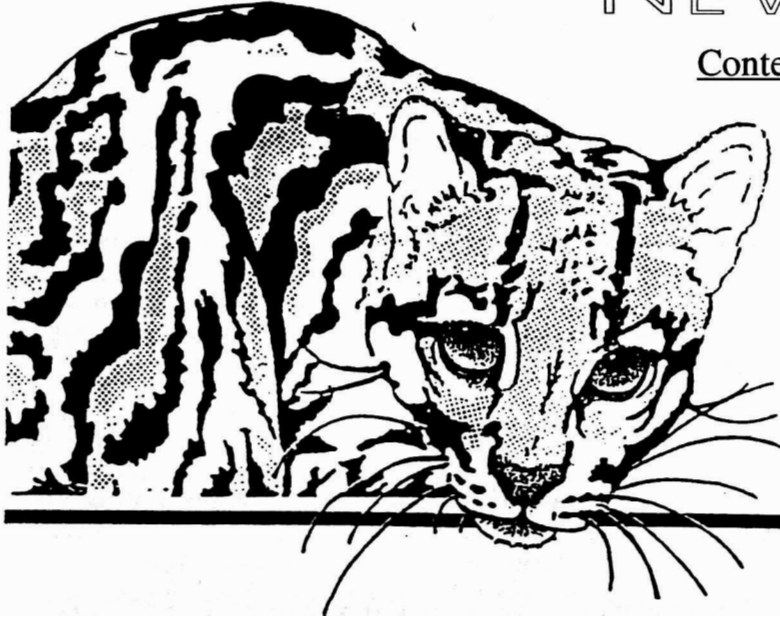


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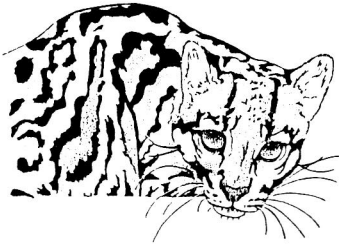
Contents Highlights



Convention Report	Page 3
Branch Reports begin	Page 6
A Special Gift.	Page 13
Necrology	Page 18
News	Page 19



LIOC's current President, Katie Knight-Monteiro, presents our past President, John Perry, with a placque in appreciation of his past service.



L. I. O. C.

Endangered Species Conservation Federation Inc.

This Newsletter is published bi-monthly by the LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc. We are a non-profit (Federal I.D. 59-2048618) non-commercial organization with international membership, devoted to the welfare of exotic felines. The purpose of this newsletter is to present information about exotic feline conservation, management and ownership to our members.

The material printed in this newsletter is contributed by our members and reflects the point of view of the author but does not necessarily represent the point of view of the organization. LIOC ESCF, Inc.'s statement of intent is contained in our by-laws, a copy of which can be requested from the Secretary. Reproduction of the material in this newsletter may not be made without the written permission of the original copyright owners and/or copyright owner LIOC.

Persons interested in joining LIOC should contact the Term Director in charge of Member Services.

Since the Newsletter consists primarily of articles, studies, photographs and artwork contributed by our members, we encourage all members to submit material whenever possible. Articles concerning exotic felines are preferred and gladly accepted. Articles involving other related subjects will also be considered. Letters and responses to articles may be included in the Readers Write column. Please submit all newsletter material to the Managing Editor.

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In this Issue- Convention in review

Convention '93

San Diego is a lovely city with a mild climate, warm in the day with a cool breeze in the evenings, and the Regency Plaza was a wonderful site for this year's Convention, hosted by members of the World Pet Society. We were provided with a well organized packet detailing the convention agenda and speaker biographies as well as freebies from Johnny Cat, note pads, cat collars and more.

The Convention got underway with the general membership meeting.

The key topic seemed to be the proposed changes to the captive bred wildlife provisions of the Endangered Species Act. Although it was agreed that the provisions were a doubled-edged sword, allowing only those "participating in an organized breeding program" to move captive bred wildlife, without seeing the formal rules it cannot be determined whether this would be helpful or harmful. It was discussed that perhaps LIOC should look seriously into organizing a program that would qualify under the new rules when we see them finalized.

The provision that would remove education as reason for permitting was also discussed. It was felt that since zoos, and the large wildlife parks would be severely hampered by this change they would be putting their resources to work on defeating this and LIOC could do little that they couldn't do better.

There was no new business proposed so we adjourned for lunch after agreeing to reconvene the discussion after receiving a letter the California group's attorney had written in response to the proposed rules.

Our next speaker, Sue Goodrich, is an animal psychic. Sue specializes in getting the "animal's viewpoint", feelings and perceptions. She maintains that many 'problem' animals are simply misunderstood or misunderstand and that good communications can be employed to solve problems. She offered a seminar to those attending later in the day.

Next we heard from Jeanne Lorang, U.S.D.A. inspector on what they look for in inspecting your facilities under the Animal Welfare Act and how you can comply with the intent of the act.

Caroline Reel Schultz, internationally renowned wildlife artist was the focal point for the late afternoon having her works displayed in the lobby of the hotel. Caroline, besides the conventional canvas, used slices of stone and petrified wood to paint her subjects, giving an unusual and visually pleasing effect to the work.

Due to the crowded agenda, the board was forced to meet for

the first hour of the poolside party. But was able to join the party in progress and partake of a sumptuous spread of appetizers and margaritas.

Friday's speakers started with Bill Brothier from Animal Care Equipment Services. ACES contributed a wonderful holding pen to be raffled, as well as being one of the displays. Bill demonstrated a variety of handling equipment available to handle large to small cats and answered questions on the use of many of the pieces of equipment demonstrated.

