

NEWSLETTER

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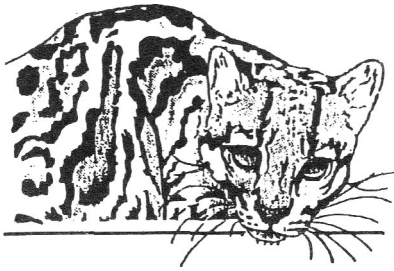
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*It was the Night before Christmas and all through
the house, not a creature was stirring.....*



*because
we ate the mouse.*

These two cuties share their homes with Canadian members Jeff & Scarlett Bellingham. They join us in wishing you the happiest of holidays!



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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THE CLOUDED LEOPARD

PART IV

Food and Feeding Habits

By Ron Eldridge, BVS

A true carnivore, the clouded leopard (*Neofelis nebulosa*) eats only flesh. Until recently, very few dietary studies of the clouded leopard had been carried out. Even today, many tropical cats' food preferences are only sketchily known or altogether unknown.

The clouded leopard once was thought to be a true nocturnal hunter. More recent field studies indicate that this cat is partially diurnal. Like most cats, the clouded leopard is mostly solitary and opportunistic. The most vulnerable time for prey animals is in the twilight hours. This is when the animals are preparing to sleep or wake. The clouded leopard, relying on its stealth, cryptic colorations, swift strong paws and its long canine teeth will stalk its prey when it is most vulnerable.

The clouded leopard hunts both on the ground and in the trees. When hunting on the ground, prey will consist of deer (sambar-mutiatic), bearded pigs and rodents. Tree hunting prey will include monkeys and birds. The cat also has the ability to catch fish with its strong, swift paws. The big advantage the cat has when hunting in trees is the reduced exposure to larger predators like the tiger.



From fishing in water, to monkeys in the trees and pigs on the ground, it is plain to see that the clouded leopard is a very versatile hunter. This feline was once thought by most researchers to be nocturnal and aboreal. From what we have now observed the clouded leopard is truly a most versatile cat.

Unfortunately, the clouded leopard is being pushed out of its natural habitat by humans. This proximity of the clouded leopard and man's ranch animals will result in an occasional domestic animal kill by the cat. This conflict between the rancher and the clouded leopard will undoubtedly result in the death of the cat, thus further reducing the number of clouded leopards in the wild.

Part V will discuss "Current Behavior Enrichment Concepts for Captive Clouded Leopards."

The Fastest Hunt in the World

By C. Suydam Cutting

Cheetah hunting for deer or antelope is a sport that has been common to both Africa and Asia for a long time and beside it a fox hunt is slow work. We know from paintings that it was popular with the Mogul conquerors of North India many hundreds of years ago, but today in this country the practice has deteriorated until only a few places remain where one can see such a hunt.

One such place is the native State of Kolhapur situated in the Deccan of South India where the Maharajah, an ardent sportsman and great pigsticker, adores this chase. He keeps a marvelous establishment most scientifically run for the training and care of the cheetahs and for the general organization of the sport. It was the writer's good fortune to attend such a hunt in company with the Maharajah and to observe the actions of seven of these extraordinary animals in successful pursuit of black buck.

It is an amusing sight when one walks into the long, high building in which the Maharajah houses his cheetahs and sees the lot of them sitting on their individual "charpoys" or native beds along the wall. Each cheetah has his hood on, which is a black band of cloth fitting snugly around the head. Two personal attendants watch over each animal with infinite care, for they are worth \$500 apiece and up.

There are 35 of them lining the walls, the youngest of which is three years old. Cheetahs live wild in both Africa and Asia, but those of the former are larger and attain greater speed, and are therefore preferable. The Maharajah imports them wild from Kenya, where they are snared

and proceeds immediately with their domestication and training. Curiously the cheetahs take kindly to their keepers. They respond far more readily than do leopards, for although the Maharajah has seriously experimented with young leopards, he has got absolutely no results. The Maharajah sells some of the surplus cheetahs he has trained to other princes in India, one of whom is Gaekwa of Baroda, whose niece he married.

In describing a cheetah it is probably more accurate to classify the animal as a cat. The height at the shoulders is about the same as an adult greyhound with a body and legs much resembling the latter, particularly the legs which lack the back knee bend so prevalent in lion, leopard and tiger. Again the feet are those of a hound, with heavy non-retractable claws, but they are much larger. Yet for all these resemblances to a dog, a glance at one is enough to classify them as cats: their markings are spots; their skull, eyes and teeth are feline; their habits purely carnivorous; and lastly, they have a definite purr.

TRAINING

Like falcons, they wear hoods at all times except when they are being fed and exercised and at the moment when they take part in the chase. Their daily exercise varies. Usually they are led up a road on a halter by one keeper (they do not strain at the leash) and are then encouraged to run back to another keeper who hold a piece of meat in his hand - all of which they do with little enthusiasm. The other form of exercise is a real black buck hunt, which must be held at periodic times to keep them up to the mark for the days when the Maharajah is out.

