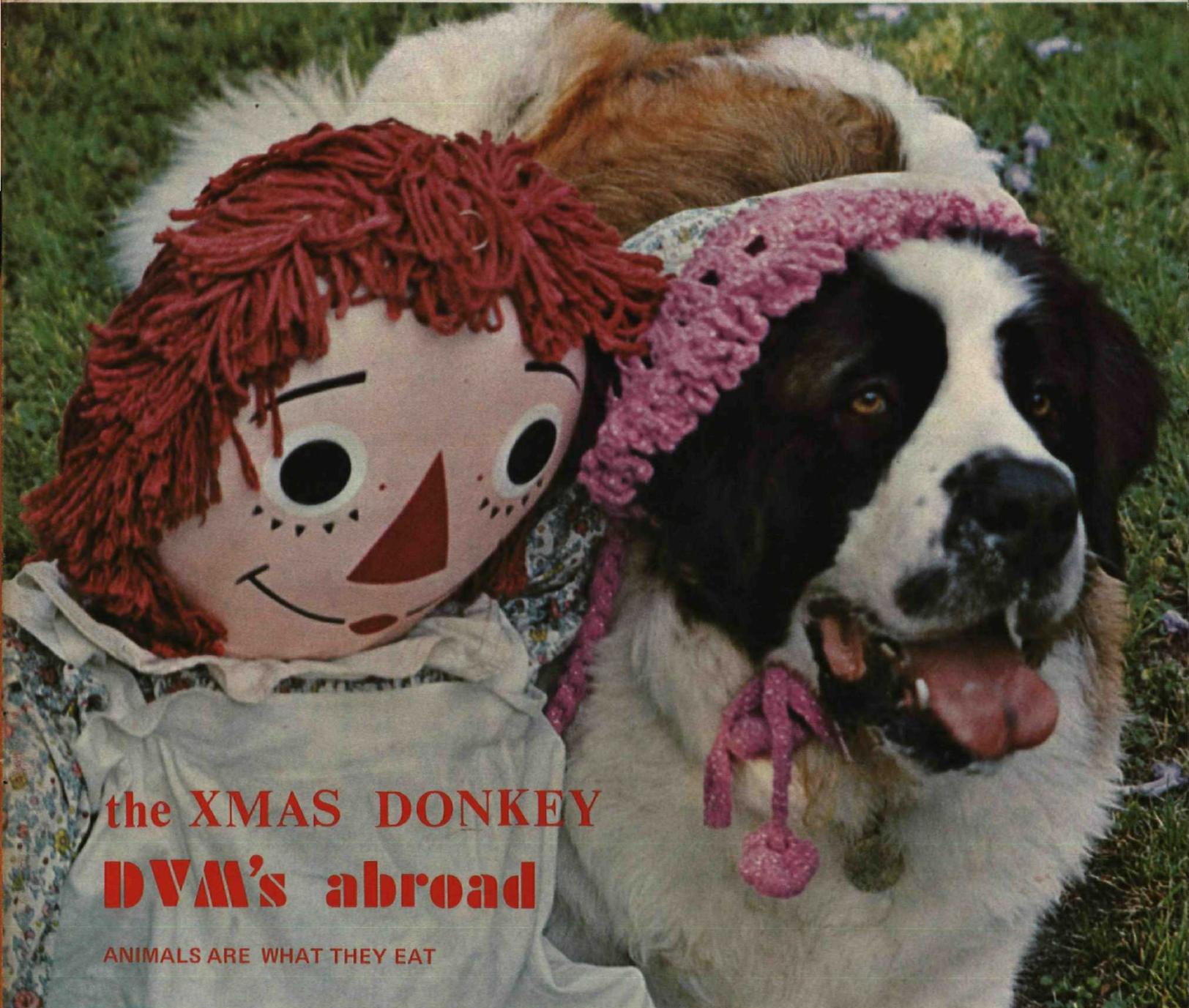


# ANIMAL CAVALCADE

NOV/DEC 1973

60¢

THE ANIMAL HEALTH MAGAZINE



the XMAS DONKEY  
DVM's abroad

ANIMALS ARE WHAT THEY EAT

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## EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

### WHAT? WHY? WHO?

Animal Cavalcade is presented to the public by the veterinary profession for education and enjoyment. The magazine was developed by the ANIMAL HEALTH FOUNDATION in 1970 as a means of communicating with people interested in news within the Foundation and other sources.

The ANIMAL HEALTH FOUNDATION, a non-profit corporation, was developed in 1967 by a group of veterinarians and laymen for the stated purpose of promoting better lives for animals through education, grants, and controlled research.

ANIMAL CAVALCADE invites its readers to participate by writing letters to the editor and by sending news items of interest to others. There is no intent to present technical articles, but rather to offer stories of animals, animal news, and information for better animal health. Some news items will be surprising, such as: Did you know that new apartments are being built in Los Angeles with a tenant requirement that he must also have a horse tenant in the adjoining modern 150 stall unit? Did you know that there are cities incorporated for the purpose of protecting the dairy cattle within them? Did you know that the U.S. horse population is growing proportionately faster than humans? Did you know that recently a calf was born to a cow that had a deep-frozen embryo implanted into her uterus? These, and other exciting items, will be seen in Animal Cavalcade.

You are invited to have a part in the ANIMAL HEALTH FOUNDATION by your tax deductible gift or bequest.

C.M. Baxter, D.V.M.  
Editorial Director

### EDITOR'S NOTE

Special note to Cavalcade readers: *The second installment of 'On Safari with Howard A. Weyker, D.V.M.'* will be featured in the forthcoming Jan/Feb 1974 issue, rather than in this issue as originally planned.

# ANIMAL CAVALCADE

Official Journal of the Animal Health Foundation fostering improvement in animal care and health.

