

NEWSLETTER

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

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LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB



What can be said? One picture is worth a thousand words - for details see The Ballad of Ari on page 3. Pictures courtesy of John O'Dell of the Santa Ana Register.



LONG ISLAND OCELOT CLUB
NEWSLETTER

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Material for publication in the Long Island Ocelot Club Newsletter should be submitted by the 10th of the month preceding Newsletter publication, i.e. by the 10th of the even numbered months.

Local groups are advised that, if convenient, the holding of meetings during the odd numbered months will ensure the earliest publication time of their meeting reports due to the above deadline.

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Moving?

To avoid any interruption of service and Newsletter delivery if you should move, send as soon as you know the details, your name, new address; old address and the date of moving to our Membership Secretary,

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Please send all applications and renewals directly to Pepper for fast efficient service.

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Please

I NEED YOUR HELP TO MAKE THE NEWSLETTER GREAT:

Send those cards & letters to:

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1454 Fleetwood Dr. E.
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We'd love to hear from you.

Shirley

The Ballad of Ari

Today on the mountain a wrong was done:
They took Ari from his home in the sun.
They shot him with darts; four in all,
With guns drawn, they waited for him to fall.
But Ari stood alone, his eyes filled with fear,
He begged me to help him, but they wouldn't let me near...

So begins the "Ballad of Ari Cougar", about the terrible things that happened on that fateful Saturday, November 23 - That it could happen and did happen is a fact that will shock and horrify all members of LIOC - because it might happen to any one of us! I will try to report the events chronologically and in their entirety, emphasizing my mistakes, judgements, actions and decisions, good or bad - in the hopes that someone else may benefit from them if need be.

I will supply a small synopsis of the background leading up to my narrative and of all the cats involved, as I believe it is important to know that I have lived with cats in La Habra Heights for nine years. Five of them on 1 1/2 acres secluded at the very end of a long winding road, with nothing beyond me but horse trails and oil fields. There are no close neighbors, and from my property I can see no other house except one - way below the horse stable where the cats and horses lived. This is an unincorporated area of L.A. County and is zoned in not less than one acre lots, so the atmosphere is rural, wooded in mostly avocado groves, and many of us enjoy a hermit-like existence. Before buying this house, which fulfilled my every expectation, I inquired of my one neighbor whether they would object to the exotic cats, and was assured that there would be no problem. They were as truthful as their word; I have never seen or spoken with them since. I also visited the Planning Commission in downtown L.A. where one of their consultants convinced me that obtaining a Wild Animal permit was impossible and unprecedented in my locality, if I kept them on my property and there were no complaints, who would be bothered? This was off the cuff of course, he explained, and needless to say he was not employed there long. But when you want to believe someone you do! And so it was for five wonderful years, happy beyond expectation - most of the cats growing up or living in the house at first, and eventually transferred to their large airy enclosures below, which we constructed within the confines of the barn roof, enabling the use of rafters, sunporches, canopied beds, trees and 100 foot runs to the grassy knells below. As the number of cats increased from three to nine, our love for them deepened and intensified.

FENWYCK is a Texas ocebob, 8 years old and one of Gertrude Troop's first litters in a successful mating between her bobcat and ocelot. He was 5 months old when I bought him for \$75 in Azusa, from a young man who couldn't handle him and didn't know what he had. I'd just lost my very first ocelot tragically to three dogs, but I was determined that his death would not be in vain; I had learned from my bumbling mistakes as many of us have and the Fenwyck is shy. I respect his independence and free spirit. He will not allow me to pet him and others to come close, but his is his home and the two females who grew up with him and share his life.

CAVEY (from the poem about "McCavity filled with depravity" or something - a sweeter cougar never lived) came to me six years ago when she was three weeks old, thru an importer who had shipped her from Columbia, South America, for a buyer who changed his mind at the last minute. She was unwanted and a bargain, and at first sight I knew I must have her and she's been a joy ever since. Her capacity to love is infinite, and she is gentle, small (80 lbs.) and playful, and sooo dependent.

SEYMOUR was such a small ocelot when we acquired her seven years ago at one pound two ounces and indeterminate age, I aren't even sure what breed of cat she was, not to mention what sex, so "Seymour" seemed appropriate either way and it was a long time before we knew whether she would survive the numerous childhood diseases and deficiencies she suffered thru. As a result she is very small and usually feisty but very definately the boss of the entire compound.

ARI, short for Aristotle Molasses, was featured on the cover of LIOC's Newsletter (Volume 17, #5) which explained his origins in the North Dakota Zoo, thru 3 incompetent owners until my friend Jean Townes discovered him literally withering away from malnutrition and calcium deficiency at the age of four months. She nursed him back to health and he became mine six weeks later, and within the last four years I have become his slave, possession, playmate, lover (well inaway) friend, admirer, confidante mother and protector - among other things. When a 180 pound cat just looks at you and starts purring, there is something special involved.

JUNA is the only cat who does not completely belong to me. She is a black leopard, 6 years old and I met Karen, her owner at an ACEC symposium. She was forced to keep Juna in a petting zoo in Riverside for lack of other accommodations and later when I visited the place, I knew we must remove her at once - it should have been condemned. So Karen built her a large well constructed home here near my other cats where she's lived in peace and happiness for three years ever since.



GINNY & ARI - IN HAPPIER TIMES

GATO, 4, was shipped to me two years ago from a mutual LIOC members whose love for her margay exceeded the normal boundries of ownership; she was willing to give him up for a better life in the California sunshine as opposed to the ten months of winter and cold in Minnesota. Gato is beautiful, independent and aloof, but here is no meanness in him. He will tolerate affection but far prefers to luxuriate in solitary splendour and he shares his living quarters with..

JASMINE, a 30 pound ocelot of indeterminate age, who was rescued from the pound by Bob & Lil Smith. Her history is obscure and she was captured from a nomadic life in the canyons and eventually released to the Smiths after it was decided that the Fates should not destroy her - besides, Bob had a sort of qualifying permit. I inherited her a few months later when the law intervened at Bob's and she's been here ever since. She's never cared for men (perhaps one mistreated her once) but she's acquired a tremendous security here and a dependence and love for me, which is returned tenfold.

TO is something else! A real character. At 4 years and pounds he is an ocelot whose owners abandoned him last summer with a friend to travel abroad with instructions to find him a good home - and it was another instance of love at first sight. His disposition is not only calm, playful and loving, but his markings are outstanding. But, he does have one peculiar quirk, he's an alcoholic. He demands a few pesos daily and would have cornered the market if allowed as once I discovered him hoarding 10 pounds in the basket, after dragging the whole sack in there from the kitchen.

FA, 3, my newest margay, was acquired from Virginia and placed in much the same way as Quito. Her owners offered her free to a good home. They had her altered, which is legal, but she is tiny (no more than 8 pounds) and sweet and I have so many hopes for her.

There were hopes for all of them - for a rich full life and I prided myself on the knowledge that due to a complete diet and air coats were healthy and luxurious and during all the years I've owned them (knock on wood) I'd never needed a veterinarian for any reason other than booster shots. Most of my time was spent with them by choice and they had a constant assortment of visitors who admired them, played with them and loved them. Ari has been on TV twice and will appear again next fall when "Friends of Man" debuts. He and some of the smaller cats had also been displayed at schools, including those in Watts where many of the students had never seen an exotic. I always knew that if anyone tried to take away the cats it would be over my dead body....

When it happened: they came without papers, without warrants, without warrants - five sheriff's deputies and five animal control officers. They came at 8 AM on a weekday morning when we were all asleep. Before waking they marched down the hill to count and inspect the cats, then they knocked at the back door and announced that unless we had the proper permits they were going to pound each and every outlawed wild animal and if we refused we would be jailed. At first I was too stunned to comprehend and asked to see by what authority they could search and steal personal property, but they denied their need for any such legal documents. Then they showed me the ordinance forbidding the ownership of wild animals and the fact that allowable pets presumed tame and informed me that an animal not listed was illegal. I scanned the predictable names such as dog, cat, hamster, rabbit, canary, etc. and the way down to squirrel monkey, so I decided to be cautious and pointing to my spider monkey I said "Well at least you can't take my monkey!" They didn't.

How did they have the authority to take the others? Were the cats had gotten loose, or bitten someone, or if I had been mistreating them through neglect or unsanitary conditions, then I might understand...but there was no reason to confiscate them! Other people had received citations that "you have 30, 60 or 90 days to dispose of your illegal cats", but I knew no one who had experienced a raid without some sort of previous notice. Officer Bryant, the man obviously in charge, then stated that even if we had the proper permits, they were impounding the cats anyway, and we could fight it later, but not then. Finally he admitted that yes, there had been a complaint that I let the cats loose at night and this was the right to justify their actions. His tongue loosened, he then claimed that one man had often seen Ari on the front lawn. The light was beginning to dawn; there was a man who could lie like that: Mr. Stone down the street, a man whose heart was as cold as his name. He was everybody especially young people and who had never laid an eye on one of my cats. This was corroborated a month later when we saw Stone setting up three lawns on his lawn, one for himself, another for his father and the third for his cigar-chomping friend, so they would watch all the proceedings. From his property he did not see any of the cages, but the police vans and the trucks were in full view and the end result of what they removed. When my son, Ron, approached Stone to question his motive, he freely admitted his alleged involvement and acknowledged the fact that he had indeed complained and use he would be very happy if we moved away and this was the way for him to accomplish that. A case of beer was placed beside him and he ordered Ronny off his property.

Finally our se were confronted by the Gestapo, they spent an hour on trying to figure a way to capture the cats and drag them up the hill, accompanied by threats and constant conversations over their 2-way radios. In the interim I exercised my wits and phoned a lawyer, but he was unfamiliar

with the ordinances and could do nothing because it was Saturday. I called the Pound for verification but there was no answer - it was Saturday. My friend Rick called Bob Smith who advised us to call the news media which we did but most of them were closed or unavailable on weekends. However we did manage to reach four local papers who converged on the scene in time to capture some very incriminating pictures and interviews with those concerned. (Mr. Stone was later quoted as stating that his cocker spaniel often was forced to chase my spotted puma off his driveway at night - which brought quite a few laughs as did the pronouncement by his friend that my cats often roared at night.) Most of my friends are quite familiar with Cavey and Ari's soft "chirrp" and the low "rewhr" of the ocelots and margays, Fenwyck's clucking and Juna's "Sawing weed" when she's in heat.

