



**Feline Conservation Federation**

January/February 2012 • Volume 56, Issue 1

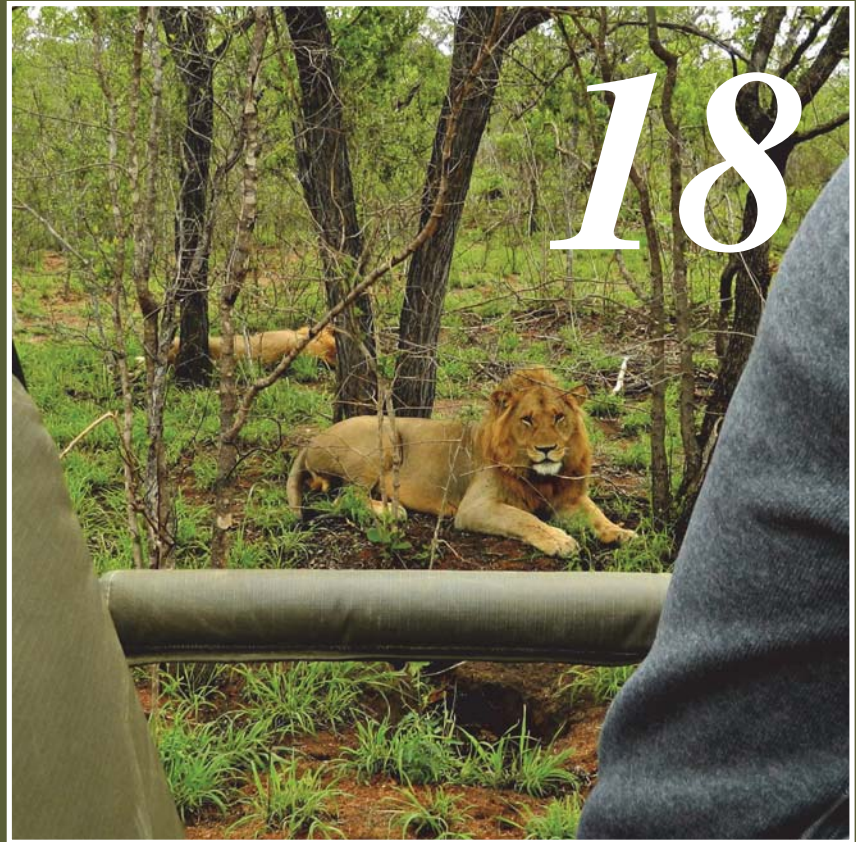


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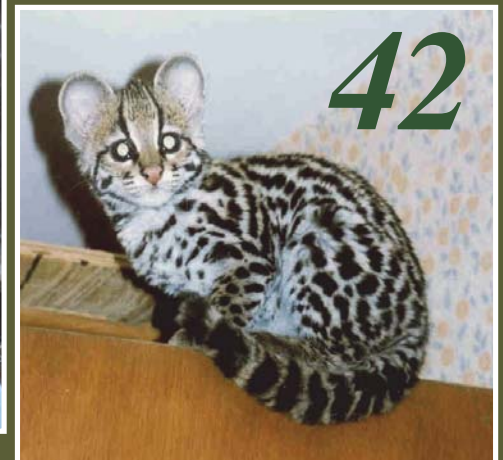
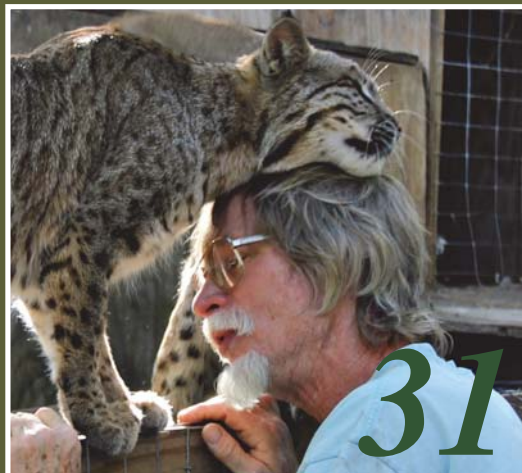
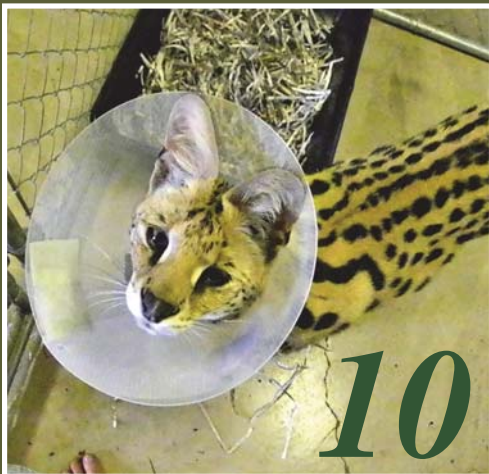
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## COVER PHOTO:

Please see details about this handsome leopard on our back cover.





**TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE FCF JOURNAL AND JOIN THE FCF IN ITS CONSERVATION EFFORTS**

A membership to the FCF entitles you to six issues of the *Journal*, the back-issue DVD, an invitation to FCF husbandry and wildlife education courses and annual convention, and participation in our online discussion group. The FCF works to improve captive feline husbandry and ensure that habitat is available. The FCF supports the conservation of exotic felines through captive and wild habitat protection, and it provides support for captive husbandry, breeding programs, and public education.

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The Feline Conservation Federation publishes the *Journal* bimonthly. The FCF is non-profit, (Federal ID#59-2048618) non-commercial, and international in membership, devoted to the welfare and conservation of exotic felines.

The *Journal* publishes articles on exotic feline conservation and husbandry, management, and regulatory and legislative issues affecting ownership for our members. The author's point of view does not necessarily represent the point of view of the organization. Reproduction of any material in the *Journal* may not be made without the written permission of the original copyright owners and/or copyright owner FCF.

Letters to the editor and guest editorials are also published.

Display advertisement space is available at the following prices: \$10 business card, \$25.00 quarter page, \$50.00 half page, and \$100 full-page ad.

Submission deadline for articles and advertisements is the 10th of even numbered months. Please submit all photos and articles to the Journal Managing Editor. High Resolution photos and articles may be emailed to lynn culver@hughes.net, or send by postal service to 141 Polk 664, Mena, AR 71953.



Feline Conservation Federation

## LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

The 2012 legislative session is off to a speedy start. As I write this, eight states have already had ten bills introduced, and there are more to come. We are all going to be kept quite busy for the next few months dealing with preserving our rights. One of the things that the FCF has recently done will help us in these battles... the creation of the Professional Level of membership. Legislators' main concern with our felids is the perception that they are dangerous to the public, and that wild-cat owners are untrained, unregulated, and uncaring. That is why most states give exemptions to AZA facilities and several to ZAA. Anti-private ownership organizations, such as the Global Federation of Sanctuaries, are pushing for exemptions as well. The common thread between all of these organizations is that they profess to be organizations of self-regulating peers. We now have our accreditation program and the Professional Member status to put us right there, too. While we would rather see good legislation, if the final draw is between a ban or an exemption, we must go for the exemption.

A "Professional" member of the FCF is someone who is substantially involved in the captive husbandry of wild felines, operates with high standards of animal

care and facility management, and who conducts their husbandry, business, and public image in an ethical manner. Professional members will normally hold a USDA license to engage in the breeding, brokering, sales, or exhibition of wild felines, or they may be employed or hold substantial, but unpaid, positions at USDA-licensed or non-profit wild feline facilities. Professional membership may also be granted to those running non-profits, substantial financial supporters, wildlife educators, veterinarians, researchers, and conservationists. Professional members must support the goals and mission of the Feline Conservation Federation, which is to protect the rights of qualified individuals to own and to pursue captive husbandry of wild felines, and to preserve, protect, and propagate wild feline populations in captivity and in nature.

By the time this issue arrives, the online Professional Member application should be up and running in the members-only section of our website, [www.felineconservation.org](http://www.felineconservation.org). Once you have filled out the application and paid the \$15 processing fee, your application will be reviewed by the Professional Membership

Committee, consisting of Ron Young, Karl Mogenson, Baghavan Antle, Bill Meadows, and Pat Callahan. They will confirm that you do indeed fit the criteria as a professional, so you can be elevated to the Professional level. The \$15 fee is good for one or both persons on a membership, but both will need to fill out an application. When it comes time to renew, dues are an additional \$25 per year higher than that of a general member.

To qualify for Professional Membership, you must be an FCF Registered Handler, register your cats with the FCF Feline Census (if you possess wild felines), sign the "Professional Code of Conduct," and fill out the Professional Member application on the website.

Kevin Chambers

In the Nov/Dec 2011 *Journal*, the Best Shots photo collage incorrectly identified a lounging clouded leopard. The feline is actually Matti, a 19 year old female living at Panther Ridge Conservation Center. Matti is a particular favorite of photographer Sandra Sickler. Please accept our apologies.

## DONATIONS

The FCF Board of Directors thanks the following individuals who have made donations to FCF projects since the last published *Journal*. These generous donations provide additional funding for special projects such as creating educational materials for members and legislators, helping support feline conservation, and improving captive feline welfare.

We appreciate each donation, no matter the amount, recognizing that it is the many small gifts that, when combined, add up and make a difference in the effectiveness of the FCF. We encourage everyone to follow this example and donate funds for projects that interest you.

### FCF General Fund:

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## FROM THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

By Lynn Culver

It is a good thing I spent two weeks in Africa last November, because facing this horrible 2012 legislative onslaught requires one to be refreshed, invigorated, and ready to do battle. That I am, thanks to the Rare Species Fund, which hosted a group of 26 wildlife enthusiasts at the world-renowned South African safari camp, Mala Mala. My trip did not end there; I also visited Li Quan and spent an incredible afternoon at the Laohu Valley Reserve, where the South China Tiger Rewilding Project is conducted. I also flew to Cape Town, to see Cheetah Outreach, where offspring from the DeWildt cheetah breeding center are exercised and socialized in preparation for export to zoos, educators, and breeding centers around the world.

While the wonderful images of wildlife will stay with me for life, another, more disturbing, image is also permanently burned into my conscience. While driving from the airport in Cape Town, we passed a shantytown populated with seven million people. The rickety, densely crowded slum ran for miles on one side of the highway, while the other side held modern shopping malls and fine homes surrounded with razor wire. It puts everything into perspective. The lush and abundant wildlife at Mala Mala only exists because of the constant influx of tourist dollars that makes nature pay and, therefore, be worth protecting. But can nature ever be secure when there are literally millions and millions of poverty-stricken people living in shantytowns in cities all across Africa? People always come first, and the needs of so many humans demand that natural resources be exploited without mercy. And the basic needs of millions of Africans that are not being met is a ticking population time bomb that will explode someday. And this trip has convinced me, more than ever, of the pressing need for us to safeguard our captive gene pools of wild felines in America.

I believe that 2012 will be a legislative year that breaks all records. The Zanesville, Ohio, big cat massacre is being exploited by the Humane Society of the United States to get their foot into the doors of every legislature, in every state in session this year. Captive wildlife is not safe anywhere. Even in states that have strict regulations, it is not good enough for

the HSUS. The HSUS agenda is to force the extinction of all animals in captivity, and these animal rights fanatics do not accept that our felines are anything but “dangerous animals” that should never be privately owned. Their single-minded agenda refuses to acknowledge that our felines can be happy and serve a purpose, or that captive feline owners are capable of providing proper care. The HSUS bill being proposed restricts ownership and breeding rights to the exclusive club of zoos who can afford to be members of the AZA organization, and to a small faction of sanctuaries that sign onto the HSUS extinction movement, agreeing to warehouse wildlife, never breed anything, and never use wildlife ambassadors for education or outreach, or (Heaven forbid) allow any public contact with animals.

So far, Indiana has introduced a version of this HSUS bill, as have Virginia and Oklahoma. By the time this *Journal* goes to press, Ohio will have their bill introduced and it is sure to be an HSUS ban bill as well.

In Virginia, there are several fine privately owned and operated zoo parks, nature centers, and outreach educators, all of which are licensed and inspected by the USDA. The Virginia Department of Wildlife wrote all stakeholders and USDA inspectors to let them know that several organizations are contacting legislators and their agency in light of the situation in Ohio, offering “help” in updating Virginia regulations, and by drafting code changes. Clearly, the draft presented is a HSUS wish list, a “manage to extinction” and “better dead than bred” proposal. It is totally outrageous that states are being asked to pass laws that will result in the extinction in captivity of species that are threatened and endangered in nature. We cannot let this happen. Nature is under incredible attack and captivity must remain their safe haven; and our genetic banks of felines managed separately from the tiny AZA population must be protected. We must be nature’s army and do battle with the evil forces that wish to sever human connection with animals.

The FCF has bought into CAPWIZ and is using this grassroots email software to issue Action Alerts to our members and the feline community. When you see one of our alerts, post it to your Facebook, forward the link to your friends, and use it to send out letters against these ban laws.

By the time you read this *Journal*, there will be several more Action Alerts composed and ready to send, that apply to every state, because we know this HSUS ban bill is being shopped everywhere. HSUS has a list of HSUS-friendly legislators (i.e. people who have taken HSUS money and owe them favors) and these legislators will be introducing this HSUS bill, or a slightly modified version, into their state under the guise of public safety, concerned that a Zanesville massacre can happen in their state. And just because you have a good set of regulations in your state, is no reason to feel secure. As the recent Virginia bill illustrates, this is not about pet ownership, it’s about private ownership, the existence of non-AZA gene pools, and the HSUS mission to force the extinction of every one of our cats. Because we know it is coming, everyone needs to send out a proactive letter to their legislators now, explaining what is happening nationwide, and how harmful it will be – to feline conservation, to them personally, and to businesses, and exhibitors, and breeders in the state, and ask that they not sponsor such a bill.

The FCF has purchased enhanced distribution press releases through PRWeb that are sent to print media and newspapers all over America. The FCF will be issuing press releases bi-monthly on this legislative season in an attempt to educate the public, legislators, and media, and to counter the AR propaganda.

The FCF produced the informative and professionally produced video, “The InCATvenient Truth.” FCF members underutilize this important learning tool. Please contact me to purchase bulk quantities, spend a day at your state capital, meet with the legislators, and pass out copies. Do it today, before it is too late.

I am on the phone, I am writing letters, press releases, and action alerts, I am on the job; but it will take the involvement of every FCF member to win this battle against the extinction movement. We must win the hearts and minds of the American people and our elected officials. We are no match for the corrupting influence of the millions of dollars HSUS can spend to buy legislation, but we do have the truth on our side and we must use it to protect the lives, and the future, of our beloved wild feline friends. They have given us so much and we owe them a debt of gratitude.

## BUILDING ON A BUDGET

By Sheri DeFlorio

Building an enclosure that makes our felines happy and enriched is something that may be financially difficult during these trying times. Working 40 to 55 hours per week and finding the time to build a “cat palace” was a challenge within itself, especially with a budget of just six hundred dollars.

With the help of our local electric company, Craigslist, and some old building materials lying around, we finally completed our Geoffroy’s cat enclosure in seven weekends. Treated wood and wire alone would break our budget, so we tried to use as many “free” resources as we could get our hands on.

The telephone poles (green-treated, as the old creosote ones are harmful) were free, conventional doors that came off a house were free, and, of course, the back-breaking labor from myself and my husband were also free. The only materials that came out of the budget included pressure-treated lumber for the structure, 12.5-gauge wire that surrounds the cage, fence staples, and some enrichment items for the interior. Our goal was to make the enclosure as tall as possible, since Geoffroy’s cats love high places. My husband came up with a plan to make the enclosure



**Dahruma gets to enjoy his new, extravagant enclosure on a bright winter day, equipped with hiding spots, shelter, perches, and a tunnel to explore.**

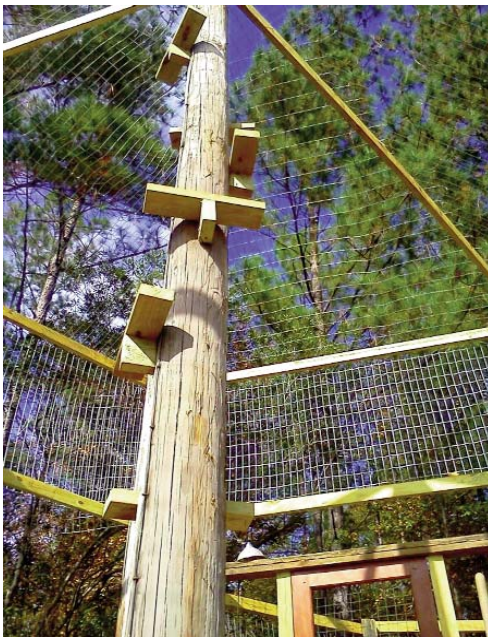
look like a grain silo. With that in mind, we started cutting and placing 18-foot telephone poles into the ground (by hand) in a circle. The next step from there was forming the structure with 2’x4’x12’ treated lumber, including the roof, which was not an easy task since it had to be done on angles and so high up from the ground.

When the structure was complete, we then worked on the double door entry and framed that in as well. We used two old doors, knocked out the glass panes, and replaced the openings with 2’x2’ wire and screen. After everything was assembled, the structure was then covered and stretched with 12.5-gauge wire. We had to focus on preventing any escapes, so we took more telephone poles, cut them, and placed them around the base into a trench on the ground, then secured them with the structural wire.

Using plastic drum barrels, old tin from a roof, and barn wood, we added enrichment to the interior of the cage. Our neighbor used his tractor and brought us a huge, old oak tree stump, which we also placed inside. With help from Craigslist, we were able to purchase

a 35-gallon pond form and a rock waterfall with pump to add some more kitty bliss for our very much-loved Dahruma. With so much height in the enclosure there was more than enough room to add ramps, shelves, and cathouses for him to enjoy up high where he craves to be.

Overall we are very pleased with the turnout of this project. King Dahruma was introduced to his new palace on Thanksgiving Day and has already enjoyed swimming in the pond and cat napping on his tree-high perches.



**These multiple perches will give Dahruma a bird’s-eye view of the surrounding area over which he reigns.**

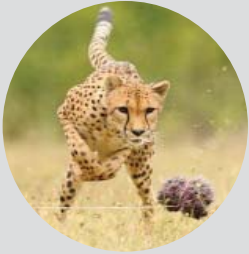
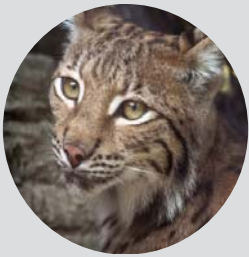


**Including these doors, recycled from a house, helped to lower the cost of building this enclosure significantly.**

# FCF Convention 2012 is Coming!

Meet us in Cincinnati, Ohio, Thursday, June 7th through Saturday, June 9th, for Cats, Cats, & more Cats!

