them, more so than my new Sears "wish book". First, I look through all the pages to see if anyone I know has anything printed about them, then I go back and read it cover to cover. I enjoy all the articles but I'm especially fond of the personal stories about people and their pets. I wish there were more of them. I'm just as guilty as the next person, cause even though I've sent in things of interest that I've clipped out of the newspaper, it doesn't measure up to sitting down and writing a personal experience about our precious little personalities. As a matter of fact, it's been about 2 years since I've written about "Tara. I hope this makes up for it.

Tara is my Geoffroy's cat and is now two and a half years old. I thought "Tara" was such a lovely, romantic name; straight out of my favorite movie-Gone With the Wind, which not only does that describe her speed, but Tara is also short for "TARA-IZOR" when she has one of my friends backed in a corner; "TARA-IFFIC" when she's licking my face and purring; TARA-DACTYL, when she's being a little monster; and HOLY-TARA, when she's racing through the house knocking lamps over.

She lives in our house with her side-kick and security blanket, a three-year old blue point siamese named "Pierre". Also living with her are my husband and I, two teenagers, and an old outdoor dog named Daisey, who is 13 years old.

Tara is my first exotic cat, and upon her arrival I knew next to nothing about caring for her other than giving her lots of love. So, as a result, I have raised her on the "trial and error" method. I don't recommend it, as it has been hazardous to her health.

When she arrived from Minnesota, she left the security of someone who had raised a lot of Geoffroys and knew how to care for them, to someone that had never laid eyes on one before. I wasn't disappointed-she was everything I had hoped for and then some.

I have always loved animals and I guess you would call some of the animals I had in the past exotic. I started by babysitting a monkey when I was about eleven, and then, when I was thirteen, got one of my own. I talked my dad into buying a TV set that came with a free monkey. They were advertising on television that anyone who bought a 3-way console TV that weekend got a squirrel monkey with it. We brought him home in a box and he was soon swinging from the drapes. He was having a ball and just staying out of reach. By putting on welding gloves we finally caught him. Monday morning we were covered with bandaids - he had teeth like a vampire, and was like Houdini as far as finding ways to escape his home-made cage. Believe it or not, we kept him a long time. He never did calm down and continued to bite every chance he got.

Other than a few snakes, and some goats, rabbits, dogs, cats and hamsters, that ended the home-zoo until after I got married, and had a couple of kids that my love for exotics rubbeded on. Our son's first direct contact with an exotic was at the Cincinnati zoo where, at the age of 3 he was sprayed by a rhinoceros.

Later on we went from a parrot to a ferret, and then on to Tara. The ferret was a treasure and had the run of the house, the parrot was another story.

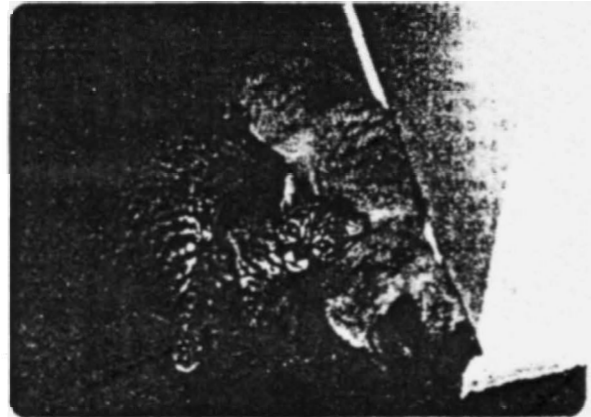
We bought him from a pet shop and put him in a large cage in the kitchen so he would have a lot of contact with us. He screamed all the time and it got so bad that I would have to wear airline ear muffs while I cooked.

He loved my husband, Dennis, and hated me with a jealous passion. During the day he would tolerate me since I was the one that took care of him, but I couldn't get near him the rest of the time. Dennis would turn him loose at night to keep him quiet while we watched TV and the parrot would occupy himself by unpinning the drapes and dropping them to the floor. He learned to talk fairly well and

would sit on his perch and scream for help-I know the neighbors thought we were torturing the kids. One way I had of shutting him up was when he let out a scream I'd squirt him with the sprayer on the sink. He soon learned to duck when he saw me reach for it...he'd chuckle and scream again. The only time he behaved was when he had Dennis' undivided attention. He lavished affection on Dennis and would regurgitate sunflower seeds to feed him. We don't give up easily, but eventually even Dennis couldn't stand any more - the bird even had the dog terrified. We advertised him for sale and three college boys took him and swore they'd have him cussing like a sailor in no time.

Now back to Tara. She had, in her airline crate, a raw, recently thawed out hamburger patty almost as large as she was. As soon as we got home we put it in the refrigerator and it fed her for a couple of days.

She was a rowdy little rascal and could climb the draperies and walk curtain rods like a tightrope walker. Pierre chased her until his muscles ached. But, it was love at first sight. Pierre had never been around another cat and was thrilled with having a friend even though she had those funny little spots all over her. She was equally happy to have him. After just being taken from her mother and two sisters and it didn't seem to matter that he had those big blue eyes. So, even though they were a mismatched pair, love overcame the differences in personality and temperament.



Pierre is very "laid-back" and would rather sleep than eat. I call him my "Lazy-boy recliner" Tara, on the other hand, is high-spirited and would rather play games. She is so much more alert and inquisitive than he is. It's a good mixture I suppose because she forces him into playing when he doesn't want to and sometimes she'll take time out to relax and curl up with him.