Knowing that the officers possessed no warrant to enter my house (yet) I somehow managed to sneak Quito, Jasmine and Nina up to the house where I hid them well in the bedrooms and bathroom - But I had no time to rescue any of the others. It was then that I was ordered to open all cage locks and, starting with Ari, I was to lead them up the hill and put them in the truck. The guns and handcuffs were prominently displayed and I realized I would be no help to anyone if I were dead or in jail, however I firmly refused. It would be like bringing an innocent child into the hands of kidnappers, and already the cats were nervously pacing and wary, sensing potential violence from the increased activity of the uniformed men. So, they shot off the lock on Ari's gate and inserted two nooses at the end of long poles, which they slipped over his head and pulled very tight from each side so that he was unable to move. All the while he never growled or lowered his ears - there was only that awful look of fear in his eyes. They held that position for another half hour while Bryant endeavored to load a dart gun, with which he was obviously unfamiliar. I begged them to allow a vet to administer the drug, but they deemed it unnecessary, claiming that Bryant was completely competent and qualified. More people arrived and were milling around trying to help me but helpless, trying to understand how this could happen, questioning the officers only to be threatened again and again. Most of us were half hysterical by the time Bryant finally loaded the gun, aimed at Ari's flank from close range, and misfired. The noise was deafening, but did not muffle the epithet uttered by Bryant. Then there were more consultations with the anonymous voice on the 2-way radio, another re-loading, and a second shot, which reached its mark. Ari had never felt pain inflicted by a human - he'd only known love and affection, never needed punishment. The dart went deep into his thigh and the blood spurted. I felt as though it had penetrated my soul, and turned away weak and ravaged, but strong in the knowledge that I had betrayed Ari. I prayed he would soon be unconscious - but as they stood and watched for a reaction he sat there fighting the strange sensation, the nooses digging into the flesh of his neck, his eyes bright and wide. Impatiently the man waited ten minutes but when Ari refused to succumb, they decided that the dose must have been insufficient so they shot him again in the same spot. Fearing they would kill him with their blunders, I ran up to the house, unable to watch the horrifying sight any longer. People were screaming and pleading, the officers were ordering them away, back up the hill, stay in the house, off the property or to jail. Then ten minutes later a third shot - Ari still had not fallen. The next thing I know my daughter was calling me desperately, that they were dragging Ari up the hill by his neck - 150 feet from his cage along the hard dirt road up the steep slope eight men tugging and pulling, yelling, scared to death that the half dead cat might decapitate them. Ari - prone, eyes still wide and staring, giving no resistance, his mouth caked with mud, blood oozing out where the darts protruded from the huge gaping wound in his upper leg, his underside torn from the rough terrain. His eyes caught mine for a second, the plaintive "WHY" imprisoned deep inside, and right there a part of me died too, because there was no answer. If there had been a way, I'd have dragged each man up the same hill by his neck, especially the one who, reaching the top exclaimed, "Well! I caught me a cougar today!" In the citation they handed me later, Bryant noted "eight wild animals were cited on the property" that day, but the only eight wild animals I observed were in uniforms.

And then I realized that Cavey would be next. After Ari was lifted and twisted into the truck, Bryant mopped his brow and radioed for further assistance and another truck. However, Fate stepped in and miraculously, none were available. So while Ari lay imprisoned, another hour

passed while the men tried to decide their next action, and I believe they were beginning to suspect that they had not been prepared, had mishandled the situation badly and were being photographed in a bad light.

Ken was the only person who remained calm so he tried to suggest an alternative to one of the officers - seemed less brutal than the rest. Why not allow me to dispose of the other animals myself within 24 hours or whatever time limit they chose - but at least they would all be evacuated properly. After much debating and more consultation to superiors at the station, they agreed to a deadline of Monday morning, with the stipulation that I must inform them of the eventual destination of the cats, time of departure, and a detailed map of the route I would be using - in case one of these dangerous beasts escaped. At that point I would have consented that they fly to the moon, anything to hasten the removal of these men from my property. Bryant wrote out an affidavit which I signed, but when I only listed six cats to be transported (the other three remained hidden in the house) they ran down the hill to recount. SIX??? They knew they had seen eight and where was the big spotted one who had occupied the upper cage earlier? I informed them they were mistaken, that cage was only used for extra animals and was usually empty. Of course they knew I'd removed them, I knew they knew, and they knew I knew they knew. It was my only moment of small triumph. As for Nina, I merely confessed that I'd moved her from the end cage to the one with Cavey and Fenwyck - pretending she was Seymour, and somehow they must have missed Gato in the first census. This seemed to infuriate and frustrate them further, since they could prove nothing, so they insisted that I immediately furnish them with the name of a legal location where I would be taking the other cats, outside L.A. county. In desperation my mind raced, knowing I would lie, and I recalled our visit to Buellton the previous weekend to visit Brian McElliget who was serving an apprenticeship at the well known Derbu Ranch. It seemed a perfect foil at the time and I pretended that Ted and Pat were my good friends. The officers seemed satisfied to accept this and I hoped they wouldn't verify it, I knew Brian would cooperate as much as he could. So then the men finally departed taking my beloved Ari to an enclosed Animal Shelter, where I could only hope they would administer an antidote to the drug and treat his wounds. I would not be informed of his whereabouts until Monday morning, two days away. In the meantime, Fish and Game would be notified, which filled me with mixed emotions because I'd known of several instances in which that Department had removed and destroyed cougars upon learning of their location through applications for permits (they're only interested in animals indiginous to California, in other words, it's forbidden to kill the mother and take the babies). However I felt I was exempt from all this, since both my cougars were born out of the State and several years ago - I was wrong.

And then we were alone. Alone with the horror just past, Ari's empty cage, the horror soon to come when the rest of the cats must be evacuated. And where...? The remaining afternoon was spent eliminating almost everyone I knew, mostly ACEC members who either had no extra facilities or were also precariously half-legal, and I would never endanger their position. When I called Vivian Shambaugh in Beaumont, there was no hesitation in her voice as she insisted of course we must bring them there - she could accommodate at least three in her built-in extra cage, perhaps four, Brian Remberg, offered his facilities also for one of the larger cats. My relief was apparent: Cavey, Seymour, and Fenwyck would not have to be separated, and Juna could be competently cared for by someone who had known her and was not afraid. My gratitude is boundless and I assured them it would only be a matter of a couple of weeks or so - again I was wrong.

There was still the matter of the three refugee cats in the house, restless and wondering why they were ignored and confined. This was solved when my friend Craig, who was keeping his monkey here after a similar incident in Anaheim, offered to take Jasmine and Nina to his new house in Orange - and my son, Tom, brought Quito temporarily to my mother's empty house in Fullerton. I didn't trust those officers not to return with a search warrant. The rest of the day and night merged into a blur, the phone never stopped ringing as word spread and rumors circulated; someone half a mile away heard that Juna had escaped and killed a child; another lady was told that the pound had come and killed Ari; someone else believed that all the cats were loose and roaming the countryside.

The questions persisted...how would we transport the cats? How could we collect enough cages? How could we elude the police escort which was to follow us on our pre-determined route? And where was Ari? Was he alive?

There was no sleep for anyone in our house that night. Sunday dawned, clear and cool, and we realized the task ahead of us but many people rallied to help, mostly strong young friends of my children. One of them, Dana, rented a large truck with a crane as we hoped to fill all the cages on one vehicle for the long drive with the five remaining cats. Gato was captured reluctantly and forced into his familiar carrying box; Semour was no trouble, I just threw some food into an airy basket and she followed. We all knew Fenwyck would pose the biggest problem (he panics when removed from his secure home) and that day was no exception - it took four of us to corner, lure, push and force him to enter the small carrier. Cavey allowed Ronny to carry her bodily up the hill, then entered the borrowed wire cage herself in a form of retreat. Juna knew that we were trying to entrap her in her portable wooden box which also served as her bed, so she balked completely until Karen directed a stream of water at her, and that sent her scurrying inside. It took six men to lift her up the hill into the truck. Time was of the essence if we were to evade the police escort, so I phoned them as we were departing as I had promised, and by some miracle the officer who answered had not been instructed to inquire as to our route, so I volunteered no information. By the time they realized the oversight we would be long gone to the west - and this was so. Rick sat on the flatbed in back with the cats to be sure nothing went wrong, and we drove slowly as the wind whipped about so the trip toward the desert lasted nearly two hours. Ted and Vivian were waiting their extra cage immaculate and roomy, and we had no difficulty unloading and depositing the cats inside. They were so relieved to be off the truck. Then we transformed the pheasant cage that Cavey had occupied into a temporary home for Gato - plenty large enough for a margay and included his familiar box for shelter.



After all were situated, confused but calmer, we conveyed Juna to Brian's farm where he had converted one of his horse stalls into a comfortable and secure stable for her. By the time it was dark we exhausted but relieved and grateful to these wonderful people, we returned home, but sleep still would not come. I could not bear to think of the emptiness below me, the open doors, the nothingness.

Five Sunday papers had carried the story, one on the front page complete with pictures and a long descriptive article and public reaction was beginning to pour in, all favorable with many offers of help. The response was fantastic: old ladies who'd already blasted the pound and the police and what else could they do? People shocked, outraged that such a thing could happen; friends from LIOC offering their loyalty, future aid, names of lawyers; strangers offering refuge for the cats, temporary or permanent; the phone never stopped. Later there were letters offering suggestions, prayers, solace, hope; indignation from animal lovers; why did it happen? HOW could it happen??? Still I had no answers, but I've kept all the correspondence and I've retained every phone number.

