

NEWSLETTER

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

Volume 28, Number 3
 May/June, 1984

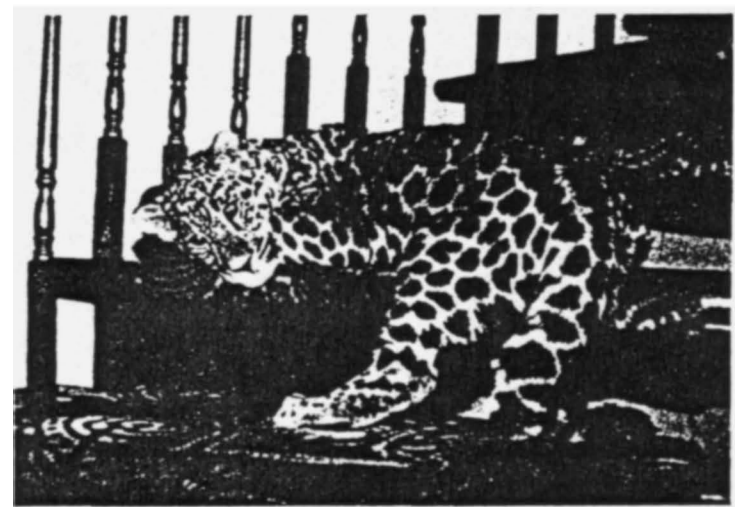
LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



☞ PETER KLOSE with BORIS at 8 months.



☞ CHRISTA KLOSE with CONTESSA, a 4 month old Siberian tigress.



☞ MAGIC, takes his mid-day snooze.

ALL PICTURES ABOVE ARE OF THE RESIDENTS OF THE ORNO EXOTIC CAT SANCTUARY
SEE STORY ON PAGE 3



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Help Wanted

REPORTERS

LIOC 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 exotic ownership

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.

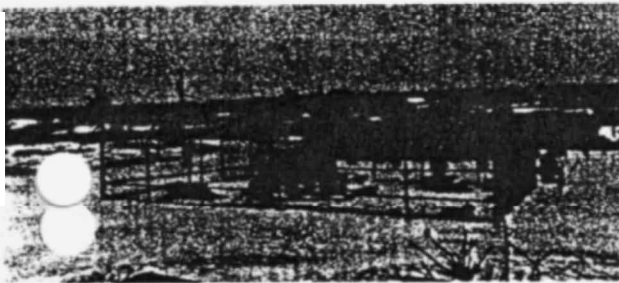
Home for big cats planned

Mr. Wolfram Klose, of Orno, Ontario, Canada has asked for permission to construct the Orno Exotic Cat Sanctuary. Klose, who has operated a dog training academy for 14 years and is the recipient of the Dog World Award of Canine Distinction now houses lions, tigers and cougar on his 10 acre site.

Because many zoos have gotten rid of their felines due to the high cost of maintenance and housing, Klose feels a need for such a sanctuary and plans on acquiring other felines. The sanctuary would be landscaped with paths and picnic areas open to the public.

Mr. Klose says that the loss of natural habitat is seriously endangering the survival of many species. "It is our moral obligation to preserve and protect these aspects of our natural heritage" he says. And the Orno Exotic Cat Sanctuary is his way of doing just that. He writes:

It was very difficult to obtain detailed information on how to raise and handle the big cats. When we started with our first lion, Pasha, I tried the library and then some of the Zoos, but they were not too eager to talk to a private cat owner. So we had to learn ourselves the hard way, how to handle and raise a baby lion. Fortunately, we have been training dogs for over 15 years, which gave us somewhat of an insight on animal psychology.



Pasha is now about 2 1/2 years old and a magnificent animal, with a beautiful mane. He still is very affectionate and tame and lives in a large 40x60 foot enclosure (14 feet high). When Pasha was little he grew up with us in the family and his playmates were our German Shepherd and a little terrier (which ruled them all). When Pasha got too big and we moved him into his enclosure we kind of felt sorry for him, being all alone and decided to acquire a playmate for him - namely a lioness. After much waiting and searching, there was a young lioness available at the Montreal Zoo - we drove up there to pick her up.

She was in a run with a young tigress and they had been raised together - we did not have the heart to separate them. We fell in love with the tigress (Siberian). They are now still together with Pasha and it is one happy family, although it took over a week of a lot of worrying if they would really get along. Both young animals were actually terrified of the big lion although he only wanted to play, and made an awful sound (they'd try to attack him) should he get close to them.

We had heard a lot about the excellent temperament of cougars and decided get one since they would not grow as large and powerful as the lions and tigers. It turned out we bought 2 - because again we could not resist. Again, we raised them in the house and socialized them with people and other animals. They have turned out to be very large species and are from Vancouver, B.C. Both are now over a year old and very tame and gentle and much easier going than the lion and tiger (who once in a while will try to challenge you). The cougars NEVER bite and are still easy to handle.

Now that we're hooked on "cats" we wanted to make sure we would be allowed to keep them, so we applied for a zoo license which was very hard to get. It took us over a year of fighting with the local government. Just recently we finally made it!

We have 10 acres of land here and will have a small sanctuary. At the moment we have 7 cats; two lions, one tiger, 2 cougars a spotted and a black jaguar. We raised them all from kittens and to make handling easier and to avoid possible accidents have had them declawed.

At the moment, we have two large enclosures for the lions and tiger and the cougars. We are planning additional enclosures for others. The spotted jaguar lives in the house at the moment - he's practically one of the dogs. MAGIC is now 4 months old and behaving very well. We have 2 children, 11 and 13 years old - although Magic sometimes challenges them and does play rough, we are careful. The 13 year old boy can handle Magic well, but the 11 year old is not strong enough to control him. Magic lives in a big cage in the kitchen when there's no one to watch him but has the run of the house otherwise. He's learned what he's allowed to touch and what not to and has not wrecked anything (yet), largely due to diligent baby-sitting.