She spends a lot of time grooming Pierre. He doesn't care a whole lot about his appearance and only does the basics as far as cleaning up after dinner. Tara, however, is a typical female and takes a lot of time with her appearance and if I hug and kiss her she makes sure she washes off every trace - including the fingerprints. After Pierre nonchallantly wipes his face, he'll curl up and take an afternoon nap. Tara will come over and clean his ears as he begins to doze and finish up his bath for him. He loves every minute of it-typical male.

The first couple of days after Tara's arrival, we tried keeping her in the family room during the day and would put her in the carrier at night. We had a litter box in the room and soon discovered that she wasn't using it. Now, I was under the impression that once you show the kitty her box-Bingo! - she uses it. Boy, was I wrong. She didn't

have the foggiest idea what that litter box was for and didn't like that kitty litter on her feet one little bit. She much preferred the corners of the room and along the walls. She never went in the middle of a room, so there was no fear of stepping in anything, but heaven help the baseboards and carpet. Only the owner of an exotic knows what "wildcat wine", fermenting in the carpet, smells like. It is entirely different from anything you have every smelled before. It has an unmistakable odor that penetrates your nostrils leaving you unable to soon forget as it lingers and gets worse as time goes by. Here's where the trial and error method came in handy if you care to take notes.

First, you get four litter boxes cause there are four corners in a room. Now they don't necessarily have to be your standard, rectangular, store-bought type; in a pinch, to keep up with the exotic, you can use your old pizza pan, large pie plates, and cookie sheets. I went to the store and bought a bunch of those aluminum foil cookie sheets.

Tara loved "using" the shag carpet. She hated kitty litter and wasn't too fond of newspaper on the cookie sheets as it didn't absorb fast enough and she would find herself standing in a puddle (can't blame her for that). I even tried "pampers" (on the cookie sheet - not the cat) but she out-soaked these also. The shag carpet didn't do that - besides it was gold so it matched real well and if the family had stuffed up heads, it took us a while to realize what she was up to. She had been going next to the pans along the wall. Once in a while she would do me the honor of going on one of the cookie sheets so I could bust my buttons with pride and brag about how good she was getting. Well, being as she loved that shag carpet so much I went to the flea markets and garage sales and purchased dozens of those little squares of carpet samples. I about dislocated my shoulder patting myself on the back - I had finally outsmarted her. Ignorance is bliss.

It was only a matter of days before, unintentionally, Tara had the run of the house. She was faster than lightning and could sneak out of the family room before we could get the door closed behind us. Oh, well, she was so cute and she had been doing so well on her cookie sheets, so why not? Pierre was true-blue and continued to use his one-and-only litter box, boring tho' it was. Maybe Tara was growing up and would do likewise with her cookie sheets in the family room - it wasn't meant to be. It wasn't long before there were a dozen cookie sheets scattered around the house. As our noses would point us in the direction of her latest "accident". Oh yes, I'm sure they were "accidents" and I made excuses for her as fast as she could make mistakes - love is blind - and I had a reason for all seasons as to why she did the things she did. After all, she was just a baby and she looked so innocent - she couldn't possibly know what she was doing. In the meantime, the carpet samples didn't hold up in the washer. Necessity being the mother of invention, I came up with "piddle pads". I got some of those packing quilts that movers use and cut them to fit the cookie sheets and we were back in business. They absorbed very well and I would check a couple times a day to see which ones needed changing cause now she decided to stake out her territory. She would go from one pad to another every day or so to make sure everyone know that this was her house - believe me there was no doubt about it.

Since it was too expensive to throw them away, I decided to keep a "diaper pail" out in the laundry room and I'd rinse them out and put them to soak until I had enough to wash a load. It wasn't too bad a system, if she wouldn't keep finding new spots to mark. She started using our daughter Lisa's bedroom for one of her hideouts and the closet became a favorite spot when Lisa would forget to shut the door - oh well, what's one more cookie sheet.

We decided to go away for the Christmas holidays and Lisa had a friend that liked Tara and got along with her well. So, we left her in charge, feeling like she would be in good hands. Away we went for the week, leaving behind a list of instructions, a clean mound of piddle pads and dutifully called to check on Tara during the week.

When we came home six days later, it was like walking into the cat-house at the zoo. We found that the girl wasn't reliable after all. The piddle pads had run over and seeped into the carpet and her reason for not changing them was that they didn't look wet most of the time. The kid must not have a sense of smell - it took weeks to clear the air. That's the last time we've left anyone in charge of Tara other than the family.

About a year after we got her, she had done enough "accidents" to earn her a place in the Guinness Book of Records, Ripley's Believe it or Not or whatever. The whole family was fit to be tied with her and even though I loved her so much, enough was enough. I decided to send her down to Jean Hatfield. It tore me up. I reasoned though, that she wasn't worth having our house ruined and I had run out of excuses to Dennis on why she did the things she did. Jean and I couldn't get together for a week or so, and in the meanwhile I lost sleep thinking how mean I was being and what was I going to do without her, and, after all, she was being pretty good this week. Tara knew I was mad at her and did everything she could to make up with me, from rolling over and over at my feet to turning somersaults. At the end of the week I wrote Jean and told her I couldn't part with Tara and for better or worse, I was going to keep her. Jean was glad to hear it and I slept much better that night.

Since most of her mischief had been at night, we decided to put her in the laundry room at night. I reasoned that this would at least cut the smell in half - it worked! The laundry room was a treat for her cause it was a change of scenery and for the first few months she would wait at the door to be taken out at night. This meant a change for Pierre too as he had to give up sleeping in our warm water bed and go out to keep Tara company. But, he didn't mind if it was for Tara.