I was to appear in court on December 10th to answer the charges of harboring eight illegal wild animals and also two added citations that my dogs weren't licensed. But the angest thing of all was that they had written down an incorrect address. How could I plead guilty to possession of these animals at a location I did not own, and was in fact a horseback riding rink? A ray of hope set in and after much searching I finally found a lawyer whom I believed competent to handle my case. Another grave error and assumption on my part! Upon looking back I discovered later that this should be the single most important positive action that must be done in advance: a GOOD lawyer. I should never have waited for an emergency situation such as mine, when emotion and haste can cloud good judgement. I discovered too late that had I employed a knowledgeable attorney, he could have probably secured a Judge's Writ of Mandate to return personal property that had been confiscated, and he might have also secured a temporary permit to keep the cats here until I was able to qualify for a permanent one, within a reasonable time span. The lawyer I retained (I'll call him Mr. M.) denied that all this was possible, but then he never made the effort. (I was to discover that he and I maintained a conflict of interest and purpose from the start) After the first day it was too late because the publicity Sunday had overshadowed any chances for anonymity, and Animal Control could not renege and thus admit their many blunders. Also, by this time Ari had been turned over to Fish and Game. Mr. M. was able to discover that he was being held at the Carson Animal Shelter, that he was alive and that I could see him Monday morning.

At eight AM that day Channel 7, Eyewitness News arrived here to photograph the cats, thinking they were still here. Instead they filmed the empty cages and interviewed me there. They accompanied me to Carson, about forty minutes west into L.A.. There I also met Mr. M for the first time, and they led me to where Ari was incarcerated. He lay on a ledge in a tiny cubicle no more than 8 X 6, alongside barking dogs of every specie and ironically right beside a fat pig. The noise was incessant and the odor of excretion and urine quite overwhelming. I was told I could not enter Ari's prison.

When he saw me and the others there was no response, no chirp, just a glazed, blank stare. He appeared dazed and nervous. When he finally jumped off the ledge he fell onto his side, his gaping wound striking hard concrete. It was almost more than I could bear; he would not look at me. He paced back and forth on wobbling legs, often lurching against the chain link. They said he hadn't eaten since he arrived and he refused to touch the chicken necks I brought. The TV crew took some footage of him and then talked to me, but Mr. M advised me to say little, to be careful not to make accusations, and from then on to avoid reporters and notoriety. Later I was to learn that the Press coverage probably was partially responsible for saving Ari's life: too many people were curious as to his fate and none would accept his demise without question. The pound acknowledged that their Vet had checked Ari and had administered an antidote to the drug he'd received. But I was sure they either kept him sedated or the overdose had been so severe that recovery was prolonged. After the others left I stayed with Ari a long time, just watching him, but I couldn't escape the feeling that he was punishing me.

On the way home I stopped at my mother's to feed Quito, who was lonely and hungry, and when I left him his eyes followed me, wondering why he couldn't come too. At home the messages from the well-wishers had continued throughout the day, and my children had kept detailed notes on their thoughts and advice - always helpful but many in total opposition to others. My confusion remained, but we were all mutually convince we must remove Ari from the terrible debilitating atmosphere of the pound where disease is rampant and tolerance is weak, especially in a very drugged and vulnerable cougar. Ari was current on all his shots, but his resistance would reach a lower ebb each day he remained in such close proximity to other sick animals.

I called Vivian and Craig who assured me the other cats were fine, eating well but still a bit bewildered. At least they were in fine hands, people who cared and loved them - not abandoned and imprisoned in a cell like Ari.

Tuesday, Mr. M called advising me to stay home and not make waves, that he would try to find a suitable replacement for confinement of Ari, but it would take much plea-

bargaining. He seemed optimistic and it was a relief to let someone else handle the initiative. The phone calls continued and I found myself repeating and asking and listening and voicing despair but still so grateful for the support despite the laryngitis setting in. That afternoon I moved Quito to a lovely place only 10 minutes away, with a friend who had a wire dog enclosure, complete with a small bungalow inside. He was no longer lonely. Wednesday I had an appointment at the pound with Channel 11, TV News, who actually broadcast their coverage that night. Channel 7 had chickened out, the report was too controversial and they could not condone illegality - their excuse was a flimsy one. Mr. M arrived and began deliberations with the Poundmaster and the Fish and Game people, and I was not invited to attend, so I spent my time watching Ari pace the floor aimlessly, still refusing nourishment. My own vet was not permitted to visit Ari so, on his advice, I insisted that Ari receive a rhinotracheitis injection, a disease usually fatal to exotics and usually transmitted in animal shelters such as this.

The doctor associated with the shelter was elected to inoculate him and after a few futile attempts through the wire, he realized that he would be forced to enter the cage with this wild beast, as I was still denied admission (for my own sake, they said). At the prospect he visibly trembled, so I explained that he should approach Ari slowly and without apprehension, stroke him on the head or under the chin to gain his confidence and so distract him. I was sure that Ari would be oblivious to the insertion of the needle. I hoped Ari would not disappoint me as by then a crowd had gathered to witness the slaughter and I was unfamiliar with Ari's reactions in this state of mind. But, when he felt the man's hand on his fur he opened his mouth, and licked the arm up and down over and over again from the fingers to the elbow, all the while the needle inserted its vaccine. The spectators were moved, some to tear.

I remained a long time again that afternoon while the conference over Ari's fate progressed, and I learned several things. Fish and Game now had a legal hold on Ari and at that time they could have released him to me, but they had detected that I'd lied to them as to the whereabouts of the other cats; their man had searched the Derby Ranch and found no trace of my other cougar, so unless I would divulge where she was concealed they refused to issue a permit for Ari. We are stalemated, for what was my guarantee that they would not confiscate Cavey too? or cite the Shambaugh's for harboring an unlicensed puma? Or, that they would not confiscate the Shambaugh's two cats? Mr. M kept insisting that I must cooperate, but I felt a conspiracy was being perpetrated and so I rejected their offer to compromise. I was approached several times on this, but remained firm. The long afternoon continued and I observed 20 to 30 people, mostly children approach Ari's cage, and stick their fingers at him through the openings, sometimes their whole hands. And all this time he did nothing, nothing at all. If he was as wild as they claimed why wasn't he isolated where humans would be unable to poke at him and perhaps lose a finger in the process? It didn't make sense.

Progress in the office was slow and the waiting was interminable, but finally Mr. M announced that Ari might be going to the L.A. Zoo. I begged him to consider the San Diego Zoo instead, even though it was farther away. After much deliberation it was decided and approved that Ari was to be sent to Lion Country Safari, south in the Laguna Hills. It's director, Mr. Pat Quinn agreed to board him there for a fee, then he stressed that this was highly unusual and a big favor to us. I had no cause for objection at the time, and it was a mistake I could not have foreseen.

I was to provide suitable travel caging for Ari and also the method of transportation and we were to arrive promptly at the pound at 9 AM since the following day was Thanksgiving and all involved were sacrificing their holiday for me. I strongly suspect that they were all concerned with Ari's health and the possibility that they might have a dead cougar on their hands.

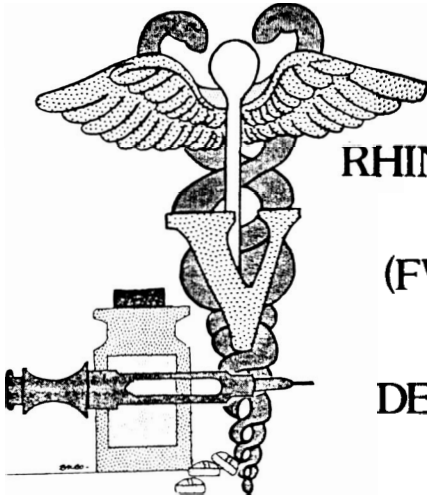
As we had exhausted all possibilities in the way of cages and it was again dark when I returned home, our only alternative was to build one with any available materials. We disassembled Nina's cage, removed some of the side panels, and with an old door for the bottom four of my son's friends constructed a very funky but appropriate casket-sized wire box. It looked beautiful to me! While attempting to sleep that night, I lay there inventing and concocting all the devious methods I could to abscond with Ari during the hours ride to his new destination, not realizing they were anticipating my schemes and would thwart them at

every turn. I was not trusted after the Buellton fiasco, and Ari was not to hide out in the Hills with me.

T INSTALLMENT

Ari's terrible experiences at Lion Country -
They spirit him away and hide him for 4 weeks -
The personality changes in some of the other cats -
A change of lawyers -
Mr. Stone's continuing involvement -
Even now, its far, far from over.....

And my undying thanks to friends like Ted and Vivian, Virginia English, Walter Weisbaur, Bob & Lil (who's been so sick in the hospital) and so many, many, others!



FELINE VIRAL RHINOTRACHEITIS (FVR) VACCINE DEVELOPMENT

Adapted from an article appearing in the Practicing Veterinarian by James L. Bittle, D.V.M.

Respiratory disease in the cat is similar to the common cold problem in man in that a number of agents have been isolated from the cat that are capable of causing disease in that species, although none of these have been shown to cause respiratory disease in man.

Studies to delineate these agents were begun at Pitman-Moore in 1958 and it was shown that there were two main groups of viruses responsible for the majority of respiratory diseases in the cat. Viruses within these two groups were later classified as a Herpesvirus, which was responsible for Feline Viral Rhinotracheitis (FVR) and Caliciviruses (Picorna), which were responsible for a similar form of respiratory disease in the cat. Only one Herpesvirus serotype has been isolated from the respiratory tract of the cat, whereas many Caliciviruses have been isolated. The Caliciviruses show interrelationships, but the degree of cross protection has not been clearly demonstrated.

The original isolation and identification of the prototype FVR strain (C-27) was by R. A. Randell in 1957. He later described the disease it caused and named it Rhinotracheitis.

The efficacy of the vaccine was demonstrated by vaccination of 94 susceptible cats and measuring the antibody response. The protective effect was measured by challenging vaccinated cats with virulent virus administered by the intranasal route. Cats that have been vaccinated with one dose of vaccine produce levels of antibody that are protective. These may be increased to a higher level with a second dose of vaccine given 3-4 weeks after the initial vaccination. The intramuscular route was found to produce higher antibody titers, and for this reason, is the recommended route of vaccination.

For maximum maintenance of antibody, occasional boosters are recommended. It has been shown that even after one year, protection can be maintained, but that if cats are boosted prior to challenge, they are protected to a greater degree.

