

# LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB Newsletter

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Published by: LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB at Amagansett, N.Y.

Vol.1, No.1

January 1957

## WHEN TO SEE YOUR VETERINARIAN

If your ocelot, particularly if he has not reached maturity (if he is under two years of age), deviates in any way from his normal processes, do not hesitate to consult a reliable veterinarian. Preferably, try to find one who has treated ocelots or similar species.

While their hides are thicker than those of domestic cats, and while one might conclude that a wild animal should be hardier -- such is definitely not the case. Those animals we have transplanted from their jungle homes are far more susceptible to enteritis and other ailments.

In the case of the Long Island Ocelot, we have found a shocking condition existing. It has reached almost fifty percent. There is hardly a member who has not lost at least one ocelot.

We have a Patricia O'Connor for assistance. She has kindly supplied the letter which is produced at the right.

Your cat is valuable.

Please heed Dr. O'Connor's advice.

YOUR CLUB needs newspaper clippings relating to ocelots and allied felines. Please send them to us when you find them. They will help build the club's reputation. At the same time they contribute to the fund of information the club keeps available for the use of the members.

YOUR CLUB NEEDS members. Please tell your friends about us. Please send us the names and addresses of those you know who have ocelots.

YOUR CLUB NEEDS suggestions as to how it can better serve you. Let us hear from you! What would you like to find in the NEWSLETTER?

## STATEN ISLAND ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, INC.

BROADWAY, WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND 10, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mrs. Harry G. Cisin  
Amagansett, New York

December 1, 1956

Dear Mrs. Cisin,

I am glad to learn of the high mortality rate among the ocelots in your club. This is very distressing to me, and I am sure that the animals are already in a state of weakness when they are purchased and thus more readily susceptible to infections. Even before the animal comes into the system, these specimens may be kept in various holding points under more or less unsanitary conditions when they are shipped.

Ocelots are highly susceptible to infectious diseases (feline distemper) which is almost 100% fatal. The symptoms of vomiting and diarrhea become evident. Therefore it would be wise to advise your member to take a newly acquired ocelot to the veterinarian immediately and ask that the animal be given 3 FAVI-FELINE DISTEMPER VACCINE and this vaccination should be repeated in ten days. It requires 2 to 3 weeks to develop immunity following the first vaccination. The ocelot should be kept away from contact with other cats during this period.

In the case of an unvaccinated ocelot which refuses to eat and has a temperature above 101° F., Feline Distemper Serum should be given at a dose of 1 cc. per pound of body weight along with an intramuscular injection of Aureomycin.

Ocelots are also susceptible to other infectious diseases such as feline leukemia, rabies, tuberculosis, and various parasitic and fungus infections. Malnutrition is usually reflected in bone disorders such as rickets and in a poor hair coat.

Good grades of canned dog food contain about 20 different ingredients and form a balanced ration for an ocelot. However it is essential to supplement an ocelot's diet with bone meal and a concentrated form of cod liver oil such as Zymadrops twice a week.

Other diseases such as nephritis, liver cirrhosis, hairballs and stricture of the urethra have been reported in ocelots but occur only rarely.

I should be very pleased to receive the Newsletter regularly and I wish you a lot of luck with the club.

Sincerely,

Patricia O'Connor  
Patricia O'Connor  
Veterinarian



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Members are invited to participate in  
e-mail list discussions on-line at:  
[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/  
The\\_FCF/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/The_FCF/)

**Background: Close-up of Roger Newson's Isis**



**Isis takes a break. Photo: Roger Newson**





## Feline Conservation Federation

This magazine is published bi-monthly by the LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc. d/b/a as the Feline Conservation Federation. We are a non-profit (Federal ID# 59-2048618) non-commercial organization with international membership, devoted to the welfare of exotic felines. The purpose of this publication is to present information about exotic feline conservation, management, and ownership to our members. The material printed 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. FCF's Statement of Intent is contained in our bylaws, a copy of which can be requested from the secretary. Reproduction of the material in this magazine may not be made without the written permission of the original copyright owners and/or copyright owner FCF. We encourage all members to contribute articles. 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. Submission deadline for the next issue is the tenth of odd numbered months. Please submit all photos and articles to the editor. Persons interested in joining FCF should contact the term director in charge of member services.

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# Once upon a time...

## A little ocelot club lives to celebrate its 50<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, the world was very different. We didn't have cell phones or fax machines. The home computers and Internet hadn't been invented. Our television signal broadcast in black and white and there were no cable stations either. This was a time before scientists warned of a global warming—or even cooling—threat, and before Congress passed the Endangered Species Act.

It was also during this period of time that New York's finest ladies shopped at Macy's for exotic fur coats to show off at special events. These coats were made of furs of felines from far off countries: ocelot, leopard, cheetah. Dozens were killed, skinned and sewn into each coat.

And it was during this period that something new arrived at the local pet shop. Gorgeous offspring saved from the trappers who filled the furrier's orders. These South American kittens were offered for sale as pets. Ocelots mostly, but also margay, oncilla, leopard cat, Geoffroy's cat—anything with spots really. And it was during this time that Catherine Cisin purchased her first ocelot she named Carlotta and Catherine began the wondrous journey down the road called "spotted love."

Carlotta is the inspiration for the Long Island Ocelot Club and Catherine Cisin was the driving force behind the club's publication and Amagansett headquarters. Catherine made friends with thousands who were pioneering the taming of these wild cats. All across the 'land of the free and the home of the brave' Americans purchased these tiny furballs ripped from the jungle and brought them into their homes to tame them as family pets.

In the early 1950s, the Long Island Ocelot Club members didn't have to deal with city ordinances, state laws, or international treaties. None of that existed to curb human desire. It was just a matter of locating a trapper, an importer, or a pet store. At least, that's all it took to buy one of these exotic kittens. To raise one, well, that was another matter and one that Catherine took very seriously.

The first issue of the Long Island Ocelot Club newsletter was just two pages. The

yearly gathering was a barbeque picnic at Harry and Catherine's home in Amagansett, NY.

Who would have thought that 50 years later the descendent of Catherine's club, now called Feline Conservation Federation, would publish a magazine averaging 40 pages or more, develop a nationally acclaimed husbandry course (which has graduated over 400 students), and sponsor an annual convention attended by more than a hundred dedicated feline enthusiasts?

Early newsletters held accounts of life with exotic cats, shared stories of the incredible bond that was possible, amusing antics of the various species, and pioneering breeding success. Unfortunately, early newsletters also shared the heartbreak of nutritional disease, foreign object ingestion, tragic escapes, and with ominous and building frequency, the greatest threat of them all—ordinances to prohibit private ownership of ocelots.

Distemper killed many imported wild-born kittens. And early veterinary procedures used sedatives far more dangerous than the isoflurane gas used today. In fact the newsletter relayed accounts of ocelots that underwent declaw surgery that reminded asleep for a week, requiring the owner to tube feed the cat and regularly roll it to prevent pneumonia.

In the beginning ocelot owners were met with media curiosity and fascination. Positive articles advanced interest in exotic felines. Public opinion about whether any animals besides dogs and cats were suitable companions, led to the earliest court challenges and some early victories for LIOC. But not all cases had happy endings. And the erosion of our constitutionally guaranteed property rights was set in motion as communities and states began enacting regulations and laws that prohibit the presence of ocelots and other exotic cats.

The world was definitely changing. Humanity began to realize that many of the planet's most treasured species were threatened with extinction. Governments around the world signed the CITES treaty to limit commercial trade of threatened and endangered species. No longer could exotic cats

be imported. And Congress debated the issue as well, eventually passing the Endangered Species Act which prohibited interstate commercial commerce in captive born endangered species.

As the membership grew and responsibilities mounted, Catherine and her staff gave way to officers that were appointed to better serve the membership. The first election held in 1974 saw Ken Hatfield win the presidency. Ken was a knowledgeable breeder of many feline species and charismatic leader who dove into the legislative issues that consumed the club. Local, state, and national attacks on private ownership were popping up everywhere in the 1970s. Ken led the fight to gain the club's ocelot population 'self-sustaining population' status. This would allow members to continue to breed and sell offspring in interstate commerce.

While Congress intended to protect endangered species with the ESA, to the club's ocelots it was as if their cats were in the direct path of a freight train. The effort was valiant, but the final effort was lost in 1979. And in the three decades since the passage of the final rules to the Endangered Species Act, we have seen our captive ocelot population spiral downward, creating a genetic bottleneck from which we may never recover.

Ken was re-elected six times. During that period Shirley Wagner served on the board of directors and edited the club's newsletter. As the ocelot population began to die off, membership declined. The January 1984 cover contained only a blank page since no photos were submitted. The LIOC newsletter content was minimal leaving some issues only eight pages. Members wrote letters to the editor complaining and then didn't renew.

In the mid 1980s the industry publication called Animal Finders Guide helped renew interest in exotic animal husbandry. Buyers and sellers across the country could find each other. Exotic animal auctions sprung up. New feline species were bred to replace the ocelots, margay, and oncillas of the past. Americans were buying servals, caracals, Canada lynx, cougars, tigers, and lions.

In the late 1980s a new president was elected. Fred Boyajian envisioned improving

our conservation image, a plan that excited many new to the club. This president overhauled the infrastructure to modernize the organization and proposed a set of by-laws that includes assigned duties for term directors. But branch representatives and life directors resisted many of his new ideas. His single term bogged down and many ideas were thwarted.

The 1990s heralded a new cat population. Ocelots were now in the minority, and bobcats and servals and cougars and lions and tigers dominated the feline census. Exhibiting and photographing large cat cubs led to an explosion in breeding. And in response to that, a new type of exotic cat owner came into existence: the sanctuary owner. As laws were passed and cats were confiscated and pets were discarded the large cat sanctuary issue took center stage.

Then Conservation and Education director, George Stowers, developed the Basic Wild Feline Husbandry Course in the mid 1990s to help educate owners and better prepare those considering this challenge. The LIOC board officially adopted it, making it a standard part of each convention and offering it at other times during the year.

George was the first representative of the LIOC to attend the annual Felid Taxon Advisory Group annual meetings and helped to build a bridge of communication between private sector owners and the keepers and managers of AZA zoo feline collections.

The club members made a historic decision to once again change its name—this time to Feline Conservation Federation. This constitutional amendment was passed by a  $\frac{2}{3}$  majority vote and became official on August 1, 2002.

There have been so many great contributors over the last 50 years. There are too many great leaders and contributors to mention and this collection is not just a group of writings from the most famous, rather it is a long simmering soup that includes both the meat and potatoes as well as those tiny spices that make up the rich aroma and make the meal whole.

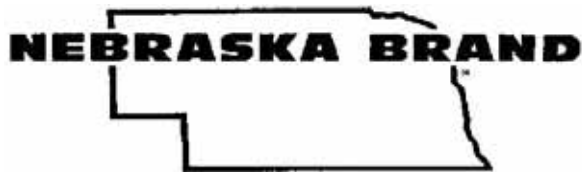
For our 50-year anniversary, we have assembled a collection of articles, photos, snippets, some edited, some not. The goal is to give us all a history lesson, one that will help us continue into the future. Stories that are unique and those that represent the times are each contained within this issue.

In the LIOC heyday, there were nearly 20 branches and reports were commonly nothing more than happy accounts of feline enthusiasts getting together to share their cats and their lives. The branch reports chosen for this anniversary issue reveal the pressures owners felt two decades ago.

When we are so weary from fighting animal rights and terrible accidents, it is important to know that ours is not the first generation to deal with this force. And we will not be the last. Let us celebrate our passions and our history. And mourn the loss of species found no more. And resolve not to lose any more ground in the future and be the best keepers we can.

For those who blame tiger attacks and tiger escapes for the legislative challenges facing today's exotic keeper, it is important to look back at history and note that it was the tiny ocelots and margays that started it all. We must remember that to the close-minded and animal rights mentality: 'wild is wild,' no matter the size and 'better dead than bred in captivity.' So we must speak for our felines who have no voice of their own. We must protect, preserve and propagate, as we have done for the past 50 years.

—Lynn Culver



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## 1957 News From Around the Jungle

*A recurring gossip and news column found in the earliest of newsletters.*

Late last summer a Jackson Heights, N.Y., member (Mrs. Denise Pierron) because she could not take her cat with her to France, sold “Sultan” to Mrs. Ann Eichelman of New Market, Virginia. Sultan was then 27 lbs and nearly two years old.

We now hear from Mrs. Eichelman as follows: “Living with Sultan is quite an enjoyable experience. He has disrupted our home life somewhat. He insists on sleeping with me so my husband, in order to get his rest, has moved to another room. Sultan refuses to eat unless I feed him.

“Perfume drives him crazy. He bites anyone who wears it: consequently we have to watch him around ladies. With toys he is most possessive and cranky. He will not permit anyone to touch them except me. He is terrified of the outdoors and cars: is happy only at home.

“Sultan has committed the unpardonable

sin of stealing our hearts and we adore him. His manners seem to improve as he gets older. Many people question that.”

Captain Kangaroo—NBC-TV kiddie program, occasionally needs ocelots as well as other tame animals which are a little out of the ordinary. If you think your pet will be a good actor, or if you know of anyone who has a suitable pet, please contact Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Gruber, 12 Robins Crescent, New Rochelle.

On Friday, December 14, Jerry Heywood’s adolescent “Simba” found the latch to the door of Jerry’s parakeet cage not securely fastened. Simba took full advantage of the situation at the expense of two of Jerry’s parakeets. The fact that she has two large aviaries that house close to fifteen birds doesn’t lessen the wrong in any way. In addition to having had indigestion,

Simba was further punished by severe scoldings. He now understands that ocelots that live in Brooklyn, N.Y. are not supposed to have access to birds. He has diverted his attention to bird watching and fish watching.

Mrs. Muriel White of 78-12 - 35th Ave., Jackson Heights, N.H. has lost the right to keep “Se-Ahm” her 28 lb, three year-old Brazilian ocelot, in a suit brought against her by the New York City Department of Health. There is a city ordinance that prohibits keeping an animal with “vicious propensities” within the city limits.

The trial was held December 28 at Long Island City Magistrate’s Court. The city called as a witness a Department of Health veterinarian who testified that he had handled three or four ocelots and that when cornered they will attack. Mrs. White’s attorney was unable to produce proof to the contrary.

The Long Island Ocelot Club provided photographic and printed material and assorted testimony of its members regarding their experience with their ocelots. Mrs. White’s attorney did not find the material nor the testimony to be useful in her defense.

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**The fifth issue of 1957 featured the first photograph, a home-built squeeze cage.**



## 1958 Ocelot Born in California

*Big news as all cats were wild-born in those days.*

It happens very rarely, but on December 7, 1957 at 2:00 p.m. in Los Angeles, it did happen. An ocelot kitten was born to Sheba (three year old 35 pound female) and Cheeta (one year old 30 pound male), a pair of happy, well-adjusted ocelots belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kirk, and living with them at 2007 W. 6th Street, in Los Angeles. The parent cats have been treated like children since they joined the Kirks at six and eight months of age, having their own room in the Kirk household. They were raised together as members of the family.

Two California members (Mrs. Jewel Carr and Mrs. Martha Guffre) who visited the Kirks and junior, report about him as follows: At four days of age the kit measured eight inches long with a two-inch tail, making a total length of ten inches. His eyes were still closed and his ears were so tiny it was almost impossible to see them. His markings were clearly defined. At eight days, his eyes started to open, and at nine days, were open. He weighed 21 ounces at nine days, and 23 ounces when he was twelve days old.

Mrs. Kirk is very proud of her ocelots and their accomplishment. They were tractable pets before mating and the experience has not changed the nature of either cat. They were not isolated from people during mating. Mrs. Kirk estimates gestation to have been 67 days.



**1958: Steve Kahleroff has been voted a honorary member. He is 17. He does not have an ocelot, but but his vital interest in ocelots has inspired him to study them. The drawing reproduced here is his gift to the club.**

## 1959 Saga of Sabu

*A legal story—even way back then.*

Sabu first came to the attention of the club when he was the central figure in court activity in Washington, D.C. where he lived with Jim Coan. Not much is known about Sabu's peregrinations before he became acquainted with Jim who purchased him in a Cherrydale, Virginia pet shop in August, 1958. He was then eight months old. Two weeks later the police objected when Jim walked his cat on a leash in public.

Sentiment against ocelots in that area is strong after the unfavorable publicity received so long ago by the Beltsville, Maryland ocelot. This cat, incidentally, was subsequently owned by Jim Coan, who found him to be a tractable margay.

After considerable verbal struggle with many agencies and irreproachable demonstrations by Sabu, the verdict came that Sabu was a wild animal and therefore could not be walked on a leash in the district. Sabu was quite unconcerned and went on living his life and developing deep understanding with his partner and protector. But it was not always happy. Jim tells of their experience after the first newspaper item appeared: "A lady called me asking permission to come to see Sabu. She had always wanted to play with the ocelots at the zoo. She came and brought him a little gift—a piece of poisoned beef. He had to have his stomach pumped and to be fed intravenously. Since his experience he will not accept food from anyone but me.

And Jim tells of happier times: "Sabu makes his toilet in the bathtub on paper. The other evening we were visiting with a friend. After dinner he had to go, but there was no paper in the tub. Sabu went to the magazine rack, picked up an issue of Time and trotted off to the tub with it, where he used it for the purposes he intended.

Jim and Sabu became inseparable: This little fellow dived off an eight foot bank into 20 feet of water to swim with me the other day. He went all the way under and came up swimming! He really enjoyed it. He dived in just like an otter. Poor

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little fellow—he swims like a seal, eats like a horse, behaves better than a dog, acts like a child—some day when I am sure it will not disillusion him, I'm going to tell him he really is an ocelot.

Then came the time when neighbors began to give me trouble about Sabu. He bothered no one but the fact that I had him irritated them. Threats kept coming. We had to move, but there wasn't one place in the D.C. area where I could live with 'that notorious cat.' Then Sabu went to boarding school, or more exactly to a boarding kennel, where he lived with the owners as a member of the family.

For six months Sabu and Jim dropped out of contact with the club. Then last month a letter came from Nazareth, Pennsylvania, bearing the good news that Sabu had given Jim permission to take a wife. Sabu is very fond of Joanne who is now Mrs. Coan. All now live happily in Nazareth, Pennsylvania.

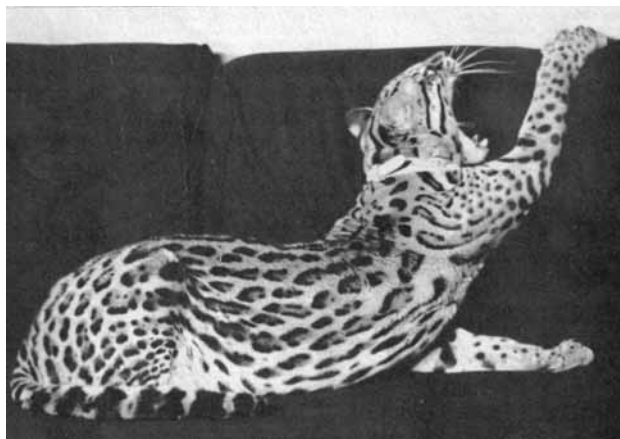
*Later in the year a sad story appeared about Sabu—he hung himself.*

#### **The End of the Saga**

In tribute to Sabu, a letter from Jim Coan of Annandale, N. J., whose life he shared, is

printed below.

"Sabu wrote the final chapter of 'The Saga of Sabu' last night. He got caught in the tree and hung himself. "He loved to be outside so when I couldn't take him with me, I chained him to a stake in the yard. He wasn't near enough to climb the tree, but I failed to consider that he would leap up to low hanging branches. "Last evening we were away for about two hours. He was still warm when I found him. I just do not know how I am going to exist without him. Had I not been so thoughtless, for I should have known he could leap into the branches, he would be alive this morning begging for his breakfast. Instead he is in his burial sheet, cold and stiff on his pillow. If I hadn't loved him so much—if he hadn't trusted me so much—I know that as he hung there he believed even as he died that I would come in time to help him, yet I who loved him so much chained him there and in so doing set



**High on the list of our pets of 1959 is this 25 pound beauty, shown here after a hard night's work of data gathering and dictating. Eve is our columnist: (Tlalocelotl Tidbits). She is owned—and we use the word unadvisedly—jointly by Hank Frey and Shaney Brooks, New York, NY.**

his death trap. The time he needed me the most was the time I got to him too late. "Now I must go dig his grave. No one can know how I feel this morning and I can't express it. How I can ever close my freedom-loving Sabu in a grave, I do not know—but it must be done, and I cannot let someone else do it. I must put him there myself."

## **1960 Minus Eighteen Claws**

*Anesthesia was very dangerous for exotic cats.*

About his six-month-old Peruvian ocelot, K. Maurice Johannessen of Glendora, California, advises:

Two weeks ago I took Cezar to the hospital to have his claws removed and at the same time to have him castrated. I sure was worried when he slept for almost four days. Every two hours my wife and I turned him from side to side. Each day he had to be fed

intravenously. His only anesthetic was 1 grain of nembutal (half the normal toleration for his weight). I have a high regard for Drs. Field and Darrow of Arcadia, California. They did a beautiful job. I took the bandages off his feet two days afterward so they would be off when he awakened. There was almost no evidence of the operation.

## **1961 Battle of Detroit**

*Some legal battles were won.*

The 'battle of Detroit' has been won. This action first came to the attention of the club when a telephone call was received at headquarters from Miss Edith McNeal, Lathrup Village, Michigan. Edith had received a summons to appear at night court in Detroit on October 24 because she "harbors an animal that is not a common household pet, to wit, one ocelot." Michi-

gan members were alerted to Edith's plight, material was supplied which it was hoped would prove that ocelots are pets. Preparations were made to defend Edith's right to keep her ten-month-old ocelot. Fifty Michigan ocelot owners appeared in court. One ocelot owner from Washington, Mich. brought her cat, Apollo, into court, too. On October 26, the Detroit News carried the story with picture: "Ocelot off the Spot—



**1960: Mari is truly a miniature mystery. Her weight is about four and a half pounds. Two veterinarians have estimated her age at over five months. One suspected she might be considerably older, basing his conclusion on the accumulation of tartar on her well developed teeth. Mari is shown with her owner, Dr. Thomas Griffith.**





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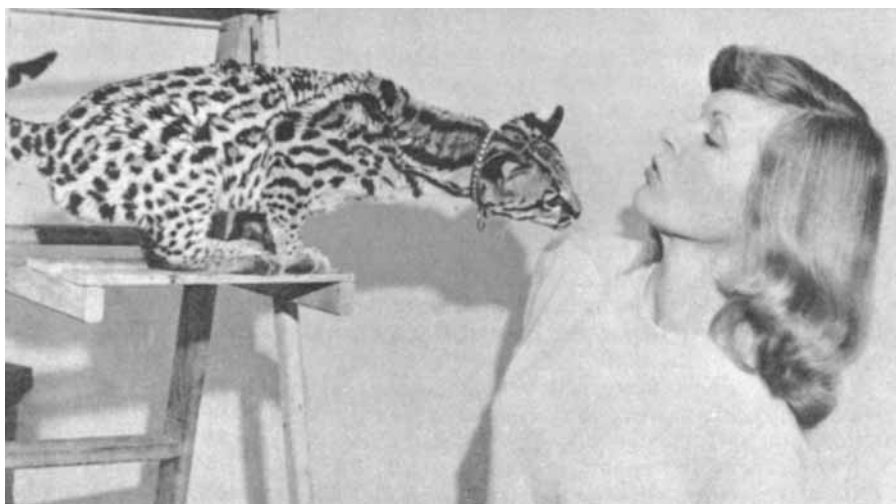
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Wins Court Battle. “This victory came about on a technicality. (The officer who’d issued the summons stated: “I saw a large cat through the window, but it could have been one of Miss McNeal’s house cats.”) Edith’s attorney moved that the case be dismissed, which motion was granted. I want to remind everyone that we are not out of the woods here on the Edith McNeal and Wendy thing. We have only won a delay. People in Lathrup Village believe Wendy is an undesirable pet and it’s hard to teach them what they don’t want to believe.