Jeanne Maynard from the Exotic Feline Breeding Compound -and an old friend of LIOC's- next shared her experiences and slides of her compound with us. At the end we were joined by a young Chinese leopard cub who of course stole the show. We were fortunate to have Jeanne and her volunteers stay with us for the duration of convention.

Pat Quillen was next on the Agenda. Pat, founder and president of SOS Care, brought us up to date on the Brazilian breeding project SOS Care is coordinating and shared slides of the San Paulo Zoo where the project is located with us.

The afternoon was left free (for all but the Board, who were engaged in the Executive Meeting) so folks availed themselves of the hotel's shuttle service to go sightseeing, visit the zoo or 'old town.'

Saturday morning began with a speaker from Seaworld USA and his experiences with the animals they work with.

Dr. J. Peddie was the next speaker. Dr. Peddie shared with us the disastrous news of two clusters of fatalities in isolated large cat collections in California at the Wildlife Waystation and at Tippi Hedren's Shambala. What is so shocking is that it has been concluded the deaths were caused by canine distemper. Dr. Peddie promised to keep us up to date on this as the facts reveal themselves. Cornell University is doing the investigative work.

Dr. Peddie also covered a wide range of topics pertaining to the welfare of our animals.

After lunch, we were treated to another old friend, Dr. Murray Fowler, the dean of exotic animal medicine. Dr. Fowler spoke on managing non-domestic felids to prevent disease, stressing the many factors involved in a well-cared for animal and the responsibilities we take on when we become exotic caretakers.

We rejoined for cocktails and a convivial happy hour during which folks were asked to vote on the Photo of the year, and have their pictures taken for the memory book being compiled of convention.

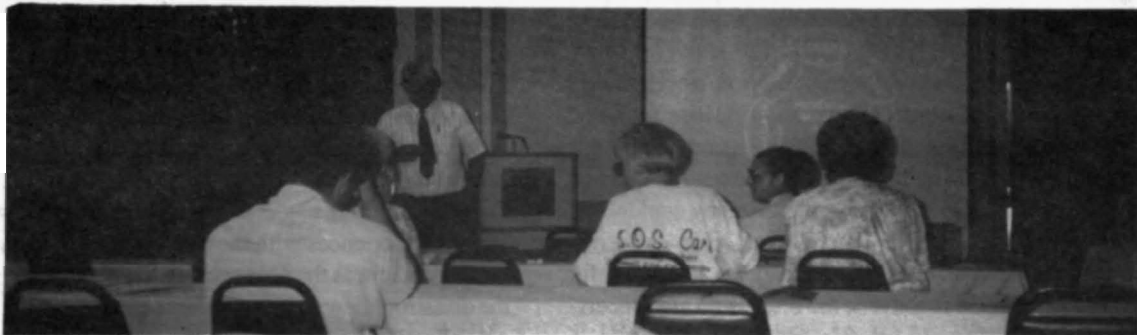
To start the evening, President Katie Knight-Monteiro pre-

sented past-President John Perry with a plaque acknowledging his service for two terms as president.

Shirley Wagner then took the rostrum, presenting the Photo award to John Perry, and the Reporter of the Year award to Ron Eldrige.

Our attention was then directed to this year's Lottie Presentation.

A short history was given and those attending who were past recipients were asked to stand and be recognized. The standards by which Lottie recipients are chosen were explained.



This year's Lottie was awarded to Jean Hamil. Jean is one of those "behind the scene's" persons who work continuously and tirelessly for the cause we all hold dear. Over the many years Jean has been a LIOC member she has shared her home with many exotics and taken in just as many, giving them a home regardless of their handleability for their lifetime. Jean is a constant contributor to the newsletter and a longtime branch supporter. She does what she can in ways large and small to support LIOC and the cats. Congratulations Jean.

The raffle of the squeeze cage donated by the Exotic Feline Educational Society was won by Pat Quillen. The pen donated by Animal Care Equipment and Services was won by Nan McGann. And to jeers of a fix - the \$100 bill donated again this year by the Pacific Northwest Exotics branch was won by Clem Schaecher.

This year, as for the last several years, our Auctioneer J.B. Anderson and his able assistant Vanna(Jeff Bellingham) took the floor. Thanks to their dedicated bribing, cajoling and

needling (not to mention the folks out there who donated these items), Over \$1,300 was raised for the general treasury.

Sunday we met for a wonderful sitdown breakfast and our closing meeting. It was announced that we have conditionally approved the reorganization of the Florida branch (see page 2 for the contact). They will be sharing meeting reports with us and we look forward to their formal application after by-laws and officers are elected.

Next year's convention will be hosted by Kelly Jean Buckley in Tuscon, Arizona. Kelly Jean has already been hard at work

and we can promise you a great time.

Amidst promises to see you next year - we packed up for another year and headed home.

ED.NOTE: We do apologize for the lack of some notable details in this report. We do want to thank Jeanne Maynard's volunteers who gave us the shirts off their backs at the auction, and would of course like to recognize those who attended and those who displayed at convention as well. Unfortunately, we have been unable to obtain a list of those attending, how much was raised, or any other pertinent details from the organizers of this years convention. This caused no small amount of friction at the time, for which we apologize to those innocently dragged into it. The Board is working at remedying this problem and hopes it can do so in the near future. Any persons who did not get a valid receipt for donations may write Loreon, our Secretary/Treasurer (see page 2 for address) to obtain one. At that time it would be helpful if you would supply a list of items donated for our records.