Studies of the vaccine under colony and field conditions show that the vaccine is safe and effective. Over 400 cats have been vaccinated in six geographical areas of the U.S. by 19 veterinarians with no adverse response attributable to the vaccine. 97% of the vaccinated cats that were susceptible developed antibodies, and those with pre-existing antibodies showed an increase of greater than tenfold.

The FVR vaccine will protect cats against the most serious feline respiratory disease, Feline Viral Rhinotracheitis. Additional antigens for other feline agents will be added as they are developed.

Just as important as demonstrating vaccine efficacy is the effort made to ensure the safety of the vaccine. FVR vaccine is produced in a feline cell line that offers the advantage of consistency of production and makes possible the extensive testing for purity of the product. This greatly reduces the possibility that unwanted agents may contaminate the production system. The following tests for safety were conducted on the vaccine: bacterial sterility; yeast and fungi sterility; mycoplasma sterility; adventitious viruses of feline, bovine and porcine origin; and safety tests in cats and mice. Each test was conducted according to the requirements of the Animal Plant and Health Inspection Service of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

The vaccine was also tested for feline leukemia virus. Because of the insidious nature of this virus and its potential to infect cats with a dangerous disease, tests were conducted to determine if even minute amounts of leukemia virus were present that would transmit from the vaccine. No evidence of leukemia virus was found.

Because FVR vaccine is a modified live virus, there was concern that it might cause disease, or that the vaccine virus might spread to other susceptible cats in contact with the vaccinated cats. Tests with the F-2 vaccine strain showed that the vaccine is modified so that it will cause only mild symptoms when given to cats by the intranasal route. When given by the parenteral route, the vaccine strain caused no adverse effects. It was also shown that virus did not spread from vaccinated cats to susceptible cagemate cats held together for as long as one year. Thus, the danger of the vaccine virus reverting to virulence through animal passage is minimal.

The teratogenic and abortigenic potential of the vaccine is of concern, and in limited studies, these adverse effects have not been detected. However, it is not recommended that pregnant animals be vaccinated with any live virus vaccine. The breeding habits of both male and female cats have been studied after vaccination, and no abnormal changes have been observed.

The question of duration is important, and studies in this area are continuing. The recommendation that cats should be vaccinated every six months was made to ensure the maintenance of maximum antibody titers. However, it has been shown that vaccinated cats maintained in isolation for one year with susceptible cagemates and challenged with a virulent virus, were protected to a significant degree. Cats that had been revaccinated or boosted prior to the challenge were protected to an even higher degree. Thus, vaccination may be at a yearly level, or for maximum protection, at shorter intervals.

FVR vaccine has been tested thoroughly and has been shown to be safe and pure. The mechanism of protection is not entirely clear, but when related to levels of humoral antibody, there is evidence that a relationship exists, and finally, the protection has been demonstrated as long as one year after vaccination.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above is presented for your information. The FVR vaccine is a Pitman-Moore product and of course was developed for use in domestics. Members have reported its use with good results on exotics; but as with any new product it is wise to consult your vet and ask his opinion. Since it has not been widely used by exotics, we can neither recommend or disparage its use in exotics.



LEGISLATIVE REPORT

Injurious Wildlife Back Again!

The proposed changes to the Injurious Wildlife Act (Lacey Act) are out again folks. After hearings and much protests the Department of the Interior took the proposed changes back under advisement supposedly to reconsider.

These latest proposals can be found in the Federal Register, Vol. 40, No. 37, beginning on page 7935 and dated February 24, 1975.

Comments on these proposals (preferably in triplicate) should be sent to Director (FWS/LE), Fish & Wildlife Service, P.O.Box 19183, Washington, D.C. and must be received on or before April 10, 1975 to be considered.

The original proposal drew 4,315 individual responses, 2,743 (65%) of these offered unqualified support and 399 respondents qualified their support. A total of 1,105 responses bearing 2,705 signatures opposed. A breakdown is shown below of the responses:

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| Federal & State Governments..... | 41 |
| Research | 106 |
| Zoo & Aquaria | 295 |
| Pet Industry | 88 |
| Conservation Organizations | 42 |
| Special Interest Groups | 266 |
| General Public | 3441 |
| Irrelevant (omitted)..... | 36 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 4315 |

However, the newest version is little changed. The list of "risk wildlife" is a little longer with fish being the "safest" form of wildlife as shown by the much expanded list. Several mammals were added to the safe list including camels, rhinos, giraffes, tapirs, lots of rodents, the coatimundi, elephants, and zebras. No cats are considered "low risk".

The Department of the Interior scorned most of the objections made to their newest effort and although they did supposedly reduce paperwork it still requires it.

A concession was made to the zoos by allowing for "long term, multitransaction permits for a variety of species". Also, for the dedicated hobbyist and exotic animal breeders "Serious and responsible animal breeders will be eligible for import permits under more detailed definition of "zoological and scientific" purposes."

This act does not interfere with interstate shipment in any way - only importation. The broadened rules also allow for exchange of animals among permit holders in response to zoo objections regarding this.

Of course, it is still up to the Director to determine who is capable to care for such dangerous wildlife. This law also provides for yearly reports on all wildlife under permit to include, the number of offspring, number of transfers and to whom. "No such wildlife imported or shipped under permit or any eggs or progeny thereof, may be released to the wild, nor may be sold, donated, traded, loaned or transferred to any other person unless such person has a like permit issued under this section, which permit is valid at the time of the transfer".

In determining a serious hobbyist who supposedly can obtain a permit under "zoological purposes" the following applies. "Zoological purpose means the use of wildlife for (i) public display by bona fide zoological institutions, and (ii) developing propagation and animal husbandry technology for maintaining captive strains of wildlife."

Further, the facilities for transportation and holding the wildlife in captivity are adequately designed and constructed to prevent escape.

And, whether the applicant by reason of his knowledge, experience and facilities can reasonably be expected to

provide adequate protection to the interests of human beings, agriculture, horticulture, forestry, wildlife, and wildlife resources and is aware of and can act responsibly regarding the dangers to these interests posed by such wildlife.

In other words folks, it will still be near impossible for the common folks to import a cat, or other animal deemed harmful by Uncle Sam. Of course, the Pet industry is in the woods as even if they got the permit they could not transfer the animal. And of course, the law is asking you to get experience and become an expert before you can get an animal.....how can it be so?



More State Laws?

And another bit of Federal foolishness is upon us. In order to encourage the States to support the Endangered Species program the government is offering a funding program to entice state support. By proving to the Department that the State is supporting efforts to protect endangered wildlife a state will be eligible for supporting funds.

This could cause future problems as once funded agencies are reluctant to buck the system at the expense of their federal funds. We saw this type of coercion with the 55 MPH speed limit....if you don't play ball, we'll take our money back. In this way the Federal Government could persuade States to use their personnel in the war against those keeping endangered species. Yet what can we do about it? Support the legal fund.

and in Florida

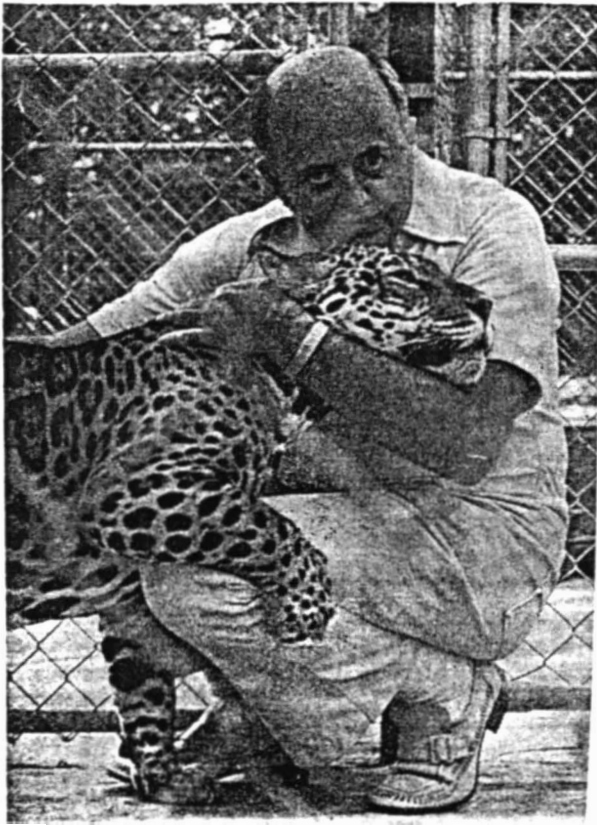
Hearings were being held to determine the exact scope and extent of the new Personal Pet Law which prohibits keeping wildlife as pets.

As of the middle of March the State folks were maintaining the following animals should be totally prohibited with no provisions being made for their ownership: gorilla, gibbon, drills, mandrills, baboons, siamang, panther, snow leopard, leopard, oranges, jaguars, tigers, lions, bears, rhinos, elephants, hippos, cape buffalo, crocodiles, gavials, caiman, Komodo dragon, etc. etc.

For a proposed \$100 fee you may keep howler and spider monkeys, wildcats, chimps, servals, lynx, bobcats, cheetah, caracal, golden cats, fishing cats, bay cats, ocelots, margays, mountain cats, jaguarundi, clouded leopard, coyote, gray wolf, and numerous species of monkeys.

There is a proposed "grandfather clause". If you register your animal and meet requirements as to cages, etc., you

Necrology



Safari, Roger Harmon's jaguar, died following a Caesarian 1. After prolonged labor we delivered three beautifully formed, stillborn kittens - the first blocking the birth canal, Roger wrote. Although the kittens were lost, Safari managed to survive the unusually rough operation. "On the fifth post-operative day I released her into her large run as she was recovering beautifully". Evidently she eviscerated while trying to jump to her perch as Roger found her dead when he came home to check on her at noon.

On the brighter side, now a month after Safari's death, a new little girl, six month old Hatfield Kitten, Boco Grande, is now with Roger and Safari's old mate, Spence. "I just couldn't stand the empty cage any longer and Spence was calling for his mate constantly".