And don't miss out on the Basic Wild/Exotic Feline Husbandry or Wildlife Conservation Educators Courses, presented on Wednesday, June 6th



Adventure • Conservation • Education

This summer, Cincinnati Zoo invites the FCF to see all 16 of their feline species, as well as a very special Cat Ambassador Program starring cheetahs, servals, fishing cats, and Cathryn Hilker!



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Besides being the second oldest zoo in the country, CZBG houses over 500 animals & 3,000 plant species, has been a successful captive breeding facility since the 1880s, & is rated one of the best zoological parks in the nation!



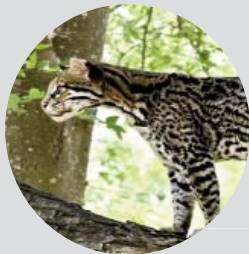
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So please join us for great speakers, great friends, & tons of fun felines...

For hotel and registration information, look for the enclosed Convention form or register on the FCF website and pay with PayPal.



[www.felineconservation.org](http://www.felineconservation.org)





## CINCINNATI COUGARS ON THE PROWL

By Fred Shaw

*Fred has worked closely with the Cat Ambassador Program at the Cincinnati Zoo, photographing and writing a book entitled Brothers of the Wind in 2006, the proceeds of which benefit the Angel Fund for cheetah conservation. A second cheetah story, The Running Wind, has been made into a short film by Ancient Voices Productions that debuted at the Jackson Hole Wildlife Film Festival.*



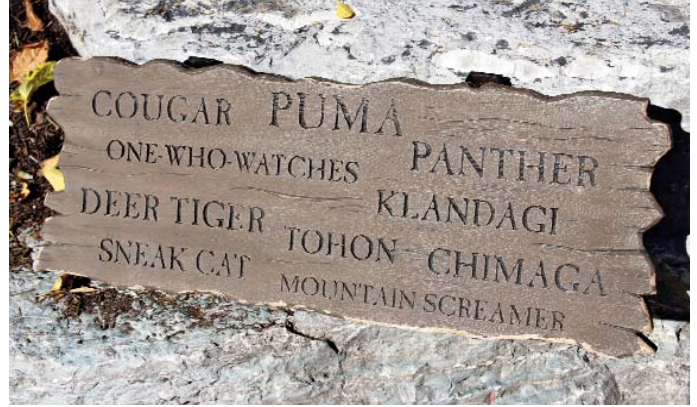
**The cougar brothers' enclosure allows them to feel at home in their own domain.**

Welcome to your experience of the cougars of the Cincinnati Zoo and Botanical Gardens. The heartbeat of a Shawnee Indian drum draws you down the path beside "The Night Hunters" to a clearing in the woods. The tracks of Walks-in-the-Shadows cross the way before you. Petroglyphs on the rocks lining the trail reveal that others have been here long before you. Signs bearing the many names by which the mountain lion is known catch your attention.

A full, male voice blends with the drumbeat and welcomes you; "The place where you now stand was named Ohio for its beauty by its early residents. There was a time when the hawks and the other winged-ones, the four-leggeds, and the two-leggeds lived in balance. Each one's beating heart was in harmony with earth, water, fire, and wind. Each held a neces-



**Tecumseh and Joseph are frequently seen napping the day away together. Photo by Eden Tran.**



**One of several unobtrusively placed signs lists different words and names that have been used to describe *Puma concolor*. Photo by Eden Tran.**

sary place in a circle whose balance connects all things in life. When that bal-

ance was broken, life became survival."

"These two cougars of the Cincinnati Zoo are named for the gifted leaders Tecumseh and Joseph. Though from different nations and separated by 100 years and hundreds of miles, they both dreamed of recreating this balance for their people. These great cats are an invitation to you to restore the beauty of balance lest it be lost forever. Watch the grace of their movements. Look at their faces. Dare to look into their eyes. Experience their power in this circle that you complete with them. Listen as their hearts speak to your heart. Do not let the song of their

beating hearts be lost."

Suddenly, Tecumseh and Joseph bound into the clearing, nimbly leaping up the rocks and over the stream. Finally they come to the glass of their habitat and plant their front paws upon it as they look into your eyes. Your heart skips, and you know that human beings are not the center of the universe.

Illustrations and story summaries of the Shawnee leader, Tecumseh, and the Nez Perce strategist, Joseph, invite you to consider the interconnectedness of humans, animal people, the plant nations, and the earth itself. You turn to leave, changed in a way that is difficult to express. You have looked into the eyes of the wild and discovered yourself.



**Cincinnati Zoo has included a man-made stream and waterfall to give the resident cougars more variety and enrichment in their natural-looking habitat.**

## UNDER ATTACK BUT STILL FIGHTING BACK!

By Bobbi Corona

On January 12, 2012, Joe Schreibvogel, park director of G.W. Exotic Animal Park, walked into a federal courtroom in hopes of stopping Carole Baskin, CEO and Founder of Big Cat Rescue, from continuing her crusade to ruin his facility, as well as many other animal exhibitors, by harassing them out of business. Carole was not present at the injunction hearing; in her place were her latest husband, Howard Baskin and two United States Humane Society (HSUS) executives.

Joe, known as “Joe Exotic” in the animal industry, runs a 501c3 nonprofit zoo in Wynnewood, OK. Joe also has tigers that he selectively breeds.

Carole Baskin runs Big Cat Rescue in Tampa, Florida, a self-proclaimed big cat sanctuary that she started with her personal collection of exotic cats, but lately she has been “born again” as an animal rights crusader, determined to end all captive breeding, and especially tiger breeding. Carole believes society should let these endangered species die out in captivity. She ignores all of the dire warnings of biologists, conservationists, and researchers predicting the cat species we all love and care about could become extinct in nature in the next 10-15 years.

The fight between Baskin and Schreibvogel reads like David vs. Goliath. Baskin has a personal vendetta against Schreibvogel’s business, and harasses his clients and sponsors relentlessly, all because he breeds and exhibits baby tigers for the world to see.

Joe has poured his life savings into the care and exhibition of rescued and rehomed animals at his rural Oklahoma zoological park.

Carole spends the millions of dollars she inherited after the mysterious disappearance of her first husband, Don Lewis, now presumed dead, and Carole operates a very commercial, “feline roadside zoo” in Tampa, where she aggressively advertises her “must see” collection of cats to the tourists. She also pretends she is an authority on big cats.

Carole has misled her uneducated animal loving followers, until they blindly believe that breeding, public contact, or exhibiting by anyone other than BCR is exploitation. She regularly calls upon these brainwashed fanatics to join in her

harassment crusade.

Carole started out breeding exotic cats for sale, so her hypocrisy is particularly inexcusable. Carole knows that kittens removed from their mother for hand-raising, and socialized with humans, even used in public venues where people who would otherwise never have the opportunity to see these amazing creatures, is not animal abuse.

Joe believes felines destined to live out their life in our world, benefit from human touch. Joe’s experiences have also taught him that public contact with the young of wild felines can be a source of love and nurturing to these innocent creatures.

There is only a short period of time, according to USDA regulations, when cubs and kittens are old enough, vaccinated enough, and safe enough, for professional exhibitors to allow people the opportunity to have physical contact. And Joe has seen the power of this connection, has seen it bring tears of joy, and respect for these truly magnificent animals, that will last a lifetime.

Carole believes the opposite. Even though most of Carole’s cats were hand-raised with a human touch, Carole is determined to break that bond.

Which is fair to the animals? Creating a human bond between man and animal, and sharing that experience with the world, like Joe does, or, collecting up felines and putting them in solitary confinement even though they have committed no crime, milking them like cash cows to glean sympathy donations from compassionate animal lovers, and spouting propaganda and lies about how touching animals is animal abuse, like Carole does?

Carole spends a lot of time on the Internet chastising Schreibvogel and every other licensed commercial exhibitor, while falsely claiming she runs a sanctuary, conveniently forgetting that by her own definition, a true “sanctuary” is not open to the public, and does not exhibit its animals.

We in the animal industry have a duty to the feline species to ensure they are preserved and loved for generations to come. And we owe it to the animals to stop people like Carole Baskin from destroying the “Davids” of the animal industry with her GOLIATH tactics and bullying.

For now, it is up to a federal judge to decide who wins the war between

Schreibvogel and Baskin. At the January 12th injunction hearing, the judge ruled that Baskin and her supporters could continue on their tirade under the First Amendment. They are free to sling their slanderous opinions, and to harass and interfere with Schreibvogel’s business contracts. But in the upcoming jury trial to decide whether Carole is guilty of defamation of character and tortuous interference with business contracts, Carole could be held responsible for the damages caused by not by just her opinions, but by her lies. Her harassments state his tiger cubs grow up to be sold into a miserable existence, and then are shot in canned hunts, or parted out into the illegal Asian tiger parts industry. Now what mall owner would want to be guilty of supporting that? Carole has crossed the line of opinions, and entered the realm of lies, and it may cost her dearly. The judge has asked Schreibvogel and his attorney to amend their claim for financial damages, to include those contracts he has lost since first filing a multi-million dollar lawsuit against Baskin and Big Cat Rescue, which the judge has set at \$9 million.

Animal rights propaganda has now evolved from the decades-old, but never found, mythological “Texas canned hunts” to the latest in fear-mongering and truth-stretching, the unprovable and unstoppable, illegal Asian “tiger body parts” scare.

For now, Joe Exotic continues to care for his animals and his baby tigers, at a small zoo in rural Oklahoma. Carole Baskin, in partnership with HSUS, purchases property to build a so-called true “sanctuary” in North Carolina, complete with a public museum of stuffed exotic cats that have died under her “care.” Any cats moved to this sanctuary in North Carolina will not be on exhibit to the public and, therefore, will not be protected by the Animal Welfare Act regulations and USDA inspectors, and, could also be exempt from all state protection and oversight, if HSUS gets its exemptions passed in their proposed North Carolina ban bills. Carole will be able to safely hide, along with all the skeletons in the closet, just like API was able to do with their Primate Sanctuary, before primates, dead from starvation, neglect, and abuse, were discovered rotting in puddles of water in its so called “sanctuary.”



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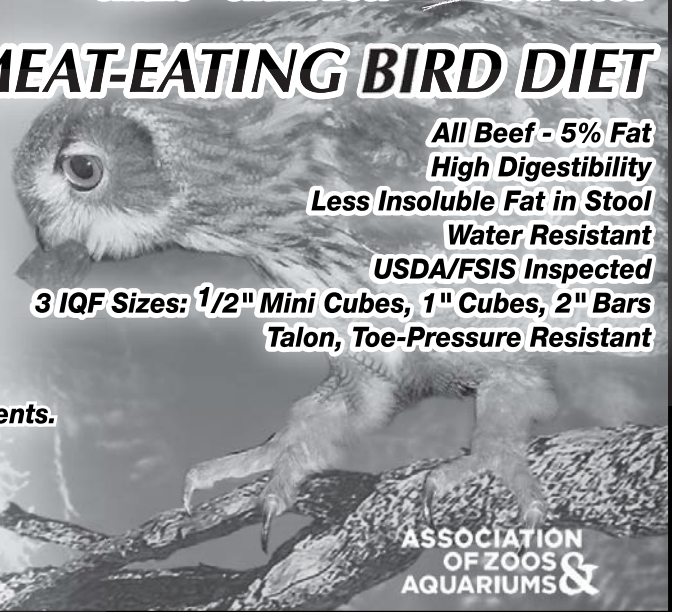
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## THE SITUATION WITH SERVAL STONES

By Dolly Guck

It all started about a year and a half ago. I brought my serval, Sawabu, to the vet for his annual check up and shots. Dr. Leigh Semilof suggested that next year she would like to put him under anesthesia and do a real good hands-on exam and draw some blood. She explained it would be a good idea since he was eight years old now, and if anything was going wrong, she could catch it early. I agreed, though I did agonize all year about putting him under. Usually, all I do when we go to the vet is feed him a piece of chicken breast while she vaccinates him. Then he hisses at her so she can see how well his teeth are doing, and we are done. If that does not work, I scruff him, throw a towel over his head, and she goes to work.

July was getting closer and I began to worry about this vet appointment. Little did I know it would be one of the most important vet appointments of Sawabu's life!!!! We were at a WOWEE educational program at a school in Gorham. Sawabu jumped up on his table like he always does. I fed him chicken while I told the kids about servals and other threatened and endangered species. When I was done talking, Sawabu did his trick. I throw a piece of chicken down a clear tube, he reaches down the tube and pulls the chicken out with his long front legs and eats it. I explain that servals do this in

the wild to get a mouse or rabbit hiding down a hole. Everybody claps and Sawabu is very proud of himself. I can see it on his face. But, then it happened, he peed on the table! "Oh my", I thought, "That has never happened before." On the way home I told my husband Dan my concerns about it and said, "I am calling the vet as soon as we get home." I know when a cat pees in a different place like on your clothes, a corner, or on a table in this case, they are trying to get your attention and tell you something is wrong. Well, he got my attention. I called the vet the next day and scheduled an exam.

On the morning of June 6, 2011, I did not feed Sawabu or give him any water. As I was feeding everyone else he was begging. "No, not right now, you can have all you want when we get home," I told him as I put his harness and collar on and attached the leash. Dan put his carrier in the SUV. I led Sawabu through the house, down the stairs, and into the garage where I opened the car door and told him "Up, up," and he jumped into his carrier. We drove to Williamson Animal Hospital. Dr. Semilof always wants to weigh him before she gets started so I asked him to come out of the carrier and led him through the back rooms and to the scale. Then I led him back to the exam room and asked him to jump up on the exam table. Sawabu thought he was at a program, so he jumped right up on the table. Dr.

Semilof asked me to hold him really tight so she could give him a shot to relax him. I scruffed him and threw a towel over his head just to be safe. She quickly delivered the shot and soon he began to hang his head. At that point she injected him in a vein on the inside of his back thigh to really put him out. Dr. Semilof examined his ears, eyes, mouth, down his throat, between his toes, and then she took his temperature. All seemed normal. She gave him his annual vaccinations

and I asked if she could get some urine from him. She brought out a bowl and squeezed his bladder causing urine to flow into the bowl. Oh my, there was blood in the urine. We could see it against the white bowl.

The vet technician took the urine to test it and found blood, infection, and crystals in the urine. Dr. Semilof explained that there are two kinds of crystals that cats get. Struvite crystals are composed of magnesium, ammonium and phosphate. They can be dissolved with diet. The other kind is calcium oxalate. They cannot be dissolved with diet. The cat must pass them, or you must operate to take them out. To determine which kind Sawabu had, Dr. Semilof needed to send some urine off to a lab where testing could take up to two weeks. She advised she wanted to start Sawabu on a round of antibiotics while we waited for the results. Dr. Semilof left the room to get the reversal drug and antibiotics. She came back with an idea, saying, "Let's do some x-rays. I just have a feeling that they might shed some light on what is going on. He is already out and it could take two weeks to get the results back, and we might have to put him out again. Let's just do it now."

"Go for it," I told her. Dan started to pick him up to carry him into the x-ray room. I stopped him and told him, "I have to do this." After carrying him in we both left the room. Dr. Semilof developed the x-rays and called me in. "Look right here, here, and here. Do you see those white spots?" "Yes," I said, "What are they?" She explained, "They are stones in his bladder. I need to operate to take them out now. If the test results come back that they are calcium oxalate stones, we have to operate, and if they turn out to be struvite stones, they are so large, they will take a long time to dissolve." Dan and I were scared looking at our cat on the table, but we trusted our vet and told her to do what ever she had to do. We watched as they started to prep him, shaving the hair on his belly and inserting a breathing tube down his throat. Then we were asked to leave. The last thing I saw was Sawabu being carried into the operating room and the door closed.

The receptionist, Phil, told us the operation could take about an hour and we



**Sawabu Serval shows off his hunting skills at an educational program by reaching for a treat at the bottom of a plastic tube.**



**A calcium oxalate stone retrieved by surgery from Sawabu's bladder measured about a centimeter in diameter.**

should go have coffee at McDonalds. "OK, sure," I thought, "leave my cat here while you cut his stomach open." That did not sound good to me, but I know that they always ask you to leave. I guess they think it will take your mind off things. So we drove to McDonalds and got coffee, passing time talking, but for the life of me I cannot remember what we talked about. It seemed like an eternity and I was anxious to return to the hospital and get an update on Sawabu. We drove back and sat in the waiting room until finally Phil announced that Sawabu was in recovery and Leigh would be out to talk to us shortly. Leigh arrived and showed us a stone about the size of my baby fingernail. She explained that she took out three stones, and she gave me this one and some of the hair they shaved. She put it all in a small bag. The other two stones would be sent off to be tested. All the time I am thinking, "OK, sounds good to me, but where is my cat? How did he get these stones and why are they so big?" I feel like I have neglected him.

Leigh takes us to see Sawabu, who is in his carrier lying on top of a blanket so he is comfortable. He was fitted with an Elizabethan Collar, his stomach was bare, and I could see a three-inch incision. He was breathing normally, and that made me feel better. Leigh said, "His vitals are good and you can take him home. I know you will monitor him very closely. Give me a call if you have any questions or he does not seem right. Be careful, the Rompun I used can make him do things he would not normally do, like bite, and he will be sensitive to light. I will be in the office until 8pm and you have my cell and

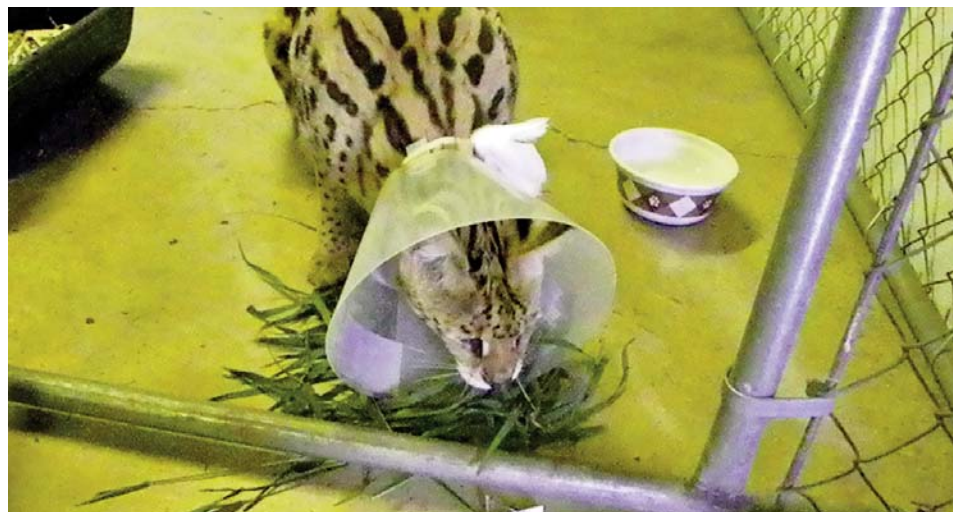
home numbers. Leave the collar on as long as he will keep it on. I would like him to wear it for 10 to 14 days. The stitches can come out in a week to 10 days. If he will keep the collar on at least until we take the stitches out, that would be wonderful." But, she was talking about a serval, and we both knew what that meant.