Awards 93

Jean Hamil Lottie Recipient
Jean Hatfield Engler-Douglas Award
John Perry Photo Contest
Ron Eldridge Reporter of the Year



Video Record of Convention 93 Available Now

For the second year, activities at Convention were recorded on video and are being edited and duplicated by Paul Ramses. (And he did a wonderful and very dedicated job of covering the events!) The tape contains speaker presentations and portions of our Banquet Awards Ceremonies and Annual Auction.

If you weren't able to be there, this is your chance to still benefit from the excellent speakers and to meet your fellow members remotely. And if you were in attendance, this is the best record of the event that you can have.

For your copy send \$25. to Loreon Vigne, Sec/Treas at the address inside the front cover of this

NEBRASKA'S BEST KEPT SECRET

What is Nebraska hiding that we don't know? While many people are well aware of the plight of the rainforest, few realize that Nebraska houses its own rainforest!

The Henry Doorly Zoo in Omaha, proudly offers their eight story, 1.5 acre, \$15 million indoor rainforest project. Visitors are offered tissues for their fogging glasses as they enter the largest enclosed rainforest in the world. Mists emanate from trees to maintain the proper humidity and rare tamarins cross vine

bridges next to your path under the waterfall.

Named the Lied Jungle, after its major sponsor, this tropical arrangement of open habitats harbors over 2,000 species of plants and 130 species of animals including monkeys, exotic birds, bats, pythons, pygmy hippos, tapirs and more. (There are a half-dozen cats, too.)

The Lied Jungle is a five-star visiting experience. Highly recommended.



EXOTIC FELINE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

June 20, 1993
Meeting Minutes

Ethel Hauser opened meeting with a warm welcome to all, and thanked the members of the Camas Washougal Wildlife League for the use of their facility.

There were 42 persons in attendance. Also, a great turnout of different species of felines: Serval kittens, Bobcat kittens, Canadian Lynx, Caracal, Ocelot, Tigrina, Geoffreys, Bengals (adults and kittens), and Safaris.

Sharon Roe announced the election results for the change in the branch name from Northwest Exotic Feline Society to our new name

"Exotic Feline Educational Society."

Sharon welcomed the following new members:

Elizabeth Angus

Don & Arla Hertz

Ben Texley & Mary Leanne Doak

Karin Donoyan

Larry & Leona Ellis

Darryl & Melanie Scheel

Ethel presented Mark Weatherby's books, a well known children's wildlife artist. His books were displayed for everyone to enjoy.

Ken Hatfield proudly unveiled one of six squeeze cages built by members of EFES during the "May work party." He pointed out the modifications and enhancements to the original design, talked on the purpose of this type of cage, and demonstrated how it works. Five of the six cages were purchased by members for the cost of materials. **The sixth cage will be donated to LIOC as a 1993 auction project.** A flyer will be developed by Ethel and Barbara and submitted to LIOC for approval. It will then be mailed to members by LIOC.

As a future project of EFES, Ken proposed the idea of building additional squeeze cages for other interested parties. These cages would be sold at the price of \$295.00 each. EFES members would build cages with proceeds going to support EFES. A positive response was received from the members in attendance, and further discussion will take place at the next scheduled business meeting.

♥ **GOOD GUY AWARD** ♥

May and June's GOOD GUY AWARD was presented to:

Ken Hatfield and Rod Black

for organizing and providing the facility and tools
for the club members to build the six squeeze cages

Articles were read as follows:

1. Larry Torland read an article on Ear Mites, written by Jean Torland, copy attached.
2. John Roe ad-libbed an article on What is Catnip?
3. Ken presented information on the disease "Haemobartonellosis."
This is very important topic, see copy enclosed.
4. Barbara Wilton introduced the LIOC organization, and talked about the August 1993 convention in San Diego.

Ethel discussed formula recipes for Bobcat kittens, and gave two volunteers the opportunity to experience a hands-on Bobcat feeding. She also demonstrated the proper way to potty a kitten.

BOOK IN PROGRESS: Karin Donoyan, of Roseburg, talked briefly about her Bengal kittens and asked anyone with any information concerning this species to contact her as she is compiling data for a book which will be published in the near future.

ART WORK: Local artists lined the walls of our meeting facility with their creations, i.e. paintings, note cards, ceramic jewelry, and clothing.

The raffle was a great success due to contributions by members, i.e., wildlife art/T-shirts, plants, jewelry, etc. raising \$50.00 for the club treasury.

The meeting was adjourned. Everyone was encouraged to take photographs of the wonderful variety of cats in attendance and to ask questions of their owners, and last but not least, to enjoy the refreshments.

Respectively submitted,



Sharon L. Roe
Secretary/EFES

Karen Donoyan and
Don Hertz
demonstrating the
feeding and cleaning
of bobcat kittens



EFES MAY & JULY WORK PARTY



WORK can be FUN!!

EXOTIC FELINE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

QUESTION: What has 168 pieces of wood, 138 galvanized steel pipes, 24 casters, 18 stop pins, 108" of chain, 6 automatic friction latches, 6 pressure bars, 24 eye hooks, 4 coats of marine spar varnish, numerous screws, and lots of glue AND has 534 drilled holes?????

ANSWER: Six (6) 24"H x 24"W x 30"L Squeeze Cages.....

Ken Hatfield and Rod Black accepted the challenge of showing nine other members of the Exotic Feline Educational Society how to build a squeeze cage. Most of us had little experience with hand tools let alone POWER tools, but with a little guidance and a lot of patience, we were all encouraged to help with every aspect of the project. Ken provided a wonderful facility with all of the tools needed. We were able to work in small groups so different parts of the project were being done simultaneously.