NOV/DEC 1973

Volume 4 Number 6

### ARTICLES

Cat Tales, <i>Larry L. Hothem</i> . . . . .	8
Does Fido Play T V Critic in Your House? <i>Marilyn Dean</i> . . . . .	9
The Christmas Donkey, <i>Duane Valentry</i> . . . . .	12
The Pitfalls of Pet Sitting, <i>Naomi Hornberger</i> . . . . .	14
The Odyssey of "Inkie", <i>Grover Brinkman</i> . . . . .	19
DVM's Abroad . . . . .	20
The Australian Cattleman's Hired Hand, <i>Kathryn Braund</i> . . . . .	24
Children's Page	
Santa's Gift to the Littlest Penguin, <i>Mrs. William Witter</i> . . . . .	26
Canary Song, <i>Evelyn Witter</i> . . . . .	27
Animals are What They Eat, <i>W. A. Young, D.V.M.</i> . . . . .	29
The Leopard Cat, Popular New Crossbreed . . . . .	30
A Brief Guide for the Adventurous	
Parakeet Buyers, <i>Loretta R. Orzechowski</i> . . . . .	34
One City's Answer . . . . .	34

### DEPARTMENTS

In The News . . . . .	4
Doctor's Advice . . . . .	10

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**COVER:** Alicia, a 170 lb. St. Bernard is Playmate and constant companion of Bonni Laurel Hollywood actress and singer.

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**NEW EDITOR  
AT THE HELM**

C. M. Baxter, D.V.M., is not a newcomer to Cavalcade or to the Animal Health Foundation, the parent of Animal Cavalcade. He was chairman of the founding Committee for the Animal Health Foundation and has been on the board of directors since its founding. He is a member of the Founders' Circle and has served on numerous committees for Animal Cavalcade.

Dr. Baxter was graduated from Cornell University in 1942 and has practiced veterinary medicine in Southern California for 31 years. He recently left a flourishing animal hospital practice he helped develop in the San Gabriel Valley, and now practices veterinary medicine by house calls only—a reverse approach for modern medicine. This is accomplished through the use of a specially built mobile clinic.

Dr. Baxter has been active in his veterinary professional organization, having been president of the Southern California Small Animal Veterinary Medical Society which later became part of the Southern California Veterinary Medical Association. He was also president of this successor organization.

He is an active civic leader, and has been president of the Kiwanis Club, San Gabriel, California.

As Editorial Director of Animal Cavalcade, Dr. Baxter will bring many years of professional experience, the respect and admiration of his colleagues in and out of the veterinary profession, and a keen interest in

helping guide AC toward continued growth and excellence.

The Staff regrets the necessity for Dr. Riddell's resignation as Editorial Director. He has been a great asset to Cavalcade and will continue as a valued advisor.

By Norene Harris

**JENNY PROFESSORSHIP CREATED**

*KENNET SQUARE, PA.*—Dr. Jacques Jenny, the late famed orthopedic surgeon at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine at the New Bolton Center, will be memorialized by the endowment of a professorship at the new building C. Mahlon Kline Orthopedic and Rehabilitation Center. The professorship has been financed through the James C. and Dorothy G. Butt Foundation.

The Butts, owners of Listopada Farm, Peoli, Pa., are the parents-in-law of Dr. Jenny, whose pioneering work in equine orthopedics is credited with having saved the lives of such famous performers as Tim Tam, Swaps, Creme dela Creme and Hoist the Flag.

**PUPPIES AIDING DEAF**

*Reprinted courtesy  
DVM Magazine*

An organization in Michigan, Audio Canis, has been successfully using puppies to detect both normal household sounds—such as telephones or doorbells—as well as unusual or possibly threatening noises. Not all young dogs are capable of the learning process, which takes little over three months. Those which are, however, are proving to be of huge value to their deaf owners. The dogs whimper or bark, depending upon the kind of sound made.

**DANGER: ANTIFREEZE**

*Reprinted courtesy DVM Magazine*

Ethylene glycol, a major component of antifreeze, is a toxic agent which produces renal or kidney failure in small animals. Dr. Larry M. Cornelius, assistant professor of medicine and surgery at the University of Missouri-Columbia School of Veterinary Medicine, explains why antifreeze is poisonous. After ethylene glycol enters the body, an enzyme in the liver, alcohol--dehydrogenase, changes the compound into a potent acid called oxalic

acid. This acid combines with calcium, producing calcium oxalate crystals which damage kidneys and ultimately cause death through renal failure.

Signs of ethylene glycol poisoning appear within one to two hours. Early signs are wobbliness or ataxia, depression, intense thirst, and frequent urination. Within four to five hours, the animal begins vomiting, and the initial symptoms worsen.

Successful treatment of antifreeze poisoning by veterinarians is more likely if initiated within 12 hours following ingestion. Diagnosis for this type of poisoning is difficult. The best diagnosis is when the small-animal owner suspects this. The veterinarian can also microscopically test the animal's urine for oxalate crystals, but this method is slow and not completely accurate.

Antifreeze poisoning is treated by inducing vomiting and administering sodium bicarbonate and ethyl alcohol. Sodium bicarbonate is an alkalinizing agent which neutralizes the potent acid. Ethyl alcohol is given intravenously or intraperitoneally (through the abdomen). Alcohol dehydrogenase, the enzyme in the liver which changes ethylene glycol into a strong acid, is the same enzyme which metabolizes alcohol. If this enzyme is saturated with ethyl alcohol, it will not act on the ethylene glycol and the compound will pass through the animal's body.

## ANIMAL POPULATION

Submitted by Syntex Laboratories  
January 1973,

*Reprinted courtesy  
The California Veterinarian*

### PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA —

Every hour 2,000 to 3,500 dogs and cats are born in the U.S. This compares with the human birth rate of 415 people each hour, and accounts for the 90 million dogs and cats in this country. (This figure can only be approximate, and could vary by as much as 20 million, since the numbers are not known exactly.)

At the present rate of increase (4.5% per annum) nearly 200 million cats and dogs will exist in the U.S. by the next decade. Figures do not include wild dogs for which no statistics are available.

But other information is substantiated. Approximately 13.3 million dogs and cats (representing some 12% of the total population) are destroyed each year at private and public shelters at an annual cost approaching \$100 million.

These facts appear in an article in the January issue of the *Science and*

*Public Affairs (Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists)*. The article was written by Dr. Carl Djerassi, Professor of Chemistry, Stanford University; Mr. Andrew Israel, a medical student in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, and Dr. Wolfgang Jochle, Director of the Institute for Veterinary Science, Syntex Research, Palo Alto, California.