Edith McNeal wants to say “thank you” to LIOC. “Truly the people you sent to me helped me win my case.”



1961: Ocelot, Pepper, tries to plant a kiss on Elise Denning of Hayward, California.

## Mixed Emotions

*This column by Jayne Murray was a regular feature in the 1960s.*

### They Can’t be Both

Are pet ocelots wild or domesticated? Owners will say domesticated, others will usually say wild. The dictionary, an impartial, technical, and authoritative source, gives the following definitions: Domestic: Living with man; tame, as domestic animals. Domesticate: To convert to domestic uses; tame; to attach to home life or affairs; to cause to be or feel at home; naturalize. Wild: Living in a state of nature; as animals that have not been tamed or domesticated, of unrestrained violence, fury, untamed, savage, unrestrained.

Domestic or domesticated animals seem to be the ones everyone has been used to seeing all their lives. For centuries man has used certain animals for his own pleasure or advantage. These are the accepted domesticated animals. Others are considered wild.

If the origin of any of the generally accepted domesticated animals were to be traced, it would be found that they all originated from a wild state. Horses, for example, still run in wild herds in some of our western states. They are wild in every sense of the word, yet after a few months of training, anyone being asked would say they are domesticated. If horses of this nature can be considered domesticated, then why not a pet ocelot, which is acquired as a kitten, tamed and trained easily, and lives in the home without caging?

Were the original dog to be seen today, it would not be recognized as such. Through

close association with man, training, controlled breeding and cross-breeding where it was desired, we have our present day dogs. There have been many instances where

dogs have turned on their masters, bitten children, or have been strictly “one-man” dogs. Even so, license tags can be obtained and the dogs kept as pets. If such dogs are

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considered domesticated, then why not pet ocelots?

The definition of “wild cat” includes this very interesting bit of information: “A North African specie, *Felis Libyca*, probably the main source of the domestic cat.” Here again is a familiar animal, now considered domesticated, originating from the wild. Each year there are many cats that leave their homes to live in the woods, these are considered wild. Their kittens are wild. A two-month-old kitten born to one of

these cats is a great deal “wilder” than a two-month-old ocelot. If the kittens of either feline are brought into contact with people they will tame very quickly and easily. The kittens of the once domesticated cat, when tamed would be considered domestic.

Where then, is the fine line drawn that separates the ocelot from other cats in determining domesticity? Surely the definition for “wild” given in the dictionary does not apply to the pet ocelot for he is not liv-

ing in the state of nature and has been tamed. He cannot be both wild and domesticated. He has originated from the wild, but once tamed and attached to home life he becomes as much a domesticated animal as any common cat, dog, or horse. Are domesticated horses, dogs, or cats so different from the pet ocelot, margay, or cheetah that the term “domestic” or “domesticated” should apply to one and not the other?

Are they domesticated or are they wild? They can't be both!

## Ocelot Ruled “Customary Pet” in Miami

*Back in 1961 there was some movement to normalize exotic cats as regular housepets.*

Olivia Sheppard phoned club headquarters on August 4 to report that her fight to keep her pet ocelot in Dade County had ended in victory. This victory may do much to establish a precedent useful in future actions not only in other parts of Florida,

but in other parts of the country.

The action started on the complaint of a neighbor against Olivia's pets: foxes, her ocelot, Billie, her German shepherd, and others. After two days in court, Metro Judge Frederick Barrad ruled that she could

keep Billie and her dog. He ruled against the foxes and some others as “nuisances” in Olivia's populated neighborhood, and ruled for the ocelot and dog as “customary pets.” The Miami Herald and the Miami News carried stories on August 4.

## 1962 Communique from Carlotta

*A fanciful essay where Catherine Cisin's ocelot pens the news.*

Well, Catherine and Harry took off on April 17 for their Florida trip without me. I had been really sick, so probably they did the right thing in taking Dr. Duberman's advice to leave me home. However, I noticed they hurried back, which makes me suspect I was less concerned over the separation than they were. After all, it was our first such experience in seven years so I can understand their anxiety. On the other hand, anxiety need not have been a factor since they left me for a two-day trial at my temporary home with Dr. Dan Duberman in Southampton, before they left me.

My quarters were comfortable and interesting. My bed, food and toilet (I didn't always use the latter -HA!) were in my six foot square kennel, with doors opening on either side, one to admit my attendants and caterers, and the other to give me access to my 20-foot fenced-in “run.”

I spent sunny days in the “run” and those times when my “house” was being serviced. Incidentally, I am in possession of a “trade secret” as Dr. Dan described the procedure. He taunts Catherine by not disclosing it to her, but I know and one day maybe I will tell her. It involves moving me from

my run to my kennel. (I am always anxious to go in the other direction.)

My immediate neighbor and erstwhile friend (we had some lengthy “over the fence” discussions) was Sher-Khan, an ocelot whose permanent home is right there in Southampton. We had identical quarters, although she has much more freedom and visiting privileges than I did.

What happened to my people during my vacation, I can only report from what I overheard. They visited with Safari (Freeman) in Crystal River, Fla. I understand that little margay was within a whisker of kissing Catherine. They visited Olivia Sheppard and her animals in Miami. I will never hear the end of Billie, the 75-pound ocelot who nearly knocked Catherine over trying to say “hello.” All right, he is big, he is beautiful, he is wonderful. I'm not jealous (much), but hearing Catherine relate

“Billie and the Hose” to all who will listen gets monotonous. For those of you who haven't heard: Ollie hoses Billie down after he's been put in his outdoor cage. She waits until then so he won't dismantle the hose. He enjoys it almost as much as anything. He pushes his face against the stream of water. Billie has two companions, both full grown margays, which are about as big as his legs. The margays are somewhat less friendly than Billie. They do not play with him.

Catherine was heard to observe: (I'll try to report this accurately) “Boarding my



**Off-published picture of Catherine kissing Carlotta**



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ocelot seems not to have had the questionable effect I had expected. The animal seems to suffer less than the owner. When comfortable and well fed, she accepts her circumstances stoically. She finds company in the sounds and scents of other animals. But the owner, while the pet is comfortably confined, discovers a in myriad of areas in his fertile imagination where mishaps, discontent, and loneliness abound.”

I had the last word, however, or nearly so. When Catherine and Harry came to take me home, I let them know this was not to be in accordance with their plans. They offered me a huge strange black walk-in

carrier baited with my favorite fresh green grass. Of course I was too smart to “walk in.” I scratched, I hissed, I retreated. Then—the unexpected—they left me for another day.

The next day something happened. I strongly suspect those choice bite-size scarce pieces of beef heart Danny Duberman gave me for my long-delayed lunch, a few hours before Catherine and Harry came back for me, were “loaded.” I was definitely not master, even of myself. So when Catherine offered me my favorite (she calls it decrepit and fragrant) carrier, I “poured myself in” just as I always do. The next

thing I remember was the familiar motion of my car and a little later the familiar sights, sounds, and scents of home.

Soon I felt as though I had never left home except that now I was three weeks older and wiser. There was a new item added to my toy bin—a bull whip—which I find is “lots of fun provided someone will play with me at the other end of the whip. But do you know it was another month before the clinging veterinarian odor completely left me.

Constantly yours,

*Carlotta Cisin, Amagansett, N. Y.*

## 1963 Top Cat

*A cheetah among the easterners*

“A month ago (in October) I finally got my cheetah!” writes JoAnne Zimmerman of Dallastown, Penna. “She is eight months old, 45 pounds and close to five feet. I have already taught her to come to me, sit, and shake hands. She is very jealous of Dandy Lion (puma) so I have to keep them separated. Poor Dandy has to take a slight back seat, but Top Cat hates being caged. She has the run of the house. She is really spoiled but she is a wonderful pet and we all love her.”

Top Cat shares the Zimmerman hospital-ity with a pair of pumas: Dandy Lion, two year old, 110 pound girl and Little Lion, one year old, 125 pound male.)

### Chita: Another cheetah

Mr. William B. Engler, PO Box 52, San Fernando, California, who shares Chita’s life, says of her: “Chita has been most patient and understanding in teaching me the wisdom of her kind. It would be my loss to exchange this knowledge and understanding for all the knowledge of humankind. Since she has come to live with me, my life has changed from the drab, frustrated existence of the human to the refreshing life of a child of nature. It is axiomatic that love is the best thing in life and I have that which is unadulterated, moving, and certain.” Chita is nine years old. She weighs ninety pounds.



**An illustration by Dr. Mike Balbo is published in the newsletter for the first time. For decades Dr. Balbo was a prolific source, his drawings reflecting art, physiology, and humor.**

## 1964 Carlotta’s Last Day on Earth

*A requiem for the ocelot which started it all*

Today, September 23, 1964, is the first anniversary of Carlotta’s death. She had been with us eight and a half years. Because questions have arisen that indicate the true facts are not known, I relate the painful events of Carlotta’s last day on earth.

The morning of Tuesday, September 23, 1963, every thing was usual. We had known that Carlotta was ill for some time—perhaps six months—but no diagnosis had been made other than uterine infection. Carlotta got up, told me she was hungry, went out on her porch, ate a chicken head and

some grass, lay in the sun for a while and used her potty.

While Harry and I were having lunch, she began vomiting, first tiny bits of undigested chicken head and some grass. Eventually there was just foam. This vomiting was not the usual sort, but rather something over which she apparently had no control—not something voluntary. Her tongue kept running in and out before each spasm. She made several slow trips from her bed to her potty, trying unsuccessfully to defecate. We had an appointment in Southampton and

while there we stopped in and told Dan Duberman, her veterinarian, that she needed help.

When we came home she was lying on her side on the floor, not noticing us as we passed her or talked to her. We called Dan and asked him to come over at once. He did, arriving at 7:00 p.m. In the meantime I took her temperature. It was 101.3°F—not alarming, but it could have been on the way down. She trotted after me when I went to get the thermometer. I carried her back to the kitchen where she was to die half an

hour later. I put her on her side near her drinking dish, but she made no attempt either to drink or to move away.

When Dan arrived I carried her to the porch to her table where, while I held her head and Harry held her hind feet, Dan proceeded to administer injections of antibiotics and liver-iron compound. Then we brought her back into the kitchen where Dan listened to her heart making the remark that her heartbeat was "very shallow." He abandoned the stethoscope and laid his ear against her side. He said: "In extremis, I'd inject adrenaline into her heart muscle. This is extremis. "In the meantime Dan had begun heart massage. I took over while he loaded his syringe. His needle stuck there in her chest gently swaying from side to side with her feeble heartbeat. He commented that it should be hopping violently around.

A short while later, at 7:30, her head pulled back and she sucked in two little short breaths and then there was nothing more. The last I saw of her that night, Harry was carrying her limp figure out the front door to Dan's car. Her head hung over Harry's right elbow and her tail over his left.

That night Dr. Dan Duberman did the necropsy, which was, reported in the November 1963 newsletter. To review: the cause of Carlotta's death was septicemia, which had been brought about by the presence of long duration, of peritonitis. Peritonitis: "Inflammation of the peritoneum (serous membrane lining the abdominal cavity and investing its viscera.)" Septicemia: "Invasion and persistence of pathogenic (disease producing) bacteria in the blood stream."

## Fiasco in the Commonwealth

*Exotic pet owners often did not find justice but the cats often found death*

*By Catherine Cisin*

In Arlington, Virginia, Mrs. Raymond Batisse was charged with violation of a state statute that prohibits the importation of predatory animals without a permit from the state game commission. She appealed to me as founder of the Long Island Ocelot Club to help her at her trial on October 22, 1963 by testifying as to the distinction between pet and predatory animals, specifically ocelots.

Her two ocelots had been impounded. The day before the trial her female, Eliza-



1964: This beautiful jaguar is something more than a pet according to K. Maurice Johannessen of Redding, California, who shares his life. "Somewhere along the line we changed roles. It is no longer a question of whether his position pleases me but rather if mine pleases him."

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beth, died. No necropsy was performed. The male, Sabu, on the day of the trial had begun to show signs of dehydration and approaching agony. Attempts by the defense attorney after the trial to secure custody from “the commonwealth” of the surviving ocelot, for removal from Virginia, were unsuccessful.

The trial, one of the last cases heard that day, was held in criminal court without benefit of jury. Details of the trial cannot be reported here since “the commonwealth” chose to exclude from the courtroom all witnesses who had been sworn in. Five witnesses for the defense and one for “the commonwealth” comprised the group. We waited, literally under guard, until we were

called separately to testify. I was the last witness.

Most of us assumed that I had satisfactorily testified that our pets fail to meet the requirements of the definition of “predatory.” Both the defense attorney and the district attorney had “summed up.” The judge began making his decision, reciting aloud the facts on which he was basing it. It became obvious to me when he began reading phrases and sentences out of context from my book, *Pet Ocelot*, that his decision would favor “the commonwealth.”

Mrs. Batisse will appeal his decision. Her next trial will be in a higher court in December.

In spite of apparent failure in this case

thus far to establish the position of a pet ocelot as such in the Commonwealth of Virginia, I do not feel that our effort in traveling 800 miles has been wasted. I feel our sincerity gives a dignity and at least a potential strength to recognition of the existing relationship between man and pet ocelots in Virginia as well as in other parts of the civilized world.

Even while the trial was in progress. Sabu, the remaining impounded ocelot had begun to die. By the evening of October 22 he was dead. Necropsy was to have been performed. Ignorance of the laws (of nature) being no excuse, we find the Commonwealth of Virginia directly responsible for the deaths of two blameless pet ocelots.

## 1965 News From Around the Jungle

*Some more from the gossip column*

George Schwarz, Brooklyn, N. Y. member, reports about his heroine, small margay, Plato: “We had a little trouble the day after Thanksgiving when our house was broken into. They cleaned us out of all jewelry, appliances, clothes, liquor, and left the house a wreck. However, the only bright side of the story is that they made the mistake of entering Plato’s room and either tried to grab her or hit her and nothing was touched in her room where we keep many things in bureaus and closets. We found a bloody napkin on the floor and her door was the only one shut when we arrived home that night.”

Ann Jacobson, Seattle, Washington member, has made a discovery: “I have some rather interesting news to report. Wallace, our Indian jungle cat is an impostor. He is actually a fishing cat, *felis viverrina*. He was sold to us as the former and also identified as same by the Seattle Zoo, where they have an older cat (not on display.) We were in touch with the Portland Zoo and they have two cats of the same species, which they call fishing cats. From the literature available to me, I am now sure that is, indeed, what he is. Incidentally, in a Tacoma pet shop there is a real Indian jungle cat for sale.”



**1965: Zamba with Pamela Franklin of London, England, co-stars in 20th Century-Fox Cinemascope production, *The Lion*. Ralph Heifer wrote a book published in 2005 entitled, *Zamba: The True Story of the Greatest Lion That Ever Lived***

## 1966 Why Did You Join LIOC?

*Getting along has always been an issue with LIOC. It seems the larger it grew, the more diverse the membership and its personalities, and that created more distracting social issues of the business of the organization and officers. That led eventually to the groups splitting into smaller units that could get along. It seems as if this is a constant in our history and this editorial is as timely for the FCF in this century as it was back in 1966.*

In reading over the latest few newsletters I have noticed something occurring that is quite disturbing. It appears that some sections of LIOC are heading away from the original purpose of the club. It might be wise now to review this goal. This is stated

as being, “to establish a working understanding between humans and their pet ocelots; to bring together, either by personal contact or through correspondence, people who share a common interest in ocelots, margays, or allied felines, that there might

be an exchange of ideas, information and experiences enabling members to be better informed about their pets; to keep members informed of new developments in the field of medicine or other data pertinent to the world of ocelots; to answer questions

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regarding ocelots from owners or prospective owners, regardless of whether the request comes from a member or a non-member, and to give assistance in locating an ocelot.”

I believe it is safe now to change the word “ocelot” in the quotation to “exotic” due to the varied pet types now in the club. It seems that this goal has become secondary to the running of the section, itself. The internal government of the section has assumed the position of primary importance. Who is president? Who is treasurer? And most important, do we like them? Questions like these are fast becoming paramount. I cannot understand why these personality clashes exist at all. There is no place for them here. Petty jealousies and ego ambitions should be left at home. Since at meetings time is at a premium, we should devote as much of it as possible toward the solution of problems concerning our exotics and to the enjoyment we receive from discussing them.

At the November meeting in New York, Catherine Cisin explained the “government” of the main chapter of LIOC. It is simply this. There are no elected officers. As things come up that need to be done, volunteers either are called for or come forward if they discover a job that will contribute to the effort. This was, in fact, the way in which LIOC first began. Catherine had an ocelot and needed help. She found two other owners. From there she volunteered herself as the originator of LIOC and to date has been unselfishly doing the ever-increasing amount of work necessary. The other “officers” are also volunteers.

I do not mean to imply that sections should run without elected officers. It is fine to have elections and have officers when this system proves to be working. If it does not work and if there seems no hope that it will work in the future, then something must be done before the section disintegrates. No members are going to enjoy going to meetings and belonging to a club in which there is strife. As a result of this the exotics are sure to suffer. The members who decide not to go to meetings, or when a section finally disbands, they will lose out on the very information that might possibly

mean the life of their pet.

What might be done to cure this situation? The solution, of course, must ultimately come from the sections themselves. However, some suggestions might be in order. For the sections to continue as they are now will require stern self-control on the part of all its members. They must not allow themselves to argue about the club itself, but rather to think only in terms of their pets. They might possibly have one election now and then stick by their officers until the next annual election. If they cannot do this, they might try running the club without officers and have regular meetings at the homes of volunteers. This of course does not allow the section to have a treasury since there would not be a treasurer. Without club business to discuss, the exotics

would get more attention and much more enjoyment could be had from the meetings. The only other solution that occurs to me outside of complete disbanding is to split into groups. Each group would naturally be composed of those members that get along with one another. This would be an unfortunate solution, however in that I am sure as the group splits, so splits its efficiency and enjoyment. It is much easier to find a solution to a problem among many people than among a few.

No doubt there are other possibilities than the above and no matter what solutions are possible, it is most important to do something to correct the situation—not to let it drag on until there is no more section.

—Robert Peraner

*President pro-tem 1973*



**1966: Winner of LIOC's very first Lotty award is membership secretary Gene Brill from Kenmore, New York. That's Cleopatra congratulating her. Lotty, the annual award for outstanding service to LIOC and to the felines who inspire us all, was created by sculptress Brenda Duprey of Lennox, Mass.**



## 1967 But There is Always More to Learn

*We don't always understand our cats' behaviors*

By Catherine Cisin

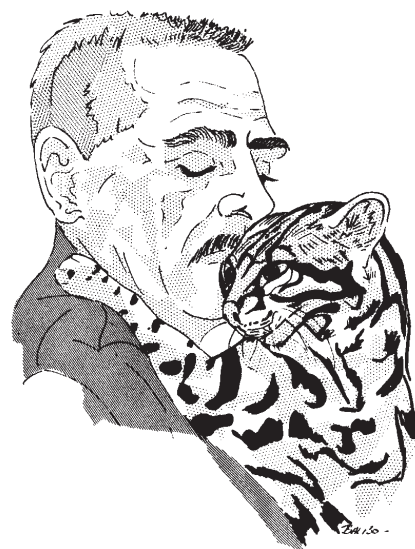
We become quite complacent in the fellowship we enjoy with our exotics. We think we understand them completely. They are “good” cats. They conduct themselves with impeccable demeanor. They eat on schedule in the proper places. They respect their toilet sites. They tolerate our affectionate advances—when they are in the mood.

But there comes a time every now and then when our complacency is a bit shattered. We are suddenly faced with unusual actions in our cats, which we interpret as deviation from their perfect behavior. We try to interject our “corrections” usually at inopportune times and they fall unheeded by the pre-occupied pussycat.

I became aware on two recent occasions that my interpretations of Tercera's messages were something short of understanding. She is a model ocelot, if shy of strangers, affectionate with us and “good” in her daily routines. She had finished her

morning performance with the coffee pot, which had been left, as usual in the kitchen sink with the remnants of the last making still in the pot. Tercera rolled back and forth on the sink, apparently intoxicated by the aroma of steaming coffee grounds. When she was finished, she insisted on refusing to obey the suggestions (commands are not used in our house since we discovered Tercera is more amenable to suggestions), we made to her, interested only in scenting the places where I had walked. Finally we discovered, scenting them ourselves, that I had stepped in the excrement of a visiting canine who had donated to our lawn fertilization program. When the offending scent was removed, the cat accepted our suggestion that she go to bed.

The other instance, of greater importance for its impending potential disaster, was Tercera's insistence that she disarrange kindling I had put in the fireplace, eventually to be burned. It was at about the moment



1967 Lotty winner, Bill Engler. Bill's extra-LIOC activities throughout recent months have included active objection to restrictive legislation on pet felines. Bill has also done much movie work. He's behind many of the feline scenes so widely admired on TV.



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when we despaired of disinteresting her in the kindling when I discovered she had chewed the top off of a plastic garbage bag. The missing pieces were obviously inside Tercera. The first thing that occurred to me in the emergency of discovery was to provide her with as much grass as she would consume, hoping she would vomit the plas-

tic. Fifteen minutes later the grass and pieces of garbage bag, were dutifully produced. It was only then we realized that her interest in the kindling was actually interest in pieces of grass which she found clinging to it.

We know there is tremendous logic in every action of our cats but too often we

fumble too long through our complex reasoning before we are able to interpret it. The result of our blindness is most often failure to communicate and, in the extreme case, disaster.

Our cats are intelligent. They are logical. Shall we try to emulate them?

## 1968 **An Intimate Account of the Birth of a Margay**

*As husbandry improved, so did the frequency of births*

By Sadie Douglas, New Smyrna Beach, Florida

The mother is "Princess Hatfield Douglas, age 5 years, weight 11 pounds. The father is "Pacer" Douglas, age 2½ years, weight 8 pounds.

We adopted Princess from Ken and Jean Hatfield in November 1967. Jean is secretary of the Florida Chapter of LIOC. We received Pacer in October 1967 through the help of Dave and Sue Salisbury of Cocoa. Dave is, of course, president of the Florida chapter of LIOC.

Princess and Pacer got along well together from the moment we brought Princess home. It seemed as though they were meant for each other. We leave them together constantly.

Six weeks before the imminent birth, Princess awoke me, pulling on my arm. She would take my wrist in her mouth and back off of the bed until she could pull me in the closet. With my arm still in her mouth, she started pacing the length of the closet. (Lost a lot of skin off my hand!) After thirty minutes she stopped, laid down, and panted very hard, like a dog that has been running hard. We called our veterinarian. He said it wasn't time for the kitten; she might be in false labor. She was. This happened at three different times. For six weeks I spent most

of my days and nights in the closet. My presence seemed to calm her.

Three weeks before she gave birth, my husband had to move out of our bedroom. As soon as night came, Princess would snarl and spit if Charles even walked in the bedroom door. Twice she bit him. He finally decided it was best to sleep elsewhere.

Princess really started eating: six chicken necks, one can of cat food, and nearly a quart of milk a day. On Wednesday, April 10, Princess stayed in the closet without eating. Contractions started at 9:30 p.m. Water broke at 10:40 p.m. She passed approximately a half cup, light pink in color. She passed small amounts of blood before and after her water broke. There were no more contractions. At 11:00 P. M. there was slight dilation. 11:15 p.m., contractions four minutes apart. 2:30 A.M., contractions constant and hard. No noticeable dilation.