The black jaguar is 5 months old and we've only had him about a month. Unfortunately he was not very socialized as a kitten. As a matter of fact, he was just separated from his mother prior to our getting him. Therefore we are not able to touch and play with him. When we got him he was very spooky and frightened and did not come out of his crate for 2 days. Now he comes to the fence to greet us and complains loudly when we leave - so there is hope.

For years we have wanted an ocelot, but have found that they were next to impossible to come by in Canada. However we have not given up hope and perhaps another member can help us. Since ocelots don't grow that big, we had planned on it being a housepet. In the future we are also hoping to add lynx and bobcats to our family. We also look forward to meeting any LIOC members that might be in our area.

Christa & Wolfram Klose
Orno Exotic Cat Sanctuary
RR #1, Orono, Ontario L0B1M0
Canada



MAGIC, the Jaguar and German Shepherd ARDEN

Thank You!

TO ALL THOSE WHO TOOK THE TIME TO
SHARE, A GREAT, BIG

THANK YOU!

YOUR CONTRIBUTION WILL APPEAR IN AN
UPCOMING ISSUE.

TO EVERYONE ELSE - WHY DIDN'T YOU?

Tara-ific

PART 3

As I explained earlier, we raised Tara by the trial and error method. She has always been very healthy allowing for our mistakes. Along with every exotic should come a book of instructions of do's and don'ts and what to do in an emergency and some medical advice. It doesn't have to be elaborate, just basic advice on how to keep your pet healthy and happy - especially if its your first exotic.

Chances are they will be living miles and miles from another exotic owner and probably even further from one that has the same species. It's hard to rely on the telephone because all the calls would be long distance, so conversation is kept to a minimum. I read all the back issues of the Newsletter, got down the encyclopedias and looked up everything there was to find. Most of it was pretty technical and didn't help much. There was a lot to be found on urinary tract troubles and such as that, but all I was trying to stop was common diarrhea and I couldn't find enough in print to clear up the problem.

Tara was on beef when I got her and had a note with the "recipe" on it saying how to mix 125 pounds of it with things I had never heard of. How do you cut a recipe of that proportion to fit a one pound cat? I was supposed to mix some bone meal with it so I went everywhere trying to find some and ended up at K-Mart in the garden department. I got a ten pound bag of the stuff and went home wondering what to do with it. The last time I used it I put in on y rose bushes and drove Daisy crazy looking for the one.

By now I had had Tara a day or two and her beef patty was about gone so I mixed some of the bonemeal in hamburger but she didn't go for that. I'm sure it didn't have all the ingredients that the original had, and you sure can't fool a cat. Rather than starve, she eventually ate it but I could tell she wasn't very happy about it. Also, I read somewhere that Vitamin C was good for them and helped with that dreaded urinary problem so I got some of that and added it to the mess I was already making. I went from one concoction to another, adding different vitamins, changing from bone meal to calcium - that seemed a bit more civilized. At least it came from a healthfood store - not a garden shop. All the while Tara would ignore the mess in her dinner bowl and eat Pierre's Nine-lives as much as possible. The only time she wouldn't eat his food was when I gave him something with fish in it, which she didn't like. Then she would eat her own. She had diarrhea constantly and her little tummy would be so upset it gurgled constantly.

At this point we got an invasion of fleas. We had turned the airconditioner off and opened up the sliding glass door and the fleas walked right on in through the screen door. Tara scratched herself bald in spots and dipping didn't do much good. Pierre was fine when I put a new flea collar on him so I went and got her one too. In less than 48 hours Tara had paralysis in her neck and could hardly hold it up. It scared us to death and we immediately cut the collar off as soon as we realized that was causing the problem. At first I thought she just had a stiff neck from running and jumping and had pulled a muscle but soon you could tell it was more than that. She looked really miserable and would only drag out for a bite to eat. She started feeling better as soon as the collar came off but it took a whole week for the paralysis to wear off.

I was still concerned over her loose bowels and this made it even more difficult to housebreak her cause sometimes she just couldn't help herself. During this time I had been consulting the veterinarian and tried to take his advice. He insisted I feed her cat food and said that beef wasn't good for her and she didn't need the calcium. In short, he was treating like a domestic and when I mentioned what other members of the club were feeding he looked at me as if I was trying to tell him his business. I was losing faith in him rapidly. I knew the food was disagreeing with her

stomach, her bowels and her appetite so I quit making her those awful beef patties and went out and got the only other food I knew for sure they ate-chicken necks

I wasn't quite sure what to do with them. She was too little to eat them whole so I took Jean's advice and smashed them with a hammer. I gave one to Tara and she attacked it as if she had never seen food before. The next day there was no more diarrhea and her tummy didn't make those awful noises.

At first I started buying her a little at a time and I'd sit in the driveway with a hammer and put the necks between paper bags and smash away. I actually had my neighbors speculating as to what on earth I was doing out there with a hammer. They came to the conclusion I was smacking caps and stopped and asked me. They were relieved to find I wasn't playing with caps but didn't think I was playing with a full deck when I told them what I really was doing.

There had to be a better way to do this. Especially if this was to be Tara's regular diet. Besides which, Tara had taken to dragging the necks around the house instead of eating them at her bowl where she was supposed to. Back to flea market we went and this time Dad came home with an old cast aluminum meat grinder and have been using it ever since. It has become a family project and every month or so I buy about 30 pounds of necks, skin them and Dennis and the kids will grind them up while I bag them in zip-lock bags. Tara over- sees the job and gets treated to the occasional chicken heart that sometimes creep into the package. She has had no more digestive problems but has incredible energy. She will eat a vitamin once in a while and has an egg yolk a couple of times a week. I can tell when she snitches some of Pierre's food however because she will get diarrhea soon afterward. She likes hand-outs from the table and when I fix roast she'll get a small piece before it goes into the oven, but basic ally, she sticks to her diet of chicken necks.