The article outlines the generally unrecognized magnitude of the pet population explosion, its costs, and highlights the present difficulties in controlling the surging growth of the pet population in the U.S. and abroad.

The causes are simple, and the costs enormous, according to the authors. Dogs and cats are highly prolific animals. Early puberty, large litter size and shorter pregnancy make dogs about 15 times, and cats 30 to 45 times as fertile as humans. Under optimal conditions, one unspayed female dog can produce nearly 4,400 progeny over a seven-year period. Under controlled conditions, the same female dog can be expected to produce 72 offspring.

Humane societies often serve as dumping grounds for unwanted pets. Surveys indicate average handling costs of \$7.00 per animal, and since nearly 18 million animals pass through such shelters a year, this effort alone amounts to approximately \$125 million. About 75% of this sum is used in killing unwanted and stray animals. Costs for rabies control, dog bite care, sanitation (the *daily* dog feces production in the U.S. amounts to about 3,500 tons and that of dog urine to 9 million gallons), and public health care amounts to at least \$50 million per year.

While these costs may be classified as involuntary, optional pet expenditures are enormous, and statistics more accurate. The pet food market alone has grown 10% annually during the last decade, and reached \$1.35 billion in 1971. Six billion pounds of dog and cat food were consumed in 1971, and some traditional sources of food, such as horse meat, are becoming scarce.

A 1966 survey indicates that \$1.6 billion was expended for the purchase, licensing, inoculation and veterinary care of dogs. Combine this figure with the pet food expenditures, and add outlays for cats, the total voluntary financial output for these pets now exceeds \$4.5 billion per year.

The authors recommend steps to be taken to control the problem: As a short-term answer, wider encouragement of surgical sterilization of dogs and cats with emphasis on the prevention of unwanted litters as a benefit to the individual animal and its owner; establishment and enforcement of higher licensing fees and especially stricter leash laws; for educational

programs and for research institutions; the inclusion of pets in the next U.S. census so that accurate pet statistics will be available; and most importantly, the development of chemical sterilants and other contraceptive agents for dogs and cats.

In that connection, the authors constructed typical "critical path maps" which indicate that under current regulations it would take nearly 10 years to develop such contraceptive agents suitable for pets.

Reprints of the article are available from *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Kent Chemical Labs., 1020-24 East 58th Street, Room 102, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

## A BOOST FOR EQUINE DISEASE RESEARCH

*Reprinted courtesy  
The California Veterinarian*

DAVIS—The School of Veterinary Medicine, University of California, Davis, has dedicated the new Equine Disease Research Laboratory (EDRL) designed to help meet the need for research into the health care of the growing California equine population.

One hundred seventy-five representatives from California horse breed organizations, the racing industry, and veterinary equine practitioners viewed the new equine facilities and participated in the activities of the dedication.

Governor Ronald Reagan sent greetings and congratulations for the day. "The completion of the Center meets the culmination of much planning and cooperative effort and the beginning of a new chapter of veterinary science and knowledge available to horse breeders throughout the State. I share the sense of pride and accomplishment I know you feel on this long-awaited occasion," Reagan said.

The EDRL is the only unit in California constituted specifically to conduct equine research, according to Dean William R. Pritchard of the School.

The single, most critical resource missing and the one which limits the development of this unit to its full potential is the financial support necessary to fund the activities of the staff and laboratories, Dean Pritchard explained. Funds are not available through state or federal sources and there is little likelihood of such support in the future. New sources of research dollars must be found.

The EDRL will report research results to horse owners throughout the

State and will organize and develop urgently needed financial support for present and future research programs.

Copies of the brochure about the Equine Disease Research Laboratory are available upon request from:

R. H. McCapes, D.V.M.  
Associate Dean—Public Programs  
School of Veterinary Medicine  
University of California  
Davis, CA 95616

## HUMOR

A man was notified by his psychiatrist, "If you don't pay your bill, I'm going to let you go crazy."

The pigeons had been recently wed. One morning the lady pigeon decided to do the weekly shopping. When she returned her feathered hubby asked her what she had bought. To which she replied:

"Nothing, but I did make a deposit on a new hat."

For nearly 30 years the U. S. government has tried to reduce farm output to certain levels, and has failed. For more than 40 years the Russian government has tried to raise farm

output to certain goals and has failed. Before long, someone may conclude the governments can't farm.

For Sale: 1 Holstein milk cow, black and white, \$100. Accessories: udder, \$75; 2-tone color, \$50; 4 split hoofs, \$10 each; tail, approx. 1½', \$5; extra stomach, \$35; dual horns (optional) \$15 each; Total, \$335.

"Could you," the specialist asked, "pay for an operation if I found one was necessary?"

"Would you," countered the patient, "find one necessary if I couldn't pay for it?"

## WOMEN WALK OFF WITH MORE SPORTSMANSHIP MEDALS THAN MEN!

Are women dog fanciers better sports than men? Or are there just more women active on the dog scene?

The Gaines Dog Research Center doesn't claim to have the answer to either question, but it points out that dog clubs across the country present the Gaines Medal for Good Sportsman-

ship to twice as many women as men every year.

During the first six months of 1973, for example, 49 medals were presented — to 34 women, 13 men and one couple. In addition, one club voted the award to three members in one family. Significantly, the three members were one man and two women. One year earlier — from January to June of 1972 — 43 medals were awarded to 23 women, 12 men, seven couples and one father-son team.

The medal, a handsome three-inch bronze disc, honors those who make outstanding contributions to the sport of dog activities. However, recipients don't necessarily have to win prizes or ribbons at dog shows or field trials. Medal winners are selected by a club committee for their good sportsmanship and contributions to the dog fancy. The medal is presented at a club event, usually an annual meeting or awards banquet.

Any club official can obtain a medal by writing on club stationery to the Gaines Dog Research Center, 250 North Street, White Plains, N.Y. 10625. Each club is limited to one medal per year and the name of the recipient and date of presentation must be received before the medal will be sent by return mail.