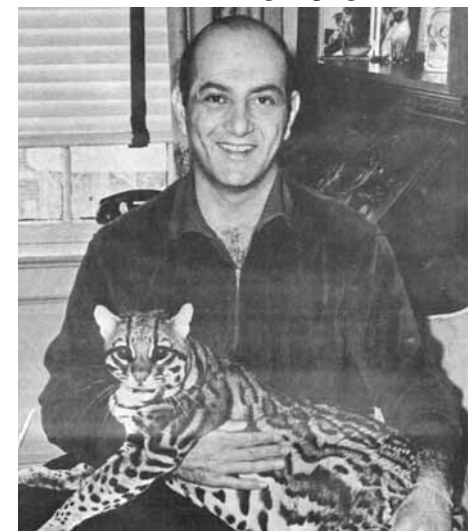
Princess couldn't seem to stand and I realized she was unable to dilate enough to pass the kitten. To force dilation I applied pressure on each side of the opening away from the center for nearly 45 minutes. The kitten's head soon emerged and I gently pulled its shoulders through, removed my hands so Princess could take over. She snarled, spit, turned and went for its throat. She stepped on it twice before I could pick it up. I cut the cord, held it approximately 15 seconds at the same time trying to keep Princess back with my right arm. I handed Charles the kitten to clean and dry. The afterbirth came about twenty minutes later. I destroyed this, cleaned Princess and changed all the bedding in the closet.

We offered the kitten to Princess four times. Each time she tried to kill it. So we knew we would have to hand raise it. This is difficult, but proved well worth it.

We called Mr. Bill Engler in Panama City. He gave us a formula and offered us

any help he could. The formula works, it really agrees with the kitten. We call this little margay "Lucky" because he is lucky to be alive and well. Born: Thursday, April 11, 1968. Time: 2:30 a.m. Weight: Approximately six ounces (no way to weigh him accurately.) Body Length: 6½ inches. Tail length: 3½ inches. The formula: 1 can pet milk, 2 cans water, 1 egg yolk, 3 tablespoons limewater, ½ to 1 cc every hour. At one week Lucky took ½ oz. every 2-3 hours. At two weeks, ½ to ¾ oz. every 3 hours. At 16 days his eyes opened. They were dark blue. We weighed him then: 10 ounces and he measured 12 inches overall.

I started Lucky on baby pabulum at three weeks old, gave him baby food at four weeks. He sure is growing. Today, May 23, his weight at six weeks is 22 oz. He eats ½ jar baby food mixed with his formula every day. This equals out to 2½ oz. every four hours. When Lucky was four weeks old, he cut all his teeth. He loves to play. We are very proud of him. Incidentally, we are almost sure Princess is again pregnant.



**Dr. Mike Balbo, 1968 Lotty winner with his eight year old ocelot, Brutus, his model and inspiration.**

## Ocelots No Longer Qualify

1968: "While in Washington," advises Mr. Paul W. Moran, "we eagerly sought ocelots at the 3,000-animal National Zoo, but found they are no longer exhibited there because they are now classified as 'semi-domestic' animals. Ocelot owners have 'arrived', apparently."

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## 1969 Marbled Cat

*Robert Baudy imported, bred, and created the foundation stock of many species in zoo collections. Sadly, AZA zoos have forgotten the effort private owners have invested into conserving genetic lines in the US.*

One of the most fascinating feline species in the world, from the point of view of mystery, beauty, and rarity is certainly the almost unknown creature commonly called the marbled cat or *felis marmorata*. Three races of this genus have been defined previously, but since the six specimens we have obtained during the past four years were completely different in background coloration, markings and texture of the fur, I feel safe in stating that the identification of *felis marmorata* subspecies certainly deserve further and more extensive work.

Evidently versatile and highly adaptable, the species ranges from the high and snowy forests of Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan where it overlaps the habitat of another prestigious star of the feline family, the unique snow leopard (*panthera uncia*) down through Burma, Assam, Laos, North, and South Viet Nam, Cambodia, Thailand, all the way south to the hot and humid rain forest of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Borneo.

The six marbled cats received at our compound were probably in the one to two year range. The mean body and head measurement was twenty inches. In every case the tail was slightly longer than the head-body measurement by one half to one full inch. The head was relatively small, with very large and beautiful eyes and small rounded ears. The texture of the fur is extremely soft and rich. The markings, which are somewhat reminiscent of the clouded leopard's but more blurred, are never similar in size and shape on different specimens. The irregular, large, dark brown or black blotches are edged on one side only with a lighter shade of brown than the general background which varies from a dull olive gray to russet brown according to individual differences. Lower part of front legs and hindquarters are spotted on a lighter background than the rest of the body. The striking feature of this species, however, does not rest with its peculiar markings, no matter how surprising they may appear to be, but in the unforgettable stance of the animal in motion.

The hind legs are extremely long

and slender and the back is slightly arched, while the richly furred, very long tail is carefully kept either upturned at the end or curled around, seemingly to avoid at all times any possible damage to this gorgeous appendage. In a reclining position the tail is curled beside the animal or completely wrapped around him. The fact that the feet are large in comparison with an ocelot or domestic cat is probably responsible for the assertion made by some zoologists years ago that the marbled cat is completely arboreal. In captivity at our place, however, most of the specimens received did not seem to be over anxious to reach the top part of the oak limb which we placed in the 15' by 8' wire enclosure. Instead, and after several months in the same cage, most animals ignored the high limb for lower, more comfortable plank shelves. After becoming familiar with our setup, most of them would leave the little connected wood house at 5 p.m. and remain outdoors until about 7 a.m. next morning.

Often badly undernourished, always heavily infested with intestinal parasites and under the stress of an air trip half way around the world, the poor animals usually make a very sad appearance on arrival. We

know that our chance of saving them is about 50/50 but we keep trying desperately to better the ratio. The news of a marbled cat's arrival always generates excitement at the compound. The species, for some unexplained reason, seems to be extremely rare anywhere across its enormous native range. According to reports from our various contacts and collectors in Asia, it is by far the most rare and most secretive feline in its natural haunts. The current captive population of this mysterious cat, among all the zoos of the world, according to the highly reliable British International Zoo Year Book (1968 Edition) is composed of one male and three females.

We furnished three other animals to private collections. May 3, 1967, we received from one of our contacts in Malaysia, a letter stating: "Marbled cats are extremely rare and up to the present I have been unable to meet outstanding orders for this species, even though I collect and trap in coordination with jungle dwellers in the foothills of their main range."

The Los Angeles and Cincinnati Zoos are the only zoological collections in the Americas currently exhibiting the species with one single female in each collection.

Absolutely nothing is known of the marbled cat's behavior and habits in the wild. Here in Center Hill, Charlotte (Mrs. Baudy) has successfully conditioned these cats on a basic diet of fresh chicken muscle meat, milk and eggs. Curiously enough, live rats and mice were refused in most instances. The species has been described earlier as practically untamable. Charlotte succeeded fairly rapidly with the only specimen with which she experimented (a young adult female which was later sent to the Cincinnati Zoo.) She obtained the complete disappearance of flight reaction, and happy acceptance of head petting by hand. Since this specimen was, like all other marbled cats received here, wild caught and raised by the mother, it would seem that the species' bad reputation has been somewhat hastily established.



**1969: Delightfully docile ocelot owned by Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Anderson of San Francisco, California. She was born in Australia in October, 1962. Her theatrical endeavors are indicated in the above photo taken during her working hours in *Cleopatra*. The other actress is Audrey Hamilton.**

## 1970 Gray Area of Semi-Compliance: A Guest Editorial

*The emergence of draconian laws could have threatened the existence of LIOC itself*

By Donald E. Wagner

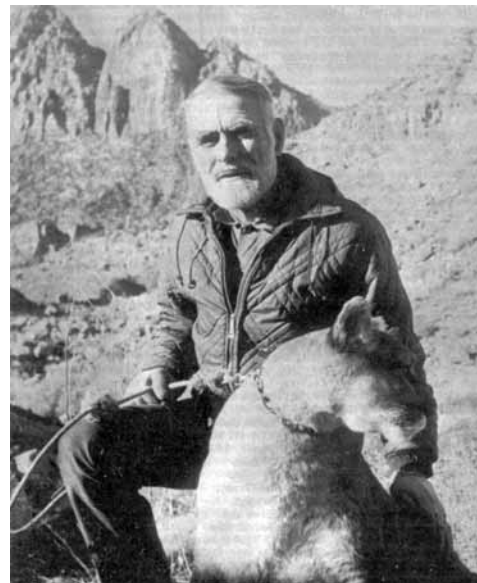
My main reason for writing at this time is to point out what seems to be an error in the last newsletter. On Page 7 of the January-February issue, Public Law #91-121, passing both houses and signed 21 November, 1968 is referred to as the Endangered Species Act. This interesting bit of information is what editors usually refer to as a big boo-boo. The 91st Congress did pass a bill that eventually did receive presidential signature on 20 November, 1969, not 1968, that did become Public Law #121, but if a copy is requested from the Government Printing Office, one will receive a long and dreary authorization for military appropriations and the only endangered species mentioned in it is the fairly prolific American taxpayer.

Both houses have had active legislation going on endangered species for some time and being sympathetic with the general idea, I've pitched a little wood on the fire from time to time. Both congressmen from my area are personal acquaintances, one a high school contemporary, and I've tried to do what I could to encourage enactment. Over the years passage has seemed imminent but has failed for one reason or another. Success was realized finally, in December of 1969. House Bill #HR-11363 Endangered Species, and Senate Bill #S-13969 Prohibited Importation, merged to become public law (PL) #135 and was signed into federal law by President Nixon on 5 December 1969. The actual list of endangered species will be compiled by our Secretary of Interior and is to be a matter of public record by the middle of 1970, no later than June/July of 1971. Some members of LIOC might feel that I'm a harbinger

of doom or a fear monger but I feel that too little attention has been paid to this form of legislation. I only ask that they consider the alternatives to what could come to pass under the new law.

There is every reason to assume that many exotics will be listed, especially some of the larger felines. The ocelot is considered still indigenous to the State of Texas but very definitely is endangered there. Since the new law deals not only with worldwide extinction but also locally declining populations at the sub-species level, there is little reason to assume that this complicated and intricate law will not cover some races of *felis pardalis*.

In fact the parent LIOC may fall into the gray area of group semi-compliance, unless we state clearly our purposes to the Secretary of Interior as soon as possible. Consider for instance that even animal gardens and zoos will be disallowed possession of some sub-species without special authorization or proof of performance in the areas of regeneration or repopulation. Possession of a live animal by a private owner may be very difficult to justify and prior ownership may also be disallowed. In any event I feel that the LIOC staff should state the fundamental



**1970: William Engler with this cougar, *Versigetorix*, relax in their new Springdale, Utah home**

purposes of welfare and active, properly supervised breeding or repopulation/domestication programs to the Secretary of Interior's office without undue delay. This may not secure us any special favors but it may, at least, keep us from being declared out-laws.



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## 1971 Shawnee

1965 to June 1970: *The death of a Jaguarundi*

I hardly know where to begin to tell, think or write about my beloved jaguarundi. My thoughts are totally and completely jumbled with memories of her. I can't adjust to her not being here when I come home from work. I listen for her whistle that welcomed me or begged or expressed pleasure. Oh, so many things are gone.

From an obscure beginning and for two years of her life, she lived with an unknown person and from the scars on her back all covered with little white hairs standing out so sharply against her otherwise brownish red coat, I suspect she spent much of her time pacing back and forth in too small a cage.

At approximately two years of age she was given to me by a friend. We came to know and understand each other immediately. She became a sleek and shiny 16 pounds of happy bouncing cat with good food and vitamins in no time. She never had a health problem.

Shawnee gave me her complete and undivided love and trust and no matter what I did to her, I could do no wrong. She blamed anything I did to upset her on someone else or inanimate objects. Whenever she said "hello" it was always by butting her head into me, usually my head and then

pushing her wet nose tight to my face, waiting patiently for a kiss on the head sometimes in an exuberance of affection she would jump on me and hold me around my ankle, kicking me for good measure, before bounding away out of reach. She loved to retrieve toys and would sit twitching the very end of her tail, eyes all bright, waiting for me to toss a toy.

She never showed affection for me around anyone else. She was aloof and prim. She had her favorite room in the house and would hiss and growl at anyone who dared enter her domain. When out of her house and on a leash, she marched past people as though they did not exist. Anyone could pet her when she was away from home. Shawnee simply ignored them. She never liked being carried around except in strange surroundings, then she would bury her face under my chin and peek out once in a while.

Her favorite time was when she had me all to herself away from all the other cats. Into the bed she flopped like a rag, tight up to me or she would put her chin on the bed and come, otter style, sliding from my feet to my head and push her face into mine, purring for all she was worth. Sometimes when the light was turned out she'd come

out of nowhere and land feet first in my midsection, which was always fun—for her.

I have never had an animal that I loved like I loved her. The wound left from her death will never scar over. She died of a horrible unexpected cause—cirrhosis of the liver. The bitterest pill to swallow is that I believe that if a proper diagnosis and treatment had been made by the first vet I took her to, she may have had a better chance. After a week of unsuccessful treatment, I went to another vet who diagnosed her trouble properly, but all we did for her failed. Shawnee never exhibited pain or too much discomfort until the very end.

She began to breathe shallow and rapid breaths and did not wish to be left alone for a moment. She lay on the bed wrapped in towels to keep her warm as her body temperature dropped. By this time she was little more than skin and bones, so small and helpless. She lay next to me and I watched her like that for two hours, when all of a sudden she raised up on her poor, shaky legs, looked me in the eye and leaned her head on me as if to say: "Can't you do something?"

I couldn't watch any longer so I called the vet out of bed and he met me at his office. By the time we got there she didn't even know where she was. He put her peacefully to sleep. I asked him to do an necropsy in the hope that he would learn something that might help some other poor cat and save it from this kind of slow death.

There was no reason that can be found why she developed a cirrhotic liver. The vet said he had seen it before in animals that drink from swimming pools or lick chemicals in cleaning solutions. But Shawnee has never exposed to more than small amounts of bleach in water for cleaning and then she never was on the wet surface of areas cleaned in this way.

I can only hope that my next jaguarundi will suffer no such fate. I know that no other cat will ever take her place, but I am sold completely on jaguarundis and want to get another one as soon as possible.

Shawnee made many friends in her short life and I am sure that cats in general acquired a few more friends because of her.



**1971: Kenny and his cheetah live on a 130 acre ranch North Branch, MN with many other native and exotic pets. Twelve and a half foot high fences with barbed wire tops are necessary for security. Looking closely, Kenny has freckles like his cat!**





## Trading in Exotic Species?

The buying, selling, and trading of protected animals is highly regulated, and is taken seriously by the federal government. Federal laws such as the Endangered Species Act and the Lacey Act regulate who can trade in these animals across state lines—by and large, only few people can. Read up on the Lacey Act, the Endangered Species Act, and other related topics here:

<http://www.laceyactawareness.com>

Above all, if you have questions contact the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. Your future may depend on it! Don't be found

# GUILTY!



## 1972 Domestic Born Asian golden cat

*Early hobby breeding accomplishments on rare species no longer in US captivity*

By Arnette Barnett, Saugerties, NY

After a long and disappointing three and one-half year wait, our asian golden cats, Mommy and Apollo, have finally come through with a little boy.

On December 31, I noticed what appeared to be evidence of mating activity. Mommy Cat's neck was all bitten up, and she was extremely vociferous towards the male. Figuring on a gestation of 72-74 days, I hoped for a birth between March 12 and 14. This pair of cats are extremely compatible, and are allowed to remain together at all times, but in case of a pregnancy, I decided to separate them on March 3. We kept a close eye on Mommy Cat, but she never showed any of the normal signs of an impending delivery. Her nipples didn't swell, and no fetal movements were seen. She did not even prepare for the delivery by building a nest or removing any fur from around her nipples.

Still, I hoped, and on March 12, I noticed what appeared to be light contractions. This persisted for more than 24 hours, without gaining in intensity, although she was obviously in discomfort. Late Monday, March 13, it was decided to give her an injection of Pitocin to help her contractions along. Getting her into a box and giving her a shot only upset her and by then, all contractions stopped. On March 14, still not knowing whether or not she was pregnant, it was decided to knock her down and give her a more thorough examination. For this, she went to Dr. John Jeffries, DVM who has done wonderful work with many of our cats. She was given an injection of Ketilar and examined.

At this point, we finally found out that she was pregnant, and also found out that she would have to have a cesarean section. At noon, one large male kitten was removed from her uterus. Incidentally, during her 48 hours of labor, the kitten only descended one quarter of an inch.

From then on, Mommy Cat did beautifully. She is not bothering her stitches; and we have been told that there is no reason why she can't have normal deliveries in the future.

Our next problem was the little one. When he was removed, he was more dead

than alive. He would not start breathing; he was dehydrated from his extra-long stay in the uterus; and his lungs were filled with mucous. After all the initial work with him was over, he was weighed nine ounces and tapped, given glucose and temporary enteritis serum. Then he was put into an incubator for intensive care.

Since then, it has been uphill all the way and although he is only three days old, his weight gain is already obvious. He is begin-

ning to look like a little butterball. Let me make mention that our male tiger and the newborn share the same birthday, one year apart.

Due to the circumstances of the birth and the fact that Mommy Cat is a very nervous cat and she had no milk, we decided not to attempt to give her the baby. With no mother-child bond, she surely would have devoured it. He still stays in an incubator except when I am feeding him. He is now



**This collage is dedicated to the best known ocelot in LIOC. Each time we have looked upon one of Mike Balbo's works, we have seen a facet of Brutus. He has served as a model for all the wonderful and important drawings Mike has allowed us to use. It can truly be said that Brutus, in his way, has done as much, if not more, to further the knowledge, care, and enjoyment of exotics as any member of LIOC. Brutus, the Columbian ocelot belonging to Mike Balbo, 21-01 46th Street, Long Island City, NY, is no longer physically with us; however he will spiritually be omnipresent whenever we glance at a newsletter or learn more about the exotic species from one of Mike's illustrative drawings.**

getting about 12 feedings per day of approximately 6 cc each. His daily consumption is between two and one-half and three ounces. Needless to say, we love him already. He is getting stronger and friskier by the day. Originally, we were going to call him Caesar for his type of birth, but later we decided that it would be nicer to call him “Jeff” after the veterinarian that had worked so hard to make his life possible.

Recent progress report: Jeff, now 11

weeks old, is at least as big as any five months old domestic kitten, and just about as agile. The growth that has taken place in the mere eleven weeks that he has been with us has been phenomenal and Jeff is well on his way to becoming a truly beautiful golden cat.

Jeff has adopted me as his mommy and seeks me out when he’s tired, hungry, or just wants affection. He sleeps with me at night, and nurses on my neck, fingers or lip most of that time. He is quite an affection-

ate little boy, even with strangers, doesn’t show any of the normal “kitten fears”, and appears to be very well adjusted, although somewhat babyish. I guess this is to be expected. He was already ten weeks old by the time he finally learned to lap milk out of a bowl and he still prefers his bottle.

Jeff has completed his preliminary course of immunization, and the typical “infant danger period” is just about over. His doctor says that he is just perfect, the picture of health.

## Monstrous Feline Nearly Devours Innocent Bystander

*This Midwest Branch report details a brush with near disaster and why no future meetings were held in uncontrolled areas*

This might have been the headline had the news media been present at our meeting on Sunday, July 9. The afternoon began full of promise. The weather was warm and clear. We had chosen what we thought was a desirable location for the meeting. Linda Harrah had phoned in advance to be certain that the park management at Blacklick Woods in Columbus, Ohio, would be approving and aware that there might be exotic cats in attendance. Members began arriving in surprising number with a good time in mind and food to be shared.

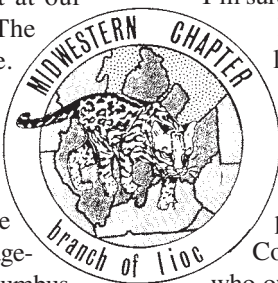
Mr. and Mrs. Lowe even traveled from Cleveland, again with Cortez, their large male cheetah, and his canine companion, Inky. Both were tethered in the comfortable shade of a tree near our shelter house.

When I returned from helping to direct members to our area, I found a ranger in the company of the park manager approaching our group. They had come to notify us that no cats were permitted on park property. Discussion followed. In the meantime a crowd was gathering around us, Cortez included. He must have been eyeing a small child on the inner periphery of onlookers, for suddenly he leaped and snapped his lead as if it were paper. A lady standing near—whether relative, friend, or stranger—swept the child up and made a dash across an open space. Within ten yards, Cortez had closed the distance. He made a flying tackle about her legs, pulling her down. The child escaped unharmed and Mr. Lowe captured Cortez within seconds. However, the damage was done! The cat’s claws had dug deeply into the woman’s legs. She was crying hysterically from what to her and many others,

I’m sure, was a horrifying experience.

Following rangers, police, ambulances, and mass disturbance, the Lowes with Cortez and Inky drove off with the authorities. They must now go through their own personal nightmare, perhaps resulting in the loss of Cortez. In addition, others of us who own exotic cats must now be prepared for the possibility of adverse legisla-

tion concerning ownership of these animals. We shuddered and for some time concentrated on calming respective nerves. Some left, many stayed to discuss the mishap. We resolved that we would no longer expose our cats at meetings in public places, both for their sake and the public’s. To invite cats into private homes would be the option of the host, taking into consideration his circumstances. Cats away from home must be under the owner’s control. In conjunction with the above resolutions, all agreed that



**Zapata with Brenda Duprey, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Zapata, known affectionately as Zip, is the model for the coveted Lotty Award presented each year by the Long Island Ocelot Club to a member who has, in some way, worked “beyond the call of duty” for the benefit of exotic cats everywhere. Brenda, the originator and sculptress of the Lotty itself, provides one of these truly beautiful bronzed ocelot head statues each year.**

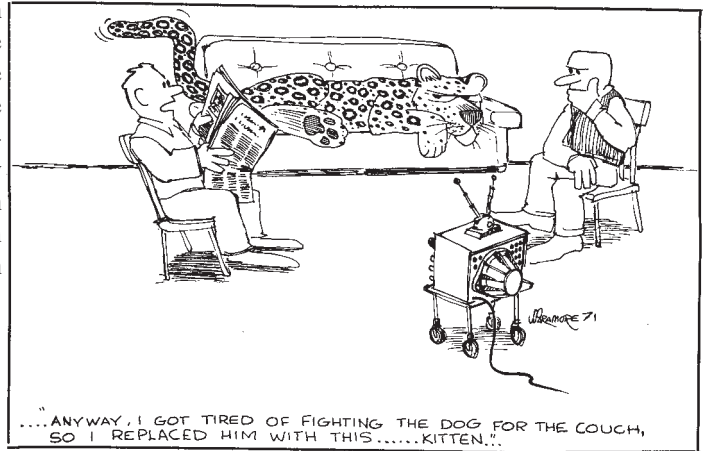


no alcohol or drugs should be consumed at meetings where cats are present and dependent upon responsible action by owners.

Our one bright spot for the day was the attendance. As well as Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lowe, Patti and Leonard Ridgway, Harold and Linda Harrah, Corrine and Ben Goodman, Dave Shifley, and myself, we welcomed new members LaRue and Carl Calire plus Helen and Charles Boldman. Mr. and Mrs. Ascelton slipped quickly and quietly away for the safety of their young ocelot as well as did another young couple

who arrived late with their margay and were quickly evicted by the park rangers. We would like to encourage these people to try us again. We can assure you of a much healthier reception next time.