For the first time in quite awhile, our cat house was smelling like a home again, although on damp, humid days the carpet reminds us of days past. It was a step in the right direction and slowly we made progress. We even went a few steps further and followed a suggestion from another exotic owner and bought a barbage can and cut a hole in the side of it. This didn't work at first as she thought it was a nice place to play and Pierre liked it cause it was a good spot to take a nap without getting stepped on. I finally resorted to mopping up her mistakes and putting in the can. She looked at me as if I had lost my mind - I was beginning to wonder about it myself. I finally gave up and put the can away, but later on decided to give it one more try. Lo and Behold she climbed right in and went! This was great! Problem was she still used her other relief stations too. By this time the aluminum cookie sheets were falling apart, so back to the flea market I went and bought a bunch of plastic trays like the kind hamburger places use, they've worked out real nice. Lucky for me she squats.

I was still getting tired of her using so many of them, even though she was doing so much better at night, so one day for curiosity I thought I'd take her out to the laundry room every few hours and sit her down on the pad to see what she would do. She always used just one tray out there cause I had realized my mistake in the beginning of trying to cater to her bad habits by giving her all those trays in the first place. Out there she was going to have only one. Anyway, I picked her up and out to the room we went. I sat her down and told her to "go potty". Well, knock me over with a feather! Can you believe the shock I got when she went? She looked up at me, blinking those big, brown eyes, and squatted down and did her business. Boy, did she have to wash the kisses off when she got back in the house. This has been going on now for almost a year. She knows if she goes right away she can come back in the house and if she fools around, I'll walk out and leave her for awhile. She still is not perfect and once in a while will sneak in a flower pot, or some other unlikely spot. If I catch her I'll spank her and put her in her room. If she sees I've discovered her plant watering, she'll run for cover. I now realize she isn't as innocent as I thought. I take her out about three times a day and if I'm going to be gone for any length of time, I put her in her →

om. I've kept the garbage can in the house cause
ne will use it once in a while and a couple of
piddle pads have had to stay, cause when I remove
them she will deliberately go there.

There's more folks-
TRIALS OF TARA will be continued in the next issue.



THE LEGEND OF THE ZIGER

The exotic flying Ziger once ruled the skys,
In which they guarded ancient castle towers.
They'd band together in numerous groups,
and soar in midnight flight for hours.
Then a wicked king conquered the castles,
with all his armies of men
And with this the Zigers gathered and fled
And have never been seen again!

Twins under the skin

By Walter Sullivan, New York Times

A study of blood samples from 55 cheetahs in two widely separated and isolated populations has shown them to be almost genetically identical.

Only in highly inbred strains of laboratory mice has such genetic uniformity ever been observed, according to the leader of the research team, Dr. Stephen J. O'Brien of the National Cancer Institute.

It is believed that some time in the past, cheetahs went through a population "bottleneck", some kind of event that left only relatively few alive to pass on their limited genetic traits to future generations. The result was greatly reduced genetic diversity in the species.

Normally, a population of mammals has a sufficiently wide range of genetic traits that if disease, climate change or another factor threatens the species, some individuals will be equipped to cope with it. It now appears that cheetahs are very poorly equipped for such challenges. As it is, the cheetah with worldwide population estimates ranging from 1,500 to 25,000 has been classed endangered. Its ability to reproduce, at least in captivity, is seriously limited.

Fifty of those whose blood was tested were at the De Wildt Cheetah Breeding and Research Center in Pretoria, South Africa, but they or their parents had been captured in the northern Transvaal and Southwest Africa, now Namibia. The five others were from zoos.

In one of the tests, conducted at the National Cancer Institute's Laboratory of Viral Carcinogenesis in Frederick, Md., red blood cells from all 55 were subjected to a technique that sorts enzymes according to their response to an electric field. As a rule, except in the case of twins, no two people or animal carry enzymes that are almost all identical genetically.

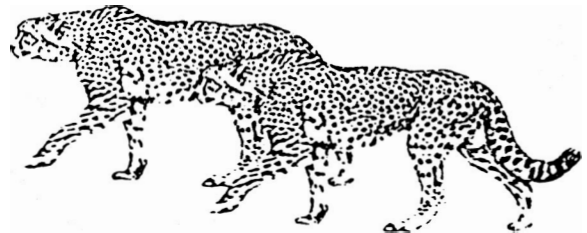
Of 47 indicators of enzyme composition widely used in assessing the genetic diversity of cats, mice and human beings, all were identical in all the animals tested. In these and additional tests, more than 200 enzymes and other proteins were assessed and almost all proved identical.

The study was financed by Friends of the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. in hope that it could be learned why cheetahs in captivity have such a low rate of reproductive success. It was found that, even in wild cheetahs, sperm counts were only 10 percent of those in domestic cats. Furthermore, 70% of the sperm were abnormal. Both traits typify extensive inbreeding.

The researchers suggested in the July 29th issue of SCIENCE that the population bottleneck could have occurred within the last 100 generations perhaps from hunting by cattle farmers. Or, they said, it might have been as long ago as the Ice Age when many large mammals, such as the mammoths became extinct. At that time, at least four species of cheetah roamed Europe, Asia, North America and Africa. Perhaps, the authors say, the extinctions occurred because the species were vulnerable to environmental changes.

The most dramatic previous example of genetic impoverishment to be found in mammals was in elephant seals. In the last century, the northern elephant seal, native to the west coast, was hunted to the brink of extinction. At one point, it is believed that only a few dozen survived on remote islands. They are now protected and their population has soared, but they have never regained normal genetic diversity. They are not however, as genetically uniform as the cheetah.