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# CAT TALES

by Larry L. Hothem



Cats have so taken our fancy, that many words and phrases dealing with felines have become part of our daily language. The following quiz will test your ability to identify these familiar phrases. For example....young, care-free, full of fun, and enjoyment. Answer...playful as a kitten.

Answers on page 28

*Here are 25 puzzlers, each introduced by an explanatory or descriptive phrase. Count four points for each correct or nearly correct answer. Consider 40 to 60 about average; 100 represents a perfect score!*

1. The sound of a quiet, well-tuned engine.
2. Awake, unable to sleep, and watchful.
3. One plays the hunter, the other the prey.
4. A harsh or shrill call or whistle, expressing disapproval or derision.
5. Sneaking around or staying slyly beyond reach.
6. A hand game that uses a complex arrangement of strings to tell stories or create forms.
7. Too much investigation may produce deadly trouble.
8. Narrow structural beams, often used for building support and maintenance.
9. Saying from the 1920's, expressing great approval and appreciation.
10. A person who profits greatly by devious methods, especially a politician or businessman.
11. Remarks made by a spiteful or gossiping woman.
12. Instrument for serious punishment, reserved for sailors of long ago.
13. Slang term for a heavy bulldozer of a certain manufacture.
14. In silent-movie days, what the audience did when the villain appeared.
15. To tell a secret or betray a confidence.
16. Description of a small or very crowded space.
17. Certain family of bottom-dwelling fish.
18. Alternate methods for doing something.
19. Slang term for young, voluptuous movie starlet, especially one who plays seductive roles.
20. Semi-precious gemstone.
21. To take offense at something.
22. Being belligerent or ready to defend oneself.
23. A thief who specializes in climbing the sides and roofs of buildings at night.
24. Saying that infers a feline is nearly indestructible.
25. Short, light sleep, often during the day.

by  
Marilyn Dean

You see them everywhere — at shopping centers, in department stores, even traveling across the country. They're called French poodles and their owners love them with slavish devotion. Some possess the haughty air of aristocracy while others dissolve into a wriggling mass when noticed. I even know of one who went to church. Not interested in the service, he sat in the foyer and, at the conclusion, happily received the "right hand of fellowship" from many in the congregation.

We succumbed to their charm ten years ago and purchased a six-week-old jet black male. Upon examining his pedigree papers and noting six champions listed in his ancestry, my husband sulked. "This dog is better than I am," he complained.

Such a distinguished dog must have a very clever name. "Pierre" and "Jacque" were too common. "How about 'Faux Pas'?" I suggested brightly. The family made faces at me. Besides, he wasn't even French. We know — because we said, "Vive la France" and he didn't even stand up!

We settled on a good solid American name — "Chip."

That dog could turn off the television. One evening when we were watching some nonsense, Chip walked in front of the TV set and the screen went blank. My husband recognized that the three metal tags jangling around Chip's neck had sounded the proper frequency to actuate the remote control. After that, the situation became chaotic. Marcus Welby never finished an operation. Johnny Carson and Doc Severinsen couldn't even congratulate each other on their new "threads." Archie Bunker yelled "dingbat" at Edith and was cut off.

"This is ridiculous," my husband ranted. "the dog thinks he's a censor."

"Good!" I answered. "Teach him to turn off anything crude, violent, or banal."

"I thought that's what he was doing," came the reply.

One day three friends came over and were engrossed in watching "As The World Turns." Chip yawned, stretched and walked across the room and the picture went off. Chip barely escaped with his life.

The next day I removed all but his license tag. "Forget it, Chip. As a television critic you weren't bad, but it's safer being a dog."

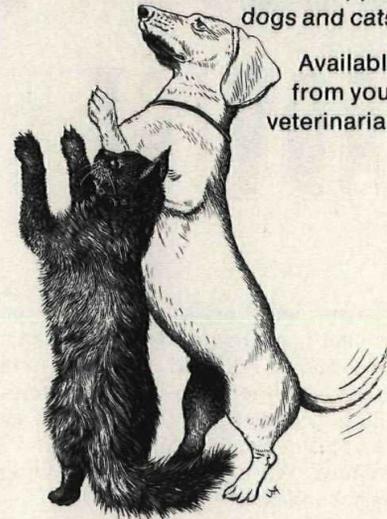
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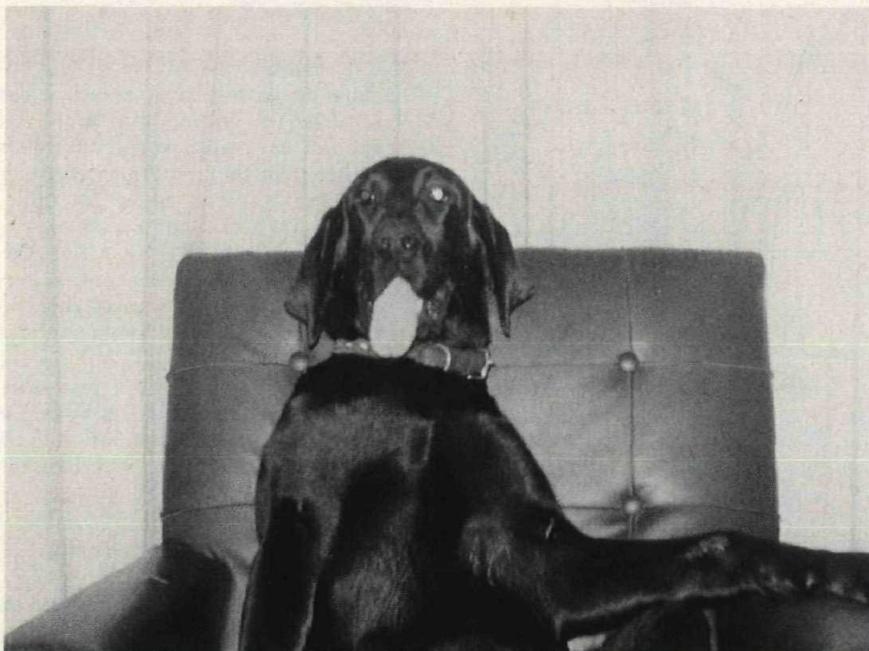
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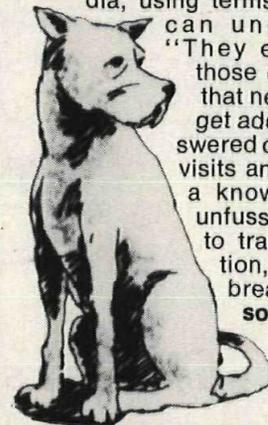
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# DOCTOR'S ADVICE

Readers with health and other pet problems are invited to send in their questions to ANIMAL CAVALCADE. Those with the greatest reader interest will be handled on this page by Dr. J.F. Smithcors, D.V.M., Ph.D., who is technical editor of American Veterinary Publications, Inc.