Dr. Semilof had given him a shot of long-term antibiotics and a painkiller. Bladder surgery is very painful, so I was going to have to try to keep him still as much as possible. She told me that I might see some blood in his urine from the surgery and he may dribble urine until his bladder starts to heal. I was still very concerned about all this and asked, "How did he get these stones and how did they get so big? Should I have noticed something was wrong? He never even stopped eating." She explained, "Stones sometime develop in cats, especially in nurtured male cats, and sometimes they grow quite fast and the owner might not notice anything is wrong. Wild animals especially have a very unique way of hiding that they do not feel good. It is their way of protecting themselves. Sawabu did not even have a temperature so you need not blame yourself; just concentrate on getting him better."

Dan drove slowly and cautiously going home, being careful not to hit any bumps to disturb our resting serval. We hardly

even spoke. When we got home Dan pulled around to the back yard so we could unload at the back door, carry him in, and leave him in his carrier, as it is much safer for him at this point. As he starts to come around a little more he began to stagger and bump his head on the carrier walls. "OH MY, Buddy do not hurt yourself," I said to him. I could see the benefits of the E collar already; it cushioned his head from the carrier's walls. I pulled the blinds and threw a blanket over the carrier to make it as dark as possible to keep him calm.

As we examined his kennel area, we notice there were a lot of things he would have trouble getting around with that collar on. The shelf - he cannot jump on that; the play gym - he will get stuck in that; and his hammock, he LOVES his hammy, but it all has to go! We removed everything and I put a blanket on the floor. Sawabu was coming out of his ordeal and wanted to get out of the carrier. We put him in his kennel, and he looked around, confused. We were sure he was wondering, "Where is all my stuff, what have I done wrong?" He lay on the blanket, wanting to go to sleep, but that collar. How would a serval deal with this? Sawabu managed just like he had always worn one, which was absolutely amazing to me. I wondered how he would manage eating. I fixed him Zupreem, warmed like always, and offered it to him, but he could not eat it off the floor, so I picked up the dish and held it while he ate, and then he drank some water. I left the bowl of water in the kennel, and thought, "OK, this is going to work."



**Although initially perturbing to Sawabu, his Elizabethan collar kept him from being able to dislodge his sutures, so that recovery was faster.**



**Sawabu's mom was able to get urine samples to check for the presence of blood by holding a cup underneath him and simply asking him to use the bathroom!**

In the morning I rushed down to see how he was doing and he almost had his E collar off. I called Dan and he brought the duct tape. I managed to get the collar back on the way it was supposed to be, and Dan ripped off pieces of tape and handed them through the chain link so I could put a piece of tape on each of the tabs on the collar.

Over the next few days everything was going well. Sawabu ate and drank, and even figured out how to drink without me holding the bowl. The food bowl I still had to hold for him. Best of all, the E collar is staying on. YIPEE!!!!!!! Sawabu's urine output was getting better, with less dribbling, and I was starting to see less blood in the urine. Sawabu was trying to groom himself, a very good sign, and I discovered that he really wanted his neck scratched. I put my hands down his neck, where the collar is tied, and started scratching. OH, he really liked that. He purred and pushed against my fingers. I would scratch him for about five minutes three times a day.

The only thing concerning me was that he had developed diarrhea, so I mixed some boiled white rice into his food, but the rice did not work. Our daughter, Heather, stopped over to see how things were progressing and I showed her the stone they took out. She took one look at it and said, "It looks like a flower. Oh Mom, he is growing flowers for you."

stool was back to normal.

On June 14th the stitches were ready to be removed. I told Dan, "I think I can take them out myself." He just looked at me like I had four heads. I called the vet and she thought that was a good idea, since it would save Sawabu the stress of going to the clinic and possibly being put out again. She informed me she got the results back from the urine and blood samples. The stones were definitely oxalate and the blood work showed his kidneys were compromised. His creatinine was elevated and that meant his kidneys were not working right. "Oh, what do we do now?" I asked. My heart was sinking.

My vet wanted to keep track of his kidney function, and normally that meant taking more blood samples. But she did not want to put him out again because the anesthesia is filtered thru the kidneys and that could bother them more. She asked me to try to get a urine specimen from him, because a

This kind of flower I do not need! I told her about the diarrhea and she suggested adding some yogurt. "The antibiotics may have destroyed the good bacteria in his stomach and the yogurt will put it back." I had success using yogurt to treat loose stools in a goat I had, so I mixed a small amount of yogurt with his food morning and night, after two days his

sample can tell her a lot about his kidneys, and if any oxalate crystals have come back. She wished me luck on getting the stitches out, and I tried not to panic.

I got my scissors, a flashlight, and some chicken. I told Dan to feed him the chicken through the chain link up high so he had to stand up against the fence to eat it. That much was working, but how do I hold the flashlight and cut the stitches without cutting my cat? Think fool think! I lay on my back, held the flashlight in my teeth, and cut the two stitches out. It WORKED PERFECTLY! OH MY GOSH, we have done it! We gave each other a high five, and Sawabu an extra piece of chicken.

On June 18 the Elizabethan collar came off. Sawabu was so happy. All his play things were put back in his kennel and he jumped right up in his beloved "HAMMY." The next day I moved him outside to his big enclosure, the sweet smell of fresh air, the stimulation of birds flying around and the dogs and horses to watch. After a couple hours I brought him back in and he went right to sleep.

Dr. Semilof wanted a urine sample every month for a while, just to make sure no new crystals were forming and to check on his kidney function. But do you know how to get a urine sample from a serval?

On July 7th I took in stool and urine samples. The stool sample is easy to get. Sawabu is litter trained and always goes in his box. I just pick it out; don't even have to hunt for it. The urine is another thing. This part you will not believe. I bring him into his inside kennel, let him smell a small cup I am holding, and say "You got to pee?" He starts pacing and climbing on his shelf and pacing some more. In about five minutes he comes to the litter box,

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squats and pees. All I do is hold the cup in the stream. Works every time.

The stool sample was negative. There was a lot of blood and crystals in the urine, but no infection. Dr. Semilof said she had some emails out to other vets that might be able to help. In a few days she called. A vet from the University of California, Davis had emailed her and said Sawabu needed to eat a diet of Royal Canine High Protein Calorie Control canned food which is 341 calories a day, and three cans a day. These are only six-ounce cans, 18 ounces a day. I really didn't know about all this, but Dr. Semilof was sure this would help with the crystals.

Dan purchased a case of 24 cans. Sawabu would not eat it. OH DARN, now what? So I gave him his Zupreem canned small feline diet and his crunchy Mazuri and called Dr. Semilof. She suggested mixing the Royal Canine with chicken or turkey. I decided to mix it with chicken since Sawabu loves his chicken but NOPE, not this time. He chirped at me for his food, and seemed to be telling me, "Get that stuff out of here and give me my Zupreem and Mazuri." As hard as this was, I decided that "tuff love" was in order. Reluctantly, I walked away and left him to figure it out.

The next week was really rough. Sawabu had decided he was not going to eat that foul brown glob in his bowl and I had decided he was going to. Finally, he decided that maybe it is not so bad mixed with chicken or turkey, and started eating it. Now you may think that I am heartless for making him eat what he doesn't want, but I did give him a few treats, like thawed frozen rats, ice cream, and deer bones, just enough to fill in. I work part time at Smith Packing, which processes deer during hunting season. My boss, Clarence, is very generous and lets me have some of the better leftovers for my cat. Barry, Clarence's son, cuts

them for me and his daughter, Laurie, helps me pack them for freezing. Sawabu just loves his deer bones almost as much as he loves his "hammy." Without those bones, we might not have made it through that first week on Royal Canine.

By now the whole neighborhood knew that Sawabu had surgery. One neighbor, who is a dietician for people, came over to see him with a printout about calcium oxalate stones for me to read. It contained a lot of wonderful information about oxalate stones and what a person should and should not eat. Too bad Sawabu will not eat vegetables! All the neighborhood kids stopped in from time to time to see Sawabu. A group of them even made him get well cards in hopes it would help. Sawabu loved seeing the kids from inside his kennel. I taped the cards to his kennel and he would stand up every once in awhile to smell and look at them. I emailed all of Sawabu's friends who could not visit him to share news of his progress. Denise, Roger, Nancy, Donna, Chris, Dawn, Linda and the list goes on.



**During his convalescence, Sawabu received lots of fan mail and well wishes from neighborhood children who have been impressed by his ambassador activities.**

Between our fabulous family, neighbors, friends and people I work with, we have a great support system going. They really do appreciate the work that Sawabu does teaching people about threatened and endangered species. The last six months he has been on medical leave, and I do not know whether I will retire him permanently or not. Time will tell. I still take a urine sample in every month, and every month it is clear, is one more month we have with him. The new food is working very well. I am so much more aware of him

now. Maybe too much; I have panicked several times, calling Dr. Semilof. Each time she answers my questions and reassures me we are on the right track.

Sawabu is such a wonderful ambassador for his species. He loads up in his carrier very well. He jumps on his table every time and does his trick and I know he loves it when the kids clap. I can see it on his face. WHAT A GIFT THIS SERIAL IS.

George DeLong, FCF Secretary

## **Registered Exotic Feline Handler Program**

The FCF board of directors congratulates the following individuals for being accepted into the Registered Exotic Feline Handler Program since the past *Journal* issue.

**Mark Chapels - Advanced**  
**Vera Chapels - Advanced**

The three levels of FCF Feline Handler registration are: *basic* – at least one year of experience, *intermediate* – at least five years of experience, and *advanced* – more than ten years' experience handling exotic felines.

Be sure to update your registration in the members-only website when you obtain additional handling experience or new species experience. If you believe your experiences qualify you for an upgrade in registration status, make a request with your updates and the secretary will process the registration.

The online registration form can be filled out directly in the members-only section of the FCF website and the \$30.00 registration fee can be made through PayPal.

The board further challenges all FCF facilities to apply for accreditation by the FCF Accreditation Board. The overview, basic standards, and accreditation application are on the FCF members-only website.

Congratulations to all of these members for their dedication to their cats.

## A SWINGING ENRICHMENT IDEA

By Dolly Guck

I have found that one of the best enrichments for a serval is a hammock. Of course you have to make your own or have someone make it for you, they just do not make hammocks big enough for the larger cats. I make mine out of Duck Cloth. It is a tough cotton material that is completely washable and does not shrink too much when put in the dryer. I do hang mine outside when possible. The cloth does stretch to make a nice little divot for your serval when he lays in it. Duck Cloth also comes in a variety of colors so you can make things “pretty” for your USDA inspector. When my inspector asked if my serval liked his hammock, my reply was, “I would not have a serval without having a hammy.” I have a hammock in each one of my serval’s enclosures and am sure other small to medium cats would LOVE one. I had to experiment a little to get the size and style right to suit my serval.

This style and size I have found works the best. You will need two and a half yards of 60” wide duck cloth (canvas). Cut two pieces of duck cloth that are 40” x 45”. Lay the two pieces together and cut a half circle from the 40” side of one end so it is about 30” from the other end (See photo illustration).

The half circle cutout is the front of the hammock. The half circle gives your ser-



**Sawabu Serval absolutely loves to relax in his “hammy,” a homemade enrichment item that Dolly devised to accommodate her larger than average exotic pet.**

val a place to “hang over” if he so wishes. Without this precut half circle, I found that my serval would chew his own!

Out of the half circle piece that you cut out and would throw away as waste, cut four, five-inch by five-inch squares. Use these squares by sewing them into the corners for rein-

forcement. Put the two large pieces of the hammock together so the right sides are together. Pin one, five-inch by five-inch piece in each of the four corners. Sew around the edges about one inch in from the edge. Make sure to leave an opening about six inches long along one of the straight edges to turn the hammock right side out. Cut the extra

material from the corner reinforcements. Turn the hammock right side out. Make sure to pull all the corners out, and the reinforcement pieces lay flat. Ironing helps to make sure everything lays flat and is in place. Iron the opening edges towards the inside of the hammock. Now sew around the outside of the hammock about one quarter inch from the outside edge. Then sew about one quarter inch from the stitching you just did. This will help strengthen the edges. Sew diagonally across the corners about two and a half inches from the center of the corner. Then sew again about one quarter inch from where you just sewed. This will strengthen the corners.

Draw a straight line diagonally across the hammock from one corner to the opposite corner. You should end up with the lines crossing in the middle of the hammock. Sew along these lines. This will keep the hammock from sagging in the middle. Put one-half-inch grommets in each corner. Your hammock is now ready for hanging. I use several double end snaps put together to hang mine. Just be VERY sure that whatever you use will not be able to twist and hang your cat. Good luck!!!!!!!



**Dolly shows us how to cut the canvas material so that it already has a side for animals to hang over, which her serval had chewed out for himself in the past.**

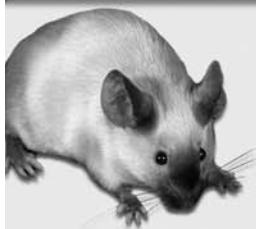


# RODENTPRO.COM® Wholesale Feeder Price List



RodentPro.com® is proud to offer you premium quality feeder animals for sale at wholesale prices. Our company specializes in the production and distribution of mice, rats, rabbits, guinea pigs, chicks, and quail. RodentPro.com® has been providing premium quality feeder animals to the reptile and birds of prey community since 1993. Since then, our company has set industry standards for quality, value and convenience. These standards have been set by offering unsurpassed quality, breeder direct pricing and year round availability. RodentPro.com® is committed to serving your feeder animal needs. Quality is of the utmost importance to us, whether it be through the value of a product or the integrity of a relationship. We understand that our success depends, not only on the quality of our products, but more importantly, on the strength of relationships established with our customers. We look forward to being a part of your success and hope you will give us the opportunity to serve you.

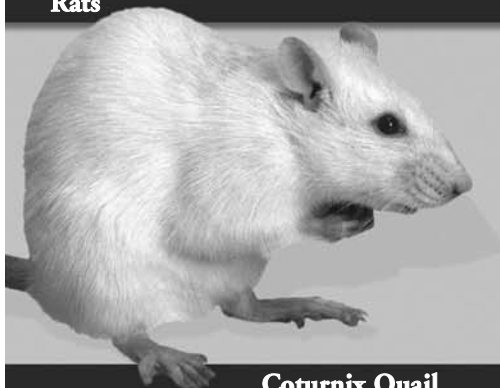
## Mice



Size	Less than 500	500	1000	2500	5000+	Length(inches)	Weight(grams)	Count
X-Small Pinkies:	\$0.16	\$0.15	\$0.14	\$0.13	\$0.12	0.50 - 1.00	1.30 - 1.80	100
Small Pinkies:	\$0.16	\$0.15	\$0.14	\$0.13	\$0.12	0.50 - 1.00	1.90 - 2.40	100
Large Pinkies:	\$0.16	\$0.15	\$0.14	\$0.13	\$0.12	0.50 - 1.00	2.50 - 3.00	100
Peach Fuzzies:	\$0.19	\$0.18	\$0.17	\$0.16	\$0.15	1.00 - 1.25	3.10 - 4.40	100
Fuzzies:	\$0.19	\$0.18	\$0.17	\$0.16	\$0.15	1.25 - 1.50	4.50 - 7.00	100
Hoppers:	\$0.30	\$0.28	\$0.26	\$0.24	\$0.22	1.50 - 2.00	8.00 - 12.00	100
Weanlings:	\$0.40	\$0.38	\$0.36	\$0.34	\$0.32	2.00 - 2.50	13.00 - 19.00	50
Large Adults:	\$0.45	\$0.43	\$0.41	\$0.39	\$0.37	2.50 - 3.00	20.00 - 29.00	50
X-Large Adults:	\$0.55	\$0.53	\$0.51	\$0.49	\$0.47	3.00 - 3.75	30.00 - 50.00	25

\* We offer combined quantity discount mouse pricing. \* Measurement does not include tail length.

## Rats



Size	Less than 500	500	1000+	Length (inches)	Weight (grams)	Count
Pinkies:	\$0.39	\$0.34	\$0.29	1.50 - 2.00	3.00 - 8.00	100
Fuzzies:	\$0.49	\$0.44	\$0.39	2.00 - 2.50	9.00 - 19.00	100
Pups:	\$0.79	\$0.74	\$0.69	2.50 - 3.50	20.00 - 29.00	25
Weaned:	\$0.89	\$0.84	\$0.79	3.50 - 4.50	30.00 - 44.00	25
Small:	\$0.99	\$0.94	\$0.89	4.50 - 6.00	45.00 - 84.00	20
Medium:	\$1.39	\$1.34	\$1.29	6.00 - 8.00	85.00 - 174.00	10
Large:	\$1.49	\$1.44	\$1.39	8.00 - 9.00	175.00 - 274.00	5
X-Large:	\$1.59	\$1.54	\$1.49	9.00 - 11.00	275.00 - 374.00	3
XX-Large:	\$1.79	\$1.74	\$1.69	11.00 - 13.00	375.00 - 474.00	2
XXX-Large:	\$1.99	\$1.94	\$1.89	11.00 - 13.00	475.00 - 600.00+	2

\* We offer combined quantity discount rat pricing. \* Measurement does not include tail length.

## Coturnix Quail



Size	Less than			Grams	Oz.	Count
	500	500	1000+			
1 Day:	\$0.39	\$0.34	\$0.29	7.50 - 10.00	.25	100
1 Week:	\$0.69	\$0.64	\$0.59	30.00 - 40.00	1.0	25
2 Week:	\$0.89	\$0.84	\$0.79	50.00 - 75.00	2.5	10
3 Week:	\$1.14	\$1.09	\$1.04	100.00 - 125.00	4.0	10
6 Week:	\$1.44	\$1.34	\$1.24	130.00 - 150.00	5.0	5
8 Week:	\$1.54	\$1.44	\$1.34	155.00 - 185.00	6.5	5
10 Week:	\$1.74	\$1.64	\$1.54	190.00 - 225.00	8.0	5

\* We offer combined quantity discount quail pricing.