Contributed by Jean Townes



Cure for F.L.V.

According to a story reported by Time Magazine, a vaccine is in the offing for feline leukemia.

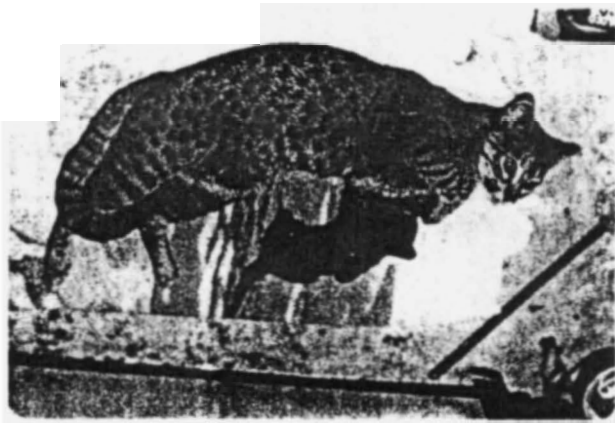
In epidemic proportions, feline leukemia strikes about 10% of the U.S. feline population - 40 million cats a year. The disease, which does not affect humans, but is easily transmitted among cats attacks the animal's immune system and is usually fatal.

For the past 2 1/2 years, Norden Laboratories, a division of SmithKline Beckman drug company, has been working on a vaccine that inhibits the growth of leukemia in cats. Says Product Manager Reynolds Davis, "If everything goes smoothly, we could have a product out in 1984." With testing nearly complete, and a cure rate of 80-95%, Norden is working to expand production to mass-market scale.

Cat lovers do not stint when it comes to medical care for their pets, spending about \$800 million a year.

A big drawback to the wide use of the vaccine is its cost. The price would run as much as \$80 per shot when administered by a veterinarian, and two or more shots will be needed for full treatment. Norden Laboratories says the high cost is needed to pay for the \$2 million that has gone into research. Still many people are likely to consider the treatment a bargain if the cat is a champion silver-mackerel tabby worth \$2,500 or a \$3,000 ruddy coated Abyssinian - or just a favorite alley cat.

ABOUT THOSE BABIES....



HI: My name is Michelob, I'm a four year old domestic shorthair. My owner is Karen Jusseaume.

Recently I became mother to four Geoffroy's cat kittens - actually hybrids that are also known as Safari cats. I'd like to tell you a little about my babies as well as some previous litters that were born to friends of mine.

I must say it hasn't all been easy. It all began about six years ago when Sheba (a sealpoint Siamese) and Shamus conducted an accidental and very unplanned romance. Due to the unmatched pairs of chromosomes everyone was quite surprised when Sheba gave birth to the litter which produced Gaucho and Poolee. These two later became celebrities of sorts due to the scientific interest they drew.

Sheba produced four more litters, two to five kittens each. Sadly, each litter had a percentage of stillborns and others had open spines. Other breedings resulted in spontaneous abortions between 5-7 weeks into the pregnancy. My owner learned that other cat folks who were attempting to hybridize were experiencing the same problems.

The few kittens that survived became known for their mild temperament as they seemed to possess the best qualities from each parent species. Folks found this type of cat easier to handle than a pure "exotic". Because of the breeding difficulties however, there are few kittens ever available to place as pets.

Sheba is 9 years old now. Last Christmas while delivering a litter of domestic kittens she hemorrhaged and we almost lost her so she was spayed to allow her to retire and enjoy herself the rest of her life.

I was brought here in April (by Karen's daughter) for a Mother's day present when I was about 9 weeks old. She just couldn't resist me! I grew up with Seeba and Shamus. During my second heat, when I was about a year old, Shamus tried his old tricks with me. He was so ungentlemanly! I got mad and wanted no part of that! I've seen what his kind can do to a domestic, for example: some Geoffroy's cats are very aggressive and the female can end up with all sorts of wounds and worse. Luckily I grew up with Shamus and he made me pretty tough in our day-to-day contact so I could handle him pretty well. Still it took three years to get used to him. He sure gave me some frightening experiences when I was a kitten.



So, to cut a long story short, I finally decided the ole boy wasn't so bad and became the mother of Shamus' four darling kittens. They are all healthy and I had no delivery problems, having all four within five hours. Two of the babies have dark red spots on cream ground color and the other two have black spots on a light coffee brown background. The markings are very distinctive like a Geoffroy's cat. I'm very proud of the babies as they are lovable and beautiful. They all have homes now.

In conclusion, the Safari Cat hybrids are generally gentle and loving, easily trained to a litter box and reach a size larger than either parent. Unfortunately, breeding isn't as easy as it sounds due to the above mentioned problems. However, anyone interested can contact my owner. (She loves to talk about us!)

Karen Jusseaume
168 Taffrail Rd
Quincy, Mass 02169



RABIES KILLS RARE PANDA

Rabies, reaching epidemic proportions in the Mid-Atlantic region, has killed a rare red panda at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C.

Raccoons that have wandered into the zoo have been found to have the disease. In fact, a raccoon that died of rabies was found in the yard of Hsing-Hsing and Ling-Ling the two giant pandas. Because they were vaccinated previously they did not contract the disease. However zoo officials remain concerned due to the fact little is known about vaccination effectiveness on wild species.