In the meantime I had lost my faith in my vet for obvious reasons and Tara didn't like him much anyway (he was a man afterall). However, just last year he got an associate that she immediately liked. A nice, pretty lady vet who reached right in Tara's carrier and picked her up. I was a much surprised as Tara. No one ever had had the nerve to do that before. She cuddled and loved on her and called everyone in the office in to see her, but while she looked the other way Tara decided to teach her a little respect and bit her in the face. I think Tara was even more surprised (I was) when the vet didn't get flustered. She acted like nothing happened, gave Tara a shot and put her back in the carrier. I could have died of embarrassment. The blood was running down the side of her face from four tiny little teeth marks. She said it was no problem - it happened all the time (I find that hard to believe) She certainly won my respect that day with the way she handled Tara. I think Tara was impressed too.

I hope our trial and error era is over with as far as Tara's health is concerned. If I hadn't taken the advice of my friends in the Club when I saw them from time to time, I'm afraid of what might have happened. It made me realize there is a vast difference between domestic and exotic. I only wish I had known that when we had our darling little ferret. I'm sure she was killed by a diet of Tender Vittles on the advice of the pet shop that sold her.

We also lost a special tiny pet turtle but that was due to Tara's mischief. She had been eyeing "Poo-Woo" for a long time. We kept him in a fish bowl with an island in the center for him to climb out on as he was a water turtle. We had had him for quite some time. Tara was so persistent about bothering him that she would have water flying everywhere as she tried to fish him out of the bowl. Occasionally she managed just that and we would rescue him as she was tossing him about the room. He didn't seem to mind and was so tame (or stupid) he would even let Pierre lick him in the face and would stretch his neck out for more. Tara finally aggravated him so much I put a wicker paper plate holder on his fishbowl and taped it down with masking tape. It was a pain in the neck

This worked rather well until that time we went on vacation and left them with the sitter. When we got home Poo-Woo wasn't in his bowl. We looked everywhere for him. The tape had been peeled off the bowl and Tara even jumped up and pulled the lid up to show me how it was done. After searching the house for the longest time, we came to the conclusion that Tara had eaten him. I really felt badly and hated to see my little friend come to such a sad fate. I watched Tara

real close for days to see if my little green Poo-Woo passed through as evidence of his whereabouts. I never found the incriminating evidence. Since she didn't seem to have any ill effects I presumed him to be digestible.

The following week I was vacuuming the furniture and raised the cushion on the chair as Tara had been known to stash her treasures there for safekeeping. There was Poo-Woo—all shriveled up under the cushion. Poor little thing. Evidently Tara got him out to play with and when she was through put him away til next time. There wasn't a mark on him - I guess she didn't realize he was edible.

Another incident we had of this sort was out in the laundryroom. Now Tara will definitely eat any bug or lizard that walks into her room, and she can catch flies with lightning speed. She gets real excited when I call her to come rescue me from a spider or bug and in Florida there are plenty of those, this being the "Bug Capitol" of the world.

We had to change the drain from the washer to a PVC pipe that leads out to the flower bed. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but since I do more than ten loads of laundry a week, it soon drowned all my flower bulbs and the weed were thriving. My brother had done this at his house and he has the most beautiful willow tree - thriving in Arizona. Anyway, we have lived in Florida for over eleven years and have seen our share of snakes, lizards and bugs but never so much as one field mouse so I was really stunned one afternoon when we went out to check on Tara and she was running around huffing and puffing. There in the corner was a baby rat. How this thing got up the drain pipe and into the laundry room is a mystery to me. Rats are not my favorite critters but I must admit this thing was shiny and clean as a whistle and Tara was having such good time with it that we all watched in fascination. Every time Mickey (as we soon called him) tried to run off Tara would go get him and gently bring him back. They chased and played all afternoon while Pierre sat on top of the washer scared to death of the intruder. It seems incredible but finally they got so worn out that Mickey laid down on the floor and Tara laid down beside him. I didn't have the heart to kill him, and really didn't want to keep him for Tara's playmate so I left them alone and went to the house to reason this out. I went back out a few hours later and Mickey was sleeping beside the fridge, just out of Tara's reach; she was taking a nap too. I got my broom and poked him gently to wake him up and told Tara to get him. She ran behind the fridge and the chase was on again. She finally caught him and brought him to me and as she put him down I put a bucket over him and scooted him out the door and across to the empty lot across the street. I sure hope my neighbors didn't see me. How could I possibly have done him in?

Through the old trial and error method we have found which things to keep out of her reach and which are safe for her to play with. One day she got in the garbage and ate part of a plastic newspaper sack that she had seen me throw away. Luckily it was a small piece and she spit it up before it had any disastrous affect. She always has had a thing for plastic bags and methodically will chew all four corners off then leave it. Nowadays in the morning I bring the paper in and will hold the bag up and she will come zeroing in on her target, chomp on the corners, making sure she gets all four then walks off getting pleasure in whatever it is that makes her chomp them in the first place and I in the fact she never ingests any of it.

One safe source of toys that have been entertaining is vegetables. She spends a lot of time retrieving a green bean until it is demolished and has pulverized countless tomatoes (delighting in the ones I sit on the window sill to ripen). Last night I opened the refrigerator and she found a long forgotten stalk of celery and played with the wilted remains of that all night.

She is fascinated with an ear of corn and will shake it until it is completely "de-tassled".

I also put an old pizza pan outside the sliding glass door in the grass and fill it with birdseed every day. Pierre will spend countless hours watching the birds. Tara was interested for awhile and every so often will go take a look to see if there's anything out there worth her time. Do you suppose a yellow feather duster would catch her eye?