**Q. What can I do for my dog after it eats a Christmas ornament?**

A. Christmas ornaments probably contain various poisonous compounds, and some cases of poisoning have occurred after dogs have eaten them. Some may do no harm, and in any case it is important that whatever you do does not make the problem worse. A teaspoonful of salt thrown back into the dog's mouth may make it vomit. This could be followed by a cup of very strong tea, the tannic acid in which is useful as a general antidote for heavy metals and alkaloids, or egg whites can be given in a cup of milk. None of these will harm the dog, and beyond this, you should observe him for signs of toxicity (anything unusual) in which case you should call your veterinarian immediately. Mistletoe is highly poisonous for dogs (and children) if it is eaten.

**Q. Are all domestic animals color-blind?**

A. Except for human beings, the great

apes and some monkeys, the best available evidence indicates that all other animals have no color vision. Horses and cows are certainly color-blind; a bull can see a flag, but not that it is red or any other color. Dogs can distinguish many degrees of brightness, which may enable them to pick a red from a yellow dish, for example, but they see colors as shades of gray. The same is probably true of cats, as it is with most animals which have keen night vision. Many birds, however, have well developed color vision, especially those that are colorful themselves and are active during daylight hours.

**Q. What can I do for a cat that has gotten a snow-melting preparation on its feet?**

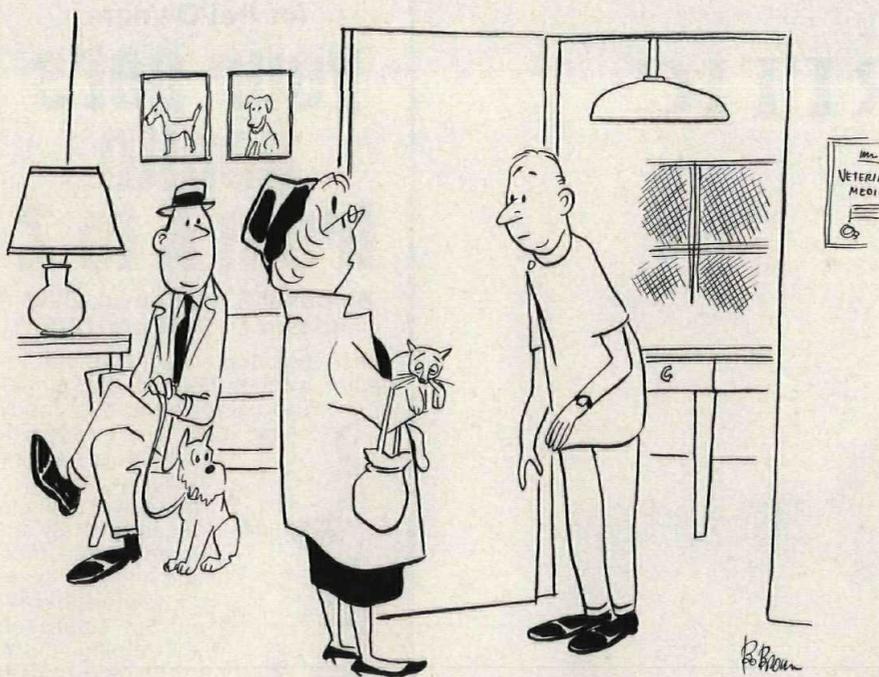
A. These compounds are most often calcium chloride, which can burn a cat's footpads if left in contact for some time; it is also toxic, and a cat could become poisoned if it licked enough from its paws. In any case, the cat's paws are likely to be extremely sensitive and it may appear to be walking on "pins and needles." After any known exposure (even if the cat shows no discomfort), it would be wise to wash the paws with warm water. If the paws are reddened and sore, any soothing lotion can be applied, provided it does NOT contain a phenol compound. Fingers from an old woolen glove can be cut and used as "mittens" if the cat will tolerate them. If the paws seem "burned" it would be wise to consult your veterinarian.

**Q. Do people get cat fever from cat scratches?**

A. Cat scratch fever is so called because it most often follows a cat scratch (or bite), but emphasis should be placed on the scratch rather than the cat. Which is to say that the actual cause of the infection is unknown, but a deep scratch may be the means by which the organism gains entrance to a person's body. In some cases there is no history of a cat scratch, and in a few the person has had no contact with cats at all. Once a case does occur, the question rises as to whether or not the cat should be gotten rid of. Some veterinarians suggest having the cat declawed.

**Q. Are there ever male calico cats?**

A. The calico cat is due to a sex-linked genetic factor, and theoretically there should be no calico male



"She's as sick as a dog!"

cats—but there are, and a few have been fertile; two in fact have each sired more than 50 kittens. The best explanation seems to be that these males have an extra X (sex) chromosome and thus are XXY instead of XY (females are XY). In this respect, they resemble a condition in persons which is termed Klinefelter's syndrome.

**Q. Is it possible for wolves and dogs to cross-breed and have young?**

A. Yes, dogs can mate with wolves, coyotes and jackals and produce young, which are fertile, indicating that these three species are fairly closely related, at least to the extent of having had common ancestors sometime back in their history. Dogs and foxes, however, are not interfertile.