Contributed by Ethel Hauser

MONKEYS RELEASED

Fifteen endangered golden-haired monkeys left for Brazil in the first attempt to reintroduce captive bred primates into the wild. The Golden Lion Tamarin monkeys from the National Zoo were shipped to the Primate Center in Rio De Janeiro where they will spend the next six months being prepared for their release. Ten years ago, it was predicted that this species was doomed for extinction. Devra Kleiman, of the National Zoo is in charge of the program and has spent the last 10 years working to prevent their extinction. Only about 150 of their species remain in their natural habitat, Brazil's coastal rain forest, which has been reduced to 2 percent of its original range.

contributed by Ethel Hauser

GREAT EGRET SCHEME FAILS

Wildlife specialists say they will try again to establish a colony of great egrets in the Guntersville Reservoir wildlife refuge in North Alabama. Wildlife workers tried to use great blue herons as surrogate parents for 20 egret eggs this past spring, but the eggs failed to hatch.

Keith Guyse, Asst. Chief of the state fish & game division says they aren't sure why the eggs didn't hatch. The great egret eggs were brought to the Guntersville Reservoir from nests in North Carolina where the bird thrives. This egret is a different species from those egrets now found in Alabama.

Reprinted from Pet Business

Emergency Care for Frostbite

Frostbite and freezing cause tissue damage similar to burns. They occur when an animal is exposed for a long period to extreme cold and high winds. Circulation becomes impaired in the extremities (ears, tail, feet) and crystals form, damaging or destroying the tissues. The affected area may first turn very pale, then, after thawing, becomes red and scaly. Frostbite causes severe pain; therefore, handle an affected cat with extreme care.

First, move the cat to a warm place. Use moist, warm packs or a blow dryer to bring the temperature of the affected area rapidly back to normal. Do not use excessive heat and do not rub the affected area, for this may cause further damage or loss of tissue. Apply an antiseptic such as eye ointment to the affected area. Call your veterinarian; he or she may be able to prescribe oral antibiotics to prevent or fight infection and sedatives for pain.

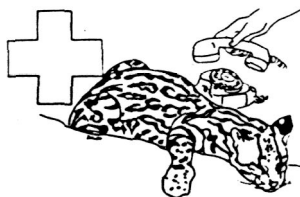
In the case of serious freezing, the entire body temperature will be dangerously low and the cat may be comatose and near death. Quickly reverse this decline by immersing the cat in warm, not hot water (102°-105°F, 39°-41°C). Dry very gently and thoroughly with a blow dryer, then wrap the cat snugly to keep it warm. Treat signs of shock and take the animal to the veterinarian. If you are snowbound and absolutely cannot get out, try to feed the cat with some warm broth or other warm liquid.

It may take 5-10 days before you can see whether new tissue is replacing the dead, frozen tissue. If healing is not evident there is a danger of gangrene, and some amputation may be necessary.

Frostbite and freezing can be prevented by keeping your cat indoors in times of extreme cold or by ensuring access to a sheltered area. Once affected, animals are more prone to frostbite in the future, so owners should be especially protective of cats that have recovered from this type of burn.

SEE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE. 

KNOW YOUR VET'S TELEPHONE NUMBER



QUESTION:

HOW DOES THE GOVERNMENT ENCOURAGE THE ENDANGERMENT OF CERTAIN SPECIES?

ANSWER:

(By Lewis Regenstein, Executive Vice President, Fund for Animals)

The government plays a major role in threatening the survival of the African elephant, bobcat, river otter, lynx and other species that are being killed by vested interests profiting from the exploitation of the world's disappearing wildlife. It seems that because the U.S. supplies the largest market for furs and other products made from wild animals, the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service refuses to add thousands of imperiled plants & animals to its protected lists. We are wiping out not only wildlife found in the U.S., but also countless foreign species."

Contributed by Barbara Grimes

Christmas "Wish List"

The ultimate purpose of the Cornell Feline Health Center is to improve the health of cats everywhere, by developing methods to prevent or cure feline diseases and by providing continuing education to veterinarians and cat owners. It is a part of Cornell University, College of Veterinary Medicine, Ithaca, New York. 14853

Last year, before Christmas, the Cornell Feline Health Center tried a new idea - they asked their readers directly to help them fill a "Christmas Wish List". To their great joy, their list was filled by contributions (all of which are tax deductible) from their friends.

Hoping again for such response, they include the following on their 1984 "Wish List" - in hopes of continuing their work to make the cat's life in this world a little better:

FELINE INFECTIOUS PERITONITIS VACCINE RESEARCH
\$100,000 (\$1,000 each from 100 donors)

Badly needed to fight this disease - think of it as your share in our quest for an FIP Vaccine.

8mm VIDEO TAPE RECORDER - \$800

This camera would be used for feline behavior studies, specifically to tape the antics of misbehaving cats while their owners are away. Viewing the tapes will help our behavior specialists design tailor-made therapy to modify behavior problems.

RESUSCI-CAT - \$7,500

A life-size model of a dog (complete with fur) has been developed at the College of Veterinary Medicine to train future veterinarians in cardio-pulmonary resuscitation (CPR). A cat is not a dog - and it would be helpful to teach students this emergency life-saving techniques on a model of a cat.

UNI-PUMP - \$3,500

Veterinarians from all across America send blood samples from sick cats to the Diagnostic Lab, asking our help in determining what is wrong with their patients. A uni pump would provide greater accuracy and better results in tests for FIP, Toxoplasmosis, and other diseases.