Tame as the creatures may be, the keepers made us understand that it was not advisable for strange whites to fondle them even when on the charpoys with their hoods on.

In Kolhapur the quarry is always black buck and the cheetahs were strictly trained to kill none but adult males. Because these are readily distinguished in any herd by their much darker color, a slow and curious process of familiarizing new cheetahs with this shade is carried out, in which the men who feed them are exclusively dressed in dark robes, while their regular keepers are not. Following a kill the animal is always allowed to feed, but should it have killed a female, it is halted and pulled right away - a punishment that soon teaches its lesson.

The cheetah's speed is simply amazing. He is well aware of it and knows that no other animal can come near to standing up to him. The lion, tiger and leopard rarely rush their quarries more than 100 yards, after which they cease, knowing they cannot run down game that has once attained its maximum speed. Trained cheetahs, however, proceed slowly and methodically, choosing their quarry out of the herd. Then, and only after the latter has risen to its maximum speed, the cheetah runs the animal down with that tremendous speed which has no parallel in the entire animal kingdom. The cheetah's lasting powers lie somewhere between the cat's and the dog's.

This ancient sport of India does not affect the abundance of game, for no great number of black buck are destroyed and the herds are plentiful. Furthermore, the animals that are killed are eaten as venison.

The country where hunts took place was a large reserve of flat grassland that

seemed literally teeming with black buck. The car called for us at half past six in the morning and we arrived an hour later, meeting the Maharajah who had come out with his wife, sister, niece, and a few other Indian gentlemen. Although the Maharajah is a bold cross-country rider, it was customary to follow the cheetah hunt, if possible, from a brake, or light wagon. At this time of year, however, owing to the recentness of the last monsoon, the grass was so high as to make the many blind ditches too dangerous for a brake, so we were to follow by motor. Two lorries had come up - one to supply us with tea and sandwiches, the other with the cheetahs and their attendant staff.

AN UNUSUAL COMPANION

Mutual pleasantries were passed over the teacups, but pretty soon we were ready and climbed into the cars. In one car went the Indian ladies and one Indian gentlemen; in the other, Mrs. Cutting went in front with the driver and I was sandwiched between the Maharajah and another gentleman. By my feet was a hooded cheetah, and I uneasily recalled the advice I had been given not to disturb them. His keeper sitting on the running board, a most precarious place, had the duty of handling the cheetah and at times getting out to have a look at trappy ground. Off we careened - sometimes on lanes but mostly across country looking for game - everyone hanging on like mad.

Having found a herd, we maneuvered for a proper position, and then began the real strategy. It was desirable, should the herd be large, to get the proper males separated from it. This was accomplished by continually keeping them on the stampede, for, as they did not run straight, by bucketing along at times up to 25 miles per hour we could keep up. Everyone was holding on grimly, but one needs two

hands to camera, and twice I landed on the cheetah, who seemed however to have his own troubles over the ditches. At just the correct time the car was stopped, the cheetah unloaded and hustled out onto the grass. His first movements were slow. We stopped a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards from the black buck on slightly elevated ground, and they began to move off gradually. As the cheetah approached with increasing speed, so did they start to hurry. Their bounds ceased and they started to straighten out into full speed. But by now the cheetah had chosen his buck and was also at full speed, an incredible speed, so that from this moment inside of ten seconds it was over.

A SPILL AT TOP SPEED

The bucks, realizing too late that they could not match the cheetah's pace, attempted a downhill slope. There the latter is at a disadvantage because, should he make a poor leap to strike, he is subject to a painful tumble. What he prefers is an upgrade where he makes every effort to reach the buck. One cheetah went into a blind ditch at full speed and took a bad toss, turning head over heels. He was given a bit of a rest, cleared of dirt and mud that were on his head, given a drink of water and was tried again, but he would not run.

The method of the kill is as follows. Having reached the right distance, the cheetah springs so as to strike with both forepaws the hind quarters of the buck. The violence of this blow throws the buck down, and he immediately seizes the throat. Unlike the attack of other big cats, the cheetah chokes his prey to death. When the cheetah completes his job, he releases the throat and proceeds to the hind quarters where he always begins to feed.

One killed a female, a regrettable

incident, but he was dragged off his feed when he had just begun, so that he would never do it again.

Each of the others was allowed time for a good feed, then taken back to the lorry where he was exchanged for another - and off we went again. There was always a delightful bit of variation in each hunt as sometimes the staff work of maneuver took quite a while and we had the spectacle of a racing herd close at hand which we would soon lose and then pick up again. Also, the cheetah would be loosed at varying distances, that enabled us to watch his method of approach and attack. One element never varied. Once the cheetah got streaking out the show was quickly over.