*Paws for Peace,  
Bonnie McGhee*



## 1973 Rare Feline Breeding Compound

*Early private breeding accomplishments on rare species no longer in US captivity.*

In July of 1960, French born animal trainer Robert Baudy purchased in Sumter County, Florida, a tract of twenty acres of uncleared land to be earmarked as the first privately-owned center for captive reproduction of endangered species. Robert Baudy is not only a renowned animal trainer but also a zoologist and a life-long animal lover who realized years ago the urgent need for such a center. During the past



Guana, zoo born, is the daughter of a black leopard. Guana loves to be hugged and kissed and also adores swimming. Here at 18 months and 98 pounds is Guana and her mistress, Jill Tupler of Las Vegas.

twenty years he knew that 33 animal species had already become extinct and that during his lifetime (and yours) many more would go and disappear from the world. Due to the relentless persecution waged upon them by man ever since the beginning of ages, the most immediately threatened were the great and majestic cat predators such as African lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, pumas, cheetahs, etc. Species such as the giant Siberian tiger (*Panthera Tigris Altaica*) and Amurian leopard (*Panthera Pardus Orientalis*) were already down to less than 100 specimens left in their native haunts. The decision to locate the compound in Sumter County, Florida was motivated by the proximity of a large packing plant (Central Packing Company) which would provide the staple diet of raw meat for the great carnivores. Clearing of the land, fencing and cross fencing, drilling for water and erection of buildings took about

eighteen months. But the collection of rare (and in some cases almost extinct) species to be worked with proved to be a much more difficult and longer endeavor. Government exportation authorizations from the country of origin was in almost every case extremely difficult to obtain in view of the strict regulations already protecting the species abroad. In some instances such as the collection of the rare snow leopard (*Panthera Uncia*) and black jaguar (*Panthera Onca*) as much as seven years were necessary to obtain a compatible, unrelated pair of potential breeders. Losses were inevitable even with the best of care due to the sudden tremendous change in climactic conditions and environment. But today, the Rare Feline Breeding Compound is truly a successful haven for some endangered species. During the year 1971, 33 cubs belonging to nine cat species were successfully raised out of 35 births. Some of the

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cubs like the jaguar cubs had to be artificially hand raised because of lack of interest from the mother in her offspring. The technique of artificial hand raising large cats was improved tremendously during the past ten years mainly due to our work. During the past five years, one 135 tiger cubs of two different species, Bengal (*Panthera Tigris*) and Siberian (*Panthera Tigris Altaica*) have been successfully raised at the compound and many large zoos of the world feature Sumter County born great cats (Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, London, Paris, Moscow, Rome). The snow leopard (*Panthera Uncia*) one of the rarest and most beautiful cats of the world, lives in a germ-free environment at an average altitude of 18,000 feet in a pure world of everlasting snow and has been successfully bred in

captivity only seven times in 900 world zoos over a period of 100 years. Yet in our balmy Florida in sub-tropical climate and at sea level, this very delicate animal has been successfully propagated during the year 1971. The rarest cat of the world, the black jaguar, indigenous to the Amazon rainforest section of Brazil numbers only twelve specimens in world's collections at the time of this writing. Out of this 17-3-5 number, four are here at the Rare Feline Breeding collection, two of which were born and successfully raised during 1971. This is the second successful breeding of this rare cat in zoological history. The Amurian leopard, which number less than twenty animals in their native North Korea and Siberia were also bred successfully in 1971. Several other animal species not related to cats are also being preserved and studied at the

compound for captive reproduction purposes such as the nearly extinct Galapagos tortoise (only about 1000 left in the wilds) Madagascan lemurs, rare primates such as the golden mangabeys of which there are only nine in world collections, etc. Dromedary camels which no longer exist in wild state are now in stock for future breeding and the giant of all birds, the African ostrich is at this time laying eggs at the compound. I hope these few facts may have been of some interest to you. Every penny of profit I make goes to the propagation of endangered animal species, which will enable your grandchildren to see *live* creatures which would have otherwise been available to them only as stuffed specimens in a much poorer world.

*Robert Baudy, Florida*

## 1974 President's Statements

*Ken Hatfield was the first member-elected president. Ken served as president for 13½ years. These three president's messages show the times—the pre-ESA rule days—and how the club struggled to save its ocelots against the federal government.*

**January:** I am for breeding, propagation, and preservation as much as the next person, and realize we must breed in order to survive. However, I joined the club some twelve years ago because my margay needed help—he didn't know what he should eat. I have lived with this thought in mind all these years. I don't want to sound repetitious, but I still feel our main purpose is to help the exotic pet. There is no other organization to do this and I don't think we should abandon this principal. Let's keep the private individual with one pet foremost in our minds and bring the others in as worthy projects but not as important as the thing the club was originally formed for. I think we can do this and still be progressive. I believe in the democratic process; I may be against what the majority votes for, but if it is a majority, I will not only abide by the decision, but will pursue it vigorously without further dissent.

I also pledge my help (for what it is worth) in fighting laws prohibiting ownership of our exotic cats as pets. In the past, we have for the most part, stuck our collective heads in the sand and allowed city, county, and state laws to be passed without any opposition, which has resulted in 90% of our pets being outlawed. I feel it is time to come out of our corner fighting—we

have as much right to keep a sixty-pound cat as a neighbor does to keep a sixty-pound dog. I oppose these laws because they clearly violate our constitutional rights by discriminating, depriving citizens of property without due process, and denying person's equal protection of the law.

*—Ken Hatfield, President*

### **March: We're gonna fight!**

Ken Hatfield is going to head up our efforts to fight the recent legislation against exotic cats. Ken is planning to make a trip to Washington, D.C. to talk to the folks at the Department of the Interior with respect to having our kittens exempted from the present proposed ban on interstate shipment and sale of wildlife. Since these kittens are decedents of animals which are legal under the act, having been brought into the country prior to the act, we have high hopes. Should this fail, Ken is willing to take to the courts in this fight. Of course this will take money. We are asking for donations (whatever the amount) to help finance the travel expenses,

and any legal fees he will have to incur. Please be generous.

*—Ken Hatfield, President*



**1974: June Hodge with Siberian tiger cub.**  
**Photo by Tom Brownell, Seattle Post-Intelligencer**

### May: Ocelot Census needed

In order to present an intelligent case to the Department of the Interior, L.I.O.C. will have to give them actual figures relating to the number of ocelots in captivity and the

number of domestic born kittens produced. No names will be furnished to the Department of the Interior, just the figures. Please inform us of the number of ocelots you have and the number of kittens you have

produced, if any, and whether or not the kitten survived.

—Ken Hatfield, President

## 1975 Ocelots Confiscated

*Another sign of the times—ocelots being confiscated in NJ. That state closed down in the early 1970s—and it wasn't because of tigers. It was ocelots. Anyone who thinks tigers are the problem, forget it all started with a beautiful little 20 to 40 pound jungle cat.*

### Mid Atlantic States report

The discussion began informally concerning laws with the state: owning, transporting were discussed by visiting and retained attorney Mr. Edward Feurey concerning the recent confiscation of Mrs. Stevenson's and Ken Neuhaus's ocelots. Recent articles were circulated and members voiced their personal pros and cons.

Search and seizure during wartime in Nazi Germany seemed like a fair comparison after the seizure of these ocelots. Due to man's encroachment on for-



est areas, ocelot and other wildlife is vanishing and all members and guests felt it their obligation to help protect and perpetuate the species through private breeding and ownership. A suggestion was made that individual letters should be sent to your senators and representatives concerning public opinion. The attorney for the club suggested arousing the public by making them aware of recent happenings. Over 54 meeting notices were sent out to members; out of this only eight members came to the meeting and four others called to see

if there was any way they could help. The rest of the members never phoned or sent a note to see what happened. That's not saying too much for those members who don't even care.

The Neuhauses were thanked for opening their home for this meeting and all members left with more awareness of the overall situation.

It is sad to note we've had more help in this situation from non-members than from we did from our members.

Respectfully submitted,  
Henrietta Largmann

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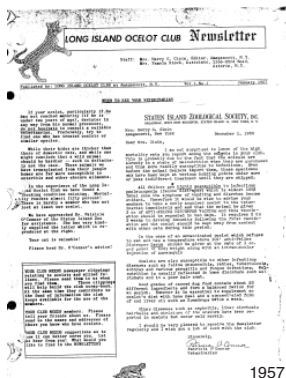
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1957



1958



1959



1960



1961



1967



1968



1969



1970



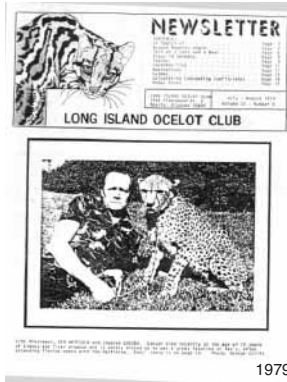
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1977



1978



1979



1980



1981



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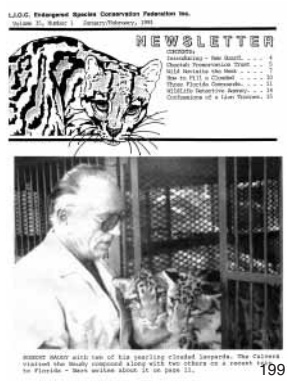
1988



1989



1990



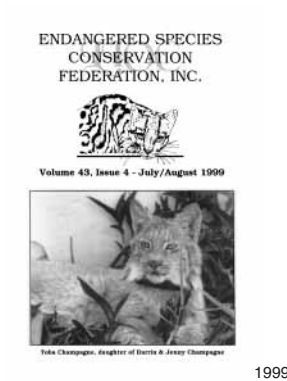
1991



1997



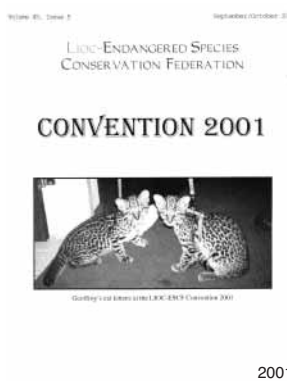
1998



1999



2000



2001



**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, Number 1  
January, 1962

**CARLOTTA**  
and Catherine Chen

**NEXT MEETING**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1962

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**SAFARI**  
and Catherine Chen

**NEXT MEETING**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1963

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**SUMMER**  
and Catherine Chen

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1964

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1965

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**TALOS**  
and Catherine Chen

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1966

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**ZAPATA with Brenda Duprey**  
and Catherine Chen

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1972

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Spooky**  
and Catherine Chen

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1973

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1974

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1975

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1976

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1982

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1983

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1984

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1985

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1986

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1992

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1993

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1994

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1995

**LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB NEWSLETTER**

Volume 1, No. 1  
January, 1962

**Next Meeting**  
January 11, 1962  
8:00 PM  
Hudson River Park, New York City

1996

**Feline Conservation Federation**

Volume 40, Issue 6  
November/December 2001

2002

**Feline Conservation Federation**

Volume 47, Issue 3  
May/June 2003

2003

**Feline Conservation Federation**

Volume 48, Issue 1  
January/February 2004

2004

**Feline Conservation Federation**

Volume 49, Issue 4  
November/December 2005

2005

**Feline Conservation Federation**

Volume 50, Issue 3  
May/June 2006

2006

## Letters to Editor

*The following two letters are responses to a bad owner doing stupid things and what should be LIOC's involvement.*

In 1962, in Tacoma Washington, a pair of lions escaped during a storm. Their owner kept them in improper security. One of the animals injured a local resident and the result of that was that *all* wild pets were banned in the area.

A few years later in Portland, the L.I.O.C. branch coordinators there managed to do the same favor there for area cat owners. They kept several lions and a jaguar under risky security and walked them in the neighborhood. Neighbors who complained were told to mind their own business.

This resulted in a petition drive, which succeeded in banning cats from Portland and Multanomah County. Later they managed to lose three Asian golden cats (one recovered, one never seen again and one killed by a hunter) and because of lax security have had two lions killed by neighbors in two months after they escaped into the neighborhood and killed livestock. Their actions and lack of judgment generated headlines of outrage throughout the entire northwest and brought pressure from humane organizations and animal control authorities on all of us. Their behavior not only made it nearly impossible for us to keep cats, but provided a negative model to which all of us here are still compared.

The reason for noting these incidents was a recent newsletter editorial which appeared to advocate looking the other way when confronted with questionable behavior by cat owners. While I can accept the fact that as owners we need to stick together, I can't accept the philosophy that we are obligated to defend owners whose actions risk our cats and as one of "the out of state letter writers" mentioned in the editorial, I feel that a response to the editorial is required.

There has never been a negative law passed that could not find its origins in the foolish actions of an owner or dealer. In some cases that misbehavior was clearly a case of open public risk or cruelty. But in the majority of cases, it's simply a case of somebody behaving like an idiot before a public that doesn't understand us and is

scared stiff. Because of this, we can't afford to ignore such people. Certainly we should try our best to push for attitude and behavioral change in them but where this fails and where such people pose risks to our cats we have no choice but to do what is necessary to publicly expose them. We have to be able to prove to the authorities that we are a responsible group and can be trusted to conduct ourselves with little or no governmental help. This might mean doing as little as using peer pressure to keep an owner from dragging his cats through taverns, stores, and schools to as much as closing down a pet shop. When the choice is doing that or letting unknowledgeable frightened bureaucrats do it for you or to you, there really is no choice. If we go into hiding whenever a foolish owner turns up we're going to pay for it. As a group, we are considered no better than the worst among us due to the public attitude outlined above. When an owner upsets people by his actions, we have to choose between calling a spade a spade, denying our enemies the chance to bury us, or ignoring or covering up for him or her, thus leaving it to our opponents to hold services after we've buried ourselves.

This, of course, doesn't justify ripping into another member or owner over personality conflicts but if you're so stupid that you don't realize actions by others who threaten the majority of owners, it's my opinion that you're too stupid to be a good owner. In the case noted in the editorial, the member who got panned has posed what I consider a direct threat to every owner in the northwest by their actions and attitudes. Additionally, they seem to feel that LIOC is to be used as a tool for their interests in promotional schemes. The person has taken a lion to several public places in apparent indifference to security needs and in total indifference to the requests of other local members that she cool it in the interest of the majority. When told by the Portland city council to erect suitable temporary facilities to gain permit to keep the cat, she chose instead to go to the local papers and broadcasters in a play for sympathy. This not only irritated the council, and threatened a hardening of attitudes of cat owners there, but her appearances in the Seattle area on TV and in the papers (especially pictures of her small son with the cat) upset the city council of Seattle.

I should point out here also, that this per-



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son would not have been before a negative council if she hadn't drawn citizens' complaints by dragging the lion through stores in the first place.

Now, I believe in the live and let live philosophy, and I agree that we have to stick together to survive, but I also believe that when we're under the gun, as we are, live and let live doesn't apply to those who risk our cats and sticking together doesn't include backing up such people either.

—John Paramore

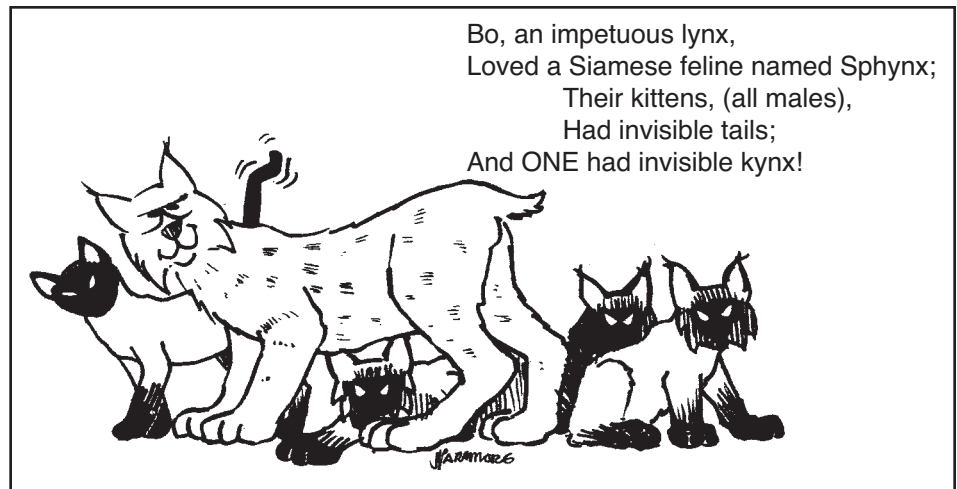
John was a board member

The editorial on the negative aspects of the Long Island Ocelot Club interested me greatly, as did the tongue in cheek article—How to Destroy a Club. The backbiting and petty jealousies that seem to abound in any organization, be it an animal club or a ladies garden society, are always defeating to the overall purpose for which the club was formed.

Often when I recommend to someone that they join LIOC and our local group, A.C.E.C., they say, "I'm not a joiner" or "I don't like clubs." No doubt they are thinking of these internal machination when they hesitate to become members. Very possibly, too, the members who stick their heads in the sand are hoping they won't have to become involved in the political problems and personality conflicts which are bound to be part of any group.

At this time, when solidarity is so important for the protection of our cats, your rule of keeping quiet unless you have something nice to say is certainly valid. When dealing with animal regulatory official (whether local, state, or federal), the press or any outsiders, we must present a unified front and the image of responsible dedication to the purposes of our organization.

I must take this a step further and submit for the members' consideration that the image of dedication to our purposes would be considerably easier to maintain if our purposes were more clearly defined. And you point out: we cannot recommend specifications for feeding and housing unless we have first hand knowledge of the specie in question. Since so many species are represented by our club, would it not be possible to set minimum standards for the care of each of these species based on members



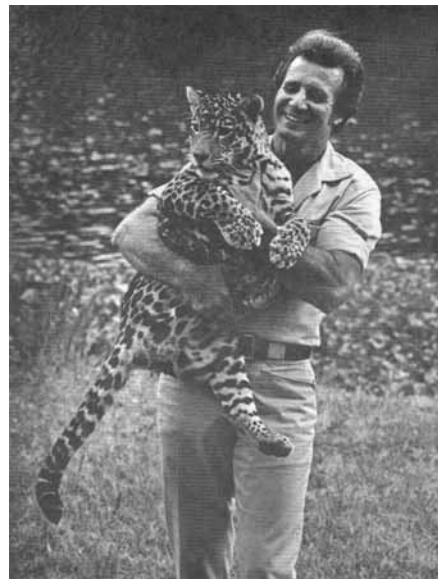
experience and expertise? If we were to "clean our own back yard" we should stand a better chance of convincing the powers that be that we are responsible individuals and not just a "bunch of nuts" as we are often called.

Through the ages I have worked with many organizations that purport to be interested in the welfare of animals in general or wildlife in particular. I have met with tremendous antagonism against exotic cat ownership, but have been fortunate enough

to wear down their resistance through persistent adherence to the standards I set for myself. Since we need all the friends we can get, it is most discouraging to have some member "blow it" by irresponsibility, inadequate care of the cats, or flagrant flaunting of the restrictions placed on us.

This is a crucial time in the history of LIOC, to say nothing of the history of our country. We are fighting for not only our existence as a club, but also for our individual rights. Now is the time for us to take a stand on issues much of what is proper care for an ocelot, margay, etc., how to assure the best possible dispensation of the offspring resulting from our breeding programs, how we intend to cope with the potential for over-population of exotics and how we stand on the laws that affect us directly in regard to keeping our pets. If we prove we have all aspects of exotic ownership covered, we can demand a say in the restrictions placed on us. If we look the other way when a member refuses to even try and legalize his situation or obviously keeps his cats in a manner that is unfitting, we are jeopardizing all our cats. It doesn't matter if the member who endangers us is one whose company we enjoy, who is fun to be with at meetings or if we dislike him intensely. The only criterion should be adherence to the standards we will set for the well being of the cats. When we have such standards, we will truly be united and able to offer something to our community. Until then, we will continue to see our personal freedoms eroded and our difficulties mount.

Virginia English (now Carin Sousa)



**1975: Stan Brock is shown above with Sach, a young jaguar belonging to and bred by Charles and Sadie Douglas. Stan just completed a film, *Forgotten Wilderness*, which will be released this year and stars many LIOC cats—watch for it.**

## 1976 Tencing: 1959-1976

*An account of what it was like to share a life with a rare species.*

Tencing was a very small jaguarundi when he came to live with Frances and David Tweet. He was a tame baby and in spite of the fact that one book on mammals containing the statement that jaguarundis are untamable, Frances thought highly of him and declared she would not exchange him for a pink diamond.

He aged easily into his new home. A nine-year-old Siamese cat by the name of Robert readily accepted him and the two were soon great buddies. Even when the small kit from the wilds ran circles around a tolerant, older housecat, there was not the slightest disruption.

Nature, however, in the form of a spring ice storm presented a serious threat to the health of the young jaguarundi only a few months after his arrival. Trees coated with ice and snow fell across the power lines, transformers blew up, and their warm house quickly became a frigid one. A miniature kerosene stove was sent in by the passable main road and was the only means of warming food.

Robert, wearing his woolen sweater, retired under bed covers for the duration. When he heard an electric can opener come on ten days later, he crawled out of bed his sweater and resumed normal life.

The jaguarundi youngster had been installed in a cat carrier that was insulated by covering of coats, blanket and the like. The body heat in this small area kept him snug during the ten days. When the power back on, he emerged fit as could be, without



**Tencing as a baby**

even a sneeze.

Adapting to the life of his family proved to be no problem for the small cat. He lived in several different localities and states. One time there was a transcontinental jet flight that he accepted easily.

Tencing was handled with great care and gentleness so to never destroy or betray the trust he had had in the beginning. As he grew older, he became sweeter, if anything. He had an affectionate way with his best friend, sometime catching the hem of her dress or her with his teeth as if to keep her with him as long as he could. He gave as much love as he received.

He was a happy fellow; enthusiasm was one of his endearing qualities. He enjoyed a wide variety of foods—different kinds of

meat spiced with a bit of vegetable or fruit plus whatever else was considered beneficial to him. When a dab of food was offered him he would give a little cry of delight. Floral accents appealed to him. A few drops of perfume (such as Borghese's Fiamma) would cause him to luxuriate, rolling on his back as if to transfer the fragrance to his ticked brown fur. It became a weekly event to provide him with a perfume treat.

Except for a grave illness (Feline infectious enteritis) at the age of 18 months, Tencing was a healthy cat, practically never sick. There came a time however, when it was unmistakable that his health was failing. He was taken to a veterinary clinic for examination. Diagnosis was severe kidney impairment. There would be no heroic measure, no strange medical procedures to try to prolong life. The kindest thing would be to bring him back to his quiet, familiar home.

In the week that followed, he slept more and more. Often when awake, he wanted to be held. Though he was now silent, his eyes were expressive as he looked up into the face of his old friend.

On the final night, once when he awoke he wanted to be held. He lay on David's lap and watched Frances as she worked in the kitchen. Some hours later at 5 o'clock the next morning, with both of his friends with him, he died peacefully in his bed.

A remarkable little creature, Tencing was treasured for over sixteen years.

## 1977 It's a What?—Travelling with an Oncilla

*Pat Quillen runs SOS Care in Escondido, CA and is a Lotty recipient and a life member.*

Our little Gensie is one of the many cats who feels it is essential that she be noticed. I'm sure most of you fellow exotic owners must have at one time or another been very weary of repeatedly explaining the size, nature, diet, habits and origin of your cats, in response to "How big will it get when it grows up?" "Does it bite?" "What does it eat?" "Can you touch it?" "Where did you find it?" etc., etc...

Since Gensie began her travel career at one day of age, it seems only natural to grab

a couple of her favorite toys and haul them into the carrier when she sees me packing a suitcase. Of course I must first convince her that I really do not want her assistance organizing my own belongings which is no easy task. As departure time nears she bounds about, leaping to my shoulders and circling my neck purring loudly all the while with her little ears flapping with excitement.

I have no difficulty getting her into the carrier, for each time I pass near it during my routine she trots quickly in, spins round

lifts all four simultaneously, wearing that silly grin she seems to have inherited from her father.

Now I ask, would you have the heart to leave her behind?

On one occasion there was no carrier in the room and poor Gensie ran about frantically squealing her frenzied disbelief and concern, so I brought a cardboard box in and placed it beside the desk where her carrier would usually stand before a trip. This satisfied her completely, she loped about, in

and out of the carton just as she would have done with the carrier.