The following are sorely needed in the Teaching Hospital for treatment of feline patients:

- 2 FELINE ANESTHESIA CHAMBERS - \$100 each.
- STAINLESS STEEL TRANSPORT TABLE - \$250
- 3 AQUA-MATIC HEATING PADS (K model) \$250 each
- ELECTRO-CAUTERY UNIT - \$3,500
- 4 CAGE DRYERS - \$150 each.

Each of these gift ideas is a very practical way to express your love for cats. Some of these will provide immediate help for ill and injured cats, some will help meet the long-range objective of preventing illness. They are hoping that once again these worthy "wishes" will come true.



Cornell Feline Health Center
Cornell University
College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca, New York 14853

PRINTRIGHT

Printing By

Mail 205

THE BIG CATS

THE PAINTINGS OF GUY COHELEACH

Text by Nancy A. Neff

Foreword by Roger Caras



Lions, tigers, cheetahs, jaguars, pumas, leopards, and clouded leopards - these are the biggest of the big cats. Their stirring and universally appealing beauty is the magnet that draws people to the safari to the zoo, to wildlife films and television programs.

Guy Coheleach is recognized as the finest wildlife painter working today. In this sumptuously designed volume, every painting is shown in full color. We see these magnificent animals stalking their prey, lying in ambush, nurturing their young.

The text contains much new material, tracing the evolutionary basis for the structure and behavior of each cat and answering such questions as: What makes the cheetah the fastest mammal in the world? Why does the tiger have stripes instead of spots? Why do some cats roar and others only purr? Why is the puma, which once inhabited the transcontinental United States, now nearly extinct east of the Mississippi? What makes men go off in search of the rare and mysterious snow leopard?

These questions and more are answered by Nancy A. Neff, a leading zoologist and paleontologist. Roger Caras, wildlife expert and author of many books introduces this handsome volume, writing perceptively of Coheleach the artist stalking his prey - the big cats.

Maps detailing the cats' past and present distribution, charts that graphically present the important facts of each group, a glossary of terms, and an index provide invaluable aids to anyone interested in the big cats.

11 3/4 x 11 1/2, with 154 illustrations - 59 in full color - 244 pages cost \$65.00

Reprinted from World Pet Society Newsletter



Lynx to be set free

Two 5-year-old lynx from Riber Zoo (England) are to be set free in February in the French Pyrenees, where the animal died out about 100 years ago.

Zoo curator Eddie Hallam said that the French government and the World Wildlife Fund are working together to help re-establish the wildcats in the mountains. "We have been breeding lynx for 20 years here and now have a total of 40," he said. "This is the realization of a life's ambition." The lynx will be fitted with radio collars so their movement can be traced.

Wildlife fed in ice-bound states

In Utah, where record snows, up to 20 feet, have forced deer out of the mountains to munch on shrubs in Provo, Ogden and Loagan a State House Committee is considering spending \$172,000 on food for the game.

The plight of deer elk and antelope has prompted donations from across the country and has also emptied the coffers of Oregon's wildlife department according to an Associated Press release.

John Shepherd, a Safeway grocery store spokesman in Denver announced that the grocery chain is making trucks available to haul feed to the animals. In addition, signs and jars will be set up in all 110 Safeway stores in Colorado asking for donations to supplement the \$1 million allocated by that state's Division of wildlife.

The Federal Bureau of Land Management suspended oil and gas drilling on 430,000 square acres in western Colorado to reduce the stress on the animals. "If man is not in there and the noise from their vehicles is not there, it greatly increases chances of surviving through the winter" said agency spokesman Mary Pressley.

Deer and antelope used to woody shrubs and other wild forage can't digest hay and can starve to death even if their stomachs are full of it say Montana game officials.

In Craig, Colorado, where temperatures are at 40° below zero, pronghorns have refused food purchased with \$5,000 in donations. "There's no way to feed antelope" said Perry Olson, regional manager for the Division of Wildlife. "We can't find anything they'll take"

In Utah, officials say up to 30% of the fawn population may already have died.



oops

Typographical errors are always fun, especially these bleeping days when you can blame everything on the computer.

Here's one from an Associated Press story that starts out on how lions use contraceptives (sort of an implanted pill) but ends up on how the keepers maintain the population of zoo animals:

"Sometimes the key to successful breeding in captivity is found by studying the animals in the wild."

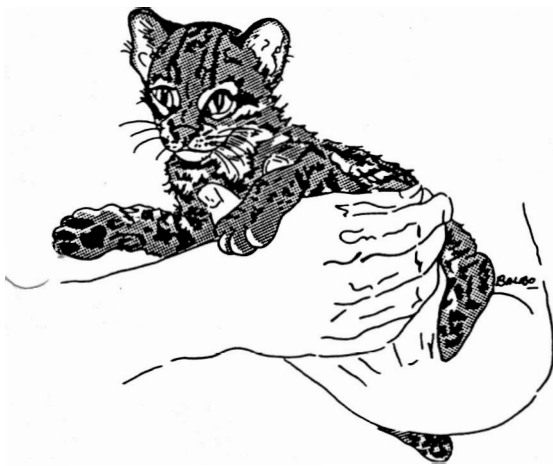
.....Apparently the less you stud the wilder you get?

FOR CUDDI IER KITTENS

Eileen Karsh a Temple University psychologist, advises to achieve the cuddliest kittens, one must start handling them as early as 3 weeks of age.

Karsh took 26 domestic kittens at birth and randomly assigned them to one of three groups. The first group were cuddled from ages 3 to 14 weeks; the second from ages 7 to 14 weeks and the final group were not cuddled at all. The results show that the more affection the felines receive as kittens, the more affection they show as adults. The kittens handled earliest were the friendliest; those that received no cuddling were the least attentive to humans, and the group petted from the age of 7 weeks measured somewhere inbetween..