Well, I have rattled on endlessly about my pampered pet and these are only a few of the things they do from day to day. They are not perfect by any means, but then neither am I. They can make me exasperated

or ecstatic, put me on the peaks or down in the valley of depression, depending on what they're up to. Only another feline fanatic could understand the ups and downs, the joys and despairs of having an exotic. You will never really own them and your friends will never see the side that they reserve for you. Even though he will always be independent in nature, he will depend on you for his very survival and be ever so forgiving when you make a mistake.

I feel privileged to have Tara and honored that she is willing to share her life with me. I hope that I can always respect her ways and try not to make her over into a domestic. They don't always do what we want them to, but would we really want them any other way? After all, isn't that why we got an exotic in the first place.



Wm. Engler

In Memorium

Can it have been seven years? It seems as if it were only yesterday that I helped move Bill Engler from Utah to his final home in Orlando, Florida. The fateful day - March 17, 1977, when Bill's great heart gave out and he left us.

So many memories....all linked to his love for cats. During all those years, people with problems with their cats were referred to Bill (he wrote the medical section for *Especially Ocelots*). He graciously accepted the calls, guiding people to solutions as only he could.

As long as there is a L.I.O.C. Bill Engler will not be forgotten

A New Twist

Hudson & Marshall, Inc., a national auction company, has announced its first annual exotic animal auction to be held June 1, 2 & 3rd in Atlanta, Georgia.

The first of its kind, this sale will take animals on consignment and sell them at auction to the highest bidder. Included on its list at this time are all types of hoofed stock, birds reptiles and yes, exotic cats. Of course the brochures state that all sales must be made in accordance with State and Federal law.

A bit of circus atmosphere seems apparent with admission charges, elephant and camel rides and petting zoo not to mention T-shirts and concessions.

What will they think of next?

Printing By

PRINTRIGHT

Mall 205



The New England Branch held their first formal "Reorganized" meeting at Dave and Elsa Baskin's beautiful home in South Massachusetts.

Snow, sleet and rain were the incredible weather conditions of the day. Even so, we had a fair turnout, over 30 people attended. We had a short questionnaire for all to fill out as soon as they entered the house. This helped us out so much when the basic voting began. Several people brought along some great food...which we consumed around 4:30..it was all so good!

Voting for officers started around 7:00. Except for State Directors. Unanimously, Karen Jusseaume was voted President, Dave Baskin was voted Vice President and Mildred Payton, Secretary/Treasurer.

We also voted to accept the new Branch logo that appears above. It was also decided on three meetings a year, to be increased if needed. Our dues were set at \$5 to cover postage, stationary and the other items we will need for our meetings. (such as the tags which helped a lot)

Only 3 members showed up from outside Massachusetts, Milton and wife Doris Demarest and Fred Kula all from Connecticut; ALL were disappointed that more members from Greater New York did not attend. We would like to unite with Greater New York and spread our meetings from Canada to the Washington DC area, but only the true members can make this dream come true.

The main conversation this day seemed to be centered around so many people getting their permits to keep endangered species., or wild, or exotic species. Massachusetts and Connecticut are bearing down unusually hard on anyone who wants to purchase an exotic. Your facilities can be more than adequate; your knowledge of what your trying to preserve doesn't seem to matter - you are not now allowed to purchase a license for anything.(unless you have a previous license....problems there too) This is something we will have to discuss at our next meeting. Let's see if those with permits can help other responsible owners attain theirs.

We also attained another new member from the South Shore, Mass. Dwain Moeller, WELCOME. Also two other prospective members..things look good. Thank you all who attended, please come again. We need everyone - that means you.

NEXT MEETING JUNE 10 AT MILDRED PAYTON'S IN RANDOLPH, MASS. All are welcome, including cats.

Submitted by
Mildred Payton
Sec/Treas

Bare Facts

People telephoning in response to a newspaper ad for nudist park activities got the Birmingham, Alabama zoo instead. "I made a mistake-I gave out the wrong number" said Bob Truett, director of the Zoo and also the owner of a "members-only" nudist camp. "I'm so used to giving out this number; I accidentally gave out the number to the zoo"

Truett says he wants to keep his professional life separate from his work at the nudist camp which he calls a hobby.

attention east coast

The Mid-Atlantic Branch of LIOC is currently being reactivated. Years ago there were several Branches in the Northeast which eventually dwindled down to one central location. This discouraged many from attending meetings due to distance. The New

England Branch has recently reorganized very successfully. A shorter traveling distance brought many more members to the function. The same response is sought for the Mid-Atlantic area. The branches were not formed with the purpose of excluding anyone, but rather for geographic convenience. All local members as well as those of other branches will be welcome, regardless of their home state. Mid-Atlantic will be working closely with New England as sister branches and some meetings will be jointly scheduled.



We are fortunate to have some very dedicated and knowledgeable people in this area, and the Mid-Atlantic Branch promises to be an effective one.

The kick-odd meeting will be a splash party/Barbe-que, hosted in Great Gorge, New Jersey, just 1/2 mile from the Playboy Resort (now the Americana) and is tentatively set for mid-July. As plans solidify, notifications will be sent containing dates, times and directions as well as a questionnaire asking for your ideas and comments along with an officer nomination form. If interested, to insure that you are on the mailing list, please let me hear from you.

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Readers Write



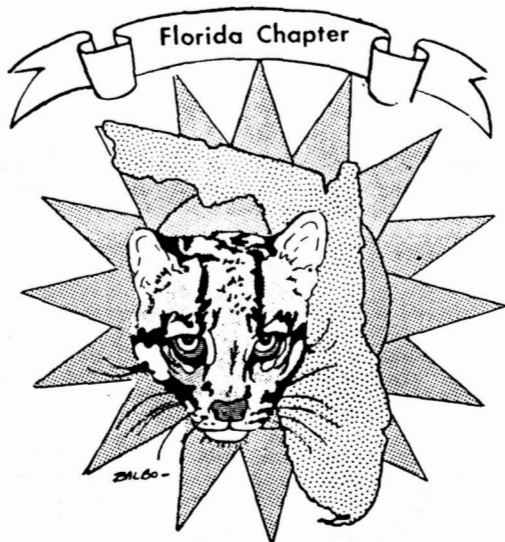
I am a new member of LIOC and enjoy the Club Newsletter very much. I am the proud owner of a female Geoffroy's, now one year old, that came from the Twedt's in Kentucky.