We came to many crossroads during the building of the cages. One such crossroad was when the galvanized steel pipes that Sharon was working on had to glide smoothly through the two holes drilled by Rod. We collectively held our breath and yes, they fit just as planned! Each time we came to one of these crossroads, all of Ken's and Rod's pre-planning would pay off, because all of the pieces came together beautifully.

We did make a couple of modifications as we went along that increased our projected costs, but we all felt they improved our final product. This is the 90's and who doesn't have cost overruns?

We also found time to celebrate two birthdays. Shirley surprised Ethel and Sharon with a birthday cake following one of our many potluck lunches.

Each of us had different reasons for wanting to participate in the "Work Party." Ken wanted to share his expertise from building previous squeeze cages. Rod, Shirley, and Corrine just wanted to help wherever needed. And, the grateful ones were those of us who, for the cost of materials and a little work, walked away with a squeeze cage that would provide safety for our cats and veterinarians. They are Sharon and Justin, Herb and Barbara, Larry and Jean, Ethel, and Ken.

A sixth cage was built for a raffle item for the LIOC August 1993 convention. Pat Quillen, of S>O>S> CARE INC. won the raffle. From the raffle proceeds, EFES covered the cost of this cage and donated \$100.00 to the LIOC general fund.

"Work Parties" will be an important aspect of Exotic Feline Educational Society. We will be making Christmas decorations in December and plans are underway to donate or time to such projects as stream and river clean up. Everyone is encouraged to participate as everyone has something to offer, AND the food and fellowship with old and new friends is always enjoyable and rewarding.

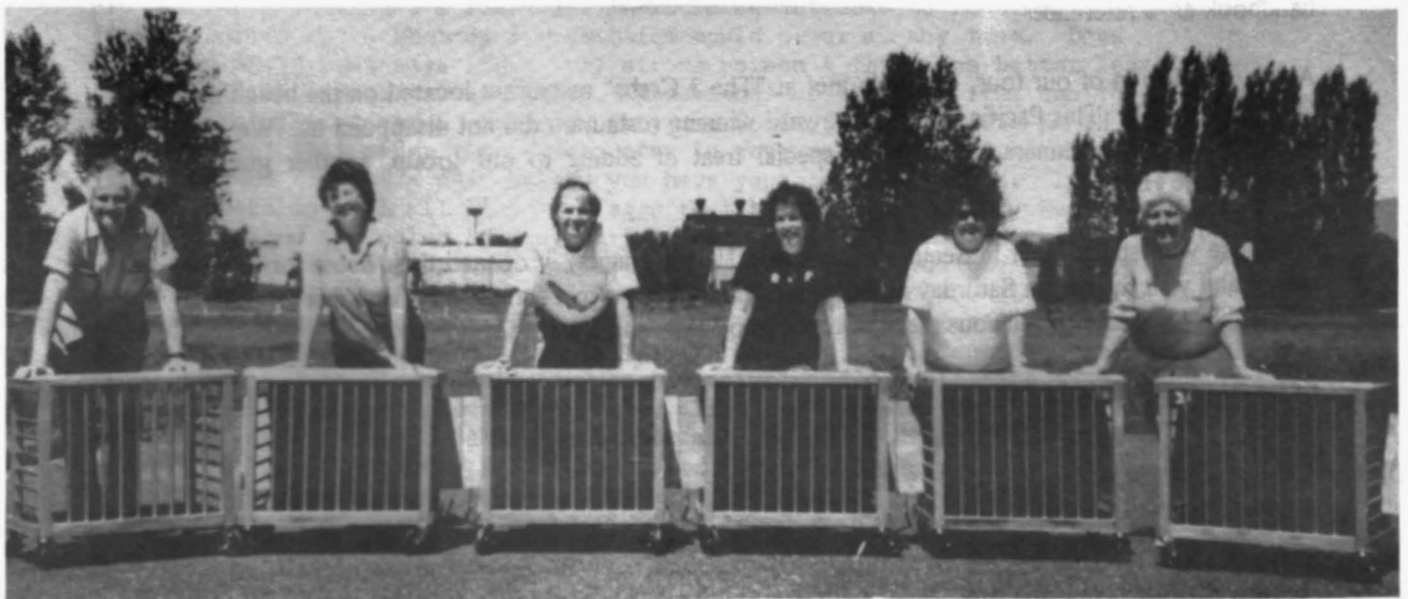
A special thanks to Jean Torland who provided the summary for our work party activities.

Respectfully submitted,

Sharon L. Roe

**Sharon L. Roe
Secretary/EFES**

Barbara shows Herb &
Larry how it's done!



L-R Ken Hatfield, Ethel Hauser, Rod Black, Sharon Roe, Jean Torland,
Barbara Wilton



EFES Field Trip, August 21, 1993
THE OLYMPIC GAME FARM
SEQUIM, WA

EXOTIC FELINE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

Our field trip to the Olympic Game Farm was a informative and fun excursion. This game farm is owned and operated by Lloyd and Catherine Beebe, and has been open to the public for 40 years. There are guided walking tours provided in the summer and drive-through tours year 'round.

Sharon welcomed and introduced our newest member Mark Norrie, who came from British Columbia to join us.

Sharon introduced her friend and our tour guide host, C.W. "Chuck" Crary. Chuck and his wife Hester are retired and have lived in Carlsborg, WA a "suburb" of Sequim for 15 years. At various times through these years, Chuck worked for the Beebes at the game farm, and in 1991, wrote and published the "Handbook for Tour Guides at the Olympic Game Farm." From this handbook, Chuck extracted the information on exotic felines, giving each participant a notebook of information.