MABY, the mother of LIOC's first domestic born leopard cats died of kidney failure brought on by old age. Maby was about 12 years of age and belonged to Harriett Leake.

**More
Sad
News**



We grieved to report the passing of a long-time LIOC member, Peg Freeman. Peg sustained brain injuries due to a fall about six months ago, and on February 7th left us. Peg joined LIOC in 1959 with Safari ocelot who was featured recently on the cover of the Newsletter. We join with Arthur, her husband, in his grief.

Update from the Hatfield Compound

We had a pretty good year last year, all things considered. We had 33 births of various species with 23 surviving. This included 15 ocelots, one margay, 3 geoffroy cats, 3 cougars and 11 jaguars (there would have been more of the jags, but we put big daddy Merg by himself - Lady's last litter was the result of exactly 5 minutes work!) We started building a new ocelot facility which will eventually replace our old compound; unfortunately we ran out of funds before we ran out of needs. Such is life. Anyway, the new cages are 8x16, completely roofed, with shelves all around and with houses up high near the roof. When we get set and moved to a new area we plan to add a run of about 8x20 or 24 feet long onto the end of the floored structure. For shade from the extremely hot Florida sun, we have put palmeto fronds on the sides, which also incidently, adds to the looks of the whole area.

We are happy to report that a female ocelot named Teki, received here in September of 1971, at the age of approximately 4½ years, had her first kitten on January 6th. This would put her at about 7½ years of age and she has been with one male or another since she has been here. She was coming in season quite often and in fact, Sylvester had gotten so used to her hollering he began to ignore her, which is why we put her in with Lancie. She is the first cat we've ever had to have her first kitten at that age, so I guess the conclusion is not to ever give up. Teki also had another "first" to her credit (for us anyway). She is the only one we have had to take away from her baby for medical reasons (an abcess from an infected scratch), kept her separated from him approximately 20 hours, been put down with Ketaset, and then put back with her 2½ week old boy! And don't you know we were holding our breath when we let her out of the carrier and she headed for the den-box the baby was in. Talk about heart stoppers! We were just convinced, though that as he had not been removed or been to the vet's that she would just go back to him as though she had only been away a few minutes.

We have also acquired a pretty good sized cougar compound. Champagne, of course, was the first and is now spayed and just as lively and playful at 8 years as she was when we got her. But of the other 6 females, all are now of breeding age. Stasha just had another litter in December, sired by Rudy, a beautifully built male. Big Girl, her daughter, was sired by a different male three years ago and unfortunately inherited his build; she's extremely sweet, but is she fat! The other 4 however are in the 55-75 pound range, one of them being that really pretty dark red color.

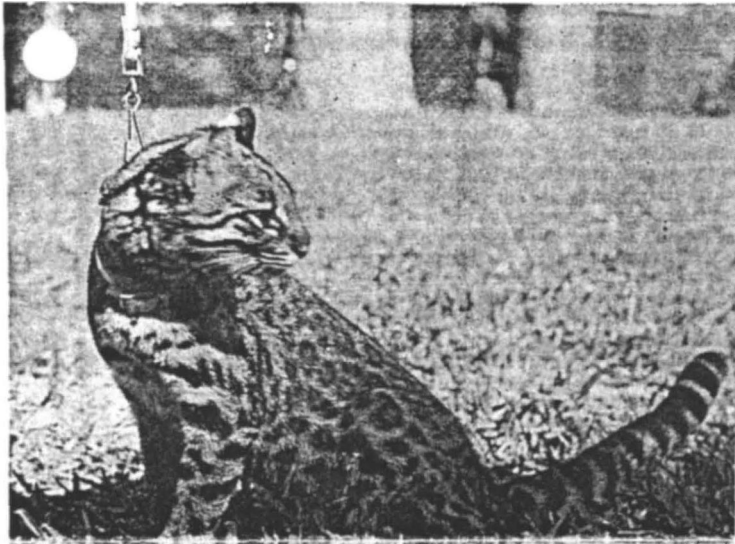
Nikannis, the largest of the "small" ones can't weigh over 75 pounds, and was just in season in January and bred for the first time. I hope they don't all produce! These girls have got to learn to space it out, for heaven's sake. Anyway, although we have 3 males now, we are most anxious to locate a small male, say under 90 pounds or so. Rudy is a beautiful cat, but he must weigh in at at least 140 and is very long, enough so that when he stood up and put his paws on Ken's shoulders he was looking down at him and Ken is 6 feet tall! (Incidentally, he doesn't let Rudy do that any more; gave him an uncomfortable feeling, looking up to a cat).

We'd also like to locate a small male leopard, but with the laws being what they are it would have to be a gift or a breeding loan. We have 2 female leopards who weigh 65-75 pounds and the male we have borrowed must be 2½ times that. And besides, he's afraid of Impsey! She is little, black and Boss Cat. But as for the cougars, they can be moved freely as they aren't on the endangered list, and the way its looking we'll have quite a few to move.

Of course, we've had our share of sickness and deaths due to one thing or another. But that is life, especially on a "cat farm". And then the pleasure of watching the mothers and their babies and the fact that there are babies sort of makes up for the unpleasant side. Al in all, it was a pretty good productive year at the Compound.

L. I. O. C. NEEDS YOU !

The Oncillas are Coming!!!



BOUNCE

For those of you who missed our first article on the little spotted cat (IS YOUR OCELOT A MARGAY, IS YOUR MARGAY AN ONCILLA) let me do a little recapping.

The oncilla is correctly called a little spotted cat or tiger cat (*Felis Tigrina*). Because "little spotted cat" is very non-descriptive and because some folks also refer to the margay as a tiger cat, we opt for oncilla. That term was proposed ages ago but was not adopted by the scientific community at that time. Still when we tell someone we have a "little spotted cat" they invariably ask, "What kind," meaning, do you have an ocelot, margay, leopard cat, or just what?

The little spotted cat (I'm being formal), is very small, perhaps the smallest of the spotted cats. It reaches a mature weight of three to five pounds which is smaller than most domestics. The hair of the neck grows down the neck; the tail is long, reaching the floor and is ringed. They have the characteristic white spots on the back of their ears. The spots are very close to rosettes, forming rings as they go down the legs, the stomach is white with black spots. Their basic coat color ranges from a light tawny yellow to a deeper brown, all of ours have black feet & pads, with pink noses. Speaking of noses, they all seem to have a very sloping forehead ending in a roman nose as you can see in the picture of Bounce. So with this in mind we'll continue our story.

Mobile, Alabama is not the exotic capital of the world, contrary to what you may have heard. We're the typical American family with two domestics, and a domestic born margay. So, when in December of 1970, we received a phone call from a local resident saying their ocelot was sick, we tuned up and said, "go see our vet!" The next week we got another call - the cat is fine, but it doesn't get along very well with our new great dane puppy...could we help them find a home for the cat? The best way to help seemed to go meet the animal and see its temperament and then decide on a course of action. We also took our male margay since here was a chance to meet a female even if it wasn't a margay). Now we enter and they bring out the beast. The beast walks out - all six inches at the shoulder and swinging a tough two and a half pounds, backed by the strangest voice since a bawling sheep. The people informed us that her worst trait was not eating the commercial cat food they were providing her and then stealing a five pound roast of the cook's counter (who could blame her?). We had never seen anything like this cat and decided to give her a home. Now we have 2 exotics and two domestics - Joy!

The margay had his own room and since we felt the newly acquired female might be ill at ease in her new surround-

ings we decided to let her share our bedroom. She sized us up in no time and captured our hearts by draping herself over the wife's neck like a fur stole each night and licking the eyelids at the appropriate time each morning to wake us (weekends not withstanding) and cold nosing the ear to get you off the pillow should you try to resist...all this accompanied by loud purrs. This is the PERFECT CAT! The devil with your ocelots & margays! I want a herd of these running down the hall - if I only knew what it was.

After close scrutiny we ruled out any ideas that she was a sub-species of margay and she DEFINATELY was not an ocelot or anything else we'd seen, read, or heard of, so what was she? We sent a letter to the Smithsonian Institute and one to Catherine Cisin describing our plight.

Catherine filled us in on the name of the cat and did it a month faster than the Smithsonian - thank heaven for LIOC. Now a new problem - where do we get more? Who will know what we are talking about, and can we trust an importer? Not to mention the rumor that the oncilla is shortly to be placed on the Endangered Species List.

Now we move to May of 1972, and we're delivering an ocelot whose owner has died to the Douglasses in Florida. We corresponded this trip to the Florida Branch Meeting since we did not know anyone in Florida and Shirley was then Membership Secretary - a good chance to meet people and match faces to go with all those names - enter Bob Roth. Bob had two of these delightful creatures and was willing to part with them. Our wedding anniversary was just a couple of weeks away - want to guess what we gave each other? A male and a female, but we had to presume they might be litter mates since they were caught together and were the same approximate age. Scratch inbreeding, but we have a female at home - right?

Now we almost have our herd. We have a food problem too because exotics in our house receive chicken legs to eat (spoiled the rotten it did), but eight a day is too much and we opt for necks for the kittens (from now on the two newest arrivals are referred to as the "kittens" as they are to this day). I have a problem with a 50% increase in exotics - the kittens must move to the bedroom since there is already one of their kind there and some of her good behaviour might rub off. They are housed in a cage of wire mesh with holes, holes and more holes. As maturity sets in so does the spraying. The male sprays with his mouth open in a grin and appears to be laughing... that is if he's facing you - if not DUCK! The female looks cross-eyed and scatterbrained most of the time (and is). We have seen them use the litter box to prop their back legs up on while aiming at the ceiling or anything in between. A freshly cleaned towel is loved full force. After one has had a drink of water splashing is the order of the day. Beef is worth killing for, chicken only so so and chicken legs must be rendered helpless before eating (they're treacherous those chicken legs are). The female prefers Danny and the male jumps out of the cage into Shirley's lap each morning and screams until he gets the chance to, sly devil that he is. In fact, the female paces and talks until he returns being the jealous type. Plus, if you haven't seen a cross-eyed oncilla looking at you with a celery stalk dangling from her mouth, you just haven't lived!