My wife and I had shot the true carnivora - tiger and leopard - but never had we seen the cheetah alive over its kill. At such a time the cheetah lies at full length with the buck's throat held tight in its slightly curved canines by a bulldog grip. The buck's violent attempt for freedom gradually subsides as he is choked, while the cheetah lies perfectly still in apparent ecstasy, slowly opening and closing his great greenish eyes and gently emitting a soft rumbling purr.

By eleven o'clock in the morning we were through, and seven cheetahs had overtaken animals. And so the cars and lorries all started off to a bungalow rest-house. There, with the Maharajah, we partook of a delicious breakfast while everyone made merry, chatted and viewed the kills, or rather what remained, which had been laid out on the grass.

His Highness, who is one of the first sportsmen of India and a most generous and thoughtful host, had accommodated us with an impressive demonstration of the fastest animal on earth in action. The

only difficulty was due to the season. The southwest monsoon rains, which had only recently stopped, had left the grass so high that many of the ditches were invisible and so dangerous.

SPEED

One last word with reference to the cheetah's speed. To begin with, consideration must be given to the fact that when one is apparently running fast he is by no means necessarily running his fastest. Anyone who has become familiar with cats will appreciate how very difficult it is to

train them in anything that is out of the ordinary, owing to their peculiar temperament. A cheetah most probably would never run his maximum speed on a track. Furthermore, it is doubtful if a cheetah would sustain his greatest effort for distances of two hundred yards or more. But, in his natural habitat, when pursuing a buck, his final burst is terrific and must surely attain a speed of 65-70 miles per hour for a 100 yards.

Reprinted from *Natural History*
March, 1938

(Right) HOODED and tied to his *charpoy* (native bed), the cheetah is carried to the game fields



1st International Feline Infectious Peritonitis Workshop

The Robert H. Winn Foundation and the Center for Companion Animal Health at the University of California, Davis co-sponsored the first international Feline Infectious Peritonitis (FIP) workshop. The group of international leading FIP researchers, experienced cat breeders and veterinary practitioners was co-chaired by Niels Pedersen, DMV, Ph.D. and Janet Wolf, a breeder of pedigreed cats.

With the heightened interest in cats

as primary pets, and the increased density of cats in urban areas, there is a strong need to find ways to diagnose and prevent FIP. The workshop is an example of a collaborative approach to disease management.

For more information on obtaining the proceedings of the FIP Workshop or additional information on the Winn Foundation, write to: The Robert H. Winn Foundation, 1805 Atlantic Ave., P.O. Box 1005, Manasquan, N.J. 08736-0805. For additional information on the Center for Companion Animal Health, write: Niels Pedersen, DVM, Ph.D., Center for Companion Animal Health, University of California, Davis, Davis, CA 95616

The Use of Tranquilizers in Wildlife

*Edited by Dr. Hebedes, 1992, 69 pp
(Obtainable from the Directorate of Agricultural Information,
Private Bax X144m, Pretoria 0001, South Africa)*

South African wildlife veterinarians probably have more experience of the safe capture and successful translocation of a greater range of wild animals than any others in the world. Much of this safety and success is due to the judicious use of chemical tranquilizing agents.

Dr. Hymie Ebedes has edited the contributions of 24 authors, each a specialist in his or her particular field. The booklet comprises the Proceedings of the Wildlife Tranquilizer Symposium held at the National Zoological Gardens, Pretoria, in March of 1989.

The text opens with an introductory chapter which describes the discovery and development of tranquilizers in human psychiatry. There then follows three chapters devoted to stress, tranquilizers and chemical capture. Each chapter is fully discussed by several authorities and while the pharmacology of tranquilizers and the physiology of

stress are well described by practical academics, there are many contributions which deal with problems in the field.

Remarkable results are reported. Some sensitive species like reedbuck and nyala which used to suffer post-capture mortality of over 80%, can now be tranquilized with long acting neuroleptic drugs. These have greatly reduced the effects of post-capture stress and have rendered the



capture, holding and translocation of these species a much more humane and practical proposition. There are also recommendations for the safe capture of "difficult" species like giraffe and crocodiles.

This compilation of the experience of South African veterinarians, gained under a wide variety of field conditions, is an absolutely vital addition to the database of any veterinarian interested in safe and humane wild animal capture and translocation.



*May you share a warm
and joyous holiday
with the ones you love*

Helping the Cheetah Cheat Extinction

By Elisabeth Braun

(Ed.note: Many of you met Laurie Marker and cheetah Khayam at the Portland Convention in 1979. We're glad to offer the following as a means of letting you know what Laurie's been up to since leaving Winston Wildlife Safari).

As the sun sets on a warm summer night over Farm Okaruikosonduno in central Namibia, Daniel Karus and his wife Laurie Marker-Kraus, codirectors of the Cheetah Conservation Fund (CCF), reflect on their work to secure the survival of the wild cheetah in southern Africa.

Nearby, Gizzy, the resident half-tame cheetah and a constant reminder of their conservation mission, devours her meal of fresh hare. Once finished, Gizzy paces back and forth along the enclosure's fence, scanning the horizon.