On the walking tour, Chuck provided us with so much knowledge, we all wished we had brought recorders! His relationship with the felines was special, and added to a very excellent educational tour. Afterwards, we split into small groups and did the drive-through tour, using Chuck's handbook as a reference.

At the conclusion of our tour, everyone met at "The 3 Crabs" restaurant located on the beach in Dungeness, WA. This Pacific Northwest award winning restaurant did not disappoint us. We all enjoyed wonderful dinners and had the special treat of adding to our group, another guest. Chuck's wife Hester.

For those who stayed over in Sequim, Chuck and Hester graciously opened their home for us to gather and visit further on Saturday night. Sunday morning we met for an early breakfast at "The Oak Table", and after a delicious meal, said our good-byes and started for home.

Respectfully submitted,

Sharon L. Roe
Secretary/EFES

JULY MEETING REPORT

The July meeting was held in the lovely home of Jackie Sinnett, along with Jackies wonderful Ocelots and Bobcats that greeted both members and guest.

Neither the President or Vice President were able to attend.

After introductions the question of problems came up and the only problem was Fleas this time of year. Connie Miller gave a wonderful talk on a class she attended on such problems. The class was given at Clark College by Dr. Hotten DVM who recommends- wash your animal- however, all flea shampoos only remove fleas on animal at the time of bath- as soon as animal is dry, fleas jump right back on. Does not recommend dips- they are all just various forms of poison. If your animal has a reaction to any shampoo or dips, wash, wash & wash in Dawn dish washing soap. Recommends balms, but remove all seat cushions as this is a favorite breeding ground & good hiding place for fleas. Air room out at least 24 hrs.- just another form of poison. Bombs only last 2 wks. as they only kill adult fleas- not eggs. No matter what the can says Flea eggs almost cannot be destroyed. They have frozen them, burned them, poisoned them and even if one survives, it can lay one million eggs. Flea eggs can lay for several years & when a warm body comes within eating distance, they sense the warmth & blood & will hatch. Only enough eggs hatch at a time in proportion to the food available. As you destroy adults, the eggs hatch & existing larvae living in your carpet becomes adults. Does not recommend Pro Spot. If it causes a reaction, there is no antidote to reverse the reaction. It also builds up in the body & a reaction could occur at any time. Does recommend SEVIN, but says its a very strong poison & there are better less lethal forms of flea control now available. Recommends as the best flea control-FLEABUSTER- a commercial flea control company. They use BORAX, DIASTAMASIOUS EARTH & some unknown agent that makes the mixture stay in your carpet for at least a year. It is guaranteed to last a year unless you have your carpet cleaned. It takes about 6 weeks to kill all fleas and eggs that hatch. You can buy Borax except that it changes the color of your carpet badly. FLEABUSTER have changed the PH balance in theirs so it is neutral and non-staining. You can buy Diastamasious Earth but it will just vacuum up after a couple of cleanings. It dries up the fleas and leaves the eggs. It is the unknown agent that makes it stay in the carpet the mystery. Does recommend Brewers Yeast & Garlic. It is supposed to make the blood taste bad so fleas don't stay on the animal and doesn't bite them. Seems to me the human would get fleas unless they also took Brewers Yeast and Garlic Be sure to buy Debittered yeast. Also, sometimes all it takes to control a flea allergy is Essential Fatty Acids which Vets. sell in capsule form.

After disguising Connies talk, the meeting ended.

The rest of the day was spent visiting, good food and ofcourse CAT TALK.



SEE YA!!!

Hayle

AUGUST MEETING REPORT



Our August meeting was held in the lovely home of Doug and Dorene Mykol, in Olympia, Wash. After the meeting was called to order, and the introductions were over, we called for Problems. There were no problems to discuss, Jackie and Gayle gave a report on the Convention in San Diego. All during the meeting, Dougs, Praire dogs kept chattering. They kept all 46 members and guest entertained. They were really fun to watch. Doug's cougar was there to keep everyone in line. He has a wonderful big cage with lots of toys that he showed everyone he knew how to play. Steve Belknap brought his 5 week old Chaus kittens for everyone to enjoy. The dollar game was won by a guest and there were lots of things to raffle. The rest of the day was spent visiting with new and old friend and Doug and Dorene fixed Hamburgers and Hot dogs for our enjoyment. A good time was had by all.

SEE YA!!!
Gayle



A continuing story from previous issues -

A Special Gift III

by James Godsmark, LIOC, Canada

Silver was now four months old and he was becoming quite a handful for Greg Tanner. The size of a small domestic cat, Silver was easily twice as mischevious. It seemed that Silver was forever jumping up on the counters, tables and desks, knocking down various objects. Lately he had also taken to pestering Oscar, trying to show Oscar that he was the new king of the household.

Greg took all of this in stride, however, knowing that soon Silver would grow out of this mischevious kitten stage.

Silver mostly ate beef and chicken now but he still drank the odd bottle of formula, most probably for the sucking rather than for the formula itself. Most of the time he was only passingly interested in the bottle. It seemed that Silver was weaning properly.

Silver was intelligent and Silver was important. And Silver knew both of these facts. When he wanted attention, he wanted it *now*.

Silver enjoyed being the center of attention but he seemed to choose exactly who he liked. He seemed to take readily to some strangers but others he seemed to decide that he did not like from first sight and would hiss at them.

As he was now too latrge and mischevious, Greg seldom took Silver to work with him.

Wednesday, April 14th started out like ant other day for Greg Tanner, except, as he was going through his usual morning routine he felt kind of strange. As of something was about to happen. He was right, something *was* about to happen: something that was going to change many things in his life.