**Q. What education is required to become a veterinarian?**

A. All of the veterinary schools in the U.S. and Canada require four years of professional education, following not less than two years (many students have three or four) of professional training, with emphasis on the biological sciences. Many more persons apply for veterinary schools than can be accepted, and admissions committees also give strong consideration to aptitude, as evidenced by real concern for animals, some knowledge of what veterinarians actually do, and an ability to get along with people as well as animals. The American Veterinary Medical Association, 600 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60605 has a booklet describing this in detail.

**Q. Is it necessary to tube worm horses?**

A. No, there are a few preparations that can be mixed with the horse's grain, although some horses refuse to eat the mixture. Also, it is sometimes difficult to be certain that each horse has eaten all of the mixture, in which case it would be uncertain whether the dose was adequate. For these reasons many veterinarians prefer tube worming.

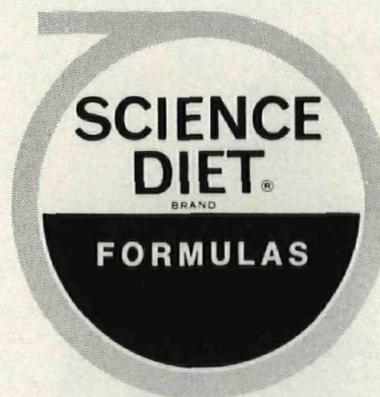
**Q. Why do some horses get Spanish Itch?**

A. This is one of many names given to various itches, *ie*, skin conditions manifested by itching which may be severe enough to cause horses to rub themselves raw. Some cases may be caused by mange mites, and contact with bird lice may be a

factor; in others the larvae of certain parasitic worms may migrate through the skin, or it may be ringworm (fungus) infection. In some localities the term may be used to denote a specific condition, but in any case it would be necessary to identify the cause, usually by examination of skin scrapings, before treatment could be expected to be effective.

**Q. How does a mother kangaroo keep her pouch clean?**

A. During the four months or so that the young is in the pouch, the mother regularly opens the pouch with her forefeet and cleans it carefully with her lips. As the pouch enlarges to accommodate the growing baby, she may insert her head (when the baby is out of the pouch) during the cleaning process. Because newly born kangaroos are so tiny, the birth itself may go unnoticed, and the cleaning of the pouch by the mother may be the first real indication that birth has occurred.



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# THE CHRISTMAS DONKEY

A SYMBOL OF PEACE



*Scene from television (ABC-TV) Christmas Show.*

by Duane Valentry

What would Christmas be without him - the patient little donkey so often associated with the season? Often looked down on because he hasn't the beauty or status of the horse, this beast of burden has even been called a "caricature" of his more honored relative.

"But God has a way of choosing the most lowly and humble of men and beasts to do the greatest deeds," one writer has observed. "This was true of the burro. The Old Testament book of Numbers tells us one was given the power of intelligent speech, the only animal ever given that power. But the burro's big role in the Bible was yet to come - to play three parts in the life of Christ."

The first of these, of course, was as the means of transportation when Joseph and Mary traveled from Nazareth to Bethlehem, only to be turned away at the Inn. One can imagine their gentle burro with them in the stable that was to be the scene of so great a happening.

According to the old legend, ever since the donkey carried Mary, Mother of Jesus, all donkeys since have been proud to wear a cross on their backs. This is formed by the stiff, black mane crossed by a broad band of darker hair. The animal may vary in color from gray to brown, with the so-called cross showing up best on the darker coats.

No Nativity scene would be quite complete without the donkey. But he must also have figured importantly again in the life of Jesus when the Holy Family returned home, after the death of Herod.

"The Feast of the Ass", once widely celebrated throughout Europe and in England, commemorated this period of the Holy Family, usually on Twelfth Night, or January 14.

Jesus later chose the burro to carry Him on His triumphant ride into Jerusalem on what would come to be called Palm Sunday. No doubt, had He wished, He could have made the entry on a beautiful horse, much more fitting, some would feel, to His divine status. Why then, did He choose the lowly burro?

"The burro was the old Jewish symbol of peace, just as the horse was the symbol of war, probably the reason Jesus chose to ride a burro for His triumphant entry," one writer reasons.

May not it have been, too, the qualities expressed by the burro? Since

earliest Bible times it had been the companion of man, carrying Abraham and Jacob and pulling plows in old Israel.

Just what is a burro? Sometimes the varying names are confusing. An expert explains it this way:

"All burros, or donkeys, or jackasses, are lineal-descendants of the big, wild, beautiful golden Nubian asses of the North African desert, where they are becoming extinct. One or two related, but undomesticated, species, exist in Asia. Resembling American mules, these rare animals are found here only in zoos, under the names of onager and kiang, terms known best to crossword puzzle buffs. A mule is the product of a union between mare and jackass, while the opposite cross between stallion and female burro is a hinny. Both hybrids are usually sterile.

Donkeys came to Mexico with the Spanish conquerors and became favorite pack animals. Some took to the hills and became wild, although only a comparative few remain today of formerly large herds. Often shot on sight by rangers for damage to the range and their habit of running off tame mares, they are today protected by law in many areas. Many were also exterminated by hunters for dog food factories.