Daniel and Laurie Kraus, both American conservationists, are unconventional individuals who came to cheetah conservation from different professional directions. Laurie once raised a cheetah cub named Khayam, to 10-year maturity and celebrity when working at Wildlife Safari in Oregon. Daniel roamed the world in various conservation-related endeavors and speaks with enthusiasm about his time in Kenya with George Adamson, of *Born Free* fame, and Tony Fitzjohn, his successor.

The Krauses founded CCF in the United States in 1990 when it became obvious that the wild cheetah was moving closer to endangered status and possible extinction. They came to Namibia in 1991

because the country had the only sustainable and genetically viable cheetah population - between 2,000 and 3,000 cats - in the world.

A severely limited gene pool and a tendency toward reproductive failures in captivity make saving the species in the wild a priority. Laurie, who is also the keeper of the International Cheetah Studbook, has ample evidence to support this claim. "It is entirely possible," she suggests, "that the cheetahs alive today are the progeny of only one male and one female cheetah that survived a bottleneck tens of thousands of years ago."

How did the cheetah get into this bind? Is it due to habitat reduction or change or human interaction with the cheetah? "In the case of the cheetah, all of these come together," Laurie and Daniel explain. "At the turn of this century, there were about 100,000 cheetahs alive throughout Africa, Asia and India. About 90,000 were hunted and killed since then. Today only an estimated 10,000 animals survive in remnant African populations. There is perhaps a minute population of about 200 animals in Iran. Ninety-five percent of Namibian cheetahs live outside game reserves and conservation areas on farmlands, where cheetah survival is difficult at best.

Even in wildlife reserves, the cheetah needs help. "Wildlife reserves," Daniel explains, "are intended to be safe haens for wild animals where they can roam undisturbed and live naturally. Ironically for the cheetah, reserves can have the opposite effect because competing predators,

particularly lion and hyena, often steal the cheetah's kill." The cheetah's extraordinary speed of up to 70 mph helps to trip and kill prey but not to safeguard it from stronger and more aggressive predators. Another problem is the vulnerability of cheetah cubs, which competitors often attack and kill.

In addition, long-standing conflicts between wildlife and livestock management have negatively influenced many farmers' attitudes toward cheetahs. By law, the Namibian cheetah can be hunted and killed if livestock is or appears to be threatened. "Attitudes are slowly changing," Daniel explains, "but it takes a long time." To speed up the process, the Krauses collaborate with the local farming community in designing alternative livestock protection methods. This is reinforced by various educational programs at school and community levels. It is exhausting and often trying in the harsh climate of the vast Namibian savanna to combine scientific cheetah research with community work and regular conservation concerns. Funds, manpower, and time are stretched to the limits, but the Krauses are not deterred. Laurie, who considers herself a "chosen human advocate" of the wild cheetah, acknowledges CCF's predicament and simply says "It just needs to be done."

Daniel sees his cheetah conservation commitment somewhat differently. A deliberate and methodical man who wistfully longs for the now-rare opportunities to contemplate in silence, to sculpt, and to write poetry, has always gone his own way. "Ever since I can remember," he muses, "I have been fascinated by finding meaning in the relationship between the smallness of man and the vastness and power of nature. My involvement with cheetahs is just part of this quest."

Conscious of the immensity of their task ahead and the stress this will engender, the Krauses nevertheless believe that "of the many ways of measuring a land's wealth, one of the surest signs of ecological richness and diversity is an abundance of predator species." And this includes *Acinonyx jubatus*, the cheetah.

CCF's huge red-white-and-gold emblem displayed on their trusted 4-wheel drive vehicle challenges, "We can live together" As the Krauses and their volunteer staff crisscross their country, it is easily recognizable, and in just four words says it all.

Reprinted from *Animals*



Readers Write.....

An Open Letter to ALL Members



First of all, I have to say this is a letter that I hoped that I would not have to write. However, events which have occurred within the Club over the past year and a half have made me feel I should.

To the members who may not know me, I will give you a little bit of information on myself. I am a member from Omemee, Ontario, Canada, am 22 years old and have been a member since November, 1991. Prior to joining LIOC, I had been a zookeeper caring for exotic cats for nearly two years. Ever since I was a child, I have been fascinated with the beauty, grace and splendour of the exotic wild cats. I have known since my early teens that somehow, someday, I would do something good and beneficial for their welfare. The first time I ever heard of LIOC, or the Long Island Ocelot Club as it was formerly known, was when I read Lyn Hancock's book *Love Affair With a Cougar*. She briefly mentions the club and in a less than flattering way. This book was published in 1978.

But, even so, I decided that I wanted to join the Club. My former employers surprised me that year with buying me a one-year membership as a Christmas gift. I was very happy. I was now a member of an "organization" which I perceived to be dedicated to the welfare and better husbandry of the exotic cat in captivity. I was eager and willing to jump on the bandwagon and help out.