At eight o'clock there was a knock on Greg's door. Thinking that it was kind of strange to have morning visitors this far out in the country, he walked to the door. Upon opening it, his heart leapt into his throat. Standing in the doorway were two uniformed police officers and an animal control officer holding a long-handled net and a tranquilizer gun. Behind them were parked two squad cars and an animal control van -all with their lights flashing.

Greg instinctively knew what was about to happen. The nearest police officer to Greg handed him a form and said, "Mr. Tanner, we have a warrant to seize your bobcat. Will you cooperate with us or will we have to arrest you?"

"Why, why? Silver never hurt anyone!" Greg tried to control his voice.

"We had a complaint from one of your neighbours saying that you had a bobcat illegally. She was concerned for the safety of her children."

"That's ludicrous! Silver wouldn't hurt a fly! I'll prove it to you!" Then, trying to calm himself, Greg said, "You might as well come in now. You will anyway if you have a warrant."

Greg opened the front door completely, allowing the three officers in. He brought them into the kitchen and said, "Sit down. We need to discuss this."

"I warn you, Mr. Tanner, we don't have very much time," siad the Animal Control worker, As he said this, Silver, attracted by the attention, walked into the kitchen. The Animal Control worker looked at Silver and said, "That,

is this 'dangerous wild bobcat' that Mrs. Wilson was raving about on the telephone? This is a waste of my time! He just looks like a little barn cat!"

"Well, he is only four months old," said Greg.

Silvre walked over to the policeman, who handed Greg the warrant, and proceeded to jump onto his lap. The officer stiffened and a look of fear came across his face. His left hand started to move to push Silver off of his lap, and his right hand moved to his night stick. Just as his left hand touched Silver's side, and his right hand closed around his night stick, Silver rubbed against his left hand and began his loud purring "My God, he's purring," said the officer. As he said this, his right hand moved away from his night stick and moved to his lap, where he began to stroke Silver.

All of this had taken place in a matter of a few seconds, but it seemed like an eternity for Greg. Greg looked over at the other police officer, a young blond-haired man who looked like he had just joined the force: "So, what's going to happen to Silver?"

The young officer replied, "Well, technically, Mr. Tanner, you are in violation of the county law. You never did apply for a permit."

"I never even knew you had to apply for a permit. I thought it was only if you wanted to have a lion, or a tiger or something!"

The older officer with Silver on his lap looked over at Greg after he said this, gray throughout his black hair, especially at his temples. What was sticking out from under his hat, anyway. The officer said to Greg, "Believe me, we don't want to do this any more than you want us to do it. But in the eyes of the law all exotic wild animals are the same, whether they are a lion or a weasel."

"You mean you will have to take him and probably put him down, merely because he

exists, and I don't have a permit? If I hadn't raised him he would have died, and now he may die anyway? In other words, I should have let him die to begin with? After I ran over his mother, I should have just left him there to starve? He was just a tiny kitten! What was I supposed to do?"

"You should have called us at Animal Control!" piped up the Animal Control worker.

"Oh, give me a break, you would have done nothing more than euthanize him anyway! What would that have accomplished? Nothing more than if I had let him die in the nest. What will it really accomplish if you take him anyway? He never hurt anyone! He's so gentle, he's sitting on Officer..."

"Parker," the older officer piped up.

"...Officer Parker's lap and purring. Is this a 'viscious' wild animal? He's been in ads! He was in the commercials for Bobcat Burgers!"

"Bobcat Burgers?" said the Animal Control worker. "He's Bobby? I thought that you said his name was Silver."

"Creative advertising. Silver, the bobcat, doesn't sound flashy enough for an ad. So please tell me, what's going to happen to Silver?"

The older officer said, "Well, technically, we do have to take him. The law clearly states this. After that, I really don't know what will happen."

"Well, what if I apply for a permit? I won't go to work today, I'll go up to the town hall in Sprucedale and apply for a permit. I'm sure it's not that hard to get. When I get my permit, then you can give Silver back to me."

"I'm afraid it's not that simple, Mr. Tanner. Assuming you can even get the permit, when the Animal Control seizes an animal, especially an exotic, they are bound by law to find a home for

it. In this case, zoos will be asked first, and if they are not interested then licensed private owners and breeders get the next chance. And if there is still no interest, then he will be given either to a fur farm, research, or he will simply be euthanised. I don't like it any more than you do, Mr. Tanner, but the law is the law, and as a Veteran Constable it is my job enforce all laws, whether I think they are good or bad."

"Please, I'm begging you, can't you do something? Silver never hurt anyone and neither have I. Isn't there some way you can stall or slow down the process long enough so that I can get a permit? There's got to be some loop-hole..."

"Look, Mr. Tanner, I can appreciate that you quite attached to Silver, but we are all busy men, and we have a job to do," said the Animal Control worker. "You should have looked into the laws before you got your cat. You would

have saved all of this trouble. It's your own fault and you really have no one to blame but yourself."

Officer Parker stood up and lifted Silver up into his arms. "C'mon, Silver, you've got a date with destiny."

"Should I tranquilize him?" the Animal Control Worker asked.

"I don't really think it's necessary," said the younger officer. "He seems to like Parker."

For the first time his mother had died some ten years before, Greg felt tears welling into his eyes. "Are you people really that heartless that you are prepared to do this?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Tanner, but the law is the law." With that, Officer Parker and the two other men turned away and began to walk towards the front door.

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They had just about reached the front door when Diane Wilson walked into the front door as if she owned the place. Diane was not a very nice woman. Her hoob was minding everyone's business but her own, and when she found out that Greg Tanner had a bobcat, she had overreacted and immediately called Greg up, and began to rave about how this 'dangerous wild animaml' would kill her children. Greg had done his best to assure her that Silver was perfectly harmless, but she would have none of it, because it seemed that she wanted to hear bad news.