After my last article it became profoundly evident that oncillas were not common, even though they are on the endangered list we thought they would be a little more plentiful. It seems we have one of the largest collections in the US including zoo collections.

Oncillas, generally are good cats. They are gregarious, inventive, amusing, many are tractable beyond belief. We even have friends who ask to sleep with Meewa when we're all checked into a motel for a weekend branch meeting. Since we do like to spread joy, she is delivered to the room at bedtime and picked up the following morning. They tend to own you more than you own them and you're not the least bit resentful of it.

Ours even tolerated sharing their cage with an intruder who turned out to be a geoffrey's cat. The cage I refer to is one we moved the kittens to after the arrival of the above. Granted, the kittens' previous cage was too small, even with their "free time" in the evenings. I however, am attracted to manual labor like I am to strolling on hot coals. I did manage to build something, under constant threats from Shirley plus a piece of tree limb to climb on and three litter boxes. Of course these are used on a hit and miss basis. ☞

NOTES ON MISCELLANEOUS EQUIPMENT

By B. J. Lester

Our fourth joined us when her owners decided she was at an unfair advantage in a house where they raised slukis and afgahns for show. Bounce has only one bad habit which we really don't blame her for since she was never disciplined or taught the meaning of the word . . . She has no idea what a litter box is for. As a . . . t, you are warned to be careful when she is loose. . . with the others, she is an absolute joy, liable to . . . out from under a table to wrap herself around your leg in mock battle. Although she uses her mouth constantly, she has broken the skin of only one person (a used car salesman) can you blame her? She is very vocal with her protests and it would seem you were killing her when it's time to go up (she doesn't return to her cage when told as the others do.) In a motel room she delights in getting under the bedspread and attacking anything that may be on the bed or in it.

We have had two births in this department. Unfortunately, neither survived. The first kitten was delivered by Ceasarean section after a prolonged labor. He was still born and had under-developed front legs. February 15th M'Lady presented us with another kitten - a seemingly healthy baby boy. She did not seem to be nursing him so we removed him for hand rearing and everything progressed beautifully the first week. Then, at his late night feeding we discovered a temperature of 106 and, wrapping him in a wet towel to lower the temperature surrounded by ice, took him to the vets. We began an antibiotic treatment along with ringers solution to treat dehydration. Although within three days the temperature was under control and he began eating well he began failing rapidly, growing progressively weaker and on the morning of February 27 we lost him. While he was with us he was a bright spot in our lives - very alert, responding to our voices before his eyes were open and then trying to focus on us once they did - he fought valiantly and the loss of the battle was in no way due to his lack of will, or our Vet's, Dr. Gaston who responded quickly and willingly to almost nightly after hours calls. If willing something to live was enough the little guy would have made it, the vet called us if we didn't call in to report as did Ken Hatfield and others.

We have not received the results of the post mortem we asked be done and it will be a while before we receive word of the t . . . s that were sent to Auburn Veterinary School for study, i . . . pes they could give us a clue to the problem so that n . . . time we wouldn't be so helpless.

Although the limited sleep we received during this time of round the clock care and feedings every four hours, took its toll, and at times we wondered if it was worth it we will try again and again until we are successful. After the initial grief shock wears off you realize you can't give up-that you owe it to someone to keep going, if only to yourself. So, we'll try again, maybe next time with better results.

We kept a complete log of medication, treatment, temperature etc. during this time in hopes that it will solve some question. We learned a few things and will share them with you at a latter time, when we can compile all we did.

The remaining oncillas keep us going, they are bouncing off the cage doors, impervious to human time, the margays demand their fair share, the housecats remaining aloof to all. Chicken prices are rising and we're thinking of cougars.... I wonder if there isn't a padded room reserved for us somewhere?

Danny Treanor



There are various sources for locating equipment, and other items related to owning an exotic cat (and other wildlife animals). The information below has been compiled in hope it will assist those members who may not have it.

KETCH-ALL POLE - is used throughout the animal world by people who appreciate the fact that it is designed and built to help them humanely control and restrain mammals with a feeling of security to themselves. Free brochure available from: Ketch-All Company, Dept. ZA, 2537 University Avenue, San Diego, Cal. 92104 (714/297-1953)

CATCH-UM NET - to capture escaped small animals Net #4 has 14" diameter and 24" bag made of 3/8" netting with 36" hardwood handle. Lightweight, easy to use, strong, durable with fast removal of animal. For more information write: West Coast Netting, 14929 Clark Avenue, City of Industry, Cal. 91745 (213/330-3207)

HOOP STIK, NET STIK - animal handling equipment for escaped felines. Complete info available (specifiy interests) from: Furmont Reptine Hooks, 1212 W. Flamingo, Seabrook, Texas 77586.

SQUEEZE CAGE - restraining cages from small animals. Model LC1410 would be for small ocelots, margays, etc. For complete free catalog write: Lab-Care Caging Systems, Box 1151, 701 North Main, Bryan, Texas 77801

HAVAHART TRAPS - New free 48 page booklet "How To Live-Trap With a HAVAHART: tells you how to catch escaped mammals alive and unhurt. Gives correct sizes, baits, etc. Write for free copy to: Havahart, Dep. ZA, Water, Ossining, New York 10562.

**KNOW
YOUR
VETERINARIAN'S
TELEPHONE NUMBER**

For the Fight ←

Purchase of the following will help the legal fund as all profits from these sales go to help in that goal.

BACK ISSUES - \$1.10 per issue, see Volume 18, # 3, page 11 for list.
Contact: LIOC
1454 Fleetwood Dr. E.
Mobile, Al. 36605

COLLARS - \$2.99, see Volume 18, #5, page 15.
Contact: Theresa Johnson
2416 Halsey
Portland, Ore. 97232

NEEDLEPOINT - J.J. Fitzgerald Ocelot, \$4.00 plus 50¢ postage and handling. See Volume 19, # 1, page 6 for illustration & details.
Contact: Jo Sullenger
4301 South Main
Independence, Mo. 64055

SAGA NOTES - See this issue for details.
\$1.50 per box of 10, indicate puma or ocelot.
Contact: LIOC
1454 Fleetwood Dr. E.
Mobile, Al. 36605

can keep that specimen. You cannot get another without the legal hassel. Offspring is questionable and no decision has been made yet.

There are as yet only proposals under the Personal Pet Law which has been passed.....write:

Lt. Col. Brantley Goodson
Florida Fish & Game Commission
620 S. Meridian Street, Bryant Bldg.
Tallahassee, Florida 32304



SAGA NOTES

FOR



Shelly
Puma
(*PELIS CONOLOR*)

LEGAL FUND



Shelly
Ocelot
(*PELIS PARODALIS*)

The beautiful note cards depicting the ocelot and puma distributed by Saga, Inc. are now available directly from LIOC with the proceeds earmarked for the legal fund. The cost is the same as if you ordered them directly from Saga - \$1.50 for a package of ten notes and matching envelopes.

The only difference is that the profit will go to us protect the right to keep these beautiful animals.

Make Check payable to L.I.O.C. Legal Fund and mail to:
1454 Fleetwood Dr.
Mobile, Al. 36605

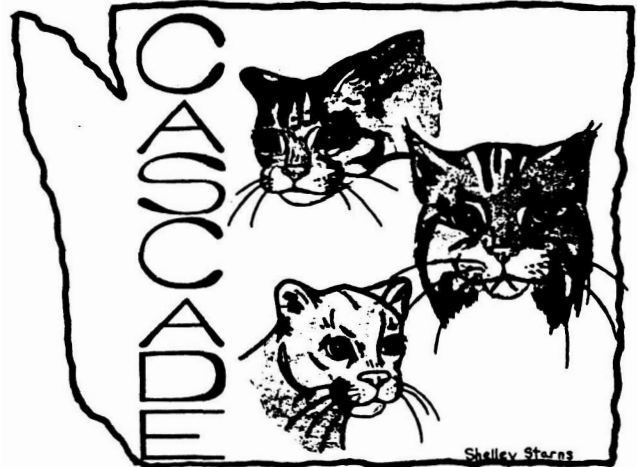
Please specify which design you want, ocelot or puma.

Those attending were: Don & Marie Morris, Shelly & Terry Starns, Milt & Marcie Wilde, George Kirkpatrick, Bill Boyle, Ed Smith, Annette Curn, Richard & Evelyn Dyck, John & Linda Paramore, Liz Ghent, Melvina Hakanson and Chip DiJulio. New member Bette Hawkinson was welcomed. Hope we'll see her often.

There was no more business and we adjourned to some terrific spaghetti and fixins that the Morris' had so kindly provided.

Sharing your love of the beautiful felines who grace this earth,

Shelly Starns
Secretary/Treasurer



MEETING REPORT March 2, 1975

The March meeting of the Cascade Branch was held in the home of new members Don & Marie Morris in Snohomish, Wa. They have a lovely new home on five partially wooded acres. They don't have any exotics presently, but hope to someday soon.

The meeting was called to order by Coordinator, Bill Boyle. He first asked Liz Ghent and Melvina Hakanson to count the ballots for our election of officers for 1975 which had taken place through the mails. Results were as follows: Coordinator - Terry Starns, Secretary/Treasurer - Shelley Starns, H.E.L.P. Committee - 2 year terms - Clint White and Kent Raymond, 1 year terms - John Paramore and Richard Dyck.

At that point Bill turned the meeting over to the new Coordinator.

Our first item of business was another donation to the Legal Fund. We decided to send an additional \$100.00. Bill reported that, to date, not very much money has been donated. The membership agreed that we would like to see some sort of report from time to time in the Newsletter on what is being done in regards to the legal fight. Many members mentioned that perhaps some of the reason for the low amount of contribution is that members have no idea what is being done with their money. Bill suggested that we have a Legal Fund donation pot at our meetings so that members and guests will be able to donate whatever they can. We all agreed that this sounded like a good idea.

At our last meeting we decided that we would elect someone to keep track of laws that affect us as exotic owners at this meeting. Nominations were accepted from the floor and John Paramore is our new Legislative Officer. He will report to us at each meeting.

We discussed ways of raising money and Don Morris had a lot of ideas and experience in putting on a dinner/dance sort of thing. He agreed to look into the possibilities and report to us at our next meeting.