Folks, we might take a hint from this study and try to handle our kittens more, removing them from the mother if necessary to accomplish this. I'm sure the new owners would appreciate it.



Mother has five babies with blue eyes, stripes

A white tiger has given birth at the Cincinnati Zoo to a litter of 5 - a record for this rare breed according to the Associated Press.

The cubs, three of them striped and two white with stripes, opened their blue eyes shortly after they were born. There are about 55 white tigers in the world, and 30 of them, including the cubs' parents were born at the Cincinnati Zoo, spokeswoman Laura Rogers said. She said litters usually are of two, three or four cubs. The parents of this litter, Bhin and Sumita, were born here in 1974, both are white.

Zoo spokeswoman Becky Day said it may be 6 to 8 weeks before the cubs can be photographed because the mother was so protective. The cubs have not been named because the zoo keepers have been unable to determine their sex.

But he's kind to animals

head of an organization dedicated to saving sick injured animals was charged with false imprisonment after a former helper complained of being locked cage with a cougar, Tampa Florida police reported.

Bert Wahl, who started Wildlife Rescue, Inc., in 1981, was arrested. Raymond Moore said Wahl threw Moore's keys into a cougar cage, and then locked Moore in the cage as he tried to retrieve them.

ON DIET

Condensed from MAINSTREAM, "Petpourri"
by Bruce Max Feldmen, DVM

Cats are unique creatures in many ways when compared to other mammals such as dogs and humans.

Cats have a remarkable tolerance for fat in their diet. They could eat a high fat diet that would give most of us or our dogs a bad case of indigestion! Cats have special requirements for several amino acids. (Amino acids are the "building blocks" of protein) A deficiency in these amino acids leads to blindness or death. Because of these special needs, cats could not survive on an all vegetable-protein diet as could dogs or humans. In other words, cats must have at least some animal protein. However, just as with ourselves and our dogs, a 100 percent meat diet (i.e. no carbohydrate or fat at all) would be fatal.

Cats require about 20 times more iodine in their diet than do humans. Cats are also sensitive to the level of magnesium in their diets. High magnesium is one of the causes of urinary bladder stones which may lead to cystitis (inflammation of the bladder), urethritis (inflammation of the urethra), and urinary obstruction. This disorder is called Feline urologic syndrome (FUS) and is one of the two feline diseases (the other being feline leukemia) which most worries cat owners.

Don't feed raw fish or liver except as an occasional treat. Too much of the former can lead to B-vitamin deficiency, and too much of the latter can cause black diarrhea or vitamin-A poisoning.

Your cat does not need milk, in fact many cats get loose stools from drinking any type of milk.

You cat does need fresh water, changed daily. Feeding your cat once or twice a day is not as natural as allowing it free access to feed. In one study of eating behavior, cats allowed free access to food ate 13 small meals a day on the average.

Keep in mind that cats are especially finicky creatures about eating - even more so than we are. Their appetites can be affected by anything out of the ordinary-noises, odors, presence or absence of humans or other animals, new surroundings and so on. Remember too that overweight cats tend to have more health problems and shorter lives. Protect your cat's health by feeding them only enough to maintain a normal feline figure.

Editor's note: The above of course was written about domestics but can be taken into consideration when planning our pet's diet as well. With the ever-present controversy on diet for exotics, the rule of thumb seems to be based solely on success.

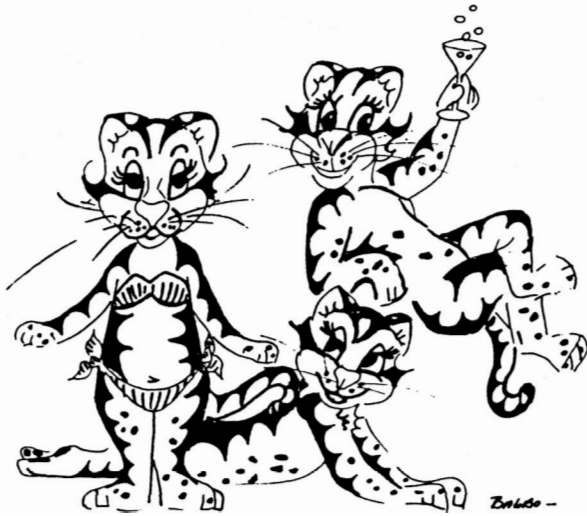
**Keep
this
date
open!**

AUGUST 10, 11 & 12

CONVENTION 84

PORTLAND, OREGON

HAPPY NEW YEAR



This and That

The Snow Leopard of the Himalayas, once thought to be nocturnal, has been sighted roaming cliffs, river bluffs and canyons during daylight hours, preying on wild sheep. A national park has been set up in its native Nepal to protect the rare animal.

Contributed by Barbara Grimes

LEGALITIES

The owners of two pit bulldogs have been tried in California under a little used law in the death of the landlord, who was fatally mauled by the dogs.

Under an 1972 state law, an owner can be held accountable for a death caused by a "mischievous animal."

The owners are charged with involuntary manslaughter. Defense attorneys could not find a case where this law has been used before to prosecute such a death. In this case, the dogs had a history of biting and had been declared "vicious after twice biting people in 48 month."

Please note that this same law could be applied to exotics.