## Rabbits

Size	Our Price	Weight (lbs.)	Count
X-Small:	\$5.00	0.50 - 0.99	1
Small:	\$6.00	1.00 - 1.99	1
Medium:	\$7.00	2.00 - 3.99	1
Large:	\$8.00	4.00 - 5.99	1
X-Large:	\$9.00	6.00 - 7.99	1
XX-Large:	\$10.00	8.00 - 9.99	1
XXX-Large:	\$11.00	10.00 - 11.99+	1



## Chicks

Size	Less than				Grams	Ounces	Count
	500	500	1000	5000			
Small:	\$0.25	\$0.20	\$0.15	\$0.12	30.00 - 35.00	1.0	25



## Guinea Pigs

Size	Less Than			Inches	Grams	Count
	500	500	1000+			
Medium:	\$1.39	\$1.34	\$1.29	6.00 - 8.00	85.00 - 174.00	10
Large:	\$1.49	\$1.44	\$1.39	8.00 - 9.00	175.00 - 274.00	5
X-Large:	\$1.59	\$1.54	\$1.49	9.00 - 11.00	275.00 - 374.00	3
XX-Large:	\$1.79	\$1.74	\$1.69	11.00 - 13.00	375.00 - 474.00	2
XXX-Large:	\$1.99	\$1.94	\$1.89	11.00 - 13.00	475.00 - 600.00	2
XXXX-Large:	\$2.29	\$2.24	\$2.19	13.00 - 15.00	601.00 - 900.00+	1

\* We offer combined quantity discount guinea pig pricing.



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## A VISIT TO EDEN ON EARTH: MALA MALA RESERVE

By Lynn Culver

For the longest time, my bucket list was rather short; experience Africa and its amazing wildlife. It is short, not because I have done so much in my life, I just do not have a lot of “wants.” I consider myself a minimalist, though some people might question that self-description when they see four-dozen wild felines in my care.

Now the list is empty and I tell people I can die fulfilled. I joined 26 other animal enthusiasts for a one-week stay at the Mala Mala Main Camp, South Africa’s premiere private reserve bordering Kruger National Park. Each November, the Rare Species Fund leads these trips, and last November was one of the largest groups attending. In addition to myself, other FCF members attending were Robert Johnson, Patty Perry, Bill and Melissa Meadows, Fred Boyajian, Bobbi Staley, Barry Bland, David Lewis, Amy and China York, Doc, Tawny, and Kody Antle, and new members who signed up during the week’s stay were Cliff and Linda Bowers, Robert Bishop, Jim and Kathy Constantelo, and Ron and Laurie Werry.

After a 14-hour flight, we arrived in the Johannesburg airport. I was surprised to see all signs in English and billboard advertising messages emphasizing recycling, energy efficiency, and environmental awareness, even more so than in the U.S.

Our group took a small commuter plane to the private landing strip in the 33,000-acre Mala Mala Reserve. We were shown to our individual guesthouses and a short while later we assembled in the lodge for lunch before taking off on our first game ride that afternoon. As tired as everyone was, we woke up fast from the excitement of finally being in the bush, sighting all sorts of animals. In just a matter of a few hours, we saw an elephant herd feeding on giant elephant grass on the banks of the Sand River, babies playing in the water, waterbuck, bushbuck, steenbok, impala, Cape buffalo, giraffes, baboons, and jackal. Some of the birdlife included lilac-breasted rollers, lesser-masked weaver, and wire-tailed swallow. But we all know that is not what we came for; it’s the cats, and we were not disappointed. We parked our Land Rover ten feet from a leopard pair which spent time both resting and

roaming around. This was the Airstrip male, a five-year-old, and the Kikilezi female, 11 years old, whose most recent daughter is 14 months old. This would not be the only sighting of this pair during our weeklong stay, and this courting pair would share intimate moments with us in the days ahead.

In addition to the leopard pair, the Land Rover drove down to the sandy banks of a dry river bed to bring us within 20 feet of the Styx pride of lions, consisting of four female adults, five cubs, four of which were nine month old siblings, the remaining one just three months old. The family was relaxed and did not mind our presence. We sat in our open-air vehicles, with nothing between the big cats and ourselves, and took countless photos and conversed. Our game driver, Ross, a native South African, was extremely knowledgeable about all the animals we viewed and I loved listening to his accent as he identified each of the different species of bird, antelope, and other mammals, and told us what he knew about the histories and personalities of each individual feline.

We were off to a good start and returned back to camp to enjoy a wonderful dinner outdoors in the boma, which was a large round area, created by standing bamboo reeds about 15 feet tall into a wall about a foot thick, shaped into a circle. Inside the boma were large Marula trees that formed a shady canopy, making a natural roof of sorts. Everyone compared notes on what they saw, as there were six different drivers in the RSF group and not everyone takes the same path. Drivers each head out in different directions and remain in radio communi-



**Mala Mala is famous for its abundance of leopards, and this trip was no exception. Game rangers drive visitors to within a few feet of the "Son of the Dudley female," one of the many leopards sighted during our week long stay.**

cation with each other. Sightings of the big five are reported, as are rare species or species of special interest to guests. In our case, we were the cat people, so every cat sighting was viewed by most of the vehicles, though only three vehicles may view them at the same time. If it is an especially popular animal and more than three vehicles want to view, they are rotated in so that each vehicle may see a different progression of some natural event.

Sunday, we made history, sighting not only the “big five” – elephant, rhino, Cape buffalo, lion, and leopard, but also the “magnificent seven” – with the added sighting of a pack of painted dogs and a cheetah coalition. The day started out with sightings of hippo, baboon, kudu, and the ever present impala, a host of bird life – red-billed and yellow-billed hook bills, guinea fowl, Hammerkop, white-backed vultures, marabou storks, and red breasted coran. Then we sighted the Holy Grail – a pair of cheetah brothers resting on a termite mound. These mounds can be up to ten feet tall and are not the product of a wood eating termite species, but a grass eating termite that farms fungus on the composting grass. They are all over Africa and plenty of animals use these structures for homes and habitats. Ross informed us that this coalition was origi-

nally four males, but two had disappeared. A short while later, we viewed a lion pair, male and female, sleeping. The Manyeleti male, Three-Tooth, about eight years old, was brother to Dark Mane, two males left from an original coalition of four. Beside him and resting was the Eyrefield female, about four years old, and, if their courtship is successful, it will be her first pregnancy. We returned to camp and watched a herd of 20 elephants walk downriver while we were eating lunch outside on the porch.

At four in the afternoon, with lion, cheetah, and elephants already sighted, we continued our amazing game viewing streak. We watched as a pair of rhinos, an old male and younger male, sparred and played by the Sand River. Then we saw the other very rare visitors to Mala Mala, painted wild dogs, a pack of eleven dogs on a hunt. Ross had been radioed that they were spotted and we arrived just as they emerged from the dense brush and into the road, where one by one they all trotted down the road right by our vehicle. This was really big news as this species is so rare that it had not been sighted for months and everyone wanted to view it, so we had to move on. Later groups got to see the dogs make two impala fawn kills and, reportedly within minutes, the pack had ripped the victims to pieces and it was gone.

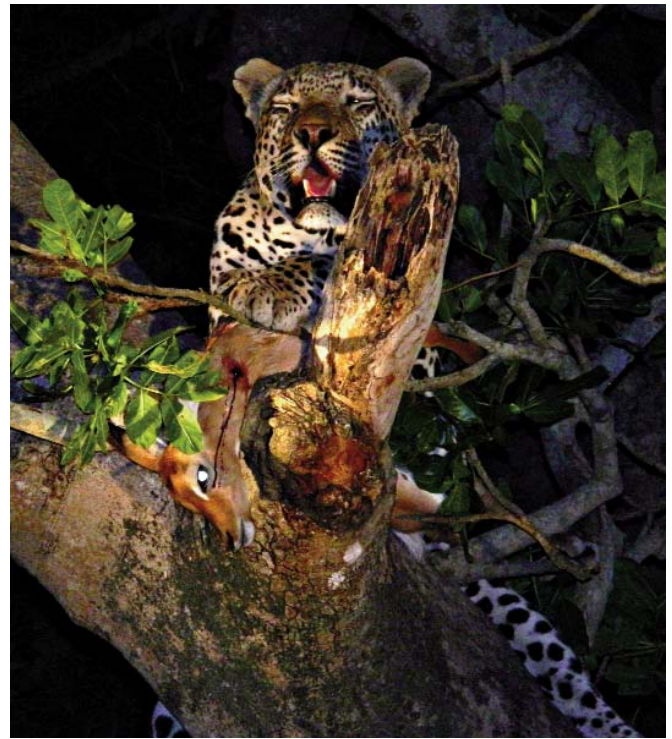
The afternoon continued with sightings of fish eagle, impala, night jar, and then



**Airstrip male and Kikilezi female copulate before going on an impala hunt. Photo by Rob Johnson.**

the most incredible and unforgettable sighting. The leopard pair we saw yesterday was now in full breeding mode and we watched as the Airstrip male and Kikilezi female copulated. Ross told us that the Airstrip male is establishing his territory in the middle of Mala Mala. Seeing these cats breed and seemingly ignore the Land Rovers and the sound of our never-ending camera clicks seemed surreal. But what followed was even more astonishing to me. The darkness of night was upon us and we followed as the male stalked a herd of impala, the ubiquitous food source for predators, until he homed in on a lone fawn. The fawn was bedded down and the leopard made a quick and easy kill, then began to carry his prize by the neck, looking for a tree to climb. Vehicles followed with spotlights to stay with the Airstrip male until he found just the right Marula tree, very near our camp. In classic leopard form, he climbed the tree, fawn dangling from his clenched teeth, until he located just the right branch and stashed his kill, and for the next five minutes he just panted. Then he began licking the blood from the wounds on the fawn's neck, and we all watched and listened as his canines penetrated the skull and crunched the bones as he ate the tender, young fawn's face. It was time to leave, and as we headed back to camp spotlighting in the dark, we spotted the nocturnal civet cat, a troop of baboons, and a herd of Cape buffalo (the missing species from the "big five"), so today it completed the "magnificent seven!"

Seeing so much wildlife in such a short period of time creates the impression that Africa is healthy and its wildlife abundant and fertile. Certainly it is in Mala Mala, but that is because of its unique location, bordering the Kruger National Park, and the presence of the Sand River running the



**The leopard known as the Airstrip male hung his impala fawn prize from a branch in the Marula tree with three Land Rovers full of cameras clicking and spotlights glowing parked below.**

entire length of the reserve, attracting animals to migrate out of the park. And being a private reserve with three camps and more than a dozen game drivers going out twice a day, the animals are protected from trespassers and poaching, evidenced by the numerous rhino sightings. Life for a predator seems easy, as the impala are everywhere, offering themselves up to leopards and lions like sacrificial lambs for slaughter. But, sadly, Mala Mala is an oasis in a real life war zone. Lucky visitors to this reserve gain a glimpse into what Africa used to be like.

Monday morning we came across a young female leopard, approximately 20 months old, the daughter of the Kikilezi male, laying on a huge bolder outcropping. She dozed, seemingly oblivious to the rotating vehicles, each full of cat lovers anxious to capture the perfect photo. And that afternoon, we saw another leopard, the son of the Dudley female, born in 2009. This individual was walking away from a group of rhinos, one of which was definitely after the leopard, while the leopard was pursuing a group of impalas, clearly interested in making a kill. However, the impala departed before he ambushed any. It was a very interest-



**The 20 month old daughter of the Kilkilezi male relaxes on a large boulder as a series of Land Rovers rotate positions to give us multiple photographic opportunities.**

ing afternoon, with our first sighting of zebra, lavender-crested rollers, brown-headed parrots, a bateluer eagle in flight, a vervet monkey mother with baby, and a baboon troop. We came across a mother hyena and her two cubs; stomachs distended from a recent feast, unable to do anything more than lie flat on the ground. After that, we met another lion pride, this one named the Four-Ways pride; a pair of females and three 18 month old cubs. They were sleeping when we arrived, and we parked to take photos. One of the females stood up and walked our way, posing for the cameras. Ross explained that two other females were part of this pride, but absent on this day. We would meet the Four-Ways pride again before we left Mala Mala and experience one of the most hair-raising, heart-stopping adrenaline rushes of my life.

The day concluded with another leopard sighting just at twilight. This leopard was on a hunt, and we followed as it wandered, determined to find a meal. By now, we had to use spotlights to keep up and we

spotted the intended victims off in the distance; an impala herd that had bedded down and a single fawn alone. With lights turned out, we sat in silence in the Land Rover, all of us knowing that it was just a matter of time. The leopard walked forward, then sat. Leopards have excellent night vision and can see the reflec-



**One of the Four-Ways pride adult female lions walks in front of the Land Rover.**

tions in the impala's eyes. After taking in the new scent, sound, and visual information, the leopard continued its forward direction. Ross did a quick sweep with the spotlight and revealed the leopard headed right for the bedded impala herd, and again we sat in darkness waiting, and a minute later heard the cry of the victim. It was dark and late, and past time for us to eat as well, so we left the successful hunter to enjoy his well-deserved meal in peace. As we proceeded home, Ross spotlighted the surrounding vegetation looking for the creatures of the night. Our headlights revealed a giant and beautiful African eagle owl in the road, which took off and landed in a nearby tree.

Each day we wondered what would top the previous day, and my mantra - "lions on a kill" - was answered on Tuesday morning. We came across the Manyeleti male, Three-Tooth, and Eyrefield female, eating what appeared to be impala. That afternoon, Ross positioned the Land Rover to watch a herd of elephants climb up from the riverbank just in front of our vehicle, passing very closely. Later, we found the Four-Ways pride again, relaxing, and then Ross was notified of another leopard sighting. He drove us to a sandy, dry riverbank where a big male leopard, the son of the female Spotter, born in 2006, was resting; a big female kudu lay dead nearby. This must have been an epic battle between the two; the antelope was well over one hundred pounds.

We returned the next day to see that the kudu had been dragged to a new position and Spotter's son was lying nearby under a thorn thicket, guarding his kill. An hour later, we came across another male leopard resting on a termite mound. This was a dispersing male, new to Mala Mala. Then we saw four species of eagles: a pair of tawny eagles, a brown snake eagle, a bateleur eagle, and, finally, we sighted the incredibly large Marshall eagle. Later, we watched a coalition of four adult male lions, the Selati pride, resting in the grass. Several of the vehicles had trekked far south that day and found a leopard known as the Jakkals Braai female with her pair of seven month old cubs, and they had



**One of two, seven month old cubs of the Jakkals Braai female. The mother and sibling were gone when we arrived, but this cub gave us plenty to photograph.**

radioed their location to Ross. We arrived to find just one of the cubs sitting high up on the boulders which concealed the den, as the mother and sibling had apparently left the area. It wandered around and gave us numerous photo opportunities. We searched the area, but only saw this one cub, though earlier vehicles saw all three that day.

Wednesday afternoon contained two really close calls for us. It started out being mostly a day for bird watching; sightings included tawny eagle, Walberg eagle, Egyptian geese, tailless hornbill, and European beaters in flight. Then we came across another elephant herd, about two dozen adults with babies. We parked by the Sand River, watching them graze



**A close encounter with this suspicious matriarch had everyone in the vehicle holding their breath.**

on elephant grass and enjoying how close they were, especially the babies. A big matriarch approached the vehicle, ears flapping wide. She appeared agitated at us, perhaps feeling protective of all the youngsters. She walked directly towards us and Ross instructed everyone to stay seated and be quiet. Nobody had to tell us that. We were acutely aware of her, and not only were we not speaking, we were not breathing either! The giant pachyderm stopped within three feet of Jim, who was seated

alone in the bench farthest back; his wife Kathy and I were in the bench in front. The elephant stared at Jim, ears fully extended. What was she contemplating, I wondered? Ross suddenly clapped his hands loudly and confidently ordered the elephant to move on, which she thankfully did as we all sighed in relief.

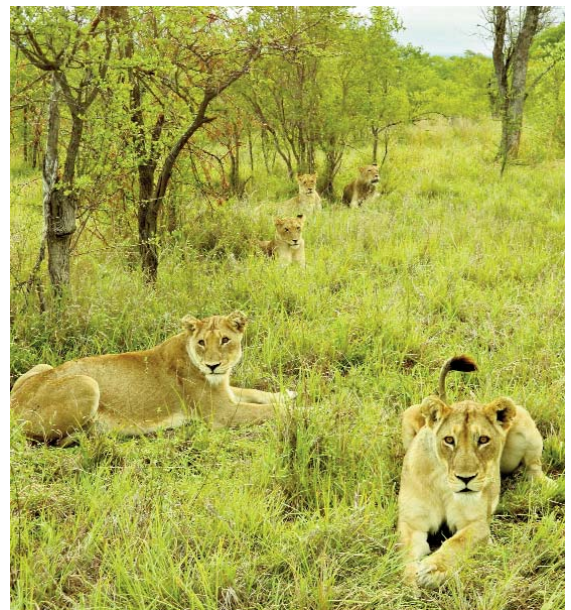
But that was just the first of two hair-raising experiences. Later that afternoon just before sunset, we found the Four-Ways pride again. This time the two females and their trio of 18 month old cubs were lounging in the lush, green grass.

We parked and watched, hoping for some action; maybe the cubs would play or we would see a hunt. Ross accommodated our requests to change locations for photos and eventually we were parked just 20 feet or so from the mother lions.

Although I had read previous accounts of game viewing at Mala Mala in the FCF March/April 2011 Journal, "Ten Leopards in Ten Days," the reality of seeing these animals, their total lack of fear, and nonchalant attitude as these lumbering, multi-ton

metal-wheeled monsters crash over the tops of the small trees and shrubs to follow a hunt, is something you have to experience to comprehend. I am used to wild animals running at the sight of humans. And here at Mala Mala, it is more like Eden, with the predators not wishing us harm and never violating the sanctity of the open-air Land Rovers.

I asked Ross about the rifle on the vehicle hood, whether it was cocked and on safety, as it was, I assumed, there for our protection. And Ross was totally surprised that I would ask that, as he explained that driving with a loaded gun on safety is illegal in South Africa. It did



**The Four-Ways pride just minutes before the closest female mock charged us.**

have bullets in the clip, but a round is never chambered, he explained. As we were having this discussion, Ross picked up the rifle and worked the bolt to demonstrate what he was saying. Immediately, I became nervous, as the lady lions were so close and I did not want them to get the wrong idea that we were hunters. When Ross raised the rifle and worked the bolt, the movement and sound aroused both sleeping lionesses and one suddenly sat up, growled, and charged the vehicle! She stopped about ten feet short of us, a mock charge that scared everyone into silence. Ross explained that when this Kruger National Park female first started showing up at Mala Mala, she mock charged every game vehicle she saw. It took months for her to settle down and today we saw that

she still has a hair trigger.