Since we are redoing our bylaws, Bill suggested that in the next two months the members of the HELP committee will get together and draft up new branch bylaws to be presented to the membership for approval.

As summer approaches we all expressed a hope that members will start to bring their cats to the meetings. Seems like that's the only way we get to see some of them!

Our next meeting was scheduled for April 20th at Chip DiJulio's. If the weather is good he has plenty of room for us to bring the cats.

Terry & I announced the addition of another bobcat to the family. Fonzie is a 10 month old male.

Lots of pictures were passed around and the pictures of Ed Smith's 8 month old lion, Aurora were especially beautiful.

EXOTIC CATS OF NO. CALIFORNIA

MEETING REPORT
February 16, 1975

The day for our second meeting of the year dawned bright with lovely weather and the spot was Leona Lodge, an excellent meeting hall that we are hoping to continue to use provided we can continue to raise the necessary funds. If we can add to our roster each time, we shall be able to carry this out. Although the gathering was a little slow to get going, we finally got it together with a nucleus of cat people and settled down to speak about the new laws' increasingly encroaching on our rights to keep exotic pets. To assist us in our efforts to best deal with these laws a most interesting guest speaker addressed us on this subject. He was Bob Coleman, President of the California Hawking club and a registered lobbyist who has been fighting for the right to keep falcons for a long time with reasonable success. He spoke of the ins and outs of how to deal with these situations, and we could easily compare our present problems with his. Bob lives in Sacramento and knows his way around the State capitol and is full of fascinating information on the subject of how to approach legislation and indeed inspired us all to fight for what we believe in very strongly, the basic right to maintain the animal of our choice on our private premises in a fashion that is intelligent and proper. We discussed ways to minimize the laws before they are written and ways to amend laws already written. Most of us realize that stringent laws could easily make our pets illegal by causing us to contend with the most impossible restrictions which almost no one can comply with. These kinds of laws simply must be nipped in the bud and further inactivity will only cause things to get worse. If we continue to hide in the woodwork nothing will get done and we will become outlaws. If we stand up for our rights perhaps we can win some kind of victory, at least we can say we tried. We discussed the way that public opinion is formed and generally on our side except for certain so called "conservationist" groups that maintain that animals should be kept in their place. If we were all back in our place, as Dan Meier so aptly put it, we would all be living in caves and probably would not live beyond the age of twenty. Civilization can enhance the life of an animal as well as our own lives. They can benefit from our society and we can assist their declining numbers by maintaining them and their offspring. How ironic to think that the government wishes to protect endangered species on one hand and wishes to keep the people who care most about them from having them on the other.

Bob pointed out that the Peregrine falcon had only been bred by falconers who had intimate knowledge of the birds' behaviour and never by a zoo or other institution. I believe, at this point, the exotic cat owners are showing a very good record of breeding their cats as well. What motive could be behind the move to make even our own domestic born pets illegal? The clippings of the couple in New Jersey who had their ocelots confiscated were sent around and frightened us all.

At the end of this session it was decided to try to assemble as many interested groups together at one large meeting and try to raise money and be prepared to fight any legislation we feel we cannot live with. Chris Dalri was appointed coordinator of this coming assemblage. So with all of these things in mind, we took leave of the lodge with anticipation of what the future of our animals might be.

We had brought the big daddy of our three young ocelots, Ceasar. He came in a new cage we just got together because we had given away or loaned out our other cat carriers. This proved to be a good one and we are going to make more like it. It is done by getting a small bar and putting wire at one end and a round door at the other. Ceasar seemed to like it and indeed felt comfortable in it that he refused to come out and visit with anyone - even his youngest son, now owned by Bill and Jackie Kirchen, who is his spitting image in miniature.

We welcome Bill & Jackie to our newly organized group and also their friend, Phil Laine, a mountain lion man. In addition, we gained another new member, Chuck Mykytyn, who owns a very handsome male margay who is seeking a temporary mate. Other folks were all old members from our last meeting. We were sad to hear of the loss of one of these members, Larry Tavis, who brought his mountain lion to the last meeting. He died in his mountain cabin of asphyxiation caused by a faulty heater and his cat was aided in finding a new home by Chris Dalri. This is one way we can assist one another, but let us hope this is not needed often.

Bob Coleman was given an honorary membership for his efforts to enlighten us and indeed he is planning to obtain an ocelot in the near future.

I believe we all left with a feeling of having accomplished something and a sense of direction and purpose which our re-organized chapter of LIOC can take.

Sincerely,

Lora Vigne
Acting Secretary



MID ATLANTIC
STATES BRANCH

EMERGENCY MEETING
January 19, 1975

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

Search and seizure during wartime in Nazi Germany seemed like a fair comparison after the seizure of these ocelots. Due to man's encroachment on forest areas, ocelots and other wildlife are vanishing and all members and guests felt it their obligation to help protect and perpetuate the species through private breeding and ownership. A suggestion was made that individual letters should be sent to your Senators and Representatives concerning public opinion. The attorney for the club suggested arousing the public by making them aware of recent happenings. Contributions to the Legal Fund were graciously accepted at this time.

The Secretary thought it advisable not to mention names and amounts.

Laws were reviewed and discussed at this time and we walked away well informed due to the efforts of the Humans and the attending Attorney.

Over 54 meeting notices were sent out to members; out of this only 8 members came to the meeting and 4 others called to see if there were any way they could help. The rest of the members never phoned or sent a note to see what happened. That's not saying too much for those members who don't even care.

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

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

Respectfully submitted,
Henrietta Largmann

HODGEpodge*

Reproduced below is the Breeding Loan Agreement used at the Olympic Game Farm. The wording of this agreement has been OK'd by the USDI so I thought others might find it useful.

Breeding Loan Agreement

Between the Olympic Game Farm and _____, Whereas, the Olympic Game Farm, herein called the OWNER, is concerned with the preservation and propagation of all animals; and Whereas, the _____, herein called the _____ is concerned with the preservation and propagation of all animals; therefore the parties to the agreement agree to the following concerning the loan of the specimen/specimens listed below:

1. The OWNER has loaned to the _____ the above listed specimen(s) for the sole purpose of propagation.
2. The _____ agrees to provide necessary housing, food services, and veterinary care for the specimen(s) to the best of its ability. The OWNER agrees that in the event of disease, injury or death of the specimen(s) that the _____, its agents, and employees will be free of all responsibility to the OWNER for such affliction, and that no claim of any kind will be made against the _____ or said persons.
3. The _____ agrees to furnish the OWNER with a complete report in case of death of the specimen(s).
4. The _____ will attempt to breed the specimen(s) and any young produced by such breeding and born either during the term of this agreement or within a period after termination of the agreement measured by the normal gestation period of the specimen(s) will be split equally between the _____ and the OWNER. The _____ will be the owner of the 1st, 3rd, 5th and so on of the young, and the OWNER shall be the owner of the 2nd, 4th, 6th and so on of the young.
This agreement is in effect until _____. The _____ or _____ shall have the option of terminating this agreement by giving 30 days written prior notice to the effective date of such earlier termination.
6. All transportation charges in shipping the specimen(S) from the OWNER to _____ will be born by the _____. All transportation charges from the _____ back to the OWNER will be born by the Owner.
7. Neither this agreement or any rights or privileges granted hereunder shall be assigned without prior written consent of the parties hereto.

Executed this _____ day of _____, 19__

Owner



EL - the Game Farm's new black jaguar, born in September of 1974

1974 Birth Tally

| | |
|------------------------|----|
| Kodiak Bears | 3 |
| Leopards | 7 |
| Black | 1 |
| Fishing Cats | 3 |
| Golden Cats | 2 |
| Cougars | 30 |
| Wolves | 9 |
| Coyotes | 6 |
| Ocelots | 1 |
| Red Wolves | 5 |
| Bobcats | 2 |
| Siberian Tigers | 11 |
| Lions | 4 |
| Coati Mundis | 4 |
| Clouded Leopards | 2 |
| Jaguar | 1 |



Even with the depletion of the compound's number due to the anthrax disaster last year, we still feel we contributed a notable bit to the conservation of these species.



Animal Nursery Chart SAMPLE Animal Activity and Behavior

| Species | COUGAR | AGE | 3 wk | I.D. | VX | NAME | Sam | DATE | 2/26/75 |
|----------------------------------|--------|----------------------------|-------|------|----------|------|-----|------|---------|
| % Time Active | | 40 | | | | | | | |
| % Time Asleep | | 60 | ----- | 5% | Abnormal | | | | |
| Type of Movement | | Walking only | | | | | | | |
| Type & Frequency of Vocalization | | Chirping - high | | | | | | | |
| Chewing and Feeding Activity | | Starting to chew on nipple | | | | | | | |
| Space used Ave. in 10 min | | du x | | | | | | | |
| Abnormal Behavior & Activity | | Rolling on sister's tail | | | | | | | |

Left is the chart used in the nursery at the Game Farm. Records like these are invaluable in continuing research which enable us to make progress in successfully raising the little ones, when their mother can't or won't.

If you will let me know, I will send you these forms, or just keep the same information and send a copy to me. We hope to, with the help of such records, formulate the best way to raise these kittens.

Bill Hodge
Rt 3, Box 903
Sequim, Wa. 98382



PANLEUKOPENIA

Ken Hatfield

...is also known as infectious feline enteritis or cat distemper. The only sure cure is prevention.

The fear, during the years of importation, was buying a kitten that had already been exposed to distemper but was not as yet exhibiting the distemper symptoms. Our domestic breeding programs have removed this exposure, but has left us with an even greater vulnerability which is often times overlooked.

Mothers immune to feline panleukopenia (FPL) transfer passive maternal immunity to the kittens' via colostrum during the first 12 hours of nursing. This immunity lasts anywhere from 4 to 16 weeks or longer depending on the level of the mother's titer at parturition and will nullify all vaccinations, just as if they were actual virus challenges. (per research paper of Drs. F.W. Scott and J.H. Gillespie).