I enjoyed the story about the snow leopards. I know that Robert Baudy owns and has success in breeding these cats. I have a question that I thought might be of interest to other members also. "How did the original breeding snow leopards come into the U.S." Our Kansas City Zoo had a pair on loan but they and their female cub were returned to their respective zoos.

I finished reading "Snow Leopards" by Peter Matthiessen and am very interested in these beautiful animals.

Again, thanks for the Newsletter

Bob Hammonds



MEETING REPORT

The second Sunday of March meant another great get together for the Florida Chapter of LIOC and what a great day for it. Skies were blue and the temperature in the 70's.

Lake Panasoffkee is a small community about 30 miles north of Orlando. Most importantly, it's the home of Gladys Lewis. For those of you who are unfamiliar with Gladys... she raises clouded leopards (and others) for Robert Baudy. In fact she had several 3 week old cloudeds on hand for the meeting. Robert Baudy volunteered to be our guest speaker and to smoke a turkey for the occasion - now that's hospitality.

There were plenty of other cats on hand for the meeting; Gladys has a pair of servals and a very friendly female bobcat; Guy and Cheri Girton brought a crossbred Florida panther and a gray fox that let everyone hold him. The Treanors brought along their 8 month old Poco Margay who spent the afternoon with a dog that was more interesting than those strangers.

During the business meeting everyone was reminded of the Convention in Portland. It was suggested that if several were going, perhaps we could get a group rate and save some money. Art and Gertrude Freeman are going but plan to go on to Alaska afterwards. Robert Baudy and Gladys weren't sure they could attend, and Jamie Wheatly is also undecided. Dennis and Barb Grimes as well as Danny & Ellen Treanor are positive about attending.

Other business was only minor, like collecting lunch money and a raffle to help the treasury with the mailing expenses of meeting announcements.

Robert Baudy informed us on the status of the Florida panther which is bleak. The current count is only 24 and with so much land area to cover, it is doubtful that the cats will find each other in order to mate. The State's only on-going project for the Panther consists of radio-collars to track its movements. Baudy contends that this does 2 wrongs 1) the weight of the collar might throw the cat's pounce off enough that it would interfere with hunting, 2) the male panther usually grabs the female by the scruff of the neck during mating, a function necessary to breeding...the collar interferes with this. So the State is contributing to the demise of our state animal.

Baudy thinks captive breeding programs would work; using some wild caught males and captive females. A mother would be moved to a remote forested area of approximately 5 acres to litter in. Local prey would be provided so that the kits could learn to hunt. Those kits who were successful would be released. Contact with humans would be kept to a minimum. Hopefully this area would be increased to say 40 acres when the cub grew, prior to release. This system would hopefully result in young adults being released to the wild. Baudy believes that it would take only about 7 years to begin the release phase of the program.

So far the State has ignored the idea and continues with its radio collars.

See what you miss when you miss one of our meets?

A special thanks to all who attended: Marian Allen, B.J. Lester with some great pictures of Giggy (more than suitable for the Newsletter?) Dr. Orlando Patin and daughter Monica, John and Tammie Pickard who are trying to start their own cougar breeding program, Jim & B.J. Scott who drove up from South Florida to visit and a special thanks to Ronelda Vessely who helped Gladys put up with us all day.

Now wouldn't you like me to write something nice about you? Well come to the next meeting.

See you in MAY?

Danny Treanor
President



MEETING REPORT

The December business meeting was hosted by Stan & Gloria Capon of Vancouver, Washington.

Main topic of the meeting were the items to raise funds for the coming Convention. Several bazaars were scheduled for the weekends before Christmas. Work parties were held at Ethel Hauser's where green center pieces were made by Doreen Strickland. Tree ornaments and needlepoint items were made by Louise Jenny. Pat Parker, head of Ways & Means, ordered 9 cases of fresh baked cookies plus several 3 pound sticks of summer sausage and many stuffed animals.

Don Scholes donated his time and talent to cut exterior plywood "Beware of Cat" signs. These will be painted by the artists in the club and be on the sale table at Convention.

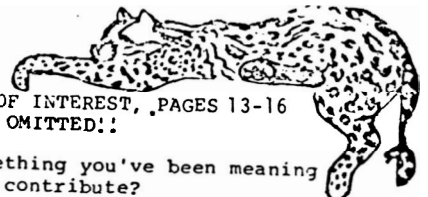
The OEEFC donation for the raffle at convention has been painted by Mr. Stan Capon. The picture is an original oil of a cougar resting on rim rock and is truly beautiful. Watch your Newsletter for a sneak preview.

An Installation Banquet at the Gresham Elk's Lodge is scheduled for January 21 to install the officers for 1984 and to say "Thank you" to the officers of 1983.

Officers being installed are:

Coordinator - Ethel Hauser
Co-Coordinator - Pat Parker
Secretary/Treas - Mary Parker
Librarian - Gayle Schaecher
Welcoming Committee - Gloria Capon
Connie Schole
Convention Chairman - Barbara Wilton

Submitted by Ethel Hauser



DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST, PAGES 13-16
HAVE BEEN OMITTED!!

Is there something you've been meaning
to contribute?



THE BIRTHS

FROM COSTA RICA

It would be natural to assume that living in the rain forest of Central America we would see quite a few wild animals. But, actually, we see more near our other home in Jupiter, Florida.

As Susie and I have raised Jaguarundi, ocelot and golden cats in the States and have always had a soft spot in our hearts for the Jaguarundi, I will relate a few experiences with them.