We all know that there are times when we just are in no mood to answer all the questions and in those cases we attempt to conceal Gensie's identity by using a variety of seemingly foolproof carriers. Our first carrier was so terrific (or so we thought) because it did not appear to be an animal carrier at all. It allowed sufficient air to her and unfortunately more than sufficient air to us from inside the carrier. You see, Gensie is one of those who when excited will "pass air." Since one of her favorite dishes is a blend of rich milk, baby food, egg yolk, and vitamins, this is quite an embarrassment as you sit or stand trying to pretend you do not notice the terrible aroma clouding from time to time around you. We decided this deadly silence was not the answer, and gave her a carrier that had a tiny mesh, which allowed her to see out of, and when covered with a baby blanket, no one could see her. This satisfied her only for a short time, after which she began to emit her strange rasping cry for attention and recognition. Between cries all who were near enough could hear the ever-present loud purrrrrrrrr. We graduated to the carriers with only a few openings in the nature of little round holes about one inch in diameter. Much to my dismay as I sat leafing casually through a magazine, carrier in my lap, the lady sitting next to me emitted such a shriek that I nearly leaped from my chair. I glanced down to see this little paw grasping the lady's sleeve. I stared in disbelief as for the first time I saw the actual extended length of Gensie's right front leg exposed to the shoulder from this minute little hole in the end of the carrier.

No damage was done to the lady's clothing and we all had a chuckle as I moved a chair away, putting a safe distance between anything but Gensie and myself. I returned to my magazine but right away my awareness of my surroundings was revived as I heard a couple of snickers to my right. I leaned to look at the side of the carrier (which seemed to be the source of the amusement) and saw Gensie's eyeball pressed firmly to one of the upper holes and her paw dangling affably out of a lower

one, and I became aware of the vibrating purrrrrrr.

I attempted next to cover her carrier with a towel. Have you ever seen a bath towel inch its way through a tiny hole? The spec-



**1977: Precious, a six week old "Marlot" is shown here with owner Barbara Brock. Precious is a LIOC first—her sire is a domestic born margay and her mother is a domestic born ocelot.**

tators' eyes widen with amusement.

The minute she gains recognition, as she always does, the inevitable question is asked, "What is it?" to which I reply: "Oh, just a silly oncilla." awaiting the inevitable second question: "It's a what?" I now ask Gensie, "Okay Its a what, ready to go?" And with her incessant purr and a silly oncilla grin she zips into the carrier; whips around and flops on her belly facing me, funny little ears going like mad, all prepared for the next adventure.

Except for her initial trip, a flight which I doubt she would remember, her travel has been by auto (or truck which she enjoys equally) so she is quite comfortable and quite well behaved while I drive. She prefers to lie across the back of the seat and rest her head on my shoulders, watching the landscape disappear into the rear of the door window beside me. Unlike her nature at home or in motel rooms, or at friend's homes, she is quite calm and almost lethargic while in route. If she is traveling with other companions (human or feline) whose presence requires her confinement to a carrier for the balance of travel time, she seems not to mind at all as long as she is included.

—Pat Quillen

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ZAOA web site: [www.zaoa.org](http://www.zaoa.org)

e-mail: [iszn@c2i2.com](mailto:iszn@c2i2.com)

or write: Zoological Association of America

HC1, Box 747

Elgin, AZ 85611



*An organization of Zoos and Zooculturists  
supporting conservation,  
propagation & preservation.*



## Southwestern Branch: Confiscation Close Call

*Exotic cats were allowed to travel anywhere with their owners but LIOC people were starting to discover restrictions.*

The fall meeting of the Southwest Branch was held October 29 in Garland, Texas, just outside of Dallas. However, the most important event of the meeting as it turned out was unexpected and unscheduled—our cats were nearly confiscated or at least threatened with legal action. It seems that two weeks prior to our meeting the town council of Garland passed a “vicious” animal act; it was decided that we posed a threat. Two animal control trucks and two police squad cars were parked in front of our hosts, John and Gale Duke’s house. Uniforms were everywhere and tension was high even though there was only one mar-

gay and one cougar present.

Unknown to us, a member arrived early with a small lion and tiger. A subdivision was next door to the motel and needless to say neighboring kids discovered the cat’s trailer. Animal control was called and our member, Walter Marshall was asked to leave. Of course the authorities learned of our meeting as we did not know we were breaking any local law and they were watching the Duke’s home for our arrival.

The police did nothing and were very

nice. Animal control however came on like thunder and lightening but because all our members were most cooperative, asking how they could help, they seemed a bit thrown off by the cordiality and cooperation. The margay was caged and the cougar was on steel cable in the back of a van so they really could not be accused of posing a threat to anyone. Names of owners were taken and permission was given to resume our meeting.

—Danny Treaner



## California Branch: More Doom and Gloom

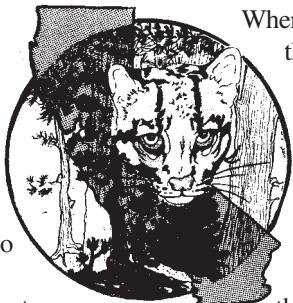
*Bay area members grapple with some complete local bans.*

Our meeting took place off Highway 1 in Montara, a seaside community and the home of Baby, a gigantic ocelot of great beauty belonging to Jean Huber. Unfortunately, the turnout was small, but it contained within it one of my baby ocelots, all grown up now and extraordinarily tame. I brought my newest little female ocelot and a margay and jaguarundi baby were also present.

The news of the latest move to outlaw our pets was grimly announced at the gathering. San Francisco, named for the

patron saint of animals has jumped on the bandwagon and decided to outlaw almost everything but the dog and cat... domesticus, of course. Everything else must go.

Where? We do not know. Naturally, this was the topic of our conversation. It was decided to retain a lawyer and fight it tooth and claw. The ordinance was written so as to be the most stringent of any ever heard of. There is no “grandfather clause” or anything similar in the ordinance presented by the health department. We all tried to enjoy our potluck and especially the LIOC cake



with ocelot icing.

As we left, there was a gloomy atmosphere of impending doom and nothing has yet shaken it.

All this came about of course from the case that took place during our convention in which a family who had a mountain lion which they kept chained by their house was presumably being teased by some children and took it out on the child he knew—the daughter of his owners. She was badly mauled, but survived. The cat was shot and died soon after. The repercussions of this case are indeed very severe.

Felinely,  
Loreon Vigne, President and acting secretary

## 1978 ESSA Rules Against Margay Import

*Here again, we kindle vain hope that we could have been declared self-sustaining populations—this time from the F&W people. Of course, it never happened and today the margay are all gone.*

*The following letter was received by your editor from the Endangered Species Scientific Authority in response to my answering a request for information on rule-making by that department.*

Dear Ms. Treaner:

On September 7, 1977 the U.S. Endangered Species Authority (ESSA) disapproved a permit application to import two margays from Nicaragua. As I felt this action would be of interest to LIOC, I

thought I would take this opportunity to inform you of our recent activities involving wild cats.

The permit application referred to above was submitted by a zoo in the United States. The margays were purchased by an American couple at a market in Nicaragua. The couple were apparently concerned for the welfare of the cats, and tried to give the cats to a zoo to ensure that they would have a suitable home. The ESSA disapproved the application because the approval would be

inconsistent with the ESSA’s policy on imports of specimens of animals and plants included in Appendix I of the Convention. The ESSA has established a policy that it is generally will not approve imports of specimens on Appendix I unless such imports are for essential scientific use not detrimental to the survival of the species or to enhance the propagation or survival of the species. The disapproval by the ESSA is the first test of its policy as applied to import of pet Appendix I animals.



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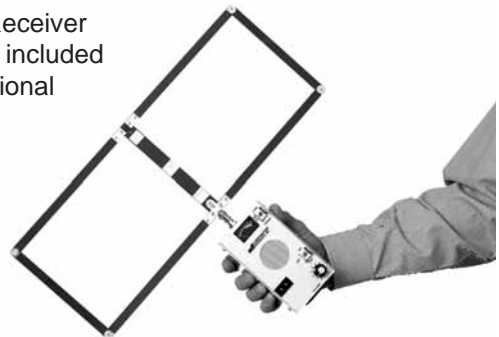
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Furthermore, the ESSA noted that the approval of such imports of pet animals would probably stimulate collectors to acquire more animals for pets. As I am sure you are aware, such activities deplete wild populations, and are often conducted without regard to the humane care of the individual animals concerned.

I expect that the ESSA's impact on the activities of LIOC will be minimal. The ESSA is primarily concerned with the international trade of wild animals and plants included in the Appendices of the Convention on trade in Endangered Species.

International trade in captive-bred specimens of Convention species is exempt from the provisions of the Convention and can be conducted under a certificate of exemption.

The Convention and ESSA recognize the importance of captive breeding to enhance the survival of species included in the Appendices of the Convention. However, as the taxonomy of wild cats is not well known, it is very important that breeding programs of these animals be rigidly maintained to ensure the genetic integrity of the species.

It would be most appropriate if pet ani-

mals be supplied by breeding existing captive stock. I would suggest that your organization may want to investigate having certain species of wild cats designated as Captive Self-sustaining. This designation simplifies interstate trade in such animals.

I would appreciate it if you would place ESSA on your regular mailing lists. If I can be of any further assistance to you or to other members of your organization please write or call me.

Sincerely,  
William Y. Brown Executive Secretary

## 1979 A Win!?

*Florida member Nancy Bartlett was taken to court recently and charged with failure to protect the public.*

Charges stemmed from an incident involving her ocelot who allegedly "attacked and bit" a five year old neighborhood boy. The child entered a fenced backyard and admitted in court that he kicked the cage gate containing the cat. Somehow the gate sprung open and the child was bitten. Under questioning, the boy admitted that he and his 16-year-old brother had entered the yard on previous occasions while the owner was absent. Additionally, he stated that upon release the cat paced

rapidly back and forth along the side of the cage and that it was he who bit the cat first!

The owner was legally licensed by the State of Florida, which had inspected her facilities and found them to be adequate for the proper care of the ocelot.

The jury was out for one hour (which included lunch) before returning a verdict of not guilty. They obviously thought the unsupervised child had no business entering a fenced yard.

Sad to note however is that the innocent

cat was found guilty without a trial and was shot by a policeman answering the original call.



## 1980 Births

*Early LIOC magazine featured announcements of births and deaths quite regularly. This is an early account of a Geoffroy hybrid.*

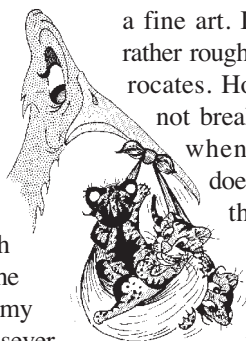
Our male Geoffroy's (Rajah) and female Persian produced a beautiful kitten on May 5. The kitten is Geoffroy's in type with slightly longer fur and is doing very well. Rajah is 12 months old now and weighs nine pounds.

Rajah shares the apartment with us and is leash-trained. His diet is Nebraska brand feline mix with multi-vitamins, milk, and greens. The greens are mainly toys; he prefers my tropical plants. A caladium is worth several swats and no's to Rajah.

Rajah is pure Geoffrey in behavior except that he is very quiet. The daily average is one "miaow" when I let him out of the bathroom where he spends the night. He purrs frequently, but that's all. Rajah is well housebroken and has all his teeth and

claws. He seldom scratches but has "mouthing" down to a fine art. I play with him rather roughly and he reciprocates. However, he will not break the skin even when excited, but does fray me about the edges somewhat.

He will fetch anything that is thrown, rolled up socks are great. He also likes to torment anyone who ignores him, making this letter very difficult to write: I have a pen in one hand and a set of jaws around the other.



**In the 1980s LIOC had about a dozen local chapters which were as diverse as their logos. Mike Balbo made this collage of branch logos.**



## 1981 ESA foils LIOC

*This editorial from Shirley Wagner takes the membership to task for the impending captive extinction of the margay and ocelot. Her criticism rings true today. We have lost the margay and we are about to lose the ocelot... unless we breed a lot of spotted gifts.*

Shame on us! It would appear that Uncle Sam has licked us after all.

In a recent conversation with this year's Lotty recipient, Pat Quillen, she mentioned she was grievously worried about the margay and the fact that she believed them in grave danger as no one was breeding them any longer.

That started the mental wheels turning and it would appear that Uncle Sam in fact has defeated us. What happened folks to the stated purpose of LIOC—the creed that we are dedicated to the “preservation and propagation of all species of exotic felidae?” Have we indeed given up and abandoned our goal? When was the last time you saw margays or even ocelots in the “Births” column?

Apparently our creed “preservation and propagation” was more pretty words than active commitment.

Uncle Sam prohibits only the sale of kittens. Yes, that does remove some incentive. It hurts the ole pocket book that sale of kits cannot be used to offset the upkeep of the adults—but does it change our goals? Where was profit included in our stated purpose? The adult cats have to be fed kits or no kits—why not prove our altruistic motives and continue to breed?

How many dozens of times have I heard a breeder say, “I’d rather give my kittens to a good home than to sell them to a bad one.” OK folks, prove it! The club will help you find homes, good ones, for your kits.

So the profit margin (if there truly was any) has been removed. But the satisfaction one receives from knowing that you have helped enriched just one person’s life with a generous dose of spotted love, or the satisfaction gained in knowing you’ve contributed to the survival of a species has not been removed.

Endangered species are only endangered as numbers dwindle. We have lost sight of the fact that if we can flood the world with kits, we might be able to be classified as a “Captive Self-Sustaining Population” and again regain a place in the marketplace.

But, most of all, it would behoove us to remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

## 1982 Ken's Korner: Shock

*A regular feature in those days was a column called Ken's Korner. President Ken Hatfield was a knowledgeable breeder and owner of many feline species and he regularly shared his knowledge in short pieces such as this one below. The humorous artwork was most likely a reference to the more famous country “Hatfield” from the Hatfield and McCoys of Tennessee days.*

The term “shock” is one I hear frequently abused. It is extremely important to know whether or not shock is truly present, because its presence or absence often determines whether or not a condition is an emergency.

Shock can be simply defined as the failure of the cardiovascular system to provide the body tissues with oxygen, without which an animal cannot survive.

There are several causes of shock. The most common in veterinary medicine is blood loss. The following signs may indicate the presence of shock:



1) Depression (quietness and inactivity) and lack of normal response to external environmental stimuli.

2) Rapid heart and respiratory rate.

3) Poor capillary refilling time. To test for this, press firmly against the gums, causing them to blanch (whiten) beneath your finger. Lift your finger away and see how long it takes for the color to return to the blanched area. The normal refilling time is no more than one or two seconds. Poor capillary filling is an early and constant sign of shock, it precedes the pale, cool, mucous membranes present in

the more advanced stages.

4) Rapid pulse, which becomes weak and may become absent as shock progresses.

5) Lowered body temperature. The extremities (legs and paws) and skin become cool to the touch and rectal temperature often drops below 100°F.

If your cat shows signs of shock following injury or prolonged illness, contact a veterinarian immediately. But first wrap your cat in a towel or blanket if possible to preserve body heat.

## 1983 Annual Convention

*The 1983 LIOC Convention was held at Isis Oasis, the beautiful California resort owned by Loreon Vigne. Staff from Sea World joined the group on Friday and brought a baby tiger, a cheetah, and a black leopard cub. The convention account published in the July issue of the newsletter included this final paragraph below:*

Among the many memories are Gary Butler's tiger taking a dip in the pool, Ethel Hauser, another baby chaus in tow, taking her leave to give it a bottle, J.B. ready to go to another winery (he's a wine steward at home), Jackie Vanderwall and clouded,

Fred Boyajian and margay Lefty. (This is Lefty's third convention.) Lots of bobcats—Gayle Schaecker's, Jerry Boyles', and I think more. We did not see as many “local” west coast faces (especially with as many as there are on the west coast) as we would

have liked to. And we missed Art Human this year. (Where are you Art?) But all that made it contributed to the occasion and despite our declining membership, made it seem an active, growing thing—in spirit anyway.

## LIOC-ESCF Executive Meeting

*Hot topics of the day were the tax-exempt status for the LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, update on the Endangered Species Act that consumed everyone's energy during the 1970s and efforts to boost a sagging membership in LIOC.*

President, Ken Hatfield, called the General Membership meeting to order.

There being no "old business" Ken reported that LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation has completed its three years as a probationary non-profit organization and is now confirmed as such.

The current laws pertaining to movement of exotics (endangered and threatened species) was discussed. Currently, the U.S.D.I. will issue permits to individuals. Those individuals may then engage in interstate commerce with another so licensed. This currently does not apply to ocelots, as they are a native species.

As always, finances (or lack of them) was brought up. It was suggested and referred to the board for discussion that LIOC consider publishing the newsletter quarterly versus the bi-monthly schedule we now use.

In order to boost membership, it was suggested that each member now enjoying a "Life Member" status give a membership to a new member each year, with hopes that those new members would renew on their own the following year. It was also suggested that when a kitten goes to a new home a membership in LIOC should go with it if the new owner is not a member.

A tribute to  
our artists  
old and  
new.



## 1984 Crazy Caracal and Cartoons

*The club has its share of home-grown cartoonists that kept us laughing and groaning each issue.*

CRAZY CARACAL



CRAZY CARACAL

BY REBECCA MORGAN



## 1985 Clarification of the Endangered Species Act

*What is trade and what is not*

United States Department of the Interior  
FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE WASHINGTON, D.C. 20240.

Mr. Fred Boyajian  
2996 Howell Mill Road, N.W.  
Atlanta, Georgia 30327

Dear Mr. Boyajian:

This letter responds to your telephone request of September 27, 1985, for clarification of transactions between buyers and sellers of native felids (e.g. ocelots) protected by the U.S. Endangered Species Act.

You recently obtained an Endangered Species permit to buy two ocelots for breeding purposes from a breeder in the State of Washington. It took five months to obtain the permit. You asked if a deposit on an ocelot to keep the present owner from selling to an intrastate buyer who would not have to wait for a federal permit.

It is legal under the U.S. Endangered Species Act to buy an endangered species in interstate commerce, under permit, for

certain purposes, but federal regulations require that the buyer (not the seller) obtain the permit. This arrangement provides protection for the endangered animal because the applicant for a permit must state his purpose for obtaining an endangered species, his expertise, and provide evidence of the adequacy of his facilities.

A buyer may put a deposit on an endangered animal pending receipt of a permit. If the permit is not issued, it is up to the buyer and seller to arrange the fate of the deposit. It is illegal to sell, or offer to sell an endangered species in interstate commerce without a permit. Therefore, any advertisement or correspondence relating to such a transaction must carry a warning to the effect that no sale may be consummated until a permit has been obtained from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

If an animal is transferred from one per-

son to the other on a breeding loan and thereafter the recipient buys it without a permit, it will be construed as an obvious subterfuge to avoid the requirements of the U.S. Endangered Species Act. If an animal is transferred from one person to another on a breeding loan, and thereafter the recipient applies for a permit with this office, then no deposit or purchase may be made before the permit is issued. A copy of the breeding loan agreement must accompany the application.

Delays this past year in permit issuance have been caused by staff shortages. We are now fully staffed and should be able to issue endangered species permits in less than 90 days.

Sincerely,  
R. K. Robinson  
Chief, Branch of Permits  
Federal Wildlife Permit Office



## 1986 Recovery of Scooby

*What do do when your pet bobcat escapes*

A lost or escaped cat is something that most exotic feline owners live in dread of. It happened to me a short time ago.

Scooby, my year-old male bobcat, followed me out the front door without my detecting it.

When it became apparent that "Scoo" was really missing, I did a rather unproductive, but predictably human thing i.e., I panicked. After a number of hours of frantically beating the bushes around my house and adjacent areas, it was time to sit down, calm down and think things over.

I began to reason: due to bobcat camouflage, it was obvious that I could just about step on Scoo without ever seeing him. The area around my house is heavily wooded; a hundred bobcats could easily conceal themselves while gleefully watching an equal number of humans stumbling through the bushes making a--s of themselves.

What to do? Contacting the media seemed too dangerous. Newspapers and TV are first and foremost publicity/sensation seekers—a twenty-pound, declawed and tame bobcat could easily become a two-ton Siberian tiger embarked on a campaign of terror. (Bobcat=wildcat=lion, tiger, or whatever)

On the other hand, to the local animal control officer (dog catcher) and police department, publicity is as welcome as a terminal disease.

I started making phone calls: the animal control officer came over right away. She immediately fell in love with my two seven-week old cougar kittens. A stroke of luck! I had an ally. The police department and all my sur-

rounding neighbors were alerted to be on the look-out for a very small (almost a baby, in fact) harmless bobcat.

Despite the search being hampered by several days of typically rainy New England weather (no chance for Scoo to follow a recent trail home) a sighting was made



**Scooby back at home**



within 24 hours. Scoo attempting to befriend a neighbor's cat, tried following it into the neighbors home (neighbor and neighbor's cat in particular, not thrilled with the idea.)

I immediately mobilized some of the local kids (Kids looking for a lost kitty invoke more sympathy than silly grown-ups looking for kitty.) Armed with written notices to the effect: "Please do not harm the harmless cat" plus my telephone number. I then parked myself next to the telephone.

At 4:10 P.M. I got my call. Scoo was under an abandoned truck not 300 yards from the original sighting.

Needless to say, a few world speed records were broken in the time it took me to get there. The neighbor who phoned was calmly sitting beside the truck trying to entice Scoo out with a plate of cat food.

Naturally Scoo wasn't having any; hungry as he was, he would of course prefer cyanide to cat food.

Thirty feet from the truck, I called his name and he was in my arms so fast he nearly knocked me over.

Unfortunately, at the exact moment that I

took physical possession of Scoo the police chose to arrive. Although the cooperation and good-heartedness of the police were beyond question in this situation, there seems to be an unwritten law among police departments that squad cars arriving on the scene must always do so in a cloud of dust, tires squealing and brakes screeching.

Scoo immediately decided that a trip to the moon was in order, but superman himself couldn't have broken my grip and 15 minutes later Scoo was home, safe and sound, a bit thinner, very hungry and glad to be a tragedy had been averted.

Scoo got loose because I broke one of my own rules: usually whenever I leave the house I automatically confine him, but on this particular day, I had a quick errand to run and let my rule lapse. As it turned out, I was very lucky indeed.

Secondly, although I have always maintained that a collar is a potential noose. I have changed my mind and Scoo looks very chic in his new, red leather collar.

Also, if I was 100% convinced of the necessity for de-clawing before, I am now 110% convinced. Without claws, Scoo was not capable of causing real injury. For those

who might question his ability to defend himself: well Scoo learned long ago that as far as agility goes, dogs are only clumsy oafs compared to himself.

But, above all, in the event (God forbid) of an escape, establish a network; beating bushes is OK for Jungle Joe moves, but not good for much else.

Re-assure *everyone* (police, neighbors, etc) that the animal is near harmless and will bite only if attacked or frightened (if young, the animal is barely out of diapers. If old, it is on its last leg, old, decrepit, nearly toothless and half-blind.) babies and senior citizens are not considered threatening.

Be sure to ask the animal control officer and the police to immediately notify you of any sighting. Tell them that you want to be the first on the scene to do the handling—they will be only happy to oblige you in this.

But as they say, "All's well that ends well," and I hope that the reporting of this incident is of some value to fellow feline owners.

—David Baskin

## 1987 Divided We Stand, United We Fall

*A president's perspective by Fred Boyajian.*

During the past several months I have had a lot of interest in determining the state of LIOC today. Many of you have written or called and recently during trips to the west coast and Florida I had the opportunity to visit many more members in person. I have tried to listen, observe, be as neutral and open minded as possible. After all, I live in my own little world with a few small cats in Atlanta and with rare exception, only see LIOC members at conventions. The election changed everything. I figured I had better become more familiar about how the organization was run, the particular qualities of many other cats, and the interests of people who cared for them, if I was going to be of any help.

Generally I have found that most people are doing the best they can with what they have and that their animal's welfare comes first. In fact I was amazed that a few were trying to do so much with very little. Some were trying to do more than what they were

realistically capable of handling. This common tread of care of felines is where all the similarities end. There is no typical exotic owner rather they are as individualized as each species of cat. Cat people are good-natured as long as we see things their way. Many members have been on their own so long that they think that they are experts based on their narrow realm of experience. So naturally questions only have one answer, black or white, like a cat possessive of its toy or food.

Some cat people have less of a predatory instinct, and while defensive of their views have elevated some of the more forceful members to positions of a tin god in an effort to get along. As we know cats are territorial and some species have wider ranges and therefore overlap others. Cats secure their territory by spraying and other marks delightful to no one but their own kind.