Thursday, we found that same pack of wild dogs resting, a herd of about one hundred Cape buffalo, warthogs, wildebeest, rhino, and elephant. We also came upon the Manyeleti male, Three-Tooth, and the Eyrefield female lion mating, with another female from that same pride lying nearby. We found another female leopard scent-marking, wandering here and there, walking very close to the truck. This was the seven-year-old, Ostrich Coppes leopard, which has a 14 month old cub named Yomaster. It was raining that afternoon, but we were not deterred, still hoping to witness another hunt. She came upon an impala buck which spotted her and stood his ground, barking at her to let her know that she could not ambush him. And before the night was over, we came upon the Airstrip male and Kikilezi female again. Now it was dark, but we spotlight-

ed them and followed, the female leopard still in estrus and rubbing sensuously on the male, beckoning him to service her. They bred three times right in front of us. On our return drive to the camp, Ross spotlighted a bush baby in a tree, a scrub hare, a white-tailed mongoose, a sleeping Franklin bird in a tree, and, in the road in front of us, another white-tailed mongoose mother and her two kits. She picked one up in her



**Cheetah brother coalition spent the afternoon resting in the grassy field on the property bordering Mala Mala, but headed our way that evening to go hunting.**



**Manyeleti male Three-Tooth mates with the Eyrefield female.**



**Cheetah coalition climbs a large termite mound to get a better view of the wildebeest herd.**

mouth and carried it to her termite mound den. Ross marked the spot in the road by dropping a tree branch, as such a find is rare, and he will make a point to return at night with other guests to possibly see this fascinating and beautiful inhabitant of Mala Mala.

Friday morning, we found the same cheetah pair

we had seen on Sunday. The coalition was lying in the shade of a large tree, exposed in a grassy area on the property bordering Mala Mala. We could see them from a distance, but were not allowed to trespass in order to get a closer look. To reach the cheetah, we had driven by a large herd of blue wildebeest with a single, newborn calf, its umbilical cord still visible. We decided to return to the cheetah that afternoon, hoping that they would get active at sunset, but found them in the same position, not having moved all day. We parked and waited. I was mentally willing them to get up and, just as Ross had given up and began driving away, one stood up and started walking. We stopped to watch and noticed that when the brother followed, he was limping, apparently having suffered some sort of injury. Luck was on our side as the pair crossed over onto Mala Mala property and approached us. They climbed a large termite mound for a better look, paused, and took time to smell the air, then climbed down and headed in the direction of the wildebeest herd; they were in hunting mode. The grass was tall and the land had various elevations and brush, with small trees to screen the spotted pair as they approached the unsuspecting herd. Ross and the other game drivers raced ahead, confident of the pair's intentions, and positioned the vehicles between the cheetahs and the wildebeest. Suddenly a pair of jackals appeared and began hassling the wildebeest and, even before the cheetah reached the edge of the open field, the herd was on the move. The injured brother lagged behind, but the healthy brother suddenly broke



**One of the cheetah brothers gives chase to the wildebeest hoping to cut the lone calf off from the herd. Photo by Robert Johnson.**

into a full run to attempt to cut the calf off from the herd. Unfortunately, without his brother for back up, it was a fruitless endeavor. The entire sprint lasted less than a minute, and the cheetah was winded. The herd assembled and faced off with the cheetah, the baby wildebeest safely out of reach. What a spectacle to see!

Other vehicles had been radioed of the event and they wanted a turn at viewing. We got to see the hunt and were satisfied to move on. We found the Styx pride cubs, the same pride we saw on our very first game ride. The lion cubs were playing without their mothers, who were apparently going on a hunt. We watched the four nine month old cubs and the single three month old cub chew each other, swat, and roll in the grass. It was sundown and the mothers had been spotted, so we left the cubs in hopes that we would witness a lion hunt. We found four females about a half-mile away, literally lying in the road. After a while, they got up and we noticed one female was limping badly. Ross told us that she was 16 years old, a ripe age for a wild lioness. We followed as they left the road and traveled into the bush. And bush it was; small trees, one to five inches in diameter, were nothing to Ross and the

Land Rover, so we mowed over them and crashed into the rugged brush in pursuit of the hunting party. Eventually, we lost sight of the lionesses and calculated where they were headed in an attempt to intersect them, but failed. Three vehicles were spotlighting the woods, but the lionesses had vanished. That night, I was thoroughly impressed with Ross's ability to navigate off-road in the dark, in the woods, and not get lost, stuck, or injured. The vehicles are not equipped with any GPS, not even a compass.

Our final day at Mala Mala, we met up with a single male lion, Blacknose, brother to Three-Tooth, the lion we saw mating this week; both are members of the Manyeleti pride. And, in a final farewell, we came across the Airstrip male leopard once again. This time he was alone; his mate now out of estrus, the pair had parted ways. He was extremely relaxed and photogenic on this very sunny, blue-sky day. It was a perfect ending to my visit to a real life Eden on Earth.



**The Airfield male basks in the bright sunlight as we all wish him a fond farewell.**



For thirty years the Rare Species Fund has been providing trained animals for film and television. Not only has this provided great entertainment for countless millions of people, it has helped create an awareness of endangered wildlife and generated hundreds of thousands of dollars which has gone directly to help save and protect these threatened species and their habitats.

# HOLLYWOOD

Doc Antle, founder of RSF, began his film and commercial work in 1982 by providing tigers for the “put a tiger in your tank” advertising campaign created by Exxon. Since that time, animals from RSF have appeared in more than 500 different movies, television shows, commercials, music videos and print ads around the world.



*“Bhavantu” the royal white tiger on Miami Beach, filming an international commercial for the Kinder chocolate company.*



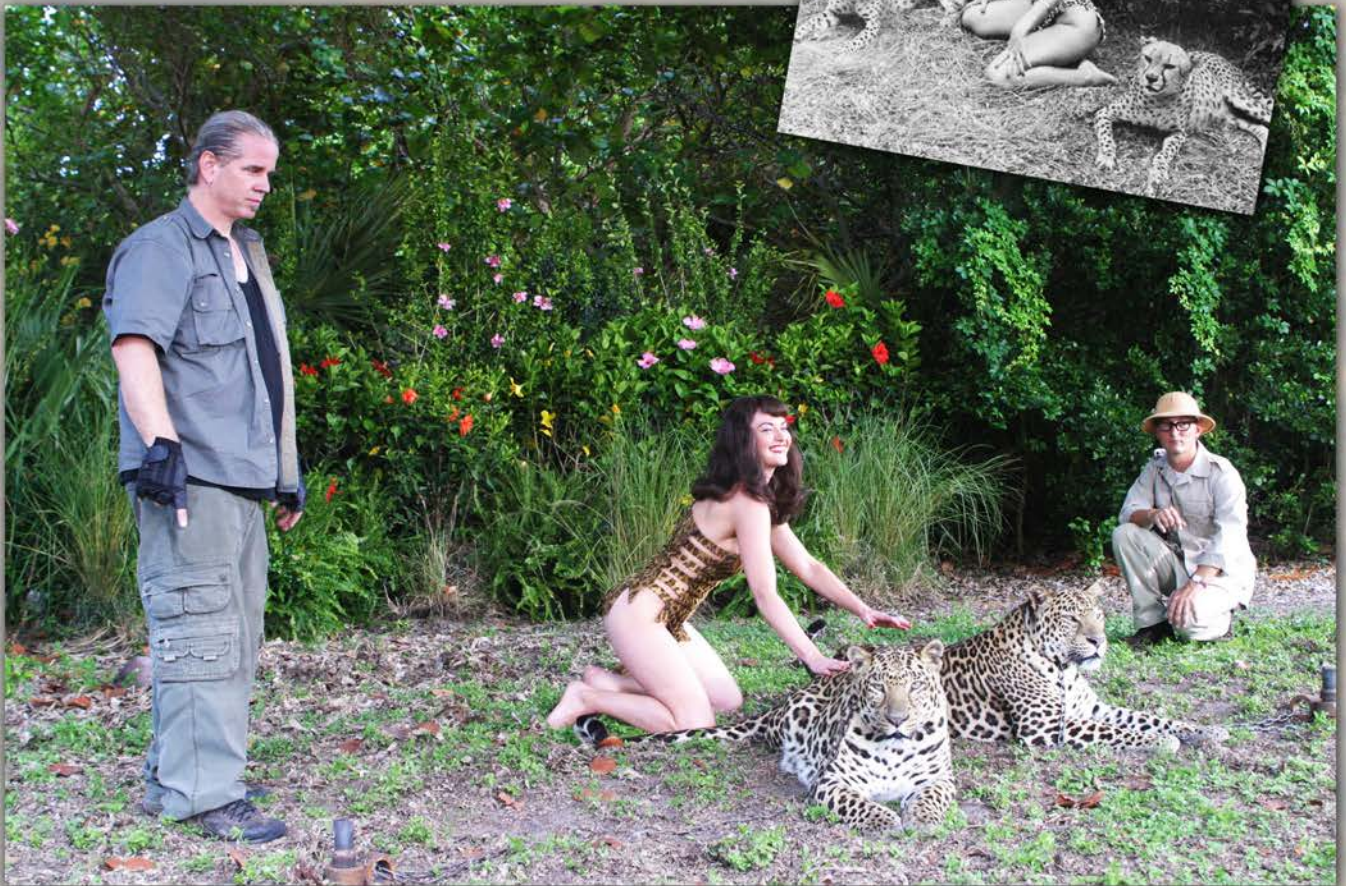


A tiger cub on green screen will appear in the upcoming series of commercials for Royal Paper Towel Company. Filmed January, 2012.



Moksha Bybee works with "Rishi" the orangutan on the set of the upcoming movie "Sleepless in the Jungle." RSF donated more than \$10,000 from this film to directly support Orangutan Foundation International and to rehabilitate more than 350 orphaned orangutans in the jungles of Borneo.

In addition to the conservation funds regularly contributed by RSF, film companies pay a substantial additional fee which goes directly to help conserve the wild counterparts of the animals featured in their production.



Doc Antle and Robert Johnson work with actress Gretchen Mol on the set of the HBO film "The Notorious Bettie Page" to help recreate a famous photo shoot that took place during the 1950's. Original photo shown above.

## LAOHU VALLEY REPORT



South China tiger brothers Coco and JenB wander inside their 100-acre habitat. The pair has been rewilded and they now hunt blesbuck for food. Photo by Lynn Culver.



Li Quan points out Laohu Valley Reserve, outlined in red, a 33,000-hectare property bordering a lake on one side, with the river running from one end of the property to the other.

By Patty Perry

You will no doubt be reading about our recent trip to Africa in this issue of the Journal. Twenty-seven of us spent a life-changing week on safari in Mala Mala. For a small group of us, the magic did not end there. Four of us remained in South Africa, to explore and experience more of what we came there for. The next several days were spent traveling east to visit the South China Tiger rewilding project at Laohu Valley Reserve, then further south to visit Cheetah Outreach and Eagle Encounters at Spier, in Cape Town.

Perhaps the most inspiring stop was the Laohu Valley Reserve in Philippolis. This is where one amazing woman has set up shop to "Save China's Tigers." Do not let Li Quan's appearance fool you. Although she is a reserved and delicate little beauty on the outside, Li Quan is a self-confident, dynamic businesswoman on the inside. Li made up her mind that she would see her passion and conviction with the South China tiger to a positive end. She is well on her way. The South China tiger is verging on extinction, with less than 30 remaining in the wild. There are

approximately 80 of them living in Chinese zoos. Li used her own recourses, influence, and time to establish a viable plan for this monumental project. Li set up Save China's Tigers, an international charitable organization, in 2000. SCT is solely dedicated to saving the South China tiger from extinction. After she helped establish the historic reintroduction agreement with the Chinese government, Li moved forward in her effort to save an important part of Chinese culture. Available land being a problem in China, led to searching for a suitable location for a reserve that would facilitate all the needs required to breed, populate, and rewild this magnificent animal. After convincing both the Chinese and South African governments that this would work, South Africa became home for the project. Li and her husband, Stuart Bray, purchased 17 former sheep farms which encompassed some 300 kilometers of land. Together, they built the place where dreams would come true.

Between September 2003 and April 2007, a total of five tigers arrived from China to South Africa. They would be the foundation of the breeding program. This would be a 15-year program. Plans are for all of the tigers to



**The long-awaited breeding of young Huloo and Princess was caught on film while FCF members were in attendance at Laohu Valley! Photo by Barry Bland.**

eventually be returned to the wild in China.

Fast forward to our visit in November 2011. We arrived at Laohu Valley Reserve, where Li greeted us. This was a place of peace and promise. As Li escorted us through the reserve, it became more and more apparent that she maintained an intimate knowledge and connection to every single aspect of this incredible creation. She knew every movement and every nuance of every tiger in this vast ecosystem. Her concern for each of them paralleled that of a new mother.

Li drove us into the 100-acre habitat that housed Coco and JenB, an adult pair of male tigers. She drove us around looking for the pair, which she said are often

under the trees down by the river and not usually visible. But luck was with us that day and they both made an appearance, hanging around the truck so we could photograph them.

So far, all of the imported zoo tigers have been rewilded, with the exception of “327,” who probably spent too many years in a zoo to make the transition to hunting successfully and was recently killed in a tiger fight. The Laohu Valley tigers are now hunting, breeding, and raising their young. A total of eight offspring had been produced thus far, and another litter of unknown size was with their tiger mother, Madonna.

We drove into an enclosure housing a pair of male tigers, Huwaa, about six

months old, and King Henry, a young adult. On the other side of their area was another habitat holding a mother tiger named Cathay and her three young cubs. From the safety of the truck, we observed the playful antics of each group, and off in the distance we could see another fenced habitat that held a potential breeding pair, Princess and Huloo. Li explained that they had been together for some time, but she was not optimistic that they would ever breed. She had become discouraged by their lack of interest, after endlessly hoping and observing. We spent considerable time at each stop, discussing and watching the various tigers, this one being no exception. As we were all standing in the back of the vehicle listening to Li express her frustration, lo and behold, Princess and Huloo began to breed!!! Watching her reaction was both comical and endearing. Her mouth dropped open, her eyes widened, and she cried, “Oh, my God!!! S\*\*t, s\*\*t! They are doing it!!! S\*\*t!!!!!!” Of course, we all tried convincing her that WE brought the good luck.

With that reaction and depth of commitment, I would bet that the South Chinese tiger has no chance of failing.

We will continue to support and follow this project with great enthusiasm and respect. Thank you, Li Quan. We wish that there were a lot more of you out there... Keep up the great work!!!

## THREE UPDATES FROM SAVE CHINA'S TIGERS

By Li Quan

### Monday September 26, 2011 Pioneering Tiger Dies at Laohu Valley Reserve, Free State, South Africa

Save China's Tigers suffered a great loss the evening of September 17, 2011, with the death of “327,” a South China tiger. Tiger “327” had broken through the gate of an adjoining tiger camp to attack another adult male, but was subsequently killed by the second male.

Both tigers were part of a decade-long conservation project to rewild and breed critically endangered South China tigers before returning them to protected nature reserves in China.

While feeding some tigers, staff heard loud roaring and growls from another tiger camp. Rushing to inspect, staff saw a male tiger had “327” pinned down to the

ground and was holding him by the throat. They immediately started shouting and blowing vehicle horns, to no avail. They then entered the camp in a truck and drove off the other tiger, separating him into another camp.

Tiger “327” was dead and closer inspection noted throat injuries. The entire skirmish lasted only about five minutes. An assessment of the circumstances revealed that “327” had charged right through the electrified gate separating the two tiger camps to launch an attack on the other male. Subsequent testing of fencing voltages revealed the fencing was still operating at recommended performance levels; however, the tiger had broken through the gate area which does not have the added electrified tripwire security. All gates on the reserve had been upgraded with added steel mesh protection after a similar fence-

breaking incident a couple of months earlier, but this was one of the four remaining gates that had not yet been upgraded.

Inspection of the second male showed no obvious injuries except a few scratches. Tiger “327” was the only first generation tiger at Laohu who was not put into our rewilding program due to his age when he came to South Africa. It is evident that he was no match for the second male, who has gone through rewilding training for six years and acquired superb hunting skills and who killed “327” easily despite being smaller than him.

Born in captivity, “327” was four and a half years old when he was flown from China's Suzhou Zoo in April 2007, as part of the Save China's Tigers project's innovative rewilding and breeding program in collaboration with the Chinese government. “327,” named after his studbook

registration number, was hand-reared by human parents, making him extremely habituated to humans. Having never been proven in China and declining to mate with two tigresses offered him at Laohu, he was banished to a natural environment for about a year, feeding entirely on natural prey. He thrived and eventually fathered three litters of four healthy cubs and is the father of a litter being carried by Madonna.

Save China's Tigers Founding Director, Ms. Li Quan, and her team were devastated by the loss of "327." Li stated, "With so few South China tigers left, the loss of just one breeding male is profound. I am, however, glad that he lived half of his life like a wild tiger instead of perishing in a zoo cage. He died a heroic death, tiger-style."

Reserve Manager Hein Funck said, "Although I only knew him for a short time, he made a big impression. I will miss his cheeky strut and his loving rumble."

Tigers have complex behaviors and, while adult siblings often share prey in the wild, males will have to fight for territory in order to survive and mate with females. Laohu Valley Reserve is currently home to 11 tigers which have been undergoing rewilding training and participating in a breeding program that counts eight healthy second generation tigers born in South Africa. The IUCN Red listed South China tiger's critically endangered status



**South China tiger #327 was a stunning example of his species. Having lived for too many years in Chinese captivity, although he was lucky enough to reside in Laohu Valley, he never made the successful transition to being rewilded.**

is primarily due to the government sanctioned pest elimination campaign in the 1960s and 70s, as well as habitat encroachment and loss of prey due to development.

"Despite our best efforts, we were unable to prevent this unfortunate loss. We have learned another lesson; we are now dealing with rewilded and highly intelligent big cats that can hunt and kill efficiently. We will need to improve our safety standards and protocols according-

ly. As one scientist noted, in a perverse way, this accident shows that the rewilding project has proven to be a success. Tiger "327" was majestic and will be missed by all of us who are fond of him. In spite of these sometimes heart-breaking challenges, we at Save China's Tigers remain committed to our work of saving the South China tiger from extinction and restoring its ecosystem for generations to come," said Ms. Quan.

**November 27, 2011**

### **First Time Mating by Second Generation Rewilded South China Tigers**

A few months ago, Princess was put with the Huloo brothers when we observed signs of sexual maturity in her and her brother King Henry. She was first put in with Huloo, but there seemed to be no love lost between them. Then I decided to put JenB and Coco in with her to see if competition among the brothers may motivate some behavior changes in her or the Huloo brothers. Soon, I did notice her timidly trying to get close to the incredibly bonded brothers, which was an encouraging sign.