We had finished eating and were enjoying the sunset over the Pacific ocean from our cabin when the peaceful interlude was interrupted by some loud squalling down by a little bridge that we have over a marsh-like stream near the end of our property. Being dressed for dinner in our usual attire - cut-offs and barefoot, we headed off running towards the bridge. As Susie was about 50 feet behind me and I could see that I would need some footwear I asked her to run back and bring my shoes and machete as I would have to head off into the swamp a little way to see what was going on. The sound was growing fainter and so without waiting for Susie, I headed off walking fast but carefully.

A very long snake had some critter by the muzzle and five or six turns around the body. I wasn't sure what kind of snake it was but it was a constrictor of some sort and I knew they weren't supposed to be poisonous. Both the serpent and animal were covered with red mud from thrashing around in the shallows, so I didn't know what kind of beast the snake had. However, it didn't have too much longer live so I grabbed the snake by the tail and flung him out as if uncoiling a rope. The snake released the animal, it went one way the snake the other way with me in the middle. Now, I won't swear that it was a jaguarundi, it could have been a tira, but whatever it was it skidded to a stop took one look at me, and disappeared into the brush. The snake, which was a rosy boa, looked at me as if I were the snake in the grass and slowly slithered off. Susie and I spent the rest of the afternoon wondering which would get our baby ducks.

We have quite a few domestic cats around our place here in Central America - seems like mostly underfoot - but they don't bother the geese, ducks or chickens. In fact they pretty well ignore each other so another cat in the yard didn't seem to bother them much except this one wasn't tan and white and small it was coal black and damn big, so the chickens were a bit perturbed and talking about it.

This jaguarundi was very calmly sitting in the yard about 30 feet from the cabin trying to make up his mind which chicken he would have for breakfast when Susie saw him. She hollered at me to look out in the yard, said it looked like a young Copy. This brought lumps to our throats, as our jaguarundi "Copy" died about six months prior to this visitor from the jungle. Well, he grabbed up a big rooster and headed into the bush before we could say Scat. We've lost five or six more chickens in the following weeks but what the heck, they don't lay very well and are too tough to eat and as far as we're concerned he's welcome to them. We saw him only one more time - in the yard anyway.

We do see jaguarundi quite often although not as close, except for the young one that some kids brought around and gave us - but that's another story.

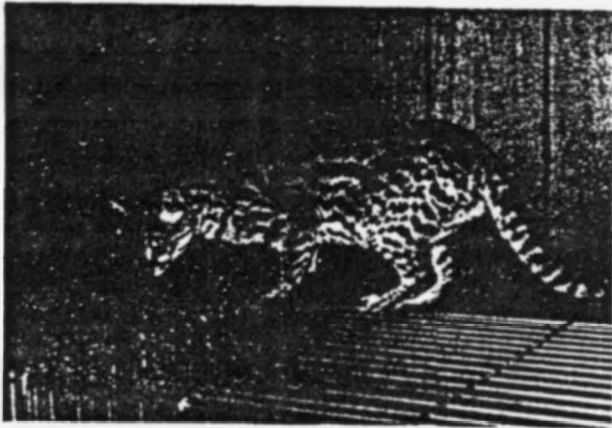
Chuck & Susie Kindt
Punta Mala de Osa
Puerto Cortes, Costa Rica

Des Moines Plans Wildlife Ban

In response to an attack by a pet cougar, the West Des Moines City Council recently passed a restrictive ordinance banning the sale and possession of many species of wildlife in the city. Similar proposals are currently being considered in a number of surrounding communities and by Polk County, Iowa. The Des Moines City Council is expected to consider such a proposal soon.

Reprinted from Pat Rucinace

Shirley Jackson reports: "Wednesday morning we discovered we had a baby oncilla - didn't even know the mother was pregnant! The baby wouldn't nurse even though the mother tried and seemed to have milk. We tried the baby on our nursery Siamese - he nursed once and never tried again. We left him with the Siamese litter (3 weeks old) for warmth and fed him with a bottle after contacting Pat Quillen for instructions, but he died on Sunday. The baby just didn't seem to have the sucking instinct. Hopefully we'll have better luck next time.



TIMOTHY-TOM - SIRE OF THE
JACKSON ONCILLAS

A phone call from Suzie Wood relays the news of 2 serval boy kittens March 7th - the father is only 15 months old! Suzi promises more news and an article.

And Connie Schole writes: Tangerine (serval) had three babies February 25th. There are probably 2 girls and one boy - but I have guessed wrong before. I am sure however, that there are 2 of one and one of the other.



TRAGEDY STRIKES

In the November/December 1983 issue we reported on the work being done with Golden Cats at the Maynard compound.

They write us "February 17th our F. Temminck's golden cat died. If we had had the clinic (which we are in the process of raising funds for) she would be alive today. She died a half hour before the vet arrived. The postmortem results have not yet come in. We are ever so saddened - now there are only 8 in the I.S.I.S system.



HARVEY MAKES HISTORY

A dolphin named Harvey Wallbanger was released into the Atlantic after 5 months in captivity making him the first beached dolphin to be returned to the sea.

Named because he slammed into the wall of the aquarium, Harvey broke his jaw in that escapade. Prior to his release, it was x-rayed and declared healed.

Loaded into a sling, his skin coated with oil to prevent its drying out, Harvey was transported about 3 miles into the Atlantic for his release. When a school of dolphins were sighted he was lowered into the water. Suddenly, a dorsal fin appeared along side Harvey and then another. A group of at least a dozen other white-sided dolphins seemed to move toward the newcomer.

Harvey bears a tag on his tail so he can be traced if it ever becomes stranded again or his carcass is beached.

UPDATE-TRAGIC NEWS

The story of the dolphin that cavorted with us along the coast in the Gulf of Nicoya we reported in "Other Folks"-Sept/Oct '83 has come to an end.