I went to the 1992 convention in San Antonio, driving 32 hours to get there,

having my car window smashed in while getting gas in Dallas; but still eager, and willing to tell the convention goers about the promotional display which I had convinced my employers to allow to be placed in their zoological park. I still consider this to be a very kind and considerate act for the owners of a CAZPA accredited zoo. (Ed. Note - James' then employers are also LIOC members.) Basically, it was a small success increasing the membership.

However, 1993 rolled around. 1993, in many ways was a watershed year for the club. 1993 saw the gradual descent of LIOC into chaos. Newsletters were completed and sent out months late, if at all. When we did finally receive them, they were sometimes 8-12 pages long and featured things as the AKC's top ten dogs. Come on!

Look, I'm going to say a few things that may make some members hate me, so be it. I feel that there is NO excuse for this. None whatsoever. I, for one, am no longer prepared to listen to any. I personally love the cats and want to be able to help them. LIOC is supposed to be about this. How many of the 400+ members of LIOC are prepared to honestly say that they have put any effort into the club over the past year? I would be very willing to wager that the answer is few. LIOC is and has always been a **volunteer organization**. Volunteer being the operative word here. This means that it exists through the input, effort and cooperation of the members.

Do those three words sound familiar?

They should, because you learned them in kindergarten. Think about it. All it takes is a little **effort** on your part. LIOC's one unifying voice is our newsletter. How hard would it be for you to take two hours every two months to submit something to the Newsletter? Whether it is poetry, a story about your cat, or even about how you intend to someday fulfill your dreams of having the privilege of caring for one of these wondrous creatures? It could be a scientific article, a new discovery you've made in better husbandry, new laws....you get the picture. In our case, the word **organization** is an oxymoron. We certainly are not organized.

To those of you who **have** cats, realize that this is a privilege which your government may see fit to revoke at any time. Remember, the cats always pay for the mistakes of humans with their lives. The more disorganized we are, the easier it is for the government, the animal rights fanatics and the humaneiacs to take our cats away from us. We must strive for unity, to have one voice for what we feel to be right and good. By the same token, to all of you who **want** to own cats in the future, your possibility diminishes appreciably with each passing day that you are not willing to put in any extra effort on their behalf.

I am prepared, personally to put my money where my mouth is. I have recently advised Ms. Wilton that I am prepared to take over production of the newsletter. If this happens, I promise you, the membership that it will **be on time, informative, and a minimum of 32 pages** long per issue. However, to fulfill this promise, I will need help. I will need members who are willing to send articles.

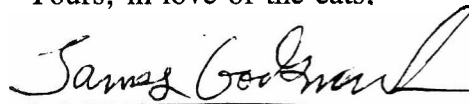
So, I guess the question we have to ask is what kind of organization do we

want? Do we want one that is strong and unified? Or do we want one which is weak, ineffective, fragmented and dying? I think the answer is obvious.

In closing, any member who truly cares about the cats who can *honestly* tell me he or she cannot spare **two hours** in a two month period to contribute or write an article to their newsletter, I will **personally** handwrite an apology to.

To be honest with you all, I for one, am not willing to belong to an organization that is more involved with infighting, an personal egos than working for the betterment of the cats; our stated purpose. If the club does not improve, I personally am not willing to spend \$35 to renew for 1995. So what's it going to be then? Do you love the cats and do you love LIOC?

Yours, in love of the cats.



James Godsmark
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(705) 799-0995





October Meeting Beaverton, OR

Our meeting was held at the home of Jackie Sinnott. Visiting with Jackie, her father, the ocelots and bobcats is always a delight. Jackie's father is 97 years old and does more than some 40 year olds I know. He is a wonderful man to talk with.

After introductions and welcomes to our guests, Jerry Boyle got things off with problems. Gayle Schaecher talked about an old problem, but a new experience to her - flea anemia. With our different weather in Oregon, fleas have been a real problem.

Gayle explained that Bambi (chaus) has just gotten over flea anemia....all taking place in a matter of three weeks. Bambi is flea-combed two or three times a week which only produces two or three fleas each time. Bambi's room is sprayed weekly and she is given new bedding. Well, during an illness Gayle did not comb or change her bedding for three weeks. When able, one swipe of the comb told me I had a real problem. When bathed, it was horrible, the water was bloody. To make a long story short, Bambi is now fine, after the care of her wonderful Dr. Randy, a transfusion and many days of care. It just goes to show you an old problem can and will happen no matter how careful you think you are.

Next, Dave and Marilee Smith reported they had gotten a mate for their

bobcat. Hopefully they will hear the patter of little feet in the spring. We are all excited for them as they have been looking for a male for some time.

Jerry announced he had a large cage for sale, since he no longer has his cats.