Then the party was broken from time to time, as she had to be moved out on a couple of occasions due to her food getting stolen by the gang of brothers, and later JenB and Coco had to move back to their 100-hectare hunting camp after the snow-damaged fences were repaired. Most recently, she was alone with Huloo.



**327 surprised the staff at Save China's Tigers when he finally gave in to the temptations of Cathay, another SCT resident.**

This morning, I saw her sneaking up to Hulooo, rubbing her head against him, which was promptly shouldered off by Hulooo. Not taking the cue, she went in front of him, lying down, crouching in the lordosis position to indicate her invitation to mate. I was excited to see that. Wow! Is she coming into estrus? It was quite possible, as she is now a bit over three years old. Her mother Madonna and Aunt Cathay, however, all sprayed profusely before they began their breeding career, and Princess had not been observed to demonstrate such behavior. Perhaps I was being too optimistic? Tiger keeper Vivienne confirmed that she also had not noticed any spraying. Perhaps I read into it too much? Perhaps neither she nor Hulooo are actually mature?

However, in the afternoon monitoring session, just while my attention and my visitors' attention was focused on the lovely Cathay family, I suddenly saw, in the distance, Hulooo mounting Princess! I could not believe my eyes and certainly could not contain my excitement! Is this for real? But all looked real with the roar that followed after mating and the attempted slapping of Hulooo by Princess.

A second mating followed only two minutes later, confirming everything we saw. Within 30 minutes, we witnessed them mating five times. The usually shy Princess changed from a timid cat to a bold pursuer of love and followed Hulooo wherever he went. At one point, Hulooo's attention was completely taken up by Cathay's babies next door, so he would not respond to Princess' invitation. Or perhaps they had been at it for the whole day and he felt like a rest? But that did not stop her.

So this is happening! This is for real! I had underestimated Hulooo and had thought that, being a hand-reared tiger, he was too bonded to humans to take an interest in the finer sex. But I was wrong. Hulooo certainly demonstrated that he is a natural at this! However, unlike his mom and dad, who had a romantic courtship due to their intimate relationship prior to maturity, Hulooo and Princess's mating was strictly business. And, at times, Hulooo appeared

to be almost reluctant.

I feel overwhelmed and so proud. The second generation of rewilded South China tigers in South Africa have now embarked on their journey to procreate and maybe soon we will have third generation South China tigers in South Africa! Fingers crossed. However, now that my one worry about their ability to mate is gone, the next one about their level of fertility has crept into my conscious.

#### **December 9, 2011 327's Baby Miracle**

Well, I judged too soon. Over the years, there had been all kinds of comments and predictions either about the South China tigers or on our tiger rewilding project. Comments even by respected professionals concluded that "327" might have trouble breeding, not just because he had a single testicle, but also because his lower back did not develop well and he may have trouble inserting his sperm properly into a female. I could only assume this deformity was caused by being in a cage during the early part of his life. He was a big fellow and had no opportunities to run or exercise.

We always had just one or two cubs in a litter for the past few years and I almost began to believe that some of these com-

ments might have some truth. I kept hoping they would be proven wrong. Last week, when we sighted Madonna's two babies, I took it for granted that she had just two cubs, for yet another time. It was a bit disappointing, but, hey, we got two more babies and offspring from "327," who, unfortunately, passed away in September.

It was the two-month birthday of Madonna's babies today. I was checking to see if Huwaa had eaten her first kill during today's afternoon monitoring session. Having no luck in finding where she had hidden her kill (Bless her!), I decided to drive down to the same spot where I saw Madonna's two cubs last week. Huwaa followed our vehicle over and encountered Madonna pacing along the fence on the other side. She seemed much more relaxed now seeing Huwaa, unlike a few months ago when she treated Huwaa with hatred. She even replied to Huwaa's signature chuffs a couple of times. I was wondering if Madonna's cubs were in the same spot in the dense thicket inside the river when I noticed that Huwaa's attention was entirely drawn by something down there. The cubs must have been there! Huwaa tried to find ways to get closer to the fence for a better look or to get over to the other side of the fence, but there was no way due to the electric wires. She had to resign herself to sitting next to the fence and watching. It was truly amazing that Huwaa could see something, since I could not detect the slightest movement of any grass or tree branches through my binoculars.

After some pacing, Madonna went back toward the river, albeit hesitantly. I was sure she did not want to reveal the position of her babies, but she could not do much about either our vehicle or Huwaa, who betrayed the location of her babies. I was wondering if Huwaa's infectious chuff would flush out the cubs when, out of the river thicket, there emerged a tiny tiger head. Madonna went over to the cub, chuffing gently and licking its head. "Looks like a boy," Vivienne said, "The head is kind of broad." My heart sank and I did not want to believe her. I quickly took out my video camera and



**Princess gives Hulooo a piece of her mind after one of many preliminary couplings between the two young South China tigers. Photo by Lynn Culver.**

started recording this rare sight. The fence was in between, but I was hopeful we might be able to see the gender of the cub through the magnifying function.

I played the video back then and there, magnifying the image several fold. "Looks like a girl, now," Vivienne said. "Are you sure?" I asked, hoping it to be true. I played the video back a few more times and it was clear that we were looking at a girl. I was elated.

While we were celebrating this fact, Madonna headed back deep into the river thicket, followed by her wobbling little cub. It was hard to see through the thicket, but I could hear her chuffing, perhaps making connections to her other cub who had been calling to her quietly.



**Madonna, the matriarch of Laohu Valley, has proven to be a very fertile, successful part of Li Quan's rewilding efforts. Her most recent offspring are doubly important in also possessing the genes of their father, 327.**

Then, loud sounds were heard as if someone was crunching on bones. Perhaps she started feeding? While I was looking at the video image of her baby daughter for the umpteenth time in pride and happiness, Madonna led her babies




out into the open on the other side of the river-bank. "She has three," Vivienne said in astonishment. "What?!" I snatched my binoculars back from her and started looking through them in great excitement. "Three?!" But I could only see two cubs. "Perhaps I was imagining things?" Vivienne said in her usual humorous, but even-toned, voice. I passed my binoculars back to her to double check, disappointed but taking it for granted. "It is three," Vivienne confirmed, "I thought I was imagining things." I

looked once more into my binoculars and could not be any happier as I saw three cute, tiny, stripy cubs frolicking in the grass and around mommy Madonna. And, "327," you left a great legacy!



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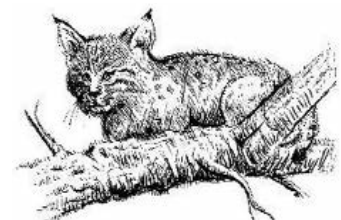
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## UNNECESSARY LOVE

By Bart Culver

Ever since the Roman Coliseum, people have been entertained by watching other people get mauled by animals. “Fatal Attractions” capitalizes on this very cleverly. While you watch a spectacle sure to make a lasting impression, an ominous, condescending voice intones the newest AR (Animal Rights) propaganda, that loving animals you cannot dominate is pathology. Mind you, she is not talking about collectors or abusers; it is love itself that she defines as delusional - as insane. The announcer needs no credentials to persuade the ignorant. After all, “sane” people do not need experience to be certain that animals cannot love. And our experience is irrelevant because, of course, we are insane. And insane people need to have their rights taken away for their own good. That is their story. It is a political horror story. We have many more and much better stories. Stories that do not appeal to ignorance, hysteria, or morbidity... love stories.

Experienced exotic animal owners are not disillusioned by AR propaganda, because, unlike the propagandists, we have no delusions. Our experience has revealed that these animals have a capacity for love that far exceeds its utility for survival in nature. In nature, mothers love their babies and vice versa to motivate and facilitate nurturing and protection of the young until they can fend for themselves. The more intelligent and socialized a species is, the more the young have to learn and the longer parental love persists. But nature, a hard and efficient mistress, requires that devotion to end as soon as its utility ends, to maximize the production of viable offspring. It is always the mother who terminates the maternal bond. Her return to estrus causes powerful hormones to ebb and flow, literally changing her mind. We have observed that, for the young, rejection by the mother is a bitter, painful, and frightening experience. In captive husbandry of wild cats, the human surrogate mother simply does not break the bond that the young do not want broken. And that bond persists, usually for the life of the cat, through its maturity and the rearing of its own offspring. This is how captive husbandry works and this is why such husbandry has conservation value even beyond the perpetuation of

essential gene pools. When people see the capacity for the unnecessary love these animals possess, it becomes impossible to regard them as unfeeling, killing machines that deserve to be killed or have their homes destroyed whenever a corporation decides to mine them. It also becomes impossible to argue that they cannot be happy in captivity. It is extremely unfortunate that these realizations run counter to the true purpose of so many state regulatory agencies. The very names, Fish and **Game** Commission, Department of Natural **Resources**, reveal a purpose of exploitation, not protection. Their funding comes from selling licenses to kill these creatures and they manage the population to be harvested. A new paradigm is a challenge to their wisdom and a threat to their power. The sophistry of “Fatal Attractions” serves to form an unholy alliance between exploitative authorities and hands-off AR fanatics – an alliance against those who give the love of attendance.

We have the “in(cat)venient truth” that both these extremist groups want to suppress for their own selfish ends. We have to let the beauty of our truth outshine their simplistic lies. We have to counteract their horror stories by telling our love stories, not just to each other, but also to the world. Here are a couple of love stories:

### **Caracal Love**

We observed Rowdy caracal breeding Sweetie caracal and recorded the expected due date for kittens. Weeks before the due date, we confined Sweetie in the birthing cage so I could make sure she ate the extra food she needed. We had a video camera looking into her den box. The due date came and went and all we saw on the video was straw, no kittens. Ten days past the due date, we decided it must have been a false pregnancy; she did not even look pregnant any more. Feeling sorry for Sweetie, who had been cooped up for weeks, I let her into the exercise area with Rowdy and Sugar, another female caracal. I fetched the poop scooper and went in to clean her cage; I checked her den box with a flashlight, but saw no babies.

Three and a half weeks later, Lynn heard a high-pitched caracal trill like a kitten makes and saw Sweetie carrying a large kitten in her mouth, walking from the exercise area and back into her birthing cage. Trotting along behind her

were Rowdy and Sugar. When we looked in the den box, there was a second kitten. Somehow, those kittens had eluded our detection and Sweetie, a generally nervous and incompetent mother, had kept them healthy for five weeks. For three of those weeks, they were in a little nest she had made in the exercise area in a clump of sausa palmatta, and Rowdy and Sugar had access to them during that time.

We were amazed, and we had a problem. These kittens had their eyes open; they knew we took them from their mother. Even though we brought them inside our home and Lynn bottle-fed them, they were not buying our claims that we were their aunt or uncle or any relations of theirs. One of them eventually left for his new home at the Houston Zoo. The other remained here and we called him Grumpy. He is a four-legger and he only likes four-leggers. When it was time for him to move outdoors, we gave him an outdoor enclosure connected to our bedroom window by a long tunnel. He cohabitated with his best buddy Panther, a melanistic Geoffroy’s cat. Panther loved to come in and visit us, but Grumpy never would. He waited just outside our bedroom window for Panther to come back and join him. When Panther finally went to his new home, we thought Grumpy might break down from loneliness. No way.

He hissed every time we came near him. We even tried moving another visiting female caracal into his enclosure, but the pair did not form a bond. We decided that perhaps he would appreciate a quieter location, so we moved him to a more remote enclosure.

A week after the move, Grumpy pulled a disappearing act. I went to feed him and he was not there. I am still not sure how he got out. He must have positioned the sliding feeding pan just in the middle of the feeding port and carefully laid in the pan and squeezed through the feeding port opening. To do that, he had to be quite a contortionist, very smart, and very determined. We searched everywhere to no avail. I knew Grumpy had no love for us and he had attained his freedom. He would not come back. How can this be a love story? Because there do not have to be humans in a love story. Because of where we found Grumpy.

I was making the rounds feeding the cats. I called Sweetie out of the exercise

area into one of the caracal enclosures. She came trotting happily to me as usual... and proudly trotting behind her was Grumpy. We could not find him because we were looking outside the cages. And Grumpy, having attained his freedom, had done the most unbelievable thing. Grumpy, the caracal that had nothing but hisses for us, had a heart bursting with love for his mother. In the time between his birth and his disappearance, his mother had birthed two other litters. But all that time, he pined for her. And the moment he got his freedom, he went directly to her, to the very spot she nursed him, and traded up his freedom for the love of her. He knew when he scaled that twelve-foot fence, walked out that three-foot recurve, and jumped down into that exercise area that he could not get back out. And he has not even tried. And, he has stopped hissing at us. And, I have seen Sweetie kiss him, and he sees Sweetie kiss me, and it is going to be all right now. Grumpy is the son of Rowdy and Sweetie, and he is full of love. An unnecessary love, more love than he would need in nature, enough love to make him happy in captivity.

#### **Bobcat Love**

Three and a half years ago, Bobby Woo, male bobcat, and Jewel, female bobcat, were born here and became bonded to us before we could find adequate homes for them. When they were eight months old, we donated them to the Arkansas Native Plant and Wildlife Center, where we could visit them frequently. But the center is open only on weekends and fate has conspired to make our visits shamefully infrequent. I would say on average we see them every six weeks. We have not fed them for nearly three years, they are a breeding pair, and they are unfriendly to anyone entering their cage but us.

Every time we go to see them, I wonder if this will be the time we are also not welcomed. And every time, the same thing happens. On the path to their cage there is a little wooden bridge, and when they hear our footsteps on that bridge, before they can even see us, they start running around and begin "wooing" to us. And then they climb all over us, purring and rubbing, and give my hair a spiked "do" by drooling and plucking it with the demeanor of an artist. It is a process I call "sliming." When Bobby Woo and Jewel are sliming me, I always think, "What did I do to deserve this?" Because I love to be slimed. It is the purest bobcat love and I



**Bart Culver gets his hair "do" from two bobcat beauticians, Bobby Woo and Daisy, at the Arkansas Native Plant and Wildlife Center. Photo by Eden Tran.**

admit that it is undeserved. And it is unnatural. Because, in nature, it is downright unnecessary. But you know, we do not live in nature anymore; most wild animals are not living in nature anymore. And that surplus, superfluous, excessive, unnecessary capacity for love has become the hope for their survival. It is powerful. It is irresistible. It must be required. It resonates with a part of humans that existed before greed and guilt, and even before language. Humans fully charged with this unnecessary love are exactly what four-leggedgers need to survive in a time when hands-off is no longer enough.

Every time AR fanatics with their hypothetical love of hypothetical animals denigrate my genuine love of real animals, I am outraged. Their objective is the total elimination of all forms of captivity of any species and they will use any expedient to get there. Their assertion that captivity is inherently cruel derives from a history where most husbandry has been exploitative, often painful, and usually fatal. If cruelty was profitable, it was part of the intent. Pethood and conservation breeding, where the intent is beneficent, are gigantic bumps in the long road from Peter Singer to Ingrid Newkirk.

To attack pet ownership, you start with exotic pets, where you can foment hysterical fear and create species phobias. Once you establish the legal precept that captivity is cruelty for a long list of wild ani-

mals, you simply add more species and breeds to the list, until the remaining pet owners and conservation breeders are isolated, outnumbered, and outvoted. Because AR fanatics believe that autonomy is the only just situation for all sentient beings, they must deny the possibility of benevolent captivity, or happy captivity.

I would like to engage these pseudo-philosophers in a little dialectic. You have a two year old child in a two-story house; do you put baby gates on the stairs? Yes. Have you deprived a sentient being of its autonomy? Yes. Why do you do this? Because you love your child. But with animals it is different. To prevent anyone from ever abusing any animal, your dogma requires that they never be confined, even to protect them. As long as individual humans cannot confine animals, you are content to leave them to their fate, even a cruel fate inflicted by cumulative humanity. Why the discrepancy? Because you cannot conceive of loving an animal as much as you love your own child. But there are people whose love of animals is greater than yours, because it came not from hypothesis, but from real animals with names, faces, and personalities. Their love of their animals is like your love of your child. If you cannot believe this, you are not a fit guardian. So stand aside and make way for the greater love.



## MALA MALA 2011 IN REVIEW

By Tawny Antle

My name is Tawny Sky Antle; I'm the 17 year old daughter of Doc Antle, the founder and director of T.I.G.E.R.S and the RSF (Rare Species Fund) conservation group. As you may expect, I have lived around exotic animals of all sizes since the day I was born. I shared my crib with baby tiger cubs and was rocked to sleep in my mother's arms while riding on the back of an elephant. Today, I still live and work with over 100 different animals from baby tigers to ligers. They are my life and I would not want it any other way.

In November 2011, I had the opportunity to visit Mala Mala, a privately owned game reserve in South Africa. I, my father, and a few other family members stayed for eight days and were able to go on two safaris every day. The commuter flight into Mala Mala was exciting on its own. The moment I saw the land transform from cities, homes, crops, and farmland into the private bushveld, a smile exploded onto my face. Just a ten-minute



**One of my first sights at Mala Mala, an incredible bull elephant.**



**The Styx pride of lion cubs puts on a show for us.**

drive to the reserve and we had already seen a large group of impala. When we arrived, we were introduced to our rangers, shown to our rooms, and then a delicious lunch was served. After lunch, it was time for our first game drive, so we all prepared our cameras and set out for an adventure.

Less than 15 minutes passed before we saw two mother baboons with their three youngsters sitting high up in a tree. A few minutes later, we turned the corner and there he was, a single bull elephant about ten feet tall! At first, he had a defensive stance; it took him a moment to relax and then he decided to take a few curious steps towards us. He was so incredible, tears built up in my eyes; I couldn't imagine a world without these amazing animals. I could have stayed and watched him for an hour, but there was still so much to see, so we moved on.

Moments down the road and we came across about nine rhinos; they were all females with one baby. Our ranger, Matthew, noticed a lion taking a nap in the tall grass; we pulled into the bush to get a better look. He was a large male known as Dark Mane, and his name fit him well; I had never seen a lion with so much black trimming on his mane. This stunning boy is one of the Manyeleti males, the four territorial lions seen at Mala Mala. It was amazing how close we were able to get to him; I couldn't wait to see what was next.

A little further down the road, we passed a blue wildebeest relaxing in the field, and then found the large carcass of another wildebeest. We drove for a bit longer and came upon four lionesses and their five cubs; this group is known as the Styx Pride. The sun was still up when we found them and they were all fast asleep, but they slowly started to open their eyes, stretch, and look around. They were magnificent; it was hard to believe that you could not walk right up to those cubs. The youngest one started to get feisty; as all young lions do, he started to bite and tug on his mother's paw. This little boy only about three months old, but still decided to join two of the older cubs for a play session. The sun was setting as all three returned to one of the mothers for a drink. It was incredible to see all of those babies nursing from the same lioness. I couldn't believe how much we had already seen and was very excited for the next day.