Because of its love of humankind, the dolphin often followed local fishermen and their boats, frequently getting caught in their nets. It would then come to the surface and wait patiently as the fishermen took the net off.

Unfortunately, not every human is kind - Rafael Contreras, rather than freeing the animal, apparently struck the gentle beast repeatedly with a machete killing it. He then bragged about the incident to residents of the village near where the dolphin spent most of its time. The area had been posted with signs asking the dolphin not be harmed.

The postscript to the story is that 10-12 days after the death of the dolphin, Rafael Contreras, while working alone in his boat was struck by lightning during an electrical storm in almost the exact location the dolphin was killed. World Society for the Protection of Animals Field Representative G. Huertas confirmed this story after it was printed in the local press. One can only speculate if there is a moral to this story.

GOOD NEWS IN TENNESSEE

A pair of adult bald eagles recently made history when they successfully hatched and raised a young bald eagle to flight stage along the Cumberland River.

The wild-reared eagle, now about 18 weeks old represents the first documented eagle birth in that state since 1961.

Rollin Moseley-Pet Business

ENDANGERED SPECIES?

According to a report in Newsweek, tanines may soon be an endangered, if not extinct species, in Peking. China's State Council set about destroying man's best friend in and around Peking. "To prevent rabies and maintain social order," the authorities instructed ordinary Chinese to destroy their dogs. Fines were set at 25 - or more than a month's wages - for those keeping illegal pets (\$50 and medical costs for biters). The Peking Daily explained it like an invitation to massacre: "The Municipal People's Government has issued these regulations hoping that the people will enthusiastically spring into action and do a good job of exterminating and controlling dogs." It granted exemptions only to the pups of foreigners, the police, the

army, acrobatic troupes, scientific researchers and restaurants. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has sent the Chinese a strongly worded protest. Over the past two years over 280,000 dogs have been exterminated in metropolitan Peking and the new crackdown merely extends the action to the suburbs.

The campaign probably won't offend the majority of Chinese even though since the end of the Cultural Revolution there has been an increase in those keeping pets, since many believe the dog's place is in a pot. In Chinese folklore dog meat is touted as an excellent source of heat and energy. One Peking restaurant specializing in the "delicacy" reported that its patrons were wolfing down 30 dogs a day.

RHESUS MONKEYS THREAT TO KEYS

For more than a decade rhesus monkeys on Raccoon and Lois Keys have called the mangroves home, now a regional study group claims the animals have turned the mangroves into skeletons, have polluted the water with their excrement and should go.

Colonies of 1,500 monkeys have been on the islands for some time. They belong to the Charles River Breeding Laboratory in Massachusetts and are bred for biomedical research. The animals on Lois Key are raised for the U.S. Food & Drug Administration and those on Raccoon Key are for private sale. The animals reportedly go for \$800 each.

The problem surfaced when Charles River applied "after the fact" for permits for cages adjoining walkways. Personnel from The So. Florida Regional Planning Committee says the structures were built without permits and are not hurricane resistant.

The problem says Barry Peterson of the Committee is "that the monkeys have a unique ability to avoid drowning during a hurricane. They swim to other islands and if they do their presence disrupts birds and could create a potential to the environment. Peterson says the facility should be allowed to continue only if they can prove there is an overriding national interest.

Reprinted from Pet Business

Siegfried & Roy

Siegfried and Roy perform magic on the Las Vegas strip, but the show that goes on in the magicians' \$10,000,000 home is just as good.

Off-stage the entertainers live, play and swim with their tigers, lions, leopards, jaguars, dogs, birds and a goat. Occasionally they open the house to the public, especially for children's tours. They devote much of their spare time and money to preserving the animal kingdom. "Our biggest goal in life is to protect endangered species and keep them here for future generations" Roy said.

The entertainers recently acquired 3 white tiger cubs, descendants of a rare breed of Indian tigers bequeathed to the Cincinnati Zoo in 1958 by the Maharaja of Rewa. The rare white tiger has black stripes on a white coat. There are two females and one male with one of the females being "snow-white" only one of 3 in the world. The cubs are insured for more than \$1 million.

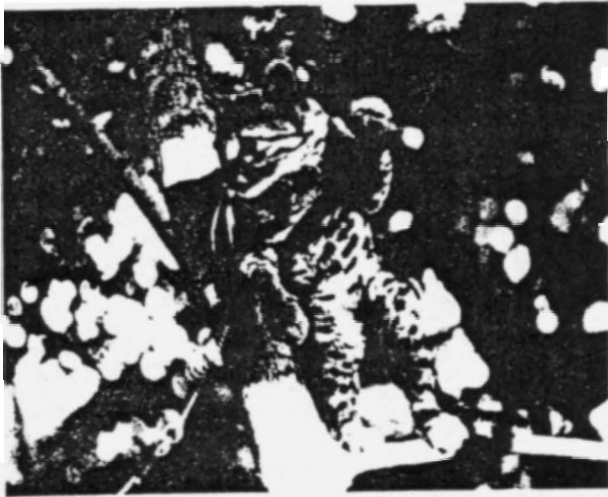
The off-stage lifestyle of the illusionists could be a desert mirage. "We planted the grass, trees, 78 palm trees" said Siegfried, "when the neighbors complained that the lions roared too much.

Servants dress in safari clothes, and cameras scan the outside grounds. A black-belt, martial arts champion lives on the premises, 3 great dunes wander free. Sixteen lions and tigers and leopards run loose, snooze in airconditioned kennels or swim in their own lava rock pool.