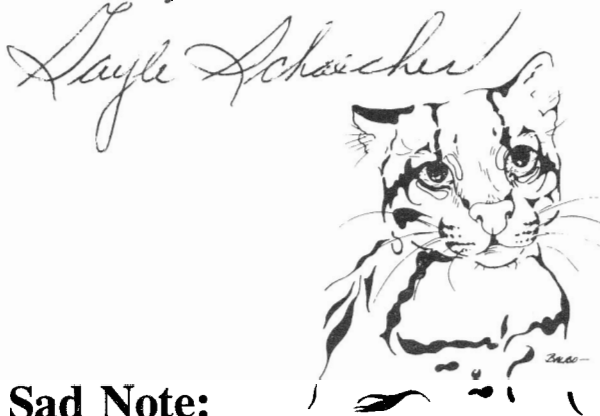
The dollar pool was won by Ann, a friend of Glen Davis.

The rest of the day was spent visiting and answering questions from a couple of new members. Our next meeting will be at Girley and Linda Crums' in Sandy. It will be a short business meeting with a party afterwards.

PNW Exotics sent an opinion to Oregon Fish & Wildlife stating our position on the possibility of captive exotics breeding with local wildlife. This paper follows on the next page.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST EXOTICS MEMBERSHIP!

Submitted by



Sad Note:

Jackie Sinnott lost her lovely ocelot, Jasmine in November from a three pound tumor. Jasmine was about 15 years old. She passed away during surgery. She was a wonderful creature and will be missed by all who were fortunate enough to know her.

Our profound condolences to Jackie and her family.



Oregon Department of Fish & Wildlife
201 S.W. First Ave.
Portland, Ore. 97207

Pollution of local genetics by escaped animals:

Crossbreeding of different species of wild or exotic felines is an extremely difficult and unlikely event. In order for a male and female of one species to accept a mate of a different species, the animals must usually be raised together. An escaped exotic which encounters a native wild feline will most likely not have had this experience.

If crossbreeding were, by some unlikely event, to take place, many of these crossbreeding attempts would not produce viable offspring. Those that are produced are often mules (sterile) or of low reproductive ability. Local members report that in crossbreeding attempts with their privately held livestock, one hundred percent of all first attempts resulted in failure to breed. Subsequent attempts were successful only in those cases where outside (human) intervention took place.

Another difficulty in the breeding of an escaped exotic with a native wild animal is that competition for a mate is fierce, often with fighting involved. Over 91% of the privately held feline stock has been declawed. This would render the animal ill-equipped to compete for a mate in the case

of a male and unable to fend for any offspring in the case of a female.

Due to these difficulties, it should therefore be considered such an unlikely event, that the crossbreeding of an escaped exotic cat and a native wild animal could ever happen; that it should not be a matter of serious concern.

Difficulties for non-native livestock to establish a presence:

In order for any escaped feline to establish a population in the wild, several members of that species must escape in the same area. As the population of wild cats in captivity is fairly small and spread out across the state, the odds of two separate animals of the same species and opposite sex escaping in the same area is extremely remote. The chances of these two animals even encountering each other before dying of starvation or other natural causes is even smaller.

Couple this with the factor that females will not come into estrus unless they are in an environment that offers an abundant and secure food supply, the chance of a breeding decreases even further. It must be remembered that captive animals have no experience in fending for themselves. An escaped female would have such a hard time surviving that is highly unlikely that she would even enter estrus.

We the members of Pacific Northwest Exotics, would hope that with the information we have supplied, the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife would support our theories and beliefs and not add any new rules or regulations concerning exotic felines.

Thank you for your considerations on our behalf,
Pacific Northwest Exotics

MEMBERSHIP GUEST MEETING



EXOTIC FELINE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

AT ROCK CREEK COMMUNITY HALL MINUTES - SEPT. 18th

Our President, Larry Torland, called the meeting to order and welcomed the guests and members. He thanked Jean and Sharon for spending their time searching and finding a meeting place in Oregon. The community hall is located centrally for the membership, and is well-equipped with everything that we needed to compliment this successful meeting.

Barbara Wilton gave a brief overview of the international organization, LIOC, and provided a summary of the 1994 LIOC Convention held in Tucson, AZ during August.

Ethel Hauser introduced the EFES nominees for the 1995/1996 LIOC board positions:

<i>Ken Hatfield</i>	<i>President</i>
<i>Barbara Wilton</i>	<i>Vice President</i>
<i>Sharon Roe</i>	<i>Secretary/Treasurer</i>
<i>Kelly Jean Buckley</i>	<i>Membership Services</i>

Sharon Roe gave an update on the status of the Oregon Dept of Fish & Wildlife task force committee. The group developed three species lists, ***potentially harmful, no consensus, and least threat***. Non-native felines are on the least threat list. Native felines were not listed under any category. The committee is dispersed until early 1995, while the wildlife department prepares a rough draft of the proposed revised regulations. The draft will be submitted to the committee for further discussion and changes at that time. Following this input, the draft will be open to public comment to be heard at various meeting places and dates to be held throughout the state. We will have no further information on the content of this draft until early 1995.