It had ben several days before Greg had managed to talk her into actually coming over to see this wild cat with her own eyes. This had turned out to be a big mistake, because, as Diane had warned him ahead of time, she did not like cats. Diane Wilson was a dog, and children, person.

As soon as Silver had seen her, he had decided that he did not like this woman one bit. He had hissed and spit at her and then laid down on the floor in front of her letting out a low growl with his ears laid back. Diane's eyes widened and she looked at Greg and said, "Greg Tanner, get that horrible cat away from me this instant." Hr voice was dangrously soft, with just a hint of fear edged behind the words.

"Ok. Ok," Greg said. "He's usually very friendly, but he doesn't seem to like you. I'm sorry about that." Greg picked up Silver, who again hissed at Diane while he was being held in Greg's arms.

Diane stood up and said, "I'm sorry that I let you talk me into coming over here! You keep that nasty viscious thing away from my children! I will have him seized! Why would anyone in their right mind want to keep such a rotten, nasty thing as a pet, anyway?"

Before Grg could answer her, she was walking towards the front door. As she walked thourgh

it she said,"I mean it, Tanner. I'm sorry I thought any wild cat could ever be tame!"

As soon as she was out of sight, Silver gave one final hiss at th doorway and then he slowly relaxed, until, several minutes latr he was purring again.

As Greg stood with Silver in his arms, he had found it hard to take Diane's threat seriously.

Now, as she stood in the doorway for a second time, he now knew that she had been quite serious indeed.

She looked at the officers and said importantly, "WhenI saw your cars over here, I felt I should come over to make sure that you take away that nasty thing. People shouldn't own them anyway. I hope they get rid of him and send him t a zoo, or something."

"Yes, Ma'am," said the younger officer. "We have it under control. Retrun home."

Greg looked at Silver and said to Officer Parker, "Please don't take Silver. Isn't there anything you can do? Please?"

Officer Parker gave Greg a pained expression. "Look, I'm sorry I have to do this, but I have to follow the law." He sighed. "Look, I'll do all I can and that's all I can promise you." With that, he turned around and walked through the front door.

Diane yelled after him, "Don't try too hard. I hope that they get rid of him!"

Silver turned in Officer Parker's arms and he spit and growled at Diane.

Diane jumped and said, "See what I mean!?"

Officer Parker shot Greg an apologetic look and then bundled Silver into the back of the Animal Control van. Then they all slowly drove off, taking Greg's love and dreams with them.

Greg looked over at Diane and his eyes felt hot.

She was standing there with a look of smug satisfaction on her face.

“Why did you have to do it?” asked Greg, his voice breaking. “He never hurt you. And why did you come back here? I truly hope that you’re satisfied, and proud of yourself, you horrible woman! Just because you don’t particularly like me does not give you the right to take it out on Silver! you know what they’re going to do to him, don’t you?”

The look of satisfaction on Diane Wilson’s face suddenly evaporated. “What do you mean? They’ll give him to a zoo...Won’t they?” she asked, suddenly unsure of herself.

“Do you ever think? Zoos don’t really want bobcats, they have a surplus of them. They’re native animals. They will probably euthanize him.” Greg’s vision momentarily clouded over and his voice began to shake: “Now get out of my house and off of my property.”

Go and think about what might happen to Silver. I tried to make you understand why I wanted to keep him but you didn’t want to listen. You got upset because he hissed at you, and now it may cost him his life.”

Diane’s mouth was hanging slightly open and her eyes had grown wide. “You’re not serious. They won’t put him to sleep. I only wanted him given to a zoo, where he belongs. Not put down.”

“I’m quite serious, Mrs. Wilson. They will probably put him down.”

“I’m so sorry,” she whispered.

“Good, now get out!!!”

Shaken, Diane beat a hasty retreat, leaving the front door wide open.

After several minutes, Greg composed himself and weakly made his way to the telephone. He began to dial a very familiar number.

“Mr. Anderson, there’s no way I can come in today.”

“My God, Greg, what happened? You sound terrible!” asked Mr. Anderson, full of concern.

“They took Silver.”

“Oh, God, I hope nothing happens to him!”

“I’m going to go down to the Town Hall today, and try to get a permit. Maybe if you all call Animal Control, and protest as well, they’ll give Silver back if I get a permit. All I know is that I have to try.”

“Please try, Greg. We all love Silver here, and none of us wants to see him hurt.”

“Needless to say, I won’t be coming in today.”

“Don’t worry about that. You can catch up on your work later. Just get Silver back He’s valuable to this company, too.”

“Alright, Mr. Anderson. I’m going to try my absolute best. He’s the main reason I have for getting up in the morning. He’s my life. God, I love that little cat!”

“We all do, Greg. Just try. Please try Goodbye.”

The line then switched to a dial tone as Mr. Anderson hung up the telephone. Greg weakly hung up his end, and vowed to himself that he would do whatever he possibly could to get Silver back.

He walked to the hall closet and put on his shoes and coat. He was going to drive down to the Town Hall in Sprucedale immediately, and see what he could do. He glanced at his watch and noted that it was now only 8:30. His love for Silver had been snatched away from him in less than 30 minutes.

When the Town Hall opened at 9:00, he would be waiting on the front steps...

to be continued...

Necrology Report: Neofelis Nebulosa 'Gemini'

On June 14th - my 62nd birthday - I accidently killed my pet six year old clouded leopard that I had raised from the age of one week.

I am devastated by my carelessness and am writing this report to help assauge my guilt. I only hope that anyone with an exotic feline reading this will benefit from my misjudgement.