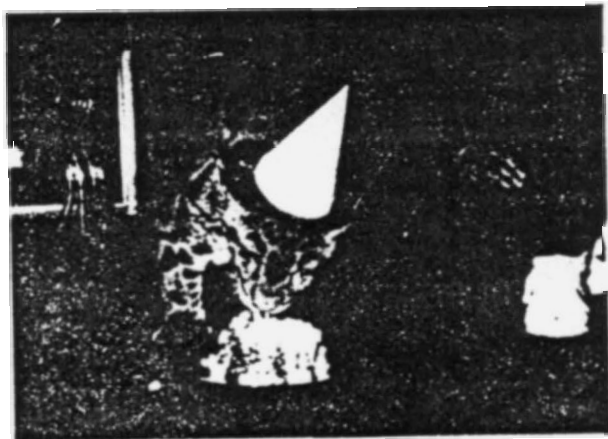
Reprinted from World Pet Society Newsletter

L.I.O.C. GALLERY

PHOTO CONTEST



TIGER - 12 year old male margay lives with Canadian members Kurt & Barbara Moltner



CHOLO, clouded leopard belonging to Bill Boyle, weighs in at 57 pounds on his 1st Birthday.

Obituary

Ann Eichelman Menard, LIOC membership number 2-56, a Founding Member died March 9, 1984. Services were held in Holiday, Florida and a memorial will be held later when her ashes are taken to Salem, Ohio for burial. "Baby's" (ocelot) ashes which have been preserved in a heart-shaped container will be placed with hers.



SONALI (Bengali word for Golden) is shown here at 5 months of age with his owner Anne Gordan. She writes: Sonali accompanies me several times a week to animal awareness lectures for schools as well as to adult groups. He is also the mascot for the Tacoma Tigers baseball team. Photo by Richard Downey

CONTEST ENDS AT CONVENTION 1984



BORIS & VERUSHKA, here 4 months old, are Sitting Pretty at the Orno Exotic Cat Sanctuary



Help Needed

IN THE MAY-JUNE, 1983 NEWSLETTER WE REPORTED ON THE WORK BEING DONE BY MIKE TEWES AT THE CAESAR KLEBERG WILDLIFE RESEARCH CENTER IN SOUTH TEXAS.

MIKE'S WORK ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE OCELOT IN THE AREA HAS BEEN COMPLETED AND THE U.S. FISH & WILDLIFE SERVICE FUNDS HAVE BEEN USED TO STUDY OTHER AREAS TO SEE IF THERE ARE OTHER WILD DISTRIBUTIONS OF THE OCELOT.

HOWEVER, AS A RESULT OF THE INITIAL RESEARCH THERE ARE 8 OCELOTS CURRENTLY WITH TRANSMITTERS. IN ORDER TO CONTINUE MONITORING THESE ANIMALS ADDITIONAL FUNDS ARE NEEDED. SO MUCH IS STILL TO BE LEARNED ABOUT THESE ANIMALS IN THE WILD.

PLEASE BE GENEROUS.....THIS WOULD BE A GREAT BRANCH PROJECT!

SEND TO: CAESAR KLEBERG RESEARCH INSTITUTE
TEXAS A & I UNIVERSITY
CAMPUS BOX 218
KINSMANVILLE, TEXAS 78363

MARK YOUR CHECK - "OCELOT RESEARCH"



While attending the University of Washington, I began a research program at the Woodland Park Zoo in Seattle. My goal was to obtain information on felid aggression and breeding by watching and recording behaviors of the caracals held there. I have since graduated with a degree in Psychology/Animal Behavior and have continued my research.

I have called zoos around the U.S. and have come to realize the problems of incompatibility and breeding weren't limited to caracals, but to most of the small cats.

It is fascinating to me that we have so many uncom- ble pairs. From what we know about felid habits he wild, they are solitary with overlapping ranges. we do know is that there is not that many conspe- c. s around to allow for a male or female to be choosey about it's mate. So, has captivity changed mate selection? And, what are we going to do about it? It's obvious we need to do something- quick!

If your members share their opinions and experi- ences you can't imagine the wealth of information that will be gained. Things that seem obvious to one person

may be news to another. For instance, the cats at Woodland Park don't pluck hair. There was an instance with the ocelots, but when their diet was changed to include birds with feathers (roughage) the plucking stopped. But I didn't know just how common it was until several people brought it up in conversation with me.

The data received will be entered into a computer and correlated several different ways.

Those answering the questionnaire may remain anonymous if they wish - its the information that is important, it's on page 16 of this newsletter.

Thanks for your help - I'll keep you posted on my progress.

Karen Dvornich
2606 S.W. 350 Pl
Federal Way, WA 98003



Miscellany

HISTORY OF DISTRIBUTION OF THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN WILDCAT by K. Eiberle, 1980, Swiss Journal of Forestry. 131(11):965-986 (article in German)

Ruthless hunting led to a great decline in the abundance of the Central European wildcat, which unlike many other animals is not able to increase its numbers rapidly. Since protective legislation has been introduced, it has recovered in parts of France and Germany, but not in Switzerland. The wildcat requires warm conditions with no long periods of snow and with little rain. In these respects, conditions in Switzerland have deteriorated since the 19th century; the average length of the vegetation period has decreased and the average annual rainfall has increased.

Contributed by Daniel Twedt

LYNX MOVEMENTS AND HABITAT USE IN MONTANA by B.J. Karl and H.A. Best, 1979, Canadian Field-Naturalist 93(4): 441-442

The movements of 2 lynx (*Lynx canadensis*) were monitored by radio telemetry: an adult male for 7 months from March to October and an adult female during January. Home range area for the male was 36 Km most locations were densely stocked stands of lodge-pole pines resulting from 1910 fires. Snowshoe hares, their principle prey were also most abundant in these stands.

Contributed by Daniel Twedt

GRIPES ? COMMENTS ? SUGGESTIONS ?

If you have a topic you wish discussed at the meeting of the Executive Board please send it to Ken Hatfield to be placed on that meeting agenda. Please do it as soon as possible.

Ken Hatfield
1991 SW 136th Ave.
Davie, FLA 33325