Cat people, particularly the tin gods, secure their territorial niche of expertise

through an equally odious form of caterwauling: member bashing!

Perhaps this is true of all animal owners because animals are an emotional, not rational issue.

Yes, different tunes of member bashing



1986: Fred Boyajian with cougar

bills the top ten of the LIOC hit parade. Not education, not animal welfare, not even medical or legal issues.

By the time the tin gods have sprayed everyone, there are very few left who think they are so wonderful either. For the lesser predators who let themselves get run over with opinion, hiding out in LIOC is hardly a safe place because we are so divided. When we stray and call on another trying desperately to get information on how to raise a cat, we have to listen through a background of member bashing.

Are we so afraid that if we band together and agree that it is a sign of weakness and that united we will fall in ruins and lose our credibility? Are all these divided stands enhancing the species we profess to care about? If I thought so I'd put all the cats together and let them solve their own problems.

Although it's impossible to stop cats from spraying, it is possible to keep it to an acceptable level by reducing the buildup. Its time to get the Clorox and clean the LIOC cage.

What is the solution? Lets start with a more rational look at some of the underlying causes of member bashing.

First is selfishness. When we join LIOC, we want something, information, or a cat, etc. But what we fail to recognize is that this our organization and it is what we make it and if we want to just get without giving a little in return, don't look for help when you're in a jam.

A second cause might be some of our personal business practices or lack of the same. When you apply to the government for a permit, they want to know everything before they act. It's not just a phone call; there is paperwork involved.

Intolerance is another major source of irritation. How we fail to temper our own perspective when interfacing with others breeds polarities i.e. pet owners versus commercial dealers, experts versus experts, government versus everyone, the list is endless but the fact is most have legitimate concerns of their industry that need to be dealt with rationally even if they differ with ours.

Lastly, be a little less hasty and more cautious before accepting at face value opinionated views on the reputation of others. Most I have found are just rumor, gossip, and gross distortions. Determine facts for yourself. Get all sides of an issue before making a judgment. Being a member of LIOC is no implied stamp of approval either. It only means someone has sent in \$15. Be careful, there is "good" and "bad" within any organization, government, and institution but if you just accept other opinions as your own, are lax in your financial affairs, or think your needs are superior to others than you too will be caterwauling the member-basher blues.

Frankly I don't like such tunes and won't stand for it when others start to sing them in my presence. We can overcome many obstacles if we can de-emotionalize ourselves and band together long enough to put our energies, hearts, and minds into animal welfare. Otherwise we will all be the losers when the animals are all gone and we are still bickering amongst ourselves. Remember nobody's purrrfect.

## 1988 Animal Ambassadors

*This article was written by the head of the AZA Smithsonian zoo—he explains his philosophy of animals in zoos. Notice this purpose is the same as can be served by private individuals.*

Keeping animals in a zoo should be considered a sacred trust, not only for the animal themselves but for future generations of human beings as well. When these animals are removed from the wild and placed in a zoo, we assume all control over their destinies. We control every detail of their lives, what they eat, where they live, who will be their mates. We assume total responsibility for their health and safety.

But make no mistake. When an animal is taken from the wild, it is removed from the mainstream of species life. In most instances, as far as species survival is concerned, that individual is lost just as surely as if it had been killed by poachers, by natural predators or by starvation because its habitat was completely destroyed. How then can an animal in the zoo, while living a pleasant life, still contribute to the ongoing species life? It may do so by reproducing its kind in the zoo, so that its offspring can not only go to other zoos but perhaps, someday, hopefully, even be returned to the wild. If you think of the animals in the zoo as

ambassadors representing the kingdom of the wild to human society, I believe you will recognize their inestimable value to the animals belonging in the wild.

Like all ambassadors, they must represent their kind to a now and different kind of country. They must represent animal society in such a way that humans will respect, admire, understand, and treat them decently. Because our animal ambassadors cannot speak, we who are privileged to work in the zoos serve as their interpreters. This is the awesome responsibility we in the zoo profession must continually bear.

*Dr. Theodore Reed  
Director, National Zoological  
Park  
Smithsonian Institute  
From A Zoo For All Seasons*



Merry Christmas  
and a  
happy new year

## 1989 “Nobody is Really Sure What Species They Are”

*Exotic cats are often successfully integrated into family life.*

Here’s a bunch of pictures of the kids. The total count in the house consists of ten domestic cats, one Siberian husky, two ferrets, one ocelot, one Geoffroys cat and three servals. All of the exotics, with the exception of the ocelot, get along with everybody in the house. We are all one big, totally confused, happy family, although nobody is really sure what species they are! The three servals are quite convinced that the husky is their mother, similarity of the ears, I guess. She, in return, is quite pleased to take them on as her own. With the male serval being only six months old (as of December 1988),

we hope to begin breeding servals next year. We are also looking for a male companion for our female Geoffroys. The ocelot was our first exotic and is, without a doubt, the king of the house. Although we keep him separated when we are not home, he comes out every night and watches TV with the family. There is no question that the animals own the house and they are gracious enough to allow us to stay there. In all honesty, we wouldn’t have it any other way.

*Jeff and Scarlett  
Niverville, Manitoba Canada*



## 1990 Private Ownership: Upgrade from Threatened to Endangered

*Looking for that rare hobby-conservationist.*

The article about the undercover sting of a shooting ranch in Oklahoma prompts me to write this. I spoke with Special Agent Tom McRae in Oklahoma about these cougars. They were, according to him, three males, one unknown sex, and four females, two possibly pregnant. All cougars were declawed. Several more cougars had already been shot. The USDI caught the hunters posing with their dead trophies.

The cougars were purchased at two auctions, one in Missouri and one in Kansas. I am sure the private owners’ whose personal life changes promoted them to consign their lifelong responsibility to an auction never dreamed that their cougar would end up at a shooting ranch.

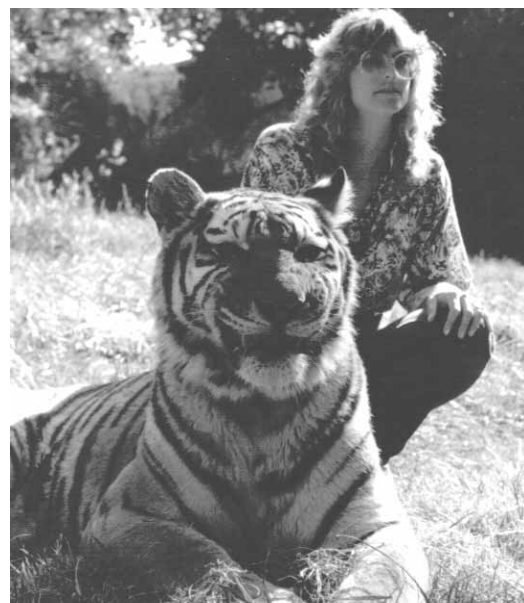
I talked with LIOC member Ken Hetrick in Ohio, last October. He told me of an auction he attended where you could buy all the baby cougars you wanted (up to 20) for \$130 each. I asked about breeding adults, he said they brought less.

The state of Michigan is cracking down

on its illegal exotic population. Authorities claim that there are 25 legal cougar owners in their state and over 300 illegal ones. Currently they have four in custody now, all confiscated from drug dealers.

Here in my state, Arkansas, I have been dealing with three homeless cougars. One spayed five-year old female has the misfortune of being owned by people who are moving to Arizona and they will not take her with them. After calling the other owners they knew, and receiving a negative answer, she has been placed in the custody of Arkansas for Animals. They have agreed to assume this couple’s responsibility. Arkansans for Animals and the Humane Society have raised enough money to build a cage for her. She will be flown to a Texas Exotic Animal Foundation south of Houston.

The other two cougars are personal friends of mine. I have watched them



**1989: Lynn Culver visits Tippi Hedren’s Shambala. Back in those days, Tippi was charging \$5.00 a head to have your photo with a cougar, leopard, lion, or tiger. They just had them on chains and paraded all sorts of people by.**



grow from kittens to the year-and-a-half they are now. Their owners divorced and the husband has decided that he can no longer care for them. We have agreed to take them, only because I know them personally and feel they deserve a good home. Tonight, after transporting them to our facility, I feel sad that such well-behaved, innocent cougars have to feel the pain of abandonment. We will do our best, though I know this means less time for our five cougars and more work and money to feed them.

If we are to survive and if private owner-

ship is going to be a part of the answer and not part of the problem, then we must face the facts. We must educate, organize, and plan for the future.

Experts are not born; they evolve from trial and error, applied studies, dedication, and hard work. New owners who adopt our offspring end up one of three types: some are a mistake and will prove to be unsuitable owners, others will take good care of their charges but keep their interest in exotics limited to their single companion feline. Ideally the breeder locates that special someone whose life takes a dramatic

turn in direction. These people are why we need private owners. They become completely involved with conservation, the welfare of wildlife and captive animals. They develop the dedication of a professional. They care. They serve. They educate themselves and all who will listen. And someday after years of service, they may even be recognized as an expert. And because some private owners evolve to this point, we must defend our rights and encourage and foster this noble attitude with all our combined forces.

—Lynn Culver

## 1991 **How to Pill a Clouded**

*Reminds me of that "how to pill a cat" email except Gemini only requires one step.*

By BeeJay Lester

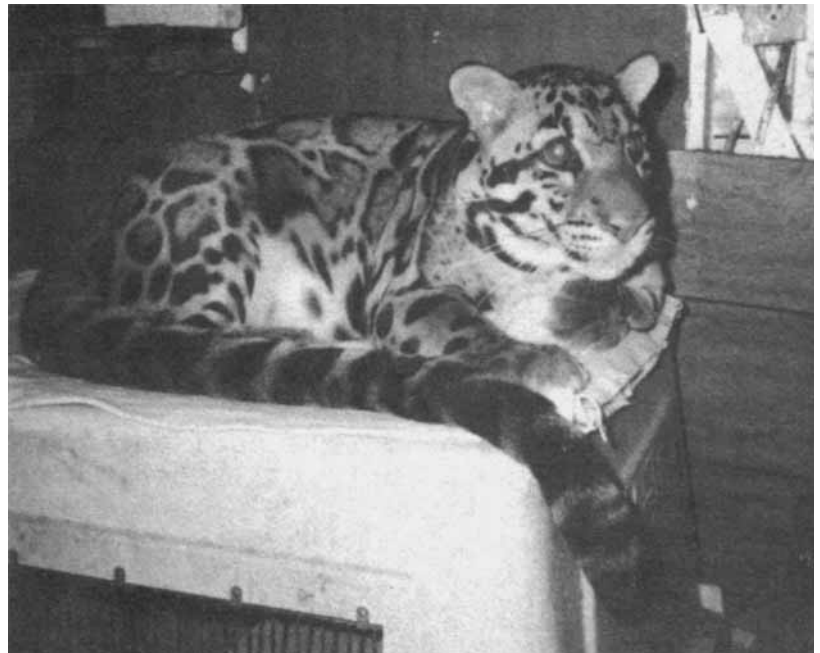
Gemini has suffered from a persistent tapeworm problem even though he is an indoor cat with only an occasional flea. He's combed daily, especially his long, thick tail.

I finally got two "Cestex" pills at \$14.00 to worm him as the injectable Droncet wasn't working.

How do you get pills past those awesome canines? In sugar figs! I have a tree in the yard and he loves them. I froze some so I'd have them for future use, but Gemini opens the fridge door. One day he did so, got out the frozen figs and demolished them! I now tape the door closed.

Gemini's disposition is such that you can take meat out of his mouth, just don't mess with his cottage cheese. He'll "kill" to keep it, growling, hissing, and displaying those long canines! He also gets Nutrical daily, along with canned ZuPreem, egg yolk, some beef, and ground turkey.

Whatta cat he is.



## 1992 **Living the Good Life**

*Yea, yea, yea. All privately owned tigers live in cramped cages... just like these?*

**Pictured here are felines owned by LIOC member and noted wildlife artist, Murray Killman. He sends his greetings from the Killman Zoo, Caledonia, Ontario. Murray reports that their tigers love the water, the lions do not.**



## 1993 Exotic Cats as Pets

*Guest Editorial by George Stowers—20 years later and another generation debate the issues—George became president a few years later and was in office during the name change.*

I have noticed in recent issues of our newsletter, several individuals have suggested that photographs of exotic cats which are not in cages, are interacting directly with their owners, or in domestic settings should be avoided as they present the ‘wrong impression,’ or are ‘unprofessional.’ Similar objections have been stated regarding the use of the word ‘pet’ when discussing exotic cats. Taken at face value, these statements seem to indicate that we should keep our cats locked in their cages and avoid all unnecessary contact, or at least attempt to convince the public that such is the case. I cannot agree with either

interpretation.

Openness and honesty are vital if we are to maintain and or improve our credibility and level of respect with the public. I’m sure it is clear to all of us that it is not unusual for cats kept by members, particularly the small to medium size species, to spend a considerable amount of time out of their cages in close contact with their owners. That such owners wish to provide their cats with the greatest amount of freedom practical, consistent with applicable regulations and public safety, and can form close psychological bonds of mutual trust and respect with their cats, does not sound to me like a ‘wrong impression’ to give the public. To call animals living in such conditions, particularly those which are not part of a breeding program, anything but pets is absurd and can only cause the public to wonder what other aspects of private ownership we are misrepresenting.

I’m sure that most of us understand that there are conditions under which continuous confinement and minimal contact with humans is necessary. Zoos and conservation programs aimed at the release of captive bred animals to the wild are two obvious examples. But it would be a mistake to assume that as acceptable in all captive situations.

During the last year I have discussed the pros and cons of private ownership of exotic cats with several hundred individuals on a computer network called Prodigy. As a result of these discussions I can assure you

that the picture of a cat confined to a cage for its entire life, with little or no direct contact with its owner is definitely not an image we want to project if we wish to retain the privilege of private ownership of exotic cats.

As for pursuit of a professional image, I understand the attraction of the label ‘professional.’ However, in the context of private ownership it seems to be the wrong focus. To be sure, we do have members who have dedicated their lives to the study and husbandry of exotic cats. But I believe most of us are at best enthusiastic amateurs who pursue our love of exotic cats in the time left over from our true profession, be it doctor, homemaker, farmer, or engineer. I believe our interest would be far better served by efforts to be recognized for what most of us truly are: responsible owners who are deeply concerned about the welfare of our animals, public safety, species endangerment, and regulatory compliance. There is no question that we must avoid creating an erroneous impression that ownership of an exotic cat as a ‘pet’ is appropriate for everyone who thinks they might want one regardless of their situation or ability to adequately care for the animal. But we should not be afraid to voice our belief that captive bred, hand raised, exotic cats can be appropriate companions for conscientious individuals who are willing and able to make the significant commitment of the time, effort, and resources that responsible ownership demands.



**Gayle Schaecher with Jackie Vanderwall's clouded leopard, Kasi**

## 1994 Kira and TJ

*A comparison of two species.*

*By Nanette McGann*

Kira, the caracal, came to live with me when she was nine weeks old. She's now 14 months. I could not wait any longer for the baby serval I had originally planned on getting. Kira was really not my first caracal—but that is a longer story. She was smart as a whip, but has always had an attitude and her own agenda. She loves her “mom” and now her “baby boy” but she has always pushed for her own way whenever she wants it. I still win, sometimes—

it's just that she keeps checking.

I live in a small, two bedroom, one bath townhouse. I turned a bedroom into my “cat enclosure” for my intended one cat. The room is where the two now stay when mom's not home or when they insist on bouncing off walls in the living room and I am not in the mood. Mostly when I'm home, the cats are out. Kira loves to watch TV, but less now that she has TJ. Her favorite is the Discovery Channel and the animal programs at that. I had so wanted a

cat I could cuddle, but that is really not Kira's bag. She occasionally allows me an hour to stretch out alongside or on top of me for some extended scratching and stroking. I must admit that this is a really special time. It seems as though she is enjoying this but I know that she is only doing it for me. She is not the cat I planned on but she is the cat I got and I love her to pieces.

TJ at 13 weeks in one of his favorite places—on Kira's back with her ear in his

mouth At least it was until this photo was snapped. TJ was born at Jean Hatfield's. TJ's real mom belongs to a friend of mine. Fourth of July weekend I saw my friend and he told me I should come see the nine week-old baby serval he had at home. I, of course, knew better than to look at a baby serval, so I said "No!" So, naturally, later that night TJ was at my house temporarily until he was sold or Kira killed him. From the very first moment they were together, it was obvious that this was true love. She would talk to him and they chased each other, TJ coming to me when things got a bit rough. I would scold Kira when she appeared to have him by the throat

"Don't kill the baby!" She would stop immediately and look at me as if to say, "What is your problem? You see any blood?"

TJ continues to be "wet" across his throat. His favorite part of Kira appears to be her left ear. He gets on her back and bites the ear. They really have fun together. I admit the first time I put them together without my being there concerned me, but



no matter, all is wonderful.

TJ, of course, is the cat I'd planned on in the first place. I knew that I would keep him as soon as Kira did not kill him and he let me know that he adored me too. Snuggles, kisses and such sweetness. He still has all

of this and he feels the same way about any human. He climbs right up and looks a new person right in the face, maybe even purring and licking in the process. So, now I have two babies as different as day and night. More work and more delight.

## 1995 Cat-fishing (or how to un-hook a jag)

I attempted to get Pepé Le Pew, our 340 pound black jaguar to write this story, but he keeps chewing up the pencils, so I'll have to tell it from my perspective.

We live on the shore of the Lake of the Ozarks in Missouri. One November evening around Thanksgiving, I called Pepé in for his dinner. As evidenced by his weight, you don't have to call him twice. When he came in on the run as usual, I saw and heard something in his mouth - it was a bass fishing lure.

The double front hooks were embedded in his lower lip with the back hooks flailing about. He was shaking his head and rattling the line - what if he hooked his paw? Or hooked the cage, or hooked me? The top hooks were buried to the shank of the hook, but I realized I had to get the bottom hook cut off before they got caught.

My pinchers were for two hands, so I sent my wife Reva to the neighbors' for some diagonal cutters (dikes). In the meantime I had dropped his gate and he was drinking from his concrete water bucket with the lure hanging down. I took the dikes

and tried to cut off the hooks, he would jerk back and that, of course, hurt. Poor Pepé, he's now a hurt and confused jaguar. He knew, I feel, that I was trying to help him however and I finally managed to cut the eye holding the dangling bottom fishhooks.

Good, now at least he couldn't hook me or himself further. But, the lure was still hanging out of his mouth and he was getting pretty tired of this hold still game.

I decided to go for the shank of the hooks on top of his lip and cut them as the barbs would not let me extract the hook from his lip. With a deep breath, I put my arm in his mouth and cut the stainless steel shank with a rush of adrenaline and a mighty squeeze.

Now, we had only the sharp cut-off shank of the hook projecting out over his lip. I knew he could drink and eat even though it would hurt if he should happen to hit it.

Our people doctor said it would be there like a stainless steel stitch forever; the vet said the it would move out in ten days. Pepé's lip didn't bleed and seemed to heal

around the hook. A week later we went to St. Louis for my eye surgery. My buddy fed Pepé while we were gone. When we got home I called Jay and asked him how he'd gotten the hook out? Of course Jay never saw the hooks - like the vet said, ten days and they were gone with no trace of any injury to his lip.

Needless to say, Pepé's beach is thoroughly checked every time the lake comes up. One hooked Jag-cat fish in a lifetime is enough for me.

—J.B. Anderson





## 1996 President's Perspective

*Again a cat owner doing stupid things.*

By Barbara Wilton

I felt the article *Ready-Action Speaks Louder than Words* in the March/April newsletter did not represent the majority of cougars in captivity. I know it sounds very idealistic to walk your cat through malls, have picture taking sessions with the public, and take in the local marina on the way to a film shoot, but realistically, that is not the way things are.

Having been involved for the past twenty-plus years in the rescue or salvation of several "pet" cougars, Herb and I are well aware of the pitfalls that bring the cats to us—generally through the local authorities any place in the northwest. Some of the more common complaints are:

1. walking the cougar around town.
  2. improper caging or security
  3. no permits
  4. illegal
    - A. in city limits
    - B. improper or no papers (such as licensed USDA breeder)
- Previous owner complaints:
1. children in the home
  2. don't have room for a "big cat"; he was cute when we bought him.
  3. destroying house or furniture
  4. can't afford to buy food

5. "was I supposed to declaw it?"

6. odor

Of the eight cougars we have adopted, two we were able to use in our educational program. However, when Whiskers reached 180 pounds, he was retired. On more than one occasion one of the cats would single out someone in the audience and take a sudden and intense dislike to that individual. Once we had to ask a young man to leave the exhibit. We did have control of the cat but it is impossible to control people.

Taking on the care of a cougar, or any large cat, is a big responsibility. I'm afraid I have to disagree with Mr. Raber on his statement "I hope that we conveyed that being wild is learned and also in the eyes of the beholder." We try to teach people that these are wild animals with animal instincts. They just happen to have been born in captivity. They still have natural instincts of self-preservation.

It was an interesting and very readable article, but please folks, unless you have 24 hours a day for 15-20 years to devote to a project like this, let's use a little common

sense. Mr. Raber apparently didn't learn anything from having his hand broken in three places trying to control Cougar on a



walk. Does he really think he could control a 240 pound cat under adverse conditions? Will he be so smug when he says, "because he wanted to?" The chances of an individual, young or old, being hurt is always present. Lawsuits and bad publicity are extremely detrimental to all of us wishing private ownership of exotics.

By the way, Mr. Raber is *not* an LIOC member.

## 1997 A Word of Thanks

*This 50th anniversary retrospective issue would not be possible without Sharon Roe's idea.*

**To Sharon Roe, for the concept, for finding, borrowing, and copying a complete set of newsletters to be donated to the club and to Carin Carmichael who graciously (and with held breath, I'm sure) parted with her collection temporarily, and to Jean Torland and Justin Roe who helped assemble and index the sets.**

*Note: There is no evidence that an index was ever made. Volunteers?*



## 1998 Wildlife on Easy Street

*Carol Baskin, a former private owner, broker, and breeder—now turned sanctuary owner—was once an active member of LIOC and attended the Florida 1997 convention. She submitted four articles for publication—one on her facility being visited by British media and receiving a very bad review, one on her cougar escape and how the media blew it out of proportion, one on how to manage stress, and this one on a cougar that chewed his harness and needed surgery.*

By Carole Lewis

It has been four heart wrenching hours that the little darling of Easy Street has been in surgery. We are all praying, all waiting breathlessly for word as two veterinarians and a staff of technicians hover around the

stainless steel table. The life of one of the sweetest little cougars ever to chirp his way into my heart lays motionless before me and I feel helpless. He had been so sick with a nondescript virus that I had thought surely would cost him his life. One day he

was healthy and mischievous, the next he wasn't eating and by the third day he had a feeding tube installed in his esophagus and was having series of shots throughout the day and night to battle the infection and slow the vomiting. Every day he looked

worse instead of better. X-rays had been negative, blood tests weren't of much more help, and every day he was hating the shots more and more. Finally he took a turn for the better and began eating on his own. We removed the feeding tube and were thrilled to be on the road to recovery.

Again he stopped eating. He was rushed back to the vet and the feeding tube was reinstalled. We were scolded by our vet for removing the first tube because each insertion would cause scarring that could lead to constriction. Again all of the shots, the pills, the bags and bags of fluids that he had to endure. We were more cautious as he improved this time and left the tube in place long after he was back to eating like his old self. Aggressive isn't even descriptive enough to convey the flying food when he would attack the plate. He had always been that way since arriving here.

Before he got sick, Fleetwood and his sister Enya were out of their cages more than they were in them. They spent many nights a week with cabin guests and were always out doing events, riding in the car or walking around the yard. I left them suited up in their harnesses most of the time. It was easy to hook them up, but they spent so much time on the go, it was more convenient to leave them on. They got so much handling and petting by so many people in the course of the day that I never worried about the harness getting too tight or rubbing the skin.