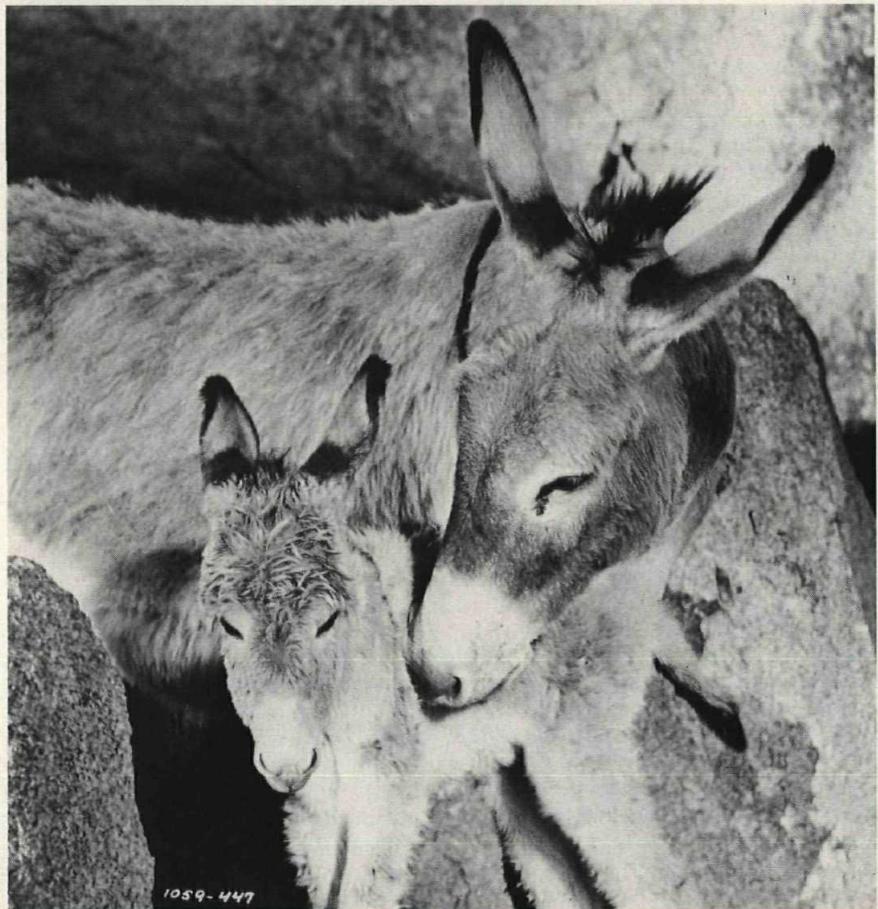
"Without the burro, it is difficult to see how the West could have been won," says an historian. "American miners and prospectors found them admirable and faithful companions as well as agile and sure-footed pack animals. Western literature is crammed full of stories about burros finding gold by kicking over rocks, chasing away varmints, sounding the alarm against Indians, smelling out potable water in the desert, scaling vertical cliffs, carrying mail and supplies to remote camps and ore to smelters and dynamite to mine shafts."

In 1957, a two-million acre state burro refuge was established in California which extends to one of their favorite haunts - Death Valley - and here the original small band has grown to thousands.

The burro is intelligent and even, say its defenders, has a sense of humor. They'll eat almost anything, are certainly hard workers, and will fight bravely if they must.

The burros are often pictured circled around Mary and her precious Son in the stable, breathing their warmth down on the two. As Shakespeare said of this animal in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"A very gentle beast, and of good conscience."



Wild baby burro is nuzzled by mother in Disney film, "Wild Burro of the West" (Photo courtesy of Walt Disney Productions).



*Fancy*

*Spats*

*Katrina*

*Opie*

## THE PITFALLS OF PET SITTING

A true story  
by Naomi Hornberger

Grasping at any opportunity to spend a weekend in the San Francisco Bay area, my husband and I eagerly accepted the urgent plea to "pet sit" for friends living in a nearby community. Since it was but a forty-five minute drive from their home to San Francisco, we visualized seeing the City at night after the pets were fed and bedded down. But, alas, we did not foresee the predicaments involved in the care of Fancy and Spats the cats, Katrina, the diminutive Dachshund and Opie, the half-grown Brit-tany Spaniel.

Arriving early on Saturday morning, we were greeted enthusiastically by our friends, their children and a quartet of adored pets. Especially Opie, who leaped about with joy.

After receiving minute instructions on the care and feeding of each pet, we bid our friends a fond farewell and settled down to what we thought was a simple job of pet sitting.

But immediately our job began. The biggest "pet's request" was to be let outdoors which meant, to us, of course, that all of their paws must be wiped off upon re-entering the house.

We were amazed at the freedom and privileges these pets enjoyed. Fancy's favorite napping place was in our host's drawer on top of his underwear. Spats could be found, day or night, curled up at the foot of the oldest girl's bed. Opie's favorite spot was the most comfortable chair in the family room and if anyone inadvertently sat in it first, she would take a running leap and land in their lap. Katrina, soon to become a mother, when not in her basket, would take her choice of the many welcome laps that this pet-oriented household provided.

You were never in doubt when mealtime had arrived. It was quite evident with cats meowing at the counter, Katrina at your feet making guttural sounds in her throat and Opie's lumbering figure sniffing around in the kitchen seeking a morsel to appease her never-satiated appetite. At lunch we managed to feed each pet its allotted portion without too much confusion. Both dogs must be fed at the same time since Opie, with her ravenous appetite, would devour Katrina's rations in one gulp. The cats must be fed on the porch to keep the two dogs from their tasty tuna bits.

Pets fed, we sat down, exhausted, for a bite ourselves. Did you ever eat with four pairs of eyes watching your every bite? We decided to shut them out on the porch, but their abused howls could be heard by the neighbors, so we let them back in the house.

In the afternoon we posted ourselves conveniently near the patio door to accommodate their exits and re-entries.

Later, while preparing dinner, the odors of food wafting throughout the kitchen was like a magnet to this menagerie. They flocked under our feet until it was hazardous to take a step. Our dinner ready, we doled out pet rations. I had noticed Fancy was not among those underfoot, but figured she would show up later. We called her, but to no avail. We fed the other three, but still no Fancy.

After dinner I scouted the neighborhood and made inquiries. Still no Fancy. We settled down around the television, Katrina in my lap, Opie in my husband's, since, after all, he had monopolized her chair. As I sat there I suddenly realized there was a missing persons' bureau to find lost people, but who searched for lost pets? San Francisco lost its charm. . . I was far too exhausted to think of going any-

where but to bed. As I walked down the hall, I could hear a muffled mew. Then I realized what I had done. In my fetish for neatness, I had inadvertently shut the drawer in which Fancy was napping. As I released the reluctant captive she stretched broadly and let out a loud meow. After feeding her, my husband and I got everyone settled for the night! Opie in the garage, cats in their baskets in the family room, and Katrina leashed to her basket in the kitchen. We then both fell into bed, I - to dream of lost cats and irate pet lovers about to lynch me.

My husband arose ahead of me to take care of the pets' needs and to let Opie inside. I awoke with a start as seventy-five pounds of Spaniel took a running leap onto my bed.