The next morning, we were up by 6:00am. We had some coffee and then set out for another adventure. At first we saw some female kudu and then came across a crash of rhino, with two large males charging and fighting each other. A little further down the road were a mother rhino and her baby grazing through the grass.

We drove across a bridge and were lucky enough to come across an enormous herd of elephants with several babies. While watching part of the herd on our right, a large female with her baby came charging out on our left. All of the mothers were very protective of their young. It was incredible to watch them, because they all had very individual personalities.

Matthew got a call from one of the other rangers who had sighted cheetahs in the area, so we left the herd and headed towards the cats. On the way, we stopped to watch two large male impala fighting amongst a group of females. The accuracy they had with their horns amazed me. A few minutes later, we found two brother cheetahs sleeping under a tree together. They were beautiful, but not very active; we snapped a few photos and then let



**A visiting bushbuck kneels down to drink from the pool while China and Amy York, and Tawny and her boyfriend, Anthony, swim.**

them enjoy their nap in the shade. We were lucky enough to see the brothers again a few days later. This time they were up and walking around. We noticed that one of them was limping on an injured back leg. They stayed very close together for protection.

The group returned to the reserve base for some refreshments and an afternoon swim. During our swim, a few bushbuck passed by. One of the young males cautiously walked towards the water, so we stayed very silent as he knelt down and drank. When I returned to my room, I noticed baboons playing outside, pulling large pods off of a sausage tree and then tossing them back and forth. I went outside onto my porch to watch. It was as if they were playing a game of “keep away!”

At the beginning of our evening safari, we helped clear the runway for an incoming plane. There were several rhinos blocking the landing strip, so we assisted by moving them aside with our jeep. The dominant male of the group did not want to move at first, but shortly after the runway was clear, the plane came in for a smooth landing.

Matthew got a call from one of the other rangers, who said they had just witnessed a pack of wild dogs kill a baby impala. We headed towards the kill site. As we arrived, the group was fighting over different body parts. It was comical to watch them chase each other, trying to steal the prize. Finally, one of them got

hold of the impala head and ran off to the side to enjoy it. He seemed very proud and acted as if he had gotten the best part.

As our evening drive came to an end, we watched a young, but dominant, male leopard and an older female walking together. We followed them for a while, until Matthew suggested that we turn the headlights off; literally seconds later, he turned the lights back on and the male had made his kill. He dragged the young impala a long way before deciding what

tree to climb, then immediately began to consume his meal. The female patiently waited on the ground for him until he was done. We then headed back to the reserve to enjoy a meal of our own.

The sun was shining bright as we set out for our next morning safari. We saw our first “dazzle” of zebra, one of the females pregnant and another one protecting her newborn son. A short distance down the road, a young male leopard sunbathed on a high rock formation.

Matthew suddenly mentioned that it was time for breakfast! On the way back, we stopped to watch a herd of elephants that were taking a dirt bath under a tree. There was a tiny baby who was very brave and kept raising his trunk towards us; his mother was spraying dirt on to her back and accidentally knocked the little one with her foot and he tumbled onto his side. He immediately stood back up and looked at us as if he were embarrassed.

We were very surprised when Matthew stopped a little further down the road and led us to an elegant table outside. The other rangers were preparing a hot breakfast for us. As we enjoyed our meal, beautiful birds flew through the trees and young impala grazed the grass. It was a unique experience in a very beautiful place.

After breakfast, Matthew gave us a choice to either go see two leopard cubs or head back to the reserve to relax. We chose to go find the cubs. After driving



**One of the wild dogs licks his chops after feasting on baby impala.**

for a while, we arrived at the area where they had been spotted. It was a brother and sister, about five months old, playing on top of a large rock together. The female noticed us and jumped down to get a closer look, while the male stayed on the rock. After a few minutes of exploring, the female returned to her brother and they both set off for new adventures.

That evening, we crossed paths with a new lion pride known as the Four-Ways Pride, which were all fast asleep by a watering hole. At first we thought one of the females was pregnant, but then noticed that all of them had very full bellies; they must have had a successful kill. About

animals were still hiding from the bad weather, but we did get to see a large selection of birds, one of my favorites being the tawny eagle. My parents had a tawny eagle when I was born and that is where my name, "Tawny Sky," originates from.

As things started to dry up,

we came across two lions, a male

and a female walking down the road together. They danced around each other and then, after a few minutes, began to mate. The male was very dominant; he is known as Three-Tooth and belongs to the group of Manyeleti males.

Later in the day, we came upon a large dead kudu female that a male leopard had taken down; she looked untouched from the front, but, when we drove around the back, her stomach was revealed. We noticed the leopard hiding in the grass, watching us as we observed his kill. It was quite gory and very smelly, but it was incredible to think that a leopard had taken out such a large animal.

The following morning, Matthew took us back to the kill site and the



**A dazzle of zebras makes a striking appearance.**

leopard was still there guarding what was left. He had dragged the carcass into the bushes to keep it slightly more hidden. Usually, a leopard will drag its kill up a tree, but this half-eaten kudu was still too heavy. It amazed me that his meal was not taken from him by a larger predator during the night.

I had so many unique experiences during my trip that I could not even begin to cover them all in this article. Although I have visited other game reserves and have lived around lions, leopards, elephants, and more throughout my life, Mala Mala was unlike anything I have ever experienced. It was breathtaking to see one of the last wild populations of animals so up-close and personal. It exceeded my expectations and I cannot wait for the opportunity to return.



**Male leopard cub watches us from atop the safety of a boulder.**

ten minutes down the road, we saw a clan of four round-bellied hyenas that looked as if they had shared the lions' meal.

As we drove back to the reserve for dinner that night, we noticed a serval walking in the distance. Matthew told us we were very lucky to get a glimpse of this beautiful animal, because they are usually afraid and flee when they hear a vehicle coming. Surprisingly, the serval continued towards us and stopped in our headlights. I was able to capture a few photos before he ran off.

Not all of the days were perfect and sunny. One of the mornings was quite rainy, so we waited till after breakfast until things cleared up. Most of the



**The Four-Ways pride had recently feasted and were so stuffed all they could do was sleep.**

## BUILD A BETTER BIRTHING HOUSE: MAKING A DOG HOUSE INTO A CLIMATE-CONTROLLED BIRTHING BOX



The self-closing door on this dog house is just the right size for one of Teresa's servals.

By Teresa Shaffer

We live in Missouri, and although we try to avoid breeding for winter kittens, we have to be prepared. Here in the Midwest, we have temperatures down to zero and up to 110 degrees. It can be 20 degrees one day, then 70 degrees the next, so it is very difficult to plan ahead.

Over the years we have tried many birthing boxes. We have had boxes that are too small, and ones that are too big. We have found there is a fine line between these. If the box is too small, you have the danger of the momma cat lying or

stepping on her kittens. If the box is too big, it does not retain heat well enough in the winter.

This year we have made a new box that we really like so far. Some of our males have ASL Solutions Dog Palace Insulated Dog Houses. These houses are super insulated, very durable, and easy to clean. The inside dimensions are 30.5"H x 24"W x 35.5" L. The door is an easy to pass through, self-closing door, and the floor is raised four inches to provide a dry and warm bedding area. The floor is also sloped and has a drain hole to make cleaning a breeze; just hose it down and the water runs out.

You can even get solar-powered exhaust fans and fitted heating pads for them. We have been so pleased with these insulated doghouses that

Scott decided to try turning one into a birthing box. They cost around \$230.00 each for the large size at Orschelns, and you can find them for only \$166.00 at Sam's Club.

We did not want to try it and ruin one, so we waited until we found a used one on Craigslist and bought it for \$75.00. Scott cut a hole in the side and hooked up a small



Hound heater unit is pet safe and fire safe, and keeps the house warm, even on the coldest Missouri winter nights.

sliding lockable pet door kit to seal it off. I am sure there is an easier and cheaper way to do this, but neither Scott nor I are very good at constructing things. Scott caulked the edges of the cut line with sealant, as the small insulation pellets were coming out. He then hooked the front of the house onto the outside of the



The birthing box is placed outside of the enclosure so that there is easier access to the kittens through a lockable pet door installed on the side. The house is attached to the the fence with 2 sets of 2x4s and 1x2 spacers, which allow a wood sliding door to be inserted when needed to block out mom. (With this design you can use the same wood slide for several houses.)

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**Another view of the lockable pet door from the inside of the birthing box, which can be lined with hay or other soft material.**

chain-link enclosure after cutting a hole in the fence the size of the entrance opening. You could also put the house inside the enclosure, but we have a secure five foot wide hallway off the backside of the enclosure, so that is where we felt it should go. This works well in our opinion, as you do not have to enter the cat's enclosure to check on kittens. You can just go into the hallway and open the slide door on the side of the house and peek in, or even reach in to pull kittens. We like to be able to lock the momma cats out to check or pull the kittens, so Scott put two 2x4 frames (with a 1x2 wedge in-

between) around the hole in the chain-link and then attached the house to this. Then he made a wood slide board you can push through and block the entrance; you can use one slide board for several houses.

So far, we are very happy with this design and the cats seem to really enjoy their new homes! Actually, with the cold weather we are having, the cats don't want to come out of their nice warm house... unless its food time, of course!



**In the insulated birthing box, mama caracal can be warm and comfortable, even in the middle of winter.**



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# “WE BOUGHT A ZOO: A TRUE ZOO STORY”

Reviewed by Fred Hood

Anyone involved in captive wildlife management will likely be intrigued by the new film *We Bought a Zoo*. I saw it on Christmas afternoon with a group of friends, only one of which is a zoo volunteer like me. The film is loosely based on a book of the same title, which is a true story and quite an enjoyable read. I say loosely because the real zoo (Dartmoor Zoological Park) is in England whereas the one in the movie (Rosemoor Animal Park) is in an undescribed location in the U.S. The actual movie set is a ranch in Thousand Oaks, California. Reviews of the film state that the film is set in southern California, although there is no real hint of a locale in the film itself.

Everyone in our group seemed to enjoy it, even the non-zoo people. Part of its appeal to a wider audience is that is as much about the people as it is about building a zoo. The buyer, Benjamin Mee (played by Matt Damon but named after the real buyer), has recently lost his wife to cancer when the film opens. (In the real story, Mrs. Mee is part of the decision to buy the zoo and dies while they are rebuilding it). Much of the film centers on Benjamin and his two children dealing with the grief of losing the mother in the family. This is not apparent in the previews, which make it appear to be a lighthearted film about animals. Although the film has its funny moments, there is a lot of drama and some serious issues on life and death are addressed. These are important issues and they are dealt with in an honest manner, so I think it is a good aspect to the film. But viewers who are expecting a lighthearted comedy should be prepared for something a bit different. I would not recommend the film for small children, under age seven or so.

Members of FCF will be pleased in the way it por-

trays a small, privately owned zoo in a positive light. Those of you who have had challenges with USDA inspections may also be amused by the portrayal of the USDA inspector, the only villain in the film. (I doubt real USDA workers will be amused, though). One major component is how the staff deals with an elderly and diseased tiger. It shows the staff (especially Benjamin Mee) struggling to make him comfortable and take his medication. It also shows, in a very emotional and real way, the staff



struggling with the decision of whether or not it is time to euthanize the cat. I cannot help but think this will give the public a deeper appreciation for the serious and heartbreaking decisions made by anyone involved in captive wildlife management.

There is only one animal scene that is completely unrealistic - the one that involves snakes. Why do snakes always get a bad rap? When you see the way the snakes were allegedly shipped to the zoo, you will roll your eyes (or worse). Anyone with even a passing knowledge of how modern zoos operate will see the absurdity in this. My only other criticism of the film, besides the snake scene, is the occasional (very occasional) use of profanity. For a movie that is rated PG (not PG-13) and promoted as a family film, I was not expecting it. I realize some people are not bothered by it and I am sure some of you use strong language on a daily basis. But for someone like me who does not, it seems unnecessary. In spite of these two setbacks, overall the film is worthwhile and I think most FCF members will find it enjoyable.

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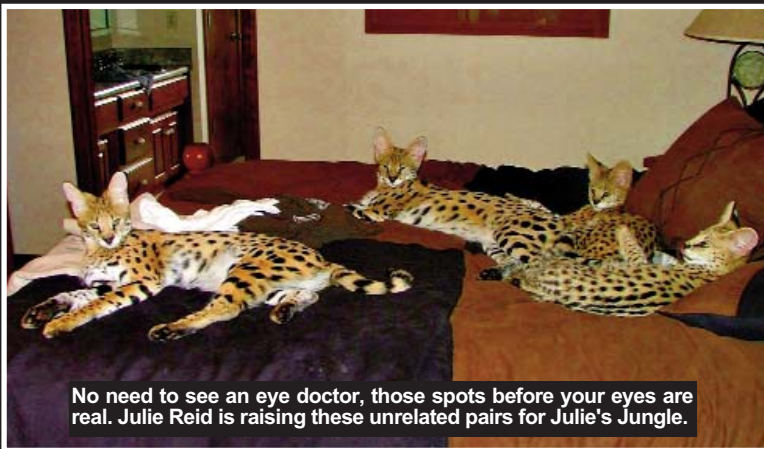
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This Siberian Lynx looks like she is trying to tell someone to "STOP!" Unusual poses acquired by Bear Creek Feline Center intern, "Blue."



Deanna Croasmun caught Chaos, the melanistic jungle cat, flying through the air.



No need to see an eye doctor, those spots before your eyes are real. Julie Reid is raising these unrelated pairs for Julie's Jungle.

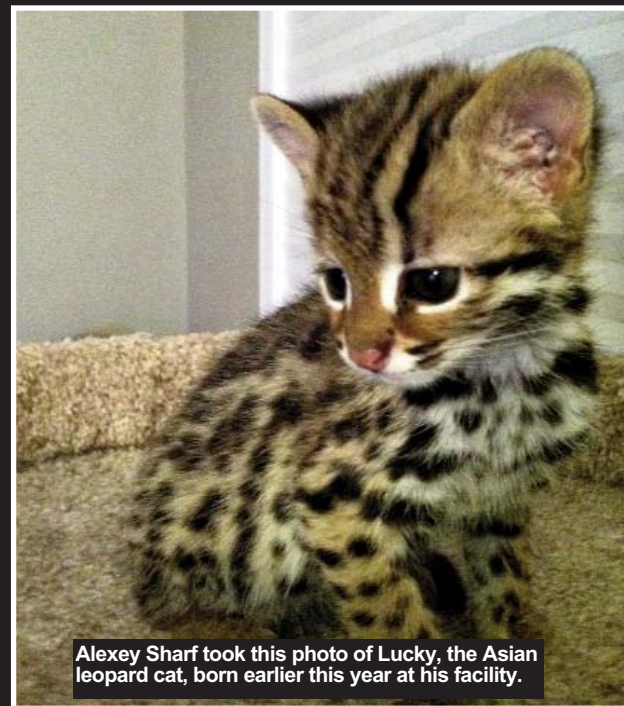


Aztec and Tia jaguars wrestle in the pool at Panther Ridge Conservation Center. Photo by Yvonne Veety.

# YOUR BEST SHOTS



Three adorable little fishing cat kittens born at Exotic Feline Breeding Compound, Chimlin, Devi, and Dara, stare right into Nancy Vandermey's camera.



Alexey Sharf took this photo of Lucky, the Asian leopard cat, born earlier this year at his facility.





Eden Tran took this photo of Chubbs, the bobcat, flying for the fishing rod lure being dangled by her daughter Lena.



That is an armful of spots! Kerry Ferguson holds her serval female Sebekka. Photo by Christopher Fergu-



Mimi bobcat smiles for the camera. Photo by her mom, Jessica Willoughby.



Max, the young cougar, visited Santa at the Humane Society Christmas party to tell him he has been a good little puma this year and wants Santa to bring him lots of cat toys. Max is part of Wildlife and Environmental Conservation's educational team, teaching children about cougars in California.

## BLAST FROM THE PAST: TUFFY THE MARGAY

LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation  
May/June 1982  
Volume 26 Issue 3

In Memorium to a Grand Old Girl, Tuffy

By Danny Treanor

I hate death. Death makes me angry. With that, I wish to note the passing away of Tuffy Margay.

Tuffy's exact age is a secret that Tuffy never confirmed or denied, like most women. However, she appeared as a kitten in 1964, from Colombia, South America. She, at that time, arrived in New Orleans, at the home of Rick & Claire LeBlanc. I am led to understand that Tuffy spent her first years as a free household margay and enjoyed interacting with her human providers.

The first time I saw Tuffy, I do not remember her making any undue impression on me. In fact, the presence of a bobcat that liked to "mark" strangers was the center of attention that day. We were all afraid of becoming the next "victim." Besides, we had a new male margay to pay attention to and keep out of mischief.

Time passed and on the occasion of the first LIOC convention, that time in Dallas, a conversation with the LeBlancs brought to light that Tuffy was available for breeding purposes. Her past history was not encouraging, nor was her age. Although she had been housed with a male, recently deceased, they had never produced. Even though Critter was at that time too young, we agreed to take her, feeling that the real reason for the offer might be other than presented - the unloading of a burden. For whatever reason, Tuffy Leblanc became Tuffy Treanor, duly delivered by Harriet Leake.

Tuffy had been housed outdoors and now she was housed indoors adjacent to another margay. Try as I did to make friends, she did not like men; she was a ladies' cat. Shirley would sit on the floor to find herself with a lap full of margay. And Tuffy was a lap full. She (Tuffy - come to think of it, Shirley, too) tended to be chubby. She was a short, chunky cat, very unlike the lean, lithe Critter. From the length of the tail however, there was no doubt that she was, in fact, a margay. I did serve a purpose in Tuffy's life, howev-

er; I was the source of the "tie game." The "tie game" is simply this: take that tie you got as a present and secretly hated, and move it along the floor like a snake. Eventually, some reaction will take place. The game turned out to be a nightly event and the event became a source of exercise for a badly overweight female margay. Soon she was thinner, quicker, and more alert.

Tuffy was soon to come face to face with "The Critter." He was the male, approximately two years old at that time. Critter was a nice guy and a snappy dresser, but a little stupid. Tuffy would come into heat, but all Critter would do was pull the hair from the top of her head. Tuffy's way of letting a guy know she was "interested" was to "bulldoze" into him with her head. Critter took another meaning from this evidently. He was just too young to understand why this other margay moaned, crawled low to the ground with her rear in the air, and kept running into him headfirst. It must have something to do with her head, so he did what he could by relieving her of the fur and making her bald.