From the time Gemini was weaned at about age two months, I clipped his claws on a regular basis as I did not believe in declawing. Reason being that for nineteen years of my margay's life, I always clipped his claws and had no problems.

However, at about age five years, this male Neofelis nebulosa decided he no longer wanted his gorgeous fur coat combed for any stray fleas. He would get very upset after about two minutes of combing. He hated flea spray also. Even though he was an indoor cat and lived in a huge room with his own private bath, tree house and bed, he seemed to get fleas that would crawl in from outside.

After a fw minutes of combing he would put his ears back, change his eye expression, turn around and ATTACK.

When the claws were clipped short, there was no problem in calming him down and he would quickly forget he was irritated with me.

After consulting my vet, six months ago we tranquilized Gemini with Ketamine (Ketaset) and I clipped the claws, bathed him good and he and I had mutually satisfactory relationship. That is until his claws grew back again. I was planning to have them out this autumn but meanwhile decided to tranquilize him once more, clip the claws, bathe him and deflea his room. But, somehow, after he was knocked out, he got his head over the squeeze cage pipe, his windpipe was blocked and he apparently choked on his saliva. I was back at the vet's within 15 minutes but it was too late to revive him.

My boy was dead. I froze his body and made arrangements to have the pelt tanned and the skull cleaned. I buried his body in my yard. I shall never forget this cat. He was born at the Rare Feline Breeding Center and died in Neptune Beach, Floria. I will never have another clouded leopard but his memory will always be with me.

BeeJay Lester

Cougars Collared in Big Bend

The first phase of an ongoing study of mountain lions at Big Ben Ranch State Natural area has ended successfully.

From January through April, Texas Parks and Wildlife Department (TPWD) biologists put radio transmitting collars on four mountain lions and are now tracking their movements by airplane.

The study is designed to estimate populations numbers at Big Bend and collect information on the behavior and life history of mountain lions and document the locations of lions on Big Bend Ranch SNA to help with planning for public use of the site.

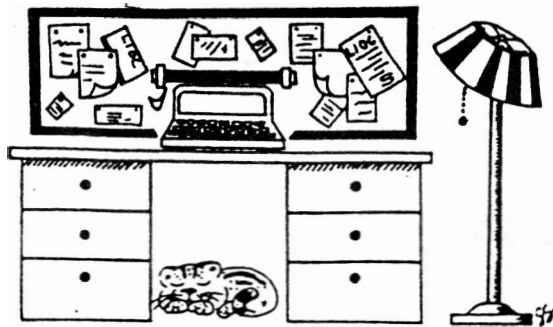
"We are in an information gathering mode," said John Herron, TPWD nongame and urban fish and wildlife program leader. "There have been increased sightings mountain lions and mortalities recently, so we'd like to learn more about their

habits in Texas. This study will help provide sound biological data to help make decisions about mountain lions."

To date, department biologists have put radio telemetry collars on one adult male, two adult females and a one-year-old cub that belongs to one of the females. To capture and collar the lions, wildlife biologists used a combination of modern technology and traditional tracking techniques.

"Lots of walking, that's a big part of it," said Mike Pittman, TPWD wildlife biologist in Fort Davis. "We'd go out and hunt for lion tracks or scrapes, then set snares along lion travel corridors." Scrapes are places where lions have dug shallow depressions and urinated to mark territory. The biologists also used specially trained dogs to track mountain lions and identify travel corridors.

Contributed by Jean Hamil



FROM UNDER THE EDITOR'S DESK

In this issue you will learn of the tragic death of BeeJay Lester's clouded leopard. A death that probably could have been avoided.

Today, we seldom consider the dangers of tranquilizers and anesthesia - the procedures being a thousand times safer than in the days of ether. However, at a vet's the animal is monitored closely and lifesaving equipment is at hand - not so at home.

As we have been informed by two separate veterinarians at two separate conventions in the past few years, this is the most dangerous and tricky of procedures. There are so very many things which can influence how a tranquilizing agent effects the feline system. These are things that cannot readily be

ascertained.

The best rule of thumb is don't do it - leave it to the vet in a controlled situation. To accomplish this have the equipment necessary to handle your cat safely and the funds to take it to the vet when necessary.

Yes, there are probably a lot of things you can do as well as the vet without putting you cat to the stress of a vet's visit - but certainly tranquilization is not one of them.

news from around the jungle

I really hate to start a new column on a sad note, but the purpose of my writing is to keep you updated on members' activities. These unfortunately can't always be a happy experience. As you all know, when dealing with animals, we take the bad with the good.

So saying, I must inform you of a recent note from longtime members Ernest and Helyne Beehler:

Charlie the ocelot died February 10, 1993. He would have been 20 the 14th of May. We shared a bed, he had it in the daytime and we had it at night. All our blankets are 'ruffled', by the bites he took from the edges. It was a wonderful privilege to have his companionship for those many years. He couldn't start to eat his supper without rubbing heads first. I guess it was his way of saying "Thanks."

We are all saddened by the loss of your friend and our sympathies are with you. Keep your beautiful memories. Better news from Texas where Jean reports that husband Carl is recovering from his bout with cancer surgery. She hopes to bring him home soon. And we continue to send get well wishes his way.

And, CONGRATULATIONS are in order for Life Director Carin Carmichael. Carin was meeting her highschool sweetheart for the first time since school after convention (we won't say how many years that had been). It appears things don't change that much over the years. The wedding date was set for October 31st. As soon as possible after that, Carin will be moving to Tallahassee, Florida as Mrs. Manuel Sousa. Best wishes to them both!