Inasmuch as the exact duration of mother's immunity is not easily determined, a series of vaccinations must be given at intervals that will provide maximum protection and still be within reason. We have established the following schedule for our kittens and recommend it be carried out by the new owner.

| TYPE VACCINE | AMOUNT | AGE |
|---------------|--------|------------------------------------|
| Inactivated | 1 cc | Every 10 days, 6th thru 15th week. |
| Modified Live | 1 cc | at 4 months |
| | 1 cc | at 6 months |
| " " | " " | at 9 months |
| " " | " " | " 12 " |
| " " | " " | " 18 " |
| " " | " " | Yearly booster |

Vaccines are not always 100% effective; however, this failure may be further reduced by alternating with different manufactures' vaccines and/or different brands.

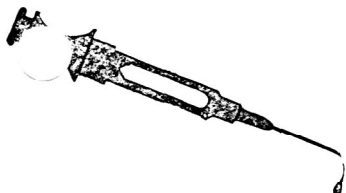
We know that many veterinarians (including our own) feel that it isn't necessary to give so many shots. However, the following are a few of the examples of why we are so cautious:

**In 1970, our very first domestic born ocelot had two shots of inactivated vaccine; one at 7½ weeks and one at 9 weeks, 4 days. At 12 weeks, 6 days, she was exposed to distemper, at 13 weeks, 5 days she vomited and 6 days later she was dead. (23 days between shots and exposure)

** Another kitten had her first shot of inactivated virus May 8th at 8 weeks. She was sent to her new owner May 9th, was exposed to distemper on or about May 21st at the vets (who would not give her another shot) and died the following weekend. (13 days between shot and exposure).

** During our distemper outbreak in 1970, we lost 3 other cats; one had just arrived and the former owner said she had been recently vaccinated, but we have no personal knowledge of this. Of the other two, one 4½ year old female had been vaccinated with inactivated vaccine yearly. The other was a strong, rapidly growing male who had come to us at about 3 months, been vaccinated with inactivated vaccine at the time, was exposed to "it" at 7½ months and died in 3 days.

Therefore, until there is proof that the modified live vaccine (or any vaccine) will break through the barrier of the mother's immunity on all kittens at a specific time, we suggest that the above schedule be followed. It may appear a little extreme, but remember, "The only sure cure is prevention!"



**Booster
Time?**

At the Circus

Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus has started its tours again. One of the headliners of the "Red Troupe" (there are two troupes - the Red and the Blue, touring the U.S. each year, usually alternating their routes) is Gunther Goebel Williams.

Although many of us have mixed feelings about the big cats in the circus, this is one act we feel is worth mentioning and well worth the admission price. Many smaller circuses leave doubt in ones mind as to the care afforded the cats. Not so in this case. The affection between this man and his animals is obvious, and may very well be instinctive since the family has been animal trainers for over 200 years.

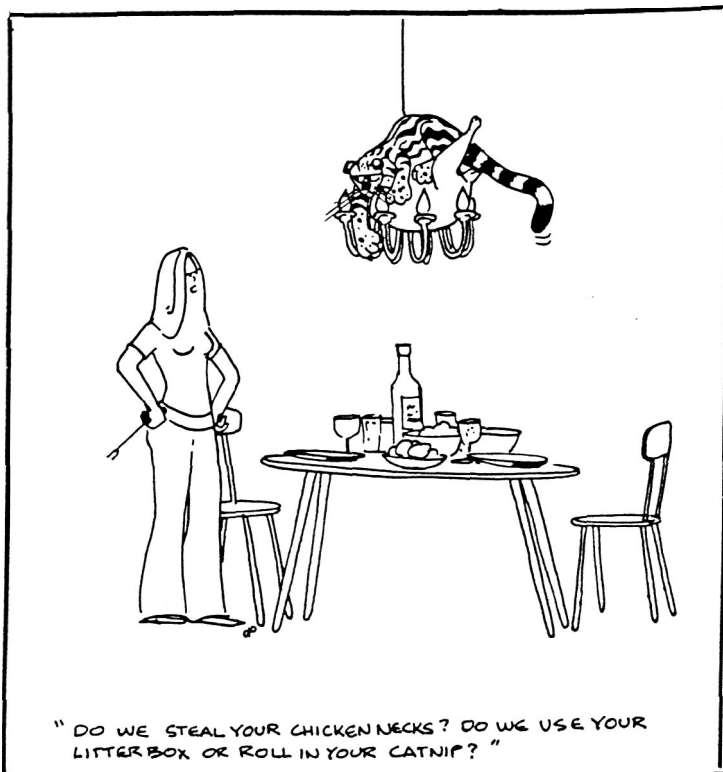
Once, while visiting the Dallas zoo, this man astounded the keepers by making friends almost immediately with most of the cats; something it often took months for a new keeper to accomplish.

Gunther works his bengal tigers (around 18 of them) through the usual circus paces and then proceeds to ride one (obviously a personal favorite) atop a male, bull African elephant, supposedly an untrainable animal. In addition to working with the elephants and tigers together, he mixes horses and tigers equally well - a rare accomplishment.

Also featured in the troupe is a "lion tamer" who worked with 18 lionesses again with obvious fondness, for scared animals just do not nuzzle their trainers face with such looks of devotion. A male lion was brought out and the trainer picked him up, across his shoulders and carried him for a short distance. This done, the lion then reciprocated in taking the trainer for a ride.

When such obvious devotion is present between human and animal it is hard to criticize the conditions. Most of us know for a fact that only true affection and trust gains such rewards and behaviour. To the uninitiated this may seem daring and brave, but to us it is just an exhibition of the great feeling we all share in being loved by such magnificent animals.

So folks, think twice about "The Greatest Show On Earth." Your editor (and contributing writer B.J. Lester) both agreed that it was well worth the price and found it very hard to sympathize at the "neglected" cats".





THIRD GENERATION BENGALS

Word is in from Bill Engler that he has produced third generation Bengal Cats. The bengal originated as a cross between the Leopard Cat and the domestic. For some time males were considered sterile making a true breed impossible. Recently a few fertile males have been produced leading to a breakthrough in this area.

WILDLIFE IMPORTED IN 1973 REPORTED AT 3,300,000

A recent article in NATIONAL WILDLIFE blamed pet owners and the pet industry for decreasing wildlife by supposedly being responsible for the majority of the 3,300,000 animals imported in 1973. Zoos of course claim that they do not import that many animals to stock their organizations. The zoos did admit to a high reptile mortality rate, somewhere in the 30% category. After much digging we found how the 3,300,000 figure breaks down. Of this number, birds (not including canaries) accounted for 689,404 of the imports, reptiles accounted for 2,504,093, and imported mammals (including monkeys) numbered 114,466. Checking the pet stores in our area we found very few reptiles (the largest number imported); of course birds were evident but in few numbers due to the high prices caused by government restrictions. Monkeys were non-existent also due to high priced that must be demanded because of government restriction. There must something they aren't telling us folks - where are all e animals (& reptiles)going?

THE GREAT MINATURE LEOPARD RIP OFF

Papers in many parts of the country have carried an article by the Associated Press reporting the exclusive work being done by Mr. T. Harrison Vanard in hybrid cats he calls miniature leopards and miniture snow leopards. He works similar to the chinchilla scheme of a few years ago where he sells you a pair of black domestics (onyx cats, he calls them) and then provides stud service at a later date. You pay him in the neighborhood of \$7500. for this and of course will make a fortune selling the kittens. Of course a reputable dealer will sell you a crossbreed for much, much less and will honestly call them a bengal cat. If such an article appeared in your area paper, write the Better Business Bureau in your town. They can then caution anyone who might inquire of the problems. Many do not know of this and will accept the article as truth - unless a complaint is made they cannot be expected to know otherwise.

YOU CAN HELP

Besides sending in a monetary offering which is VERY important, you can help fight recent laws by watching your local newspaper for articles about damage done by domestic animals, dogbites, livestock damage, etc. This could be usefule in establishing that our animals are no more a menace than many domestic animals. Its a little thing to do and yet it might help a lot - send them to:

Ken Hatfield
1991 S.W. 136th Avenue
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33325



PROLIFIC SERVALS

According to the October/November issue of Gerald Durrell's JERSEY WILDLIFE PRESERVATION TRUST, published in England, three young servals were born there recently. It further stated that their Tammy, an older serval is pregnant again. If she successfully gives birth and rears this set of kittens, it will be her 14th litter. She has reared 13 kittens to date and has been in their collection for 12 years.

AN EDGE OF THE FOREST

Is the title of a book by Agnes Smith which is illustrated by our own Jan Thomas. It is a children's book about a black lamb and a young black leopardess who befriends her. It is offered by the Nature Canada Bookshop for a price of \$9.00. Write, 46 Elgin Street, Ottawa, Canada K1P 5K6.

AND A NOTE FROM MIKE...

We received a copy of the Academy of General Dentistry Journal with a beautiful painting of two ocelots on the cover. What made this painting so very unique is the background - upon closer examination was a close-up of an ocelots face - spots on spots so to speak.

The cover is one of Mike Balbo's works. This surprise was accompanied by a short note, "I have absolutely no free time - I teach two days a week at the New Jersey College of Medicine & Dentistry, have my practice and am working on my Master's degree in art - ". We applaude Mike on the beautiful work and hope he has every success with the future. Let us hear from you more often Mike!

THINK FLORIDA
AUGUST 1st, 2nd, 3rd
CONVENTION '75



Mr. Noah & the Second Flood

By: Sheila Burnford
A \$0.95 pocket book by Washington Square Press,
New York City, Published September, 1974

Sad satire? Terrifying tale? Frightening fable? Yes... ..but Mr. Noah and the Second Flood is much more. It is an amusingly written plea for conservation of planet Earth and the wild animals thereupon. The animal lore is delightful and authentic but more vivid when only one lone, scraggly, male tiger shows up for the feline roll call to board the Ark...Mr. Noah wonders "where all the wildlife went?". As the Ark drifts away on a deluge of manmade pollution - minus ocelot, lync, leopard and other cat cousins - the tiger tells Mr. Noah that man's tools have caused the solid sludge - the putrid pudding - the global garbage that has set the Ark afloat.

Reviewed by B. J. Lester