Now I was sure he was over this insidious virus that has struck almost every cougar here. I hadn't lost any of them to it, but it had been borderline in almost every case before they got better. These two cubs were only six months old when it hit them and there were several nights in the worst of it that I would get up fully expecting them to be dead. Now it was over. Enya had

overcome the virus much more quickly and had been back to running and romping for about a week, when I finally felt Fleetwood was ready to go back into the same cage with her. He walked to his new pen that had just been built while he was sick. It was over 1200 square feet of trees and vines and bushes and Enya! He had the greatest time. About six hours later one of the workers called me and said she thought Fleetwood was choking. He was crying and gagging, but I couldn't see anything in his mouth or lodged in his throat. Again he was rushed back to the vet.

Many X-rays later with no results the vet decided to open him up and in addition to peritonitis, they discover that his intestines are laced and permeated with purple nylon and worst of it is a rupture where the harness buckle he has swallowed has burst through the intestinal wall, causing massive internal bleeding. For hours they cut away at the tangle of  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch nylon that has frayed and spread like a cancer through his little gut. I have raised hundreds of cats and never had I seen one chew its harness off. I had never seen Fleetwood even seem to notice that his wasn't a part of him. The day I found the purple harness all chewed up, I just assumed that Enya had helped him out of it. I didn't notice the buckle was missing as I threw away the slobbery remains. I have no one to blame but myself.

I could have insisted that every time they went anywhere the harnesses would immediately come off when they returned. It would not have taken more than a few seconds to safeguard him against the pain and the danger he now faces. The style of harness I use has the plastic quick connects because they are so much more convenient than the traditional metal buckle. They really aren't safe. I've had a lot of cats unsnap



them, but my cats are so docile it has never been a big deal. It is another case though where convenience has compromised safety. What if there were a loud car backfire or some other unexpected thing that would cause a well-mannered cat to bolt? I could be agonizing over a car and cat collision right now. The plastic quick connect did not show on the X-ray when he first got sick, nor now. Had he swallowed a metal buckle, we would have spotted it weeks before. This also goes to show that cats who will spit out perfectly good food will swallow things like harnesses, toys, sticks, rocks and you name it and we have pulled it out of a cat's stomach. You can never be too careful nor too paranoid when you are dealing with an exotic cat. I am thankful that I didn't have to learn this lesson at the cost of this dear one's life.

## 1999 Norman's Extraordinary Tale

*Could the lack of a simple diagnosis lead to the death of your cat?*

By Nancy Ward

I used to publish a magazine called the *Canadian Conservationist's Journal*. It was a small publication geared to sharing information and education amongst private zoo owners and keepers of exotic animals. The "Journal" was also frequently involved in providing factual information to the Canadian press who unfortunately often would

tarnish the integrity of those keeping exotic species due to misinformation fed to them by opposing animal rights extremists. We had several victories against these groups and prevented some townships from banning exotic animals within their jurisdiction.

I gave up producing the journal in January of 1998 primarily due to a personal

tragedy. I was reading your Nov/Dec 1998 issue and I noticed an article in there on winterizing animal dens using pine or cedar shavings and I felt compelled to write to you to share my tragedy which involved using pine shavings with the hope it may spare somebody else the pain I experienced.

I have kept various species of exotic felines and other exotic animals including

primates, a wolf and numerous parrots at my sanctuary, Lilac Grove, for the past nine years now.

In the fall of 1993 I adopted a ten-hour old male lion cub. I named him Norman. From the beginning Norman was very different from other big cats I had bottle fed in that he seemed to go weak if he was not fed every one and a half to two hours. Other cubs I had bottle raised, I fed every four hours. In the wild, as we all know, lionesses often leave their young for up to 48 hours when they are off hunting. With that in mind, I consulted my veterinarian thinking Norman might be hypoglycemic. My vet, however felt Norman's problem probably stemmed from getting a poor start since he did not nurse on his mother and recommended I put him on antibiotics.

Norman's condition persisted throughout his cubhood and he was also constantly plagued with ear infections that would be very slow to heal. Because of this, Norman and I became very close. He would not eat unless I hand fed him, and was very cowardly and unsure of himself unless I was with him. For example, on one occasion my 86 year old great aunt, who is barely 4' 1" tall, scared him so badly by peeking at him through the patio doors, that he ran upstairs and tried to get under my bed. He was three years old, 400 plus pounds at the time, but would only come back out once I went up to reassure him. Because of this and his dependence on me, Norman became more of a child to me than a pet. So, in spite of the criticism from all the "experts" who proclaimed he would surely kill me once he reached two years of age, I continued to allow him to live in my home with me including sleeping on my bed with me at night.

By the time Norman was four years old he was still as gentle as ever and most of the naysayers who had taken the time to visit my facility, were now convinced that he was indeed a very special animal. Meeting Norman convinced them that animals can be as 'individual' in temperament as humans can be. Everybody who met him loved him including my neighbors who at first were terrified to have him in the vicinity. But my house was getting too small for him to move around comfortably so I decided to build him a comfortable enclosure of his own where he would have space to be a lion but would still always be wel-

come into the house if he chose to come in. I also decided to get him a mate.

In the summer of 1997 I purchased a female cub for Norman for his fourth birthday. I named her Madison and, unlike Norman, she was full of mischief and energy. Norm tolerated her and was always careful not to hurt her (as he had been raised around my Yorkies.) He was always very good around animals much smaller than himself even when they tugged at his mane and pestered him.) I enjoyed watching her pester him to play with her and thought perhaps she would help him become more independent. But to my surprise, Norman never really took an interest in her and was still very much an over grown baby attached to me. I also noticed he would get possessive of me if she tried to take my attention from him which was something he had never done with any of the other animals including other big cats I had raised while he was growing up.

One day, when Madison was about five months old, she decided she was going to steal Norman's blanket out from under him as he lay sleeping in my room. For lack of better words to describe what happened next, all hell broke loose. In my panic, I broke the cardinal rule of breaking up a fight between two animals, but I wasn't thinking of anything but keeping them from hurting each other. I got between them and discharged a small fire extinguisher. True to his nature, Norman backed off (testament that he was a very gentle lion as any other would have surely killed me for my stupidity) and I was able to separate them. From that point on, Norman hated Madison, so I put him outside during the day in his yard as she was still too small to be left outside and by then it was fall.

I filled his den with pine shavings instead of straw thinking the pine would be more comfortable for him to lay on as he was used to sleeping on a bed. But, within 48 hours of Norm sleeping on pine shavings, he broke out in a terrible rash along

the side of his body he was sleeping on, from the side of his face right down his tail. I immediately called my vet who prescribed antibiotics. I suggested Norman might be allergic to the shavings but my vet insisted he couldn't be as pine shavings were often used as animal bedding.

I remembered back to a time when I had fed Norm turkeys from a local turkey farm and he had broken out into a similar rash around his mouth and on his tongue. I stopped feeding the turkeys and Norm's



condition improved dramatically within a few days. The situation with the shavings was so similar I called the farmer to ask him about the substrate he used to maintain his turkeys and he informed me he used pine shavings. I immediately removed the pine shavings from Norman's den. But after being on the shavings for less than two complete days Norman's body was riddled in sores and he was licking himself raw.

I followed the vet's advice and put him on the antibiotics but a month went by and I saw no improvement. So I called members of LIOC who I greatly respect for their knowledge and expertise. They agreed some exotic cats could be allergic to pine shavings and graciously tried to help me to determine how to treat Norman's sores which were getting worse by the day as he would not stop licking them. They suggested numerous things including homeopathic remedies to speed up his healing. I ran their suggestions by my vet, however he had little faith in homeopathic medicine and decided Norman needed more antibiotics. I followed his advice as this man had been my vet for eight years but was growing



skeptical because by this point, Norman had been on antibiotics three times and still would not heal. After another week of seeing no improvement and Norman looking worse then ever, I decided to go with the homeopathic approach of bathing his sores four times daily in aloe and vitamin E cream to soothe the itching as well as putting on a topical antiseptic cream to prevent infection. This seemed to improve his condition a little bit and made him more comfortable, but by then he was losing weight as well. I increased his food intake to double his normal ration and supplemented him with a high calorie protein shake which included Esbilac, yogurt, a dozen eggs, ground beef, a multi vitamin, amino, extra vitamin C, extra B vitamins, and a taurine capsule. This increased his appetite dramatically (he went from eating 15 pounds of meat a day—when he was healthy—to 35 plus) but was still losing weight, especially in his hind quarters. He did not have worms as he had been wormed regularly. I went back to feeding him every two hours like I had when he was a cub, (I had been feeding him three times a day since he was weaned at 18 months of age, as he did not do well on one feeding a day) and after two weeks he seemed to have more energy and appeared to be healing, although very slowly.

I continued to bathe his sores for the next two weeks after those changes but was very frustrated that his sores were still very raw, so I consulted my vet again but he was still convinced Norman's problem was just "dermatitis" aggravated by his licking. Again he prescribed antibiotics and suggested that the loss of weight in spite his increased appetite was from stress associated with being ill. He said he would call to check on Norman again in a few days. I stayed with Norman coaxing him to eat to keep his strength up. But his condition dramatically worsened after less than 24 hours on the fourth course of antibiotics.

My friend, who is a medical doctor and often volunteers at my sanctuary, got on the phone to try to locate another vet who might be able to give us some insight as to what was ailing Norman. He felt this was definitely much more than an allergic reaction to the shavings due to Norman's medical history and was concerned that the antibiotics had not helped and may in fact

be harming him as he explained some antibiotics taken over a prolonged period of time can be toxic. I continued to feed Norman like I had when he was a cub and the next morning when I woke up he was sitting up looking at me. I cuddled him for a while thinking he was over the worst of it and after a while went down to the fridge to get his Christmas present, a huge roast. He rubbed his head on my head like he always did when I brought him something but instead of waiting for me to cut it up for him (he liked me to do that) he took the roast from me, laid back down and put his head on it. He just laid there looking at me. I figured he was still worn out so I laid down beside him and talked to him like I did when he was sick as a baby. We stayed like that all afternoon and as he licked my head, I convinced myself he was going to be all right.

In hindsight he was trying to say goodbye to me. My friend called me later that day to tell me he had found a website posted by Cornell University that described feline diabetes and that Norman had all the symptoms. Norman had not healed in spite of being on all those antibiotics because he was diabetic. But, sadly, we discovered this too late. Norman went into shock and died in my arms minutes after I got off the phone.

Norman was unlike any lion I had ever met and he extended the gentleness and love he showed to me to everyone who met him. The day he died, Christmas day, a part of me died too as he was my motivation for doing practically everything I was involved with in regards to conservation. He was everything to me and no matter how many other animals I may have, there will never be another Norman.

I've not talked about this publicly and isolated myself from the animal community including giving up my journal and placing many of my other animals because I couldn't bear to talk about it and because of the loss and guilt I feel that I followed my former vet's advice blindly and did not push him harder to look beyond Norman's symptoms to determine what was really bother-

ing him. Had I done that, Norman might still be here today touching the lives of all the people who met him with his enormous heart and gentle nature. But feeling sorry for myself isn't helping me get over this and I feel the only way to get over this is to try to help someone else who might be going through the same thing. This is why I decided to come forward to share this with the members of LIOC.

I can only pray Norman's death will not be in vain and that this experience might help save the life of another. Please tell your members if they use pine shavings or any type of substrate as bedding in their animal's den to make absolutely sure the animal is not allergic to it, especially if the animal has a tendency towards being sickly (a weak immune system or other allergies) or has any of the symptoms I described that plagued my Norman. Had I done that, I may have been able to keep Norman's diabetes in check with just good nutrition at regular intervals (as I had unknowingly controlled it all his life by feeding him several meals a day) and lots of TLC. Feline diabetes does not have to end in the death of the cat. It can be maintained through diet and, if necessary, insulin.



Norman was not obese; he was on the small side compared to his brother and his father. I was told by the zoo I got Norman from that Norman's mother died of an unknown illness after being on antibiotics for a prolonged period of time as well. Norman's diet consisted of beef, goat, deer, chicken backs and necks, turkey necks and drum sticks, and pork hocks or a pork roast as a treat. (He loved pork.) Occasionally he would get a bowl of Esbilac with eggs when he wasn't feeling well.

## 2000 LIOC Adopts Big Cat Guidelines

*Passed at the 1999 convention and published in the January 2000 issue—LIOC board adopts Big Cat Guidelines, a year ahead of the USDA policy on big cats.*

With the abundance of big cats represented in LIOC's membership and the easy availability of these large predators, it was asked that the board of directors draft a statement explaining our organization's position on ownership of these magnificent felines. A draft of this statement was presented to the membership at the 1999 convention. The board particularly wanted the input of those caring for the large cats, many of whom acquired them as their first exotic. The vast majority of those present were in favor of the sentiment contained in the draft but felt some fine-tuning in wording was needed. A committee was formed to accomplish this. It must be recognized that while LIOC promotes responsible captive husbandry of wild/exotic felines, we also believe that just as captive husbandry of a wild/exotic feline is not for everyone, not every species is appropriate for every potential owner. We all know that caring for an exotic requires more dedication and effort if it is done properly than one expects of a typical pet. To clarify this, the board has adopted the Big Cat Guidelines.

### LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc. Big Cat Guidelines

LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc. (LIOC) supports responsible ownership of all 38 currently recognized species of non-domestic feline, in keeping with sound animal husbandry practices and federal, state, and local government regulations. Successful management of these wild animals and its inherent risk to the public, owners, handlers, and cats, necessitates strong motivation and plentiful resources, both financial and emotional. These requirements increase proportionately to the size of the cat. Accordingly, LIOC neither recommends nor encourages inexperienced individuals' acquisition of species which can achieve or exceed an adult weight of 100 lbs. Felines in this category include lions, tigers, jaguars, all species of leopard, cougars, and resultant offspring from the inter-breeding between any of

these species (hybrids). LIOC further encourages all breeders and sellers of such felidae to assure themselves prior to transfer of ownership, that a potential owner has the experience, training, and facilities needed to provide proper housing and care in legal, stable, and secure circumstances. Acceptance of the responsibility for potential consequences of non-domestic feline husbandry should be undertaken only by informed individuals. Further, the dedication and discipline needed to acquire as much pertinent information as possible, before acquiring a big cat, is even more imperative. LIOC is aware that some inexperienced owners are currently in possession of cats which are or will be 100 lbs. and urges anyone in this position to take advantage of the assistance, advice, and moral encouragement this organization can provide.

## 2001 Cat Census

*When the club was young, nearly all the cats were ocelots and margays. Due to the Endangered Species Act, almost all of those cats have been wiped out, now replaced by other species.*

### Small Cats

Asian Golden Cat	.1
Black Footed Cat	.3
Bobcat	.137
Caracal	.85
Cougar	.167
European Wild Cat	.3
Fishing Cat	.14
Geoffrey Cat	.36
Gordon Cat	.3
Indian Desert Cat	.5
Jaguarundi	.4
Jungle Cat	.31
Leopard Cat	.12

Canadian Lynx	.59
Siberian Lynx	.18
Eurasian Lynx	.23
Margay	.5
Ocelot	.37
Oncilla	.3
Pallas's Cat	.5
Rusty Spotted Cat	.4
Sand Cat	.4
Serval	.203

### Big Cats

Cheetah	.9
Jaguar	.13

Leopard	.40
Clouded Leopard	.6
Amur Leopard	.4
Snow Leopard	.21
Lion	.64
Tiger	.191

### Hybrid Cats

Bengal (Leopard Cat/Dom)	115
Safari (Geoffrey/Dom)	.5
Chausie (Jungle Cat/Dom)	20
Savannah (Serval/Dom)	.52
Bobcat/Lynx	.5
Caraval (Serval/Caracal)	.7
Liger (Lion/Tiger)	.3

## 2002 The Name Change Controversy

*Following the announcement of the results of vote on the two constitutional amendments, a number of concerns were raised by various individuals regarding perceived voting irregularities. The following is intended to summarize these issues and the Board of Directors' response to them for the membership.*

In 2002 a new tabulation process was adopted by the BoD and used for the first time in the vote on the constitutional amendments. In the past the votes were sent to a Life Director to be opened and counted with the assistance of another Life Director. It was clear from the start that the votes on the two proposed constitutional amendments were going to be very controversial no matter what the results were. In order to improve voter confidence in the results of this and all future membership votes, the BoD established a policy that a CPA who is not involved in our organization (an independent auditor) would open and tally the ballots on issues presented to the membership for a vote. The BoD selected Life Director J.B. Anderson to receive the votes and asked that he obtain the services of a local CPA to open the votes in J.B.'s presence. J.B. would then compare the names on each ballot to a list of members provided by our Director Membership Services Leann Montgomery. J.B. would then advise the CPA if the individual was a member and therefore qualified to vote. The CPA would then record the results of all valid votes and report the final results to the BoD.

After the results were reported, concerns were expressed by some individuals on three issues. Some couples with family memberships (providing two votes), although living in the same household, may not be legally married. Some individuals whose membership had recently expired may have been included on the list of members eligible to vote. Concern was also expressed regarding a statement made by J.B. Anderson that the CPA had destroyed the ballots after counting them, and as a result were not available to verify the results.

During the BoD meeting at convention last August, Life Director Carin Sousa requested an executive session and then made a motion to set aside the vote on the constitutional amendments due to voting irregularities and call another vote. The BoD debated the merits of the issues raised by Carin at length, but in the end the major-

ity of the members of the board voted in opposition to the motion. Some of the considerations expressed by board members which appear to have contributed to the defeat of the motion included the following:

*The Director Membership Services stated that to the best of her knowledge and belief that the list of members she provided to J.B. Anderson was valid and consistent with past practice. Robert's Rules gives the Membership Director final say in who is a member and who is not.*

*The BoD has no way of verifying if any couple with a family membership is legally married. Even if there were a few individuals on the list provide to J.B. who should not have been, there is no reason to believe the proportion in which they supported/opposed the name change would have been any different that the rest of those who voted and therefore would have had no effect on the results.*

*J.B. provided a logical reason for destroying the votes after the tally—to preserve voter confidentiality on these emotional amendments.*

On or about August 26, Life Director Carin Sousa sent a personal letter to the membership expressing her concerns regarding the vote on the constitutional amendments, alleging misconduct by the BoD, and speculating for the first time that an independent auditor (CPA) had not been involved in counting the ballots.

A written statement was subsequently provided to the BoD by an accountant, Mr. John Berry, stating the following: 1) He had counted the votes, assisted by J.B. Anderson, who verified voter eligibility using a membership list; 2) That he (Mr. Berry) is a business accountant but not a CPA; 3) That after the votes had been counted J.B. had suggested he destroy the votes in order to preserve voter confidentiality, but that he (Mr. Berry) had decided, after J.B. left his

office, to retain the ballots against possible future need. After the board received this written statement, Mr. Berry was instructed to send the ballots to our Secretary/Treasurer.

On September 9, Life Directors John Perry and Shirley Wagner requested a special BoD meeting to consider a series of



**LIOC member Dr. Terry Moore and snow leopard, Cato. Cato lives at the Survival Trust Facility near London, England.**

seven motions, the effect of which would be to require a new vote on the two constitutional amendments and establish a new voting policy. September 23, after careful consideration over a period of two weeks, the BoD voted not to approve these motions.

Recently I have heard it alleged by a few individuals that the LIOC-ESCF has been "hijacked" by individuals who wish to back away from support of individual private ownership. I wish to state clearly and unequivocally, that to the best of my knowledge and belief, each and every member of the Board of Directors of the Feline Conservation Federation is committed to doing everything in their power to preserve responsible private captive husbandry, as defined in our Code of Conduct in *all* its varied forms.

*George N. Stowers*

*President,*

*Feline Conservation Federation*



## 2003 Setting the Record Straight: The History of Our Name

*There was an extremely emotional several month period that followed the passage of the constitutional amendment to change the name of the organization to Feline Conservation Federation. In an effort to try to get the name change controversy behind us forever, the following detailed history of the name was reprinted in the March/April issue. The account below is abridged.*

Feline Conservation Federation, LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation and the Long Island Ocelot Club are all the same organization, founded by Catherine Cisin, operated continuously since 1957.

In January 1957, Catherine Cisin published the first issue of the Long Island Ocelot Club newsletter: Members quickly began to refer to the club as both LIOC and L.I.O.C. In 1974 the club structure was formalized with a constitution and by-laws. Officers were called LIOC officers. Branches were referred to as LIOC branches. The club was most commonly referred to as LIOC. In her acceptance letter for the position of newsletter editor, published in a January 1974 issue, Shirley Treaner (now Shirley Wagner) used both L.I.O.C. and LIOC abbreviations, as well as the club's full name, Long Island Ocelot Club.

*Sept/Oct 1975* Annual executive board meeting minutes broached this question: Should we change the name of the club? It has been argued that LIOC does not depict the worldwide membership nor the various felines represented by the club. It has been suggested that such a name change would be beneficial in establishing more credibility within zoological circles. The board felt that a change in the logo would be sufficient to depict our international membership. (Amagansett, NY has been omitted and "International" placed in its stead.) It was unanimous that we do not change our name and let our actions of the past and the future speak for us instead. The board asked president, Ken Hatfield to investigate further non-profit incorporation.

*July/Aug 1977* Annual executive board meeting minutes: "a CPA advised the club would not qualify for a non-profit status due to lack of files."

*Nov/Dec 1978* Annual general membership meeting minutes: "As in years past, the possibility of changing the name of our organization was approached. After minimal discussion, it was vetoed by those members attending."

*Nov/Dec 1978* Annual executive board meeting minutes: "The major amount of discussion involved getting the legal fund set up as a non-profit entity so that funds could generate non-taxable interest. A means of doing this was agreed upon which would set up this "new" non-profit organization and have it incorporated. The organization will have the same officers as LIOC. Ken Hatfield was instructed to work with an accountant in his locale to pursue this. The organization would have to bear a different name than the club's and the following were selected (First most popular: LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation.) Formation of this entity will allow gifts, grants, etc., to be tax deductible and will allow the mailing of our newsletter at greatly reduced rates. It will also allow the fund to generate non-taxable income i.e. interest from savings, certificates, etc. It was noted that the cost of setting up such an entity would be offset in all likelihood by such interest earned the first year."

*Sept/Oct 1979* Annual executive board meeting minutes: "Papers for the non-profit corporation were passed around and discussed. The name of this corporation will be LIOC (initials only) Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc."

*Sept/Oct 1980* Annual executive board meeting minutes: "Ken elaborated on filing for the non-profit corporation status (on July 9, 1980), and applying for an IRS tax ID number as a 501(c)3. Discussed what would qualify as donations and deductions."

*July/Aug 1981* - Annual executive board meeting minutes: "Jackie Vanderwall (secretary/treasurer) will change the name of the bank account and club forms to read Long Island Ocelot Club, subsidiary of the LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc. She will issue receipts for all donations. This was necessitated by our newly acquired non-profit status. (A new name was needed due to technical reasons.)"

*Nov/Dec 1981* Annual executive board

meeting minutes: "In order to obtain our non-profit mailing permits, president Ken Hatfield advised that the masthead of the newsletter would need to be changed to show that name of the non-profit corporation under which we are registered i.e. LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation. He explained that in the future this will appear on all newsletters in order that we may take advantage of our non-profit status." For the first time ever, the words LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation in very small type began to run concurrently with the very large and familiar Long Island Ocelot Club NEWSLETTER on the cover of the bi-monthly publication.

*July/Aug 1983* General membership meeting minutes: Ken reported that LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc., has completed its three years as a probationary non-profit organization and is now confirmed as such." Inside the front cover is the familiar seal that states the newsletter is: "published bi-monthly by the Long Island Ocelot Club. Reproduction of the material in this newsletter may not be made without written permission of the authors and/or the copyright owner, LIOC."

*July/Aug 1984* For the first time, beneath the familiar Long Island Ocelot Club International artwork seal are the words: "Published bi-monthly by the LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc. Reproduction of the material in this newsletter may not be made without written permission of the authors and/or the copyright owner, LIOC."