Contributed by Jean Townes

ACINONYX KANGAROO P
 U FELIS ICN UPSET
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 S W S VO S JUBALUS R

CITES Notes

The Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES) is an 81 nation agreement to regulate international trade in certain wild animal and plant species, in order to prevent their over-exploitation through such trade. CITES operates by a system of permits, which are to be issued by a designated Management Authority. Scientific authority in the U.S. is performed by the Office of the Scientific Authority (OSA) under the Associate Director-Research and Development in the Fish and Wildlife Service. OSA prepares advice on the issuance or denial of CITES permits, prepares U.S. proposals and reviews foreign proposals to amend the list of protected species, and aids in the formulating of U.S. positions regarding implementation of CITES by member nations.

During the CITES fourth regular biennial meeting held in April, 1983, proposals by Mozambique, Zambia and Zimbabwe to transfer the leopard (*Panthera pardus*) in Africa from Appendix I to Appendix II were opposed by many delegates because of concern that it would lead to revival of harmful fur trade. A compromise was reached whereby a limited trade can be allowed in leopard pelts that are sport-hunted or bought as personal effects by tourists under a strictly managed quota system. This special treatment under Appendix I is to be reviewed at the next CITES meeting in 2 years.

U.S. FISH & WILDLIFE SERVICE BULLETIN

Contributed by Daniel Twedt

Soviets swap tiger triplets for an American sea lion

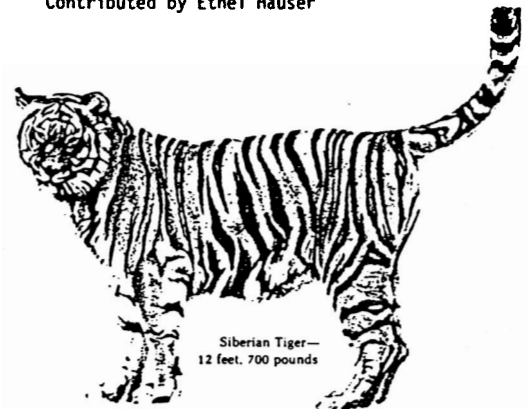
The Soviet Union sent three rare Siberian Tigers heavily sedated and sturdily crated to the U.S. in the latest round of a program to save the endangered species.

Astra, Alisa and Tyulpan (tulip), 3-year old triplets born at the Moscow Zoo to parents captured in the wild, left for their trip to the Bronx Zoo, and zoos in Omaha and Indianapolis. The Soviet Union is to receive a California Sea Lion in exchange, probably from the San Diego Zoo, to mate with the one now at the Moscow Zoo.

The exchange, which took officials two years to negotiate is part of a world-wide effort among zoos called the "Species Survival Plan" and is designed to strengthen captive breeding stock of the earth's most endangered animals.

Yuri Dtarikov, a Soviet environmental official, said that only about 250 Siberian tigers survive in the wild. U.S. zoos hold about 200 Siberian tigers, but they are all the offspring of about 17 animals whose progeny have been continuously inbred. "American-held Siberian tigers are badly in need of a genetic fix" Kohl, the Department of the Interior official said

Contributed by Ethel Hauser



Resolutions...

As always with the New Year comes the thought of resolutions for that new year. Promises to do better. Sitting, dreaming, by the glow of a beautifully trimmed tree (discreetly wired to the wall - to foil spotted mischief) one envisions a more perfect future, aided by the best intentions.

Unfortunately, reality all too easily infringes on these intentions. I know it is so easy to say "Next year I WILL put aside more time to devote to the Newsletter". That is so easy when cold weather has one housebound; but it becomes painfully difficult when calm seas, sunshine and hungry fish beckon. This evasion of duty has been made that much easier by the death of the "Club" typewriter donated oh, so many years ago by Bill Boyle and dutifully toted back from Tacoma. Nowadays, all typing must be done at the office which means going in on Saturdays or staying late weekdays. No more can a few spare minutes be filled by ducking to the typewriter. Anyway, carbon ribbon must be used to insure readable copy and that means a full-fledged office-type machine. Each issue requires 8 (or would it be too much to ask) more pages. Each page requires 2 columns. Each column that appears in your newsletter is a legal page (14 inches) of typing - that's a lot of material needed to fill it!

Therefore, I ask each of you for a resolution. To contribute something each month to the Newsletter. Those of you near large libraries could pledge an hour or so to research the periodicals- there are so many that cover our favorite subject. It is impossible financially to subscribe to each one. Don't presume

someone else sent it in - they may not have. Better to receive several copies than none.

I know of no one who tires of seeing pictures of our cats. Besides, an issue with page after page of only typed material isn't very appealing. And what a treat to see pictures of cats we do not have, or perhaps dream some day of having.

Make a resolution to use that camera! And another to send the negative or picture to the Newsletter. Especially needed are photos for the cover.

Another worthwhile resolution- plan now to attend Convention - start that "kitty" for the cost now. This year it is in Portland and that group always puts on a great time. Convention is our annual meeting to discuss matters that affect the Club. It is a time for discussion and learning, of meeting others with the same interest and of sharing your thoughts and ideas. It is your chance to talk directly with the Officers who make the decisions that run the organization. Cost of attending is tax-deductible.

Resolve, at least if you can't attend to contribute to the auction. Send something, no matter how small. That too is deductible and lends tremendously to the entertainment of the affair. Additionally it is our main fund-raiser and money is always needed (perhaps for a new typewriter?).

Realizing that we are a small, scattered group of folks, let us, each one, resolve in this shining, new year, so full of promise, to take a few minutes, once a month to do something for the Club. It will make the Newsletter we look forward to receiving, so much better, and make 1984 better for us all.

Please resolve to be a contributor in 1984.



SHARING IS CARING