Larry Torland announced that the first Adopt-A-Highway work party is scheduled for Saturday, October 29th. He handed out an information sheet, and encouraged anyone who is interested in helping, to please contact him to sign up. Our branch name is now posted on signs along a stretch of highway in Clackamas! We need volunteers for this important function. Come and support your organization.

Rod Black showed off one of the small squeeze cages recently completed. This cage will be raffled off as a fund-raiser. If you missed this meeting, a flyer will be inserted in the next mailing of the LIOC newsletter. If you are not an LIOC member, give Rod a call at 503-666-5814 and buy tickets @ \$1.00 each. Take advantage of this unique opportunity.

- *This building project is still not done, and needs to be completed. A work party is slated for October. We need your participation.*

Larry Torland advised the membership of a member's problem with the Washington Dept. of Fish & Wildlife. A.J. & Cherie Kielian raise several species of exotic animals, one of which is Cougars. A recent litter of three kittens were confiscated by the department under allegations that the Kielians were illegally selling indigenous wildlife within the state. Charges have not been brought against the Kielians to date. Larry encouraged everyone to provide emotional and if possible, financial support to aid the Kielians in fighting the state on these actions.

Jean Torland advised the membership of two functions:

- ***Sept. 17th - Pacific Rim Wildlife Art Show.*** One of our members, Kathleen Butts, will be exhibiting her artwork in this event. This is the best wildlife art show of the year on the west coast.
- ***December 4th - "Breakfast With the Beasts."*** A behind the scenes tour will be given and breakfast provided. If you are interested in attending, contact the Washington Park Zoo for details.

Larry introduced our guest speaker,

Dr. William (Jud) Witherspoon, of East Mill Plain Animal Hospital.

Dr. Witherspoon expressed tremendous respect for the knowledge possessed by the owners of exotic felines. He encouraged members to foster relationships with their existing veterinarians to share this knowledge so that all could become better educated with the needs of these species.

Dr. Witherspoon gave an in-depth two-hour talk on the several types of internal parasites, their causes, and subsequent treatments for care and eradication.

He advised that in the State of Washington, vaccines and medications are not licensed for use in exotic felines.

He suggested owners have blood profiles taken on their cats, to assist their vets when treatment for illness is needed.

Dr. Witherspoon's presentation was excellent. The audience participation was tremendous and he answered all of the questions to the "best of his knowledge."

Featured EFES speaker was member Sandy Hammersley:

Sandy spoke on her personal experiences with different exotic felines co-habiting. She was unable to bring her Bobcat, but she brought her Serval, Shakira. Shakira was on her best behavior which gave everyone an opportunity to observe her and Sandy interacting. Sandy talked about jealousy, time sharing, and acknowledging each animal's own space and needs. Other companions are her birds and domestic cats, all of which live in the house together. Her presentation was very informative and interesting.

***** GOOD GUY AWARD *****

July Award was presented to:

Bob & Colette Griffiths

For participation in all functions, donations of hand made wood and cross-stitch items, and their unselfish support of the organization whenever they are called upon.

***** GOOD GUY AWARD *****

August Award was presented to:

Marilee Carroll

For her contribution of the (8) Educational Foam-Core boards which she designed and created on different exotic feline species. These visual and colorful boards enhance our presentations.

Winners of the "PHOTO CONTEST"

First Place: Sandy Hammersley with her Bobcat
(Sandy received a book as her gift "The Noble Cat")

Second Place: TIE - Shirley Malar and Sandy Hartnell
(They received cat coffee mugs)

Contributions:

At the LIOC convention, Rod Black purchased a copy of one of the guest speakers videos entitled "CUBS" from the Out of Africa wildlife park. He donated this video to the EFES member library. It is worth viewing.

Quilt Update:

Colette showed a sample of one the quilt squares. She encouraged members to submit photographs to her for this quilt project.

The raffle game was a big success, as there were several very nice items donated.

We ended our meeting showing the felines and visiting with old and new friends.

Respectfully submitted,



Sharon L. Roe
Secretary

**Member Faye Carpenter showing
sweatshirt donated for raffle**



Remembrance of Kasi

This time of the year especially, our thoughts turn to old friends and times past. This past year I lost a very special friend, one who will not be forgotten.

I first met Kasi, Jackie Vanderwall's clouded leopard, over thirteen years ago. Shortly thereafter, Jackie and I travelled together with Kasi and her mate Squash to LIOC conventions. Oh what a time we did have! The time I remember most was when we took off for Dallas, Texas several years ago.

Squash was the quiet one. He loved to ride in his carrier in the back of my truck. Kasi, on the other hand, liked to see what was going on. Somehow, she persisted in getting out of her carrier to look out the windows of the camper. We would have to pull off the highway, Jackie would get out of the truck, I would then open the back window of the camper and coax Kasi inside the cab, and close the window. Jackie could then get into the back of the camper and fix the carrier. During this time, Kasi would sit in my lap, face to face, smiling with those one-and-a-half inch fangs (I swear they looked more to me to be 5 inches long.) Kasi managed this about six times during that trip. Oh what fun.