*Sept/Oct 1984* Annual executive board meeting minutes: "John Perry brought up the apparent confusion among the general public with regards to LIOC's new name. It was suggested that perhaps just using 'LIOC' on letterhead would remove some of this confusion."

*Set/Oct 1986* Annual executive board meeting minutes: The board voted to leave the formal title LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc. as it stands.

Beneath the minutes report, typed in one-inch letters is the statement “L.I.O.C. NEEDS YOU! Please contribute pictures and stories”.

*Sept/Oct 1987* marks the first time the Long Island Ocelot Club name is missing from the masthead of the newsletter, leaving only LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation, Inc. on the cover.

*Jan/Feb 1988* the familiar Long Island Ocelot Club International artwork seal disappears. In its place are the words LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation.

*Mar/Apr 1999*, on the inside page the editor identifies the organization as Long Island Ocelot Club Endangered Species Conservation Federation.

*October 1999*, 4th quarter board of directors meeting minutes - Life Director John Perry moved to propose a constitutional amendment to change the name of the corporation to “LIOC Endangered Felidae Conservation Federation.” Written comments from other BoD members participating in this meeting follow:

Life Director Carin Sousa: “When we embraced LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation it was for incorporation purposes only and we intended to continue the use of Long Island Ocelot Club.”

Life Director Shirley Wagner: “After all these years we haven’t gotten folks used to LIOC ESCF instead of Long Island Ocelot Club... how many more years of confusion might this add?”

In *March of 2002* a constitutional amendment was proposed by the membership to change the name of the corporation to Feline Conservation Federation. In a break from the tradition of Shirley Wagner and Carin Sousa counting the ballots, for the first time ever an outside accounting firm tallied the votes. The motion passed by the required  $\frac{2}{3}$  majority of the voting membership.

At the *August 2002* annual convention, in executive session, Life Director Carin Sousa contested this outside ballot counting process. The board of directors voted against setting aside the vote. Two weeks later Carin mailed a letter to the entire membership using the FCF database, which is in violation of a long-standing policy forbidding use of membership information for personal reasons. Her letter not only slan-

dered the FCF BoD and the voting process, but it also violated the executive session called by Carin.

*September 2002* Life Directors John Perry and Shirley Wagner called a special meeting to set aside the vote results and have another vote due to the ballots being counted by a corporate accountant instead of a CPA. The majority of the board voted against their motion.

In a mid-*October 2002* BoD meeting, vice president Robert Turner moved to register Long Island Ocelot Club and Feline Conservation Federation with the US Trademark and Patent Office. Life Directors John Perry and Shirley Wagner objected to the need for this motion. Other board members explained to them that registration would protect the ownership rights, history, and continued use of Long Island Ocelot Club service mark identity.

Two days later Jeanne Hall filed paperwork for a non-profit corporation in the state of WA called the Long Island Ocelot Club and applied for a trademark registration for this name. FCF Life Directors Carin Sousa and John Perry serve as Life Directors of this other corporation and Shirley Wagner serves in the appointed position of consultant.

On *October 29, 2002* an attorney hired by KHMSF treasurer John Perry, drew up papers for the dissolution of the Ken Hatfield Memorial Scholarship Fund Corporation.

In early *November 2002*, this other Long Island Ocelot Club mailed their newsletter to FCF members using the FCF membership database without FCF board approval. Artwork and photos were reprinted from our early newsletters. This other corporation stated the Long Island Ocelot Club ceased to exist in 1982 thus giving them the right to claim the name.

In late *November 2002*, five FCF general members filed a motion to the Board of Directors to expel John, Shirley, and Carin for by-law violations, in accordance with by-law 8.4 of the Feline Conservation Federation. Shirley Wagner resigned from the Board of Directors and all appointed positions in light of the charges.

On December 9, 2002, John Perry, treasurer, of the KHMSF tried unsuccessfully to cash in a \$9,400 certificate of deposit prior to its maturity in furtherance of dis-

solving the KHMSF Corporation. He had acted without FCF board knowledge or written approval, just one day after being placed on disciplinary suspension by the FCF board of directors.

In mid *December 2002* at a special meeting, the FCF Board of Directors voted the required  $\frac{2}{3}$  majority to remove John Perry as trustee of the Ken Hatfield Memorial Trust Fund and as Life Director of the FCF for breach of fiduciary duty and violations of the by-laws of the KHMSF and the FCF. John stated to the FCF board of directors that his intent was to donate the funds to the Florida Veterinary College and that an FCF benefactor would match the funds.

At this special meeting the FCF board also approved a motion to hire legal council to issue a cease and desist letter to this other Long Island Ocelot Club’s officers and principals and intercede on behalf of our members to prevent the approval of this other corporation’s Long Island Ocelot Club trademark application. All documentation pertinent to stopping this fraudulent trademark application has been forwarded to our legal council.

In *January 2003*, in a letter written to the FCF board of directors by the potential benefactor, it was stated that they had indicated to the trustees of the KHMSF their desire and interest in donating the necessary funds for the trust to reach \$20,000 making it a perpetual fund at the Florida Veterinary University. They were still interested in pursuing this idea, but this potential benefactor wrote that they had never made a firm commitment for such action and study by an accountant of their personal tax considerations was still needed.

In conclusion, the written records show that in 1980, when president Ken Hatfield filed for incorporation in the state of Florida, he did not intend to dissolve the club and in fact, filing did not change any of the following: officers in power, operating structure, bylaws, constitution, membership roster, newsletter name, history time-line or the founder. Incorporation also did not change the ownership, history, and tradition of the Lotty award or continuation of Life Membership benefits. Life members of the Long Island Ocelot Club continue to this day to receive complimentary memberships from the Feline Conservation Federation.

## 2004 Las Vegas and FCF - what a wonderful experience!

*Back to happy times, the Feline Conservation Federation convention in Las Vegas was a huge success. Here a new member shares her convention experience.*

Actually it was a great experience in all. I can't say if it met my expectations because I didn't have a clue *what* to expect. Here is the Reader's Digest version.

I thought it was a great value for the money. Got a hell of a lot of stuff paid for with the convention admission price and the food that they put out for the ice breaker, the dinner buffet and the breakfast the last day. And the food was really good!

The vendors that were in the meeting room were all *very* helpful and let me pick their brains at length about what they sold, why I would need it or want it, and the pros and cons of cat ownership.

Being a huge magic fan, I really enjoyed field trip day. I was excited to go back to the Secret Garden. It's one of my favorite places in Vegas and I hope to get back on a day they have their new leopards out before they are no longer babies. To me, it is a very peaceful place and I spend hours there

at a time. The kid in me was tickled to finally get to eat lunch at the Rainforest Cafe. Never had cake that good before! The lions at the MGM are always interesting to watch. (And listening to the people who have never seen a big cat up close is always entertaining!) Seeing the interaction of the cats and handlers that obviously love the animals was what got me interested in exotic cats as a small child and the handlers are often in the enclosure at the MGM giving attention to the lions, and have always been pleased to answer questions.

The day of speakers was really educational. Hearing Rick Thomas talk was pretty much worth the trip alone. The feed guy has got me shaking in my shoes about ever being able to properly feed a cat of my own, but I learned a lot.

There were a lot of interesting people there with a lot of different viewpoints and that was very cool.

I left with more questions than I started with but that was good as I didn't even know what to ask when I got there. Have a lot to think about and was not scared off of the thought of eventually getting a cat of my own. (In fact, am more sure than I was that I either want one or want to work with them somehow.)

As for the rest of the Vegas experience... I am not sure if there is anything left to report that would be, ummmm, fit for human consumption. I'll just repeat the old adage: "what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas."

I would travel for another convention that had special things that would interest me. The Miami convention holds promise of having a lot of cats so I would (and in fact am) planning on going there. I want to pet a few to see if I have fear in person and to maybe see what kind of cat I'd want.

—Donna Coullhan

## 2005 Two Very Special Old Men

*Marvin has visited and shared Hush with the residents of over 735 different nursing homes with over 5,000 revisits. They have traveled over 400,000 miles in the past 11½ years visiting nursing homes.*

Leann Montgomery

I remember the first time I met Marvin and Hush. It was at my first MEFES meeting in April of 1999. Although, I had never met him before, he was my inspiration for acquiring my first serval. Marvin had been visiting nursing homes with Hush in my area. He stopped by the local newspaper where my mom worked. She went on and on about this African bush cat she had met. I found some newspaper articles on Marvin and Hush and their travels and did a lot of research on servals. Shortly after that, I acquired Osiris from a breeder here in Kentucky and joined LIOC, now FCF. Osiris was with me at that first MEFES meeting. He was about ten months old at the time and when Marvin met him, he kept petting him and saying to me, "Someday, he will be as good as my Hush." I'll never forget how proud that made me.

For the next six years, I watched in amazement at the bond between Marvin and Hush. I loved listening to Marvin's stories about his adventures with Hush.

Those two were a treasure to MEFES, FCF, and countless other people whose lives they touched.

We all loved them. We all flocked to visit with them at meetings and conventions. We all wanted to be a part of the magic that existed between that old man and his cat. And we all watched as Marvin's health continued to decline.

Bob sent out a plea asking if any of us could take Hush in at least temporarily until

Marvin could get up and around and I felt compelled to answer that call. Marvin had been admitted to a nursing home and his son was supposed to be taking care of Hush. I contacted Marvin's son and I realized that that he was not really caring for Hush and it would be best to get him out of there as soon as possible. I was off work on Friday and Marvin's son had a ball game Friday night and wouldn't be available until late. I didn't care how late it was, Hush was coming home with me.

It was obvious that Marvin's son was terrified of Hush. At 18, Hush has gotten a little cantankerous and no one can handle him the way Marvin does. I was a little apprehensive myself about getting him loaded. Fortunately as soon as Hush saw his crate, he perked up and looked at me as if begging to be taken out of there. He hopped down off his shelf and waited patiently at the door for me to get the crate situated. I opened the door and in he walked. It was perfect. We had to ride home with the windows down because Hush smelled so





bad. It was freezing outside and while the icy air blasted my face, I cried all the way home. And I promised Hush that no matter what, I would always care for him. Although I could never take Marvin's place in his life, I promised that I would try with everything in me to love him as Marvin did.

I was worried about how Hush would handle the stress of being in a strange place without Marvin. I had prepared a cage for him with a rug and huge pile of pillows and blankets to sleep on as I was concerned about how his old joints would handle being on concrete. When we uncrated him, he took one quick spin around the cage sniffing and then plopped down and stretched out on his bed. He looked pretty happy. I made a promise to him on that icy tear filled night that I fully intended to keep. For whatever time this old man has left, he will be treated like a king.

Hush has been in my care for several months now and he's doing fabulous. He seems pretty happy here. He greets me with purrs and serval chatter and still expects to be hand fed most days. He has decided that he prefers Nebraska to chicken and will complain until he gets his way, and he always gets his way.

Monte Francis was kind enough to send me a CD of photos that he had taken of Marvin and Hush over the years. I had taken the best ones and blew them up and framed them for Marvin's room in the nursing home. When I gave him the first photo, he kissed it and talked to it as if Hush was really there. He spent more time visiting with those photos than he did with us. My mom and I fought back the tears during the entire visit. Marvin seemed as if he'd lost all hope. He told me that Hush had visited that very nursing home over 500 times in his lifetime. When it was time to go, I hugged Marvin and told him that Hush and I loved him. That he didn't have to worry about Hush, I would try to love him as much as he did and that he would never want for anything. He seemed relieved to know that I had Hush. "My bright little one", he said, "you take care of my boy, tell him I love him and tell him not to live to be 83."

I promised Marvin that day that I would try to figure out a way to bring Hush to visit. The moment we hit the parking lot, my mom and I burst into tears. I didn't know how I was going to safely make it

happen but Marvin had touched so many lives, visiting nursing homes with Hush, that by God, if there was any justice in this world, Marvin should reap some of what he'd sown.

I went home and called Bob Turner and told him that I needed him to meet me at the nursing home the following weekend. I might get bitten but it would be so worth it to see Marvin and Hush together again. I would figure out a way that we could handle Hush but I needed some back up in case Hush got nasty. I wasn't even sure that Hush would allow me to put the leash on him, but when the day came, I asked him if he wanted to go see Marvin. His eyes lit up and he met me at the door, I attached the leash and into the carrier he went. He thoroughly enjoyed the hour-long car ride, but when we pulled into the parking lot of the nursing home, he got extremely excited. I'm convinced that Hush knew exactly where he was. His tail was wagging. He was meowing and pawing at the door, wanting out of the carrier. There is a nice living room type visiting area at the nursing home. We parked Hush's carrier beside the couch and went into Marvin's room and visited for a while before telling him that we had a surprise for him. We walked down to the visiting area and Marvin sat down on the couch right next to the carrier without ever even noticing it. I opened the carrier door and Hush shot out of it and into Marvin's lap. He was purring and rubbing his head all over Marvin's face. The two of them literally lit up the room. I don't know which one was happier. Hush was a perfect gentleman the entire visit. He was so content to just curl up next to Marvin and sleep while we visited.

Marvin got tired and wanted to go back to bed. I told Hush to get in his carrier and right in he went. As Marvin headed to his room, again he said, "My bright little one, you take care of my boy." I'm sure that Marvin slept better that night than he had since he'd been there. I've always had a special place in my heart for Hush, but over the last four months, I've grown extremely attached to him. I hope that he still has quite a few more years in him.

I hope that he will continue to improve and Hush can still be a part of Marvin's life. I am truly honored to be able to give something back to these two very special old men who have touched so many lives.

## 2006 BoD Candidates

### Members Nominated to the FCF Board of Directors

The nominating committee has verified the slate of candidates listed below who will be eligible to be elected by the FCF members to serve two-year terms commencing on 01-01-07 and ending 12-31-08. Ballots will be mailed with the September issue of the newsletter and the membership will have five weeks to return them to the address specified.

#### **President**

Lynn Culver

#### **Vice-president**

Marcus Cook  
Sara Comstock  
Zuzana Kukol  
Brian Werner

#### **Secretary**

Harold Epperson (Incumbent)  
Kevin Chambers  
Teri Morast

#### **Treasurer**

Harold Epperson (Incumbent)  
Kevin Chambers

#### **Director of Member Services**

Carolyn Clendinen (Incumbent)

#### **Director of Public Relations**

Irene Satterfield

#### **Director of Conservation**

William Meadows  
Mindy Stinner  
Leann Montgomery

#### **Director of Education**

Carol Bohning (Incumbent)

#### **Director of Legislation**

Evelyn Shaw (Incumbent)  
Zuzana Kukol

#### **Life Director (One Position)**

Bobby Bean (Incumbent)  
Robert Turner  
Nanette McGann

## Updated Bylaws

By-law changes approved by the FCF board of directors at the 2006 annual meeting in Cincinnati. These changes shall apply to the candidates nominated for office in this year's election.

### ARTICLE 4- The Secretary

4.1 The Secretary shall maintain written minutes of any meeting of the Board of Directors, special or general, or any general membership meeting and provide the Board approved minutes for publication in the newsletter.

4.2 The Secretary shall maintain copies of all the organization's documents in good order.

4.3 The Secretary shall assist the President in compiling the formal agendas for any business meeting.

### ARTICLE 5 - The Treasurer

5.1 The Treasurer is responsible for overseeing all Feline Conservation Federation funds and notifying the Board of Directors immediately of any discrepancies after asking for and failing to receive satisfactory replies. They must implement and maintain a sound accounting system acceptable to the Board of Directors and provide the Board of Directors with quarterly statements. All payments shall be mailed to the treasurer.

5.2 The fiscal year shall run from January 1 through December 31 of each year. A year-to-date fiscal statement for the current year shall be provided at the annual meeting and a full fiscal year report of the previous year to the Board of Directors by February 15.

5.3 No expenditure may be made in excess of five hundred dollars (\$500.00) without prior Board of Directors approval.

5.4 Should any budgeted item, including discretionary funds, be expected to exceed the budgeted amount by more than ten percent (10%), the Treasurer shall notify the Board of Directors for its approval before disbursing further funds.

5.5 Should any allegation of financial mismanagement occur, it should be brought immediately to the attention of the Board of Directors that are empowered to direct immediate action to protect FCF's funds until the matter can be resolved.

5.6 Prior to transferring any funds to a

newly elected or appointed Treasurer, it will be mandatory that a performance bond be obtained (paid for by the Organization) and a copy of the bond shall be in the possession of the President. An audit of the Organization's accounts, either by an outside auditor or an appointed committee, shall also be performed at this time.

### ARTICLE 6 - Term Directors

6.1 There are five (5) Term Directors who are elected to chair permanent, standing committees as Directors of:

- A. Member Services
- B. Education
- C. Conservation
- D. Legislation
- E. Public Relations

6.2 Each Term Director may appoint others to help with the duties of their office. The Board of Directors may terminate any appointment by a majority vote.

6.3 Member Services: Maintains the membership lists in such an order as to provide information as requested by the Board of Directors. Answers inquiries and forwards to the nearest Branch for follow up. Oversees the membership on the FCF Yahoo Internet chat list. Answers Internet inquiries to the FCF web site. Manages and updates the membership database on the FCF website. Sends all membership renewal and final notices and provides Vice President with list of dropped members. Any member delinquent on their dues for sixty (60) days shall be dropped from the membership roll and all member privileges suspended.

6.4 Education: Oversees FCF Basic Husbandry Course and certification of course instructors, coordinates the development of any educational materials, contacts other organizations that might have compatible programs, and advises members of these programs.

6.5 Conservation: Promotes FCF Conservation Grants to researchers and acts as FCF liaison. Informs the FCF membership of conservation programs available for felines both in-situ and ex-situ.

6.6 Legislation: Keeps current on state and federal legislation affecting the membership. Works with Editor and Feline Conservation Federation web master to keep members current on pending legislation. Works with FCF Board of Directors to develop and represent FCF position on proposed regulations. Maintains and updates legislation section of web site concerning state and federal departments responsible for applicable legislation. Keeps current on USDA and USDI policies, rules and regulations and develops official FCF responses to these proposals and informs members of proposed or approved changes.

6.7 Public relations: Solicits display advertising for the FCF magazine and web site, acts along with the president as media contact of FCF, develops press releases for FCF. Promotes FCF projects and events to media. Oversees development of the FCF web site. Contacts other publications and organizations for promotion of FCF and suggests and works with the Conservation and Education directors to develop fundraising ideas for their FCF projects.

## Summer is Over! Getting Ready for School?



The FCF has recently upgraded their store to include several new items. Something for the student, for the workplace, and for the home. Sweatshirts and hoodies for those cool campus nights and football games. Wall clocks for your dorm room or office, calendars to mark your class schedules, or a journal to keep track of your classes. Even FCF magnets for your locker or a FCF pin to wear! Need something to put those trinkets in? We now have FCF tile boxes!

<http://www.cafepress.com/thefcf>



All items have the FCF Ocelot logo on them. Profits earned from the FCF online store will be used by the FCF for special projects such as education, conservation, fighting legislation and other projects that benefit our membership.





# Your best Shot



## Clockwise from top:

Convention '92—Lynn Culver, Shirley Wagner, Katie Knight • Convention '91—Paul Ramses, Loreon Vigne • Convention '92—Paul Richardson, Lisa Padula • 1964—New Mexican bobcats, photo by Bobby Aufill • Cover 1991—Robert Baudy with clouded leopard kits • Covention '97—Reva Anderson, Hush, and Jayne Anderson



## NEWS FROM AROUND THE JUNGLE

LATE LAST SUMMER a Jackson Heights, N.Y., member (Mrs. Denise Pierron) because she could not take her cat with her to France, sold "Sultan" to Mrs. Ann Eichelman of New Market, Virginia. Sultan was then 27 lbs and nearly two years old.

WE NOW HEAR from Mrs. Eichelman as follows: "Living with Sultan is quite an enjoyable experience. He has disrupted our home life somewhat. He insists on sleeping with me so my husband, in order to get his rest, has moved to another room. Sultan refuses to eat unless I feed him.

"Perfume drives him crazy. He bites anyone who wears it: consequently we have to watch him around ladies. With toys he is most possessive and cranky. He will not permit anyone to touch them except me. He is terrified of the outdoors and cars: is happy only at home.

"Sultan has committed the unpardonable sin of stealing our hearts and we adore him. His manners seem to improve as he gets older. Many people question that."

\* \* \* \* \*

CAPTAIN KANGAROO -- NBCTV Kiddie Program, occasionally needs ocelots as well as other tame animals which are a little out of the ordinary. If you think your pet will be a good actor, or if you know of anyone who has a suitable pet, please contact Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Gruber, 12 Robins Crescent, New Rochelle.

\* \* \* \* \*

ON FRIDAY, December 14th Jerry Heywood's adolescent "Simba" found the latch to the door of Jerry's parakeet cage not securely fastened. Simba took full advantage of the situation at the expense of two of Jerry's parakeets. The fact that she has two large aviaries that house close to fifteen birds doesn't lessen the wrong in anyway. In addition to having had indigestion, Simba was further punished by severe scoldings. He now understands that ocelots who live in Brooklyn, N.Y. are not supposed to have access to birds. He has diverted his attention to bird watching and fish watching.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM GULFPORT, MISS. Dr. & Mrs. K. D. Gregory report the loss of their ocelot, Cha-Cha. She was killed by a neighbor's boxer. The Gregory's five young sons particularly miss Cha-Cha's affectionate attentions. The Gregorys plan to get another ocelot to fill the void in their household. The mortality rate among member ocelots is so exceedingly high from feline ailments that it is especially disheartening to learn of the accidental loss of a healthy cat.

\* \* \* \* \*

KIM: 2 years old, well adjusted, friendly, neutered male, about 18 lbs. -- needs new home.

His owners, Mr. & Mrs. Chester Massey, after reaching a very difficult decision, feel that their new infant daughter, Darlene, might by accident find herself the object of Kim's playful enthusiasm. Therefore they have decided to part with him. They are asking \$175. He is very gentle. He delights in jumping into the laps of visitors and licking their hands. If you want further details, please communicate directly with Mr. & Mrs. Chester A. Massey, Jr., Eastport, New York. Phone: Eastport 5 0794J.

\* \* \* \* \*

MRS. MURIEL WHITE of 78-12 - 35th Ave., Jackson Heights, N.H. has lost the right to keep "Se-Ahm" her 28 lb, 3 year old Brazilian ocelot, in a suit brought against her by the New York City Department of Health. There is a city ordinance which prohibits keeping an animal with "vicious propensities" within the city limits.

The trial was held December 28th at Long Island City Magistrate's Court. The city called as a witness a Department of Health veterinarian who testified that he had handled three or four ocelots and that when cornered they will attack. Mrs. White's attorney was unable to produce proof to the contrary.

The Long Island Ocelot Club provided photographic and printed material and offered testimony of its members regarding their experience with their ocelots. Mrs. White's attorney did not find the material nor the testimony to be useful in her defense.

## NEW MEMBERS

MR. DONALD BAUM, 930 W. Eastwood Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois, plans to place an order for an ocelot kit some time in January. He has been visiting a Chicago zoo to learn what he can about their ocelot. Mr. Baum's first requirement, he believes, will be for information pertaining to the kitten's diet -- "What to feed it as a kitten through to its adult life: How much and how often?" Please address your suggestions to Mr. Baum at the above address.

MRS. RUTH JEANNE LADD, Kitchell Road, Convent, New Jersey, has a j Amanda, at 10 months is about 25 lbs. She is showing all the symptoms of a wild ocelot. "At seven months" Mrs. Ladd writes, "she ate the wood, teething, no doubt. She always eats shoes, socks, golf balls, plus anything else that looks good to her". Amanda hates restraint: "When I was as bad as a tiger. It took the veterinarian and his assistance to restrain her". Mrs. Ladd concludes: "I think she needs more exercise, but she won't do it. We have had a choke collar on her but she relaxes and gets out only when we much appreciate suggestions for training Amanda.