What a loose woman was this margay! As I said before, she had been with males before, but nothing had happened. So why this immature, domestic-raised, naive male with the stupid name of Critter? Who knows, women are like that.

Critter finally figured it out and the very first mating resulted in a kitten. Unfortunately, it was stillborn. After a decent interval, another arrived. Tuffy did her part, but during labor pulled hair out of her haunches. I had never seen this before (or a birth of any kind for that matter) and thought it odd. When I peeked in and saw Tuffy with the kitten between her paws, moving as if she was pulling fur from the kit, I panicked and, not waiting for Shirley to come home, ran into the cage and "rescued" the kitten. Later, I learned that some females pull fur to line the nest and "strip" their stomach to make the nipples more available to the kit. However, my reaction had broken the maternal chain. Tuffy would have six more kittens over the years and never take care of them. They were all hand-raised. Tuffy liked to make them, but after a day or so would



begin to ignore them. When the kit readily took a bottle we knew it was time to bottle-feed them. Tuffy always insisted that Shirley sit with her during labor; she even tolerated me with a movie camera on one occasion. She would let Shirley handle the kitten and move her around to allow the kitten to nurse. But when left alone, she would curl into a ball and hide the "faucets." We would be awakened to a loudly bawling kitten and looks from Tuffy as if to say, "Can't you shut the kid up?" She became cranky and would eventually snap when you tried to put the kitten to a nipple, unlike her normally easygoing self. She looked so relieved when you removed them, and she quickly reverted to her former cheerful attitude. After all, those little things did nothing but snuggle and cry.

In trying to plan for the future, I decided to keep one of the kittens. Tuffy was not getting any younger and there were not too many of us breeding margays.

Phase II of our story begins. This is where TV would insert a commercial, so stop and go to the refrigerator or bathroom if you wish.

In January of 1978, I relocated to Orlando, Florida, and brought three margays with me; Tuffy, Critter, and their daughter, Sundae. Relocation brought problems, a townhouse with no room for cages and a lease that prohibited it. The girls were okay, but the male wanted to set up territo-

ry. He quickly took a vacation to Ft. Lauderdale, and the Hatfields', until this human could provide better. Tuffy and Sundae were fine, loving the high places on the stairwell and wall-to-wall carpeting.

In the 11 years that I shared my life with Tuffy, she never really cared for me - after the move to Orlando, even the occasional scratching under the chin was denied me. I thought she generally disliked men. But my soon-acquired roommate got along with Tuffy very well and the ladies I dated got to know Tuffy, also.

When I decided to remarry, it was very important to me that the lady accept my cats. Maybe I should have checked with Tuffy to see whom she preferred, but this did not turn out to be a problem. Ellen and Tuffy soon became close friends and Ellen claimed Tuffy as her margay.

In July of 1982, Tuffy went off her feed; not even caring for treats like chicken hearts, which she normally craved. Her stools changed, possibly due to the lack of solid food intake. Concerned, I took her to the vet. A blood sample was taken and her white cell count was almost non-existent. Anti-biotics and B-complex shots were given, and she seemed to pick up a little after eating some raw egg yolks. After four days, she seemed unable to move without exhausting herself in two or three steps. In desperation, with the advice of the vet, I



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decided to give a blood transfusion from her daughter, Sundae. Another blood test showed the white cells were increasing, but the red cells were down. Before we gave the transfusion, we x-rayed her for a possible blockage. She had not been given any anesthetic because of her weakened state. While we positioned her for the x-ray, she suffered cardiac arrest but was revived. When we attempted to give her fluids by vein, she arrested again, and this time we could not revive her.

It is a hard way to lose a longtime friend, and I do mean friend.

Tuffy was the most unassuming and non-aggressive margay I have ever met. I see her style daily in her daughter, and I thank Heaven she gave me eight kittens, even one of them still with me to give each day purpose.

*Postscript from Shirley Wagner, then LIOC editor:*

As most of you know, Tuffy spent many years of her life with me, also. Although she and Danny were not as close as she and I were, there is little I can add to the above. Tuffy was a truly dignified spirit, always her own cat. This made the concessions she made to those she loved that much dearer. She gave her affection or withheld it at her will, but never ungraciously. When she moved to Orlando, with Danny, it left a void in my life, but knowing she was there was some comfort. Even after five years, years when a visit to Orlando resulted in the same reaction, an empty lap was soon filled by Tuffy, a chin was offered for scratching. The news of her departure brings pain and, as I type this, tears; she was a grand lady and hopefully, someday, through her daughter's grand-kittens (are you listening, Danny?), she will continue.

Shirley

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## REMEMBERING SHIRLEY WAGNER

By Danny Treanor

On December 6th, 2011, private exotic cat owners all over the world lost one of their most ardent and vocal advocates when Shirley Wagner lost her battle with cancer. She was on the Board of Directors and served as editor for over 30 years of the LIOC Endangered Species Conservation Federation Newsletter (now known as the Feline Conservation Federation). Shirley was a recognized expert in the husbandry, breeding and neonatal care of small, exotic felines and was recognized in Murray Fowler's "Zoo medicine" for her contributions in the field. A devoted animal advocate, she testified before various committees in Montgomery in support of responsible animal legislation.

Some longtime members will remember Shirley from when she served as editor of the newsletter for LIOC's newsletter in the 1970s. Shirley was the one who directly followed Catherine Cisin, the founder of LIOC, as the editor. She was handpicked by Catherine, since Shirley embraced the ideas and direction that Catherine wanted the Long Island Ocelot Club to go.

But Shirley's story actually begins around 1966 when she heard a rumor that a dime store over in Ft. Walton Beach, had an ocelot for sale for around \$50. Shirley drove to the area, but the cat had already been sold, but Shirley was determined to find out more, and where, and how.

She began researching in the local library. There were no computers at this time, so newspapers and magazine articles were the only source of research, especially for current and recent events. Somewhere along the line, Shirley came across an article about a woman who lived at the end of Long Island named Catherine Cisin, who put out a newsletter for exotic owners and had published a book called "Especially Ocelots." There was no address in the article except for the name of the town Amagansett. Shirley composed a letter and took a chance of addressing it to Catherine, c/o LIOC, Amagansett, NY. Two things worked in Shirley's favor. Catherine was a local well-known person and the town was small enough that everyone knew everyone. Contact was made and the story takes off from this point.

Catherine gave Shirley some leads on

importers of cats, which was not illegal at that time. In fact, you could obtain a kit for as little as \$50 with freight and customs included.

The first ocelot was Pi Beset. Shirley picked the name of one of the obscure Egyptian Gods for her cat's name. In the future, there would be margays, oncillas, cougars and more ocelots in her life, along with the occasional domestic cat, too.

Before there were conventions, there were annual picnics in Catherine Cisin's backyard. Such fun and camaraderie occurred that Dr. Roger Harmon suggested having a bigger picnic, but instead of the backyard, move it to Texas, and have it for two days. More time to mingle and swap stories. Sharing experience and knowledge has always been the mission of LIOC.

For the 10 years from 1968 to 1978, cats with names of Meewa, Bounce, ChrisAnne, Kelly, Tina, Tuffy, Critter, Sundae, Sir, Malady, and a couple of domestics named Gray Puss and Jude would share Shirley's life.

Shirley had lived in Mobile, Alabama, since 1966, and as you might guess, Mobile is not the center of exotic cat activity, but is about half way between Florida and Texas allowing Shirley to attend the branch meetings in both states. Often time, vacations were scheduled around branch meetings, in order to spend more time and visit with other members. Eventually the planning of vacations centered on the conventions, and allowing for time to drive and visit.

Vacations also meant a lot of planning. At one time, we had 11 cats in the house, nine of which were exotics. There had to be a cat-sitter for the house while three cats traveled in the minivan. Many motel rooms were repainted; shower curtains replaced and lots of odd looks at rest stops.

Conventions and branch meetings meant time to listen to the members, meet new cats, and accumulate pictures for future issues of the newsletters. As gov-



**Shirley Wagner handled the ceremonial awarding of the coveted Lotty statue to the organization's most outstanding individual. Photo from archives of Lynn Culver.**

ernment restrictions and regulations changed, so did LIOC, bringing about the need to organize, create structure, and direct. When Catherine turned the editorship over to Shirley, she was happy to just be editor, but the need for spokesperson and president was evident as involvement with government officials increased. Ken Hatfield, known for his help to other exotic owners, and as a recognized breeder with business experience, became president. Shirley did not want to be in the public eye and preferred to be in the background.

The lifeline of LIOC has always been the newsletter where people keep in touch, learn the latest on nutrition and medicine, plus share each other's joys and sorrows. Shirley excelled in this area. She laughed and cried at everyone's stories. She talked on the phone to anyone. She answered any and all correspondence. She sat at a typewriter for hours assembling the newsletter by hand. Remember, this was before computers when articles were typed and laid out on paper to be taken to the printer. Additionally, there was keeping up with new members, change of addresses, renewal slips, and putting the addresses on the envelopes. All done by hand, by one person. (OK, I helped address the envelopes.)

One story of Shirley that most do not know involves Bill Engler. For those who

do not know Bill Engler, I refer you to the book *Especially Ocelots* by Catherine Cisin. Bill wrote the medical section for the book and, even though he was not a veterinarian, most everyone called him "Doc." In his later years, Bill became a bit of a gypsy, moving from place to place with his menagerie of animals. Toward the end of his travels, he decided to join forces with Charles Douglas in Orlando, Florida. The only problem was, Bill was living in Utah. Bill packed up his animals and belongings, but was one driver short for the trip. Shirley volunteered to be that driver. Bears, bobcats, and other critters were moving to Florida. Needless to say, overnight stays at the Ritz-Carlton were out of the question. Shirley loved it and felt she was contributing to the welfare of the cats and to what LIOC was all about.

From the most northern and western part of Washington State, to the wine country of California, Big D (is this Dallas??), the Arizona desert, the mountains in Colorado, Disney World, and Ama-

gansett, New York, Shirley met, laughed, and cried with members who love exotics.

Shirley and I met as teenagers when we were still in high school, and we were married at the ripe old age of 19 and 18. In fact, the day we were married, Shirley had to go back to her parent's house because she had finals in school the next day. We were married for 14 years, until I took a job in Florida and she stayed in Alabama. Our days and nights were filled with raising, learning, and sharing all we knew and learned about exotic ownership. Remembering those times brings a smile and a tug. We share a Lotty together.

For those of you who never met



**During the 1991 LIOC Convention in San Antonio, Texas, Shirley and the young assistant draw the winning raffle ticket for the Charles Frace signed Margay print. Jean Hatfield is pictured in front.**

Shirley, you missed out on knowing an original. For those of you who did know her, be assured that she cared. She cared about you and your cat. She still does.

## FOURTH QUARTER BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING REPORT

Minutes by Lynn Culver

Meeting was held on the FCF Forums from December 9 through December 18. Board members Chambers, Perry, Delong, Antle, Shaffer, Johnson, and Callahan participated. The following motions and discussions were held during the meeting:

Moved by Teresa Shaffer, seconded by Kevin Chambers, that by-laws be amended to reflect membership and voting rights. Proposed are:

10.1 A Membership consists of either an individual, or two (2) people living at the same address. The two (2) people in a membership have complete and independent voting privileges, once eligible, but they both must be registered on the FCF database to receive the dual voting privileges. Memberships with one individual will only have one (1) vote, once eligible.

10.2 To be eligible to make motions or vote on a Constitutional amendment, the individual must have become a member of the FCF prior to February 1st of the year previous to the year during which the motion is made and the vote is held. To be eligible to vote in the general election, the individual must have become a member of the FCF prior to October 1st of the year previous to the year during which the

election is held.

10.3 A lapse in membership 90 days (January 1st) beyond the October 1st renewal date shall result in the late-renewing member's join date being reset the actual date of late renewal and being treated as a new member for the purposes of making motions and voting privileges.

10.4 An individual member may add or remove a second person living at the same address to their membership at any time. Both members' voting eligibility will be determined by the join date of the primary member.

6 yes votes, 0 no votes, motion passed.

Moved by Rob Johnson, seconded by Teresa Shaffer, to ratify the expenditure of \$1850 to Vocus PR Web, for an enhanced account, giving FCF two press releases per month, for one year, beginning October 1st, as well as other benefits.

6 yes votes, 0 no votes, motion passed.

Moved by Kevin Chambers, seconded by Rob Johnson, to ratify the minutes of the convention board meeting as presented.

6 yes votes, 0 no votes.

Moved by Kevin Chambers, seconded by Teresa Shaffer, that the fee for a Professional membership be a \$15 non-refundable fee for the upgrade from gen-

eral membership at any time during the membership year. This fee entitles one or both persons under that membership to upgrade, provided they each independently meet the qualifications required for Professional membership. A Professional membership may be one Professional, two Professionals, or it can be one Professional member and a household co-member who is a General member. Regardless of the combination, the upgrade of a General membership to Professional is \$15. The renewal for a membership with at least one Professional in the shared membership is the standard USA, Canada, or International dues, plus \$25.

6 yes votes, 0 no votes, motion passed.

Moved by Teresa Shaffer, seconded by Patty Perry, that the following FCF Policy on Professional Members be adopted:

1. A Professional member of the FCF is someone who is substantially involved in the captive husbandry of wild felines and who operates with high standards of animal care and facility management, and who conducts their husbandry, business, and public image in an ethical manner. Professional members will normally hold a USDA license to engage in the breeding, brokering, sales, or exhibition of wild felines, or they may be employed or hold

substantial, but unpaid, positions at USDA licensed, or non-profit wild feline facilities. Professional membership may also be granted to those running non-profits, substantial financial supporters, wildlife educators, veterinarians, researchers, and conservationists. Professional members must support the goals and mission of the Feline Conservation Federation, which is to protect the rights of qualified individuals to own and to pursue captive husbandry of wild felines, and to preserve, protect, and propagate wild feline populations in captivity and in nature.

2. To qualify for professional membership, the member must: a) have registered their handling experience with the FCF Registered Handler Program; b) register their wildcats with the FCF Feline Census, if they possess wild felines; c) have a signed copy of the Professional Code of Conduct on file with the FCF; and d) pay a \$15 non-refundable fee at the time of application and submit an application for Professional Membership Upgrade. The completed application will contain a list of licenses held and a statement by the applicant outlining all of their qualifications as to what makes them a professional.

3. The Professional Member Committee, consisting of five (5) Professional level members, will review the applications and grant or deny the upgrade in a reasonable amount of time using the definition of a professional member as found in the Constitution and this policy. A simple majority of three (3) yes votes from the committee is required to be accepted as a Professional member.

4. The results of Professional Member Committee's vote will be recorded in the Administration section of the website, but will not be made public.

5. The members of the Professional Member Committee will serve two (2) year terms running concurrently with the current Board's term and will be appointed by the current Board. Initially, the members of the Accreditation committee will serve as the members of the Professional Member

Committee.

5 yes votes, 0 no votes, motion passed.

Moved by Pat Callahan, seconded by Kevin Chambers, to budget \$2000 to the Conservation Grants Fund.

6 yes votes, 0 no votes, motion passed.

Discussion on CAPWIZ: Capwiz integrates into a website seamlessly to create a customizable legislative action center, enabling CAPWIZ clients to mobilize stakeholders. Last year alone, Capwiz delivered more than 25 million email messages to federal and state elected officials. CAPWIZ features allow clients to:

- Easily create custom action alerts that can be posted to a website regarding bills, votes, and issues. CAPWIZ delivers this information faster than other companies.
- Send targeted emails to stakeholders.
- Run detailed reports on all grassroots activity.


The FCF board approved a three-month trial participation in the pro-exotic animal ownership contract held by G.W. Exotics, UAPPEAL, USZA, and Simian Society. FCF has generated three action alerts using CAPWIZ; "Demand Money Raised for Tony the Tiger Goes to his New Home!" written for G W Exotics Park and was a test use of the program, in response to Big Cat Rescue fundraising for Tony, a tiger whose owner, Mike Sandlin, does not want BCR to receive and who has said will be given to G W Exotics; "Protect the

Majesty Under the Big Top," in response to HB 3359, that would prohibit traveling wildlife displays; and "There is NO Evidence Tigers Have Ever Been Killed for Their Body Parts in America," in response to New Jersey Bill 3661, requiring tigers to be micro-chipped, tracked, and institutionally cremated, to prevent illegal sales of parts for Asian medicine. Responses have been generated from target emails, the CAPWIZ website, and Facebook promotion of these alerts. The current database receiving action alerts by email is around 3,000 names. CAPWIZ responders can sign up for future alerts, increasing the database. FCF receives notice of each person that uses a CAPWIZ alert, including name and contact information. With the legislative season sure to have ban bills introduced, this makes an easy way for stakeholders to send emails to their legislators and the media.

Executive Director Lynn Culver provided the following update on the Feline Census project. FCF has the USDA FOIA results, and about 15 states that allow private ownership of native species, or states that have permit systems in place for exotic felines have responded to FOIA requests. Many states have no non-USDA licensed ownership allowed, such as HI, AK, MA, CT, so the USDA response will be all inclusive; and some states allow small cats, but do not have a state permit system - like AL, or AR, so these states will not have separate state tracking to request.

Teresa Shaffer reported on the FUR (Feline Urgent Response) Team activities since the Ohio incident, which prompted members to step up and volunteer. Terri Werner has been made some great suggestions. We are gathering information on behaviors, pictures, sound bites, and footprints of all species. Teresa is still in need of these items and requests members get with her if they can provide such. The FUR teams hopes to incorporate this information into packets for officials.

Books - Feeding Supplies - Gifts



We Carry New In-Print & Hard-to-Find Out-Of-Print Books

√ <i>Raising In Captivity</i>	√ <i>In The Wild</i>
√ <i>Husbandry</i>	√ <i>Management</i>
√ <i>Identification Guides</i>	√ <i>Reference Books</i>
√ <i>Encyclopedias</i>	√ <i>Veterinary Manuals</i>

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## Feline Conservation Federation

January/February 2012 • Volume 56, Issue 1

Cover photo: One of many leopards sighted during a week-long safari at Mala Mala game reserve in South Africa, is this stunning daughter of the Kikilezi male. She provided photographers endless poses and her beauty and grace captivated everyone. Barry Bland, international freelance photographer, captured her intense stare in this cover photo. Read more about the real-life Eden on Earth inside this *Journal*, starting on page 18.

Back photo: Photographer Tawny Antle was one in a group of visitors lucky enough to see one of Mala Mala's more rare felines. The stunning conclusion to a nearly perfect game viewing day, this spotted serval, first sighted at the edge of an abandoned farm field, wandered right up to her vehicle to be spotlighted and photographed. Read about this serval and other animals on page 33.