At night we would stop at a motel. During the night, to allow them to stretch their legs a bit, we would let the cats run loose in the room with us. They slept with Jackie so this wasn't a problem for me - I thought - until I had to get up to go to the bathroom. Oh, that pair was so good to me... they **always** let me into the bathroom. The problem was, they wouldn't let me get **out**! I would have to yell to wake Jackie up so she could get those blankity, blank cats away so I could get back to bed. This happened about 3 am every night.

On the way we stopped at Carlsbad Caverns. We had a box lunch down inside the cave. I had saved a small box of raisins for a snack later that night at the motel. Kasi acted like she wanted to try one, but didn't want to eat it off the floor. She insisted that I hand feed her one raisin at a time. I figured she'd only eat one or two - wrong! Again and again she took them one at a time, showing me those fangs as she wrapped her mouth around my hand. She ate the whole box. Do you know how many raisins are in just one little box? Lots! How I survived that one, I'll never know.

When Kasi was close to having kittens, Jackie was working a different shift than I, so I would drive over to Jackie's (10 miles) to check on Kasi a couple of times a day. I didn't want to go inside and disturb her, so I'd look in all the windows until I spotted her. She was always on top of the fridge in the kitchen. Jackie's instructions were, if I didn't see Kasi to call her at work and she would come home. For the first few days, all went well. But, one day, Kasi wasn't on top of the fridge. She was nowhere to be seen. Panic! Just as I was ready to back out of the driveway to phone Jackie, I decided to check one more time. I did not turn off the motor of the car, just went back and checked again. There she was, on top of the fridge. As I shook my fist at her and yelled, she gave me that big grin I knew so well.

About two-and-a-half year ago, it was discovered that Kasi had a uterine tumor. Dr. Haveman did surgery. He removed her uterus, but was not able to get all the cancer. Since her surgery was so major, it was decided to let her recuperate, then he and another doctor would go in again, cutting a window in the pelvic bone

to get at the rest. Kasi healed great. When it was time for the second surgery, the cancer was gone. Prayers do work. She didn't need the second surgery.

A couple of months ago, Kasi showed signs of being ill again. Oh, how I hoped it was not the cancer again.

I met Jackie at the doctor's. This time, beautiful Kasi wasn't so lucky. She was in advanced renal failure. A few hours later she was gone, but the memories she left behind will be cherished forever. I really miss her.

Gayle Schaecher



With Kasi a few hours before she left us

DID YOU KNOW....fewer than 400 Siberian tigers remain in the wilds of Russia and China. Siberian tigers face a variety of threats, most significantly loss of habitat. Recently, poaching for their bones and other body parts used in oriental medicine has accelerated.

Seasonal Reminder

In the rush and bustle of the holiday season, please take a moment to look at the festive decorations with a cat's eye (and that of a veterinarian!)

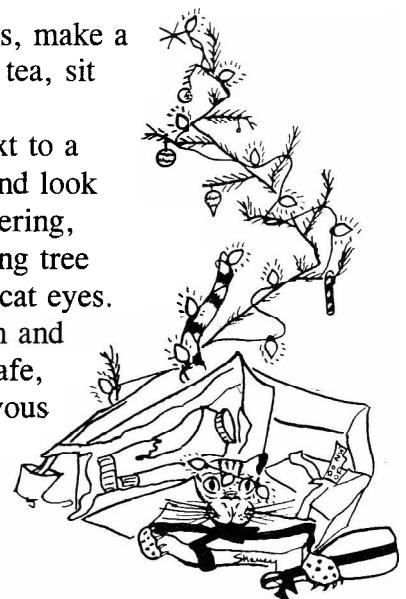
A short length of monofilament fishing line from the top of the tree to the wall will prevent toppling. Icicles, no longer tin foil, but cellophane, will not show up on x-ray if ingested - chemical "snows" picked up and licked from feet could cause a puzzling digestive problem. Try hand-whipped "ivory" snow instead (call your editor for directions or consult past issues). The smell of this also seems to deter.

Sugar-water(7-Up or Sprite) is a safer water additive than other chemical laced tree preservatives. Unbreakable ornaments around the bottom of the tree (within a quick paw swipe) please.

We put our tree up one night and "snow" it. While it is drying the cats are allowed to explore but are admonished not to touch. We take extra care at this time of the year to make sure that plenty of allowable toys are available and use them to distract at the slightest glance towards the tree.

So folks, make a cup of spiced tea, sit on the floor (hopefully next to a cheery fire) and look at that shimmering, dangly, enticing tree through your cat eyes.

To each and every one a safe, happy and joyous Christmas.



Happy New Year



The Classifieds

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