Once up, I went through the same procedure that had taken place the previous day - prepared breakfast, fed pets - but, in my usual pre-breakfast stupor, I had not realized Katrina was missing. When the truth dawned on me, I thought - Oh no, not again! We went in search of her, calling frantically, hoping nothing had happened to her in her delicate "condition." As I went into the master bedroom I detected a small wriggling mound at the foot of the bed. She had crawled between the sheets to nap in the last vestiges of heat from the electric blanket. A child you could scold - but not Katrina - she would be crushed at so much as a harsh word. Pets fed, we sat down to breakfast, no longer dismayed by four pairs of eyes watching us.

When the family for whom we pet-sat returned and asked, "How was San Francisco?" my husband turned to me and we both burst out laughing. *(Moral of the story: Pet sitting can be a full-time job - Before accepting, make sure you're aware of all the facts!)*

# The Odyssey Of "INKIE"

A true story

by Grover Brinkman

*EDITOR'S NOTE: For those of us who believe in the generous spirit of the holiday season, we think this is a Christmas story animal lovers everywhere will respond to and appreciate.*

How tough is a little black dog, a household pet? Can it survive a long ordeal in physical endurance that would lay low the average adult human?

Maybe yes, maybe no! But this little dog won out in a 30 days' endurance test!

This is the saga of a small half-Scotty, half-Poodle black dog named Inkie, a lap dog, living its life indoors with children. Its odyssey is little short of amazing.

On Armistice Day, opening of the rabbit hunting season in Illinois, Inkie went along with a group of boys on a hunt, on brushy, weedy marginal land a long way from its home.

The dog got lost on the hunt. Its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kershaw, searched the area on subsequent days, trying to find their pet.

They failed, and the children of the household lamented the fact that Inkie had perished, or had been killed. It was a very sad Thanksgiving day in the Kershaw home.

A month later, a construction worker, who lived miles away from the rabbit hunt area, heard three gunshots fired near his home, went outside to



*Inkie comes home for Christmas.*

investigate. He saw a car zoom off at high speed. Later, at dusk, he noticed cattle milling around in a nearby pasture. It seemed unusual, so he checked it out.

He found a small black dog, literally skin and bones, injured, bleeding profusely at the mouth, cringing among the cattle. He tried to catch the dog, but in the dusk it eluded him.

The man didn't sleep well that night, thinking of the injured dog outside in the weather. The night was cold and blustery, with intermittent snow and rain falling and the mercury below freezing.

The next day, the weather still inclement, he went out to widen his original search pattern. Hours later he found the little dog, huddled in a fencerow at an old pioneer cemetery, about half a mile from his residence. It appeared to be near death. Trying to touch it, the animal bared its teeth. The man, thinking it might be rabid, withdrew. He brought some food to the spot, thinking the animal must be put out of its misery or turned over to an animal shelter.

Days later, however, the dog seemed a bit stronger. It was eating the food he brought. One eye was closed, and it sat shivering in the rain.

Inquiry revealed that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kershaw of Okawville had lost a small pet dog a month before and had given up the pet as dead. Kershaw, who is a police officer, visited the fencerow in the cemetery the next evening, accompanied by his wife.

"It can't be Inkie," Norma Kershaw said, looking at the shivering dog, a living skeleton. "Its head looks familiar, but that's about all—"

At mention of the name, the little dog limped out from its shelter in the fencerow, into her arms.

According to Kershaw, there was a joyous reunion—and a few tears.

The dog was rushed to a veterinarian, who stated he believed it had been kicked in the head by an animal. *It was starved, sick, hurt.*

Today, back at the Kershaw home, Inkie is making a rapid recovery.

The three shots?

Officer Kershaw believes someone saw the little dog alongside the road, and decided it would be a good target. Perhaps grazed by a bullet, Inkie ran to the herd of cattle for protection, and unfortunately got kicked in the head.

The important thing, Inkie is back home, after an odyssey of a month's duration, too rugged to die.



# DVMs ABROAD

*Helping hungry nations learn to feed themselves is one of the ways the veterinary profession can aid in man's fight for survival, and there's a role for any DVM who wants to give of himself.*

*Reprinted courtesy Modern Veterinary Practice, August 1973*

Predictions of impending worldwide overpopulation and protein shortage suggest that the veterinary profession can have an increasingly greater role in the ultimate survival of humanity. Why? If we believe John Steinbeck's assertion that "man owes something to man" and that this obligation is commensurate with one's ability to give — then we do have a more than ordinary responsibility for the well being of

others by virtue of our ability to treat animal disease, increase production and decrease hunger.

Famine is a reality in much of the world today. Over half of the world's population, concentrated primarily in underdeveloped nations, consumes a scant 25% of the world's available food and only 19% of the food of animal Origin. Aside from high birth rates, this inequity is compounded by losses due to animal disease, which are estimated at 30 to 40% annually in developing nations, thus making protein starvation a serious nutritional and political problem for third world people.

Several national and supranational organizations spearheading the fight against famine need veterinarians, and if you are so disposed, there are unique ways in which you can operate as an individual. Advisory agencies want DVMs with advanced skills, experience and training to study veterinary problems and help devise solutions for developing nations. Volunteer

agencies, on the other hand, require qualified DVMs to fill the gap between the proposed and the practical solutions. The distinctions between the advisor and volunteer can fade, and since interagency cooperation is not uncommon, DVMs from different agencies may work together on the same project.

## Experts and Consultants

The well-established United Nations agencies involved in international aid programs include the UN Development Program, Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), UNESCO and UNICEF, each of which requires the services of veterinarians in consultant and expert positions. FAO probably provides the best opportunities for a variety of projects, though the US has not participated fully. These assignments are either short-term (3 months) consultancies dealing specifically with disease problems in particular areas, or 1 to 2-year appointments as a specialist; longer appointments can be made

at the request of the host country.

The World Health Organization employs specialists in various fields of human and animal health worldwide, and via the Pan American Health Organization sponsors large scale zoonotic disease studies in Latin America. WHO and PAHO projects are highly specialized and usually entail specific research on particular problems.

Lesser known international aid organizations include private agencies and foundations which support and cooperate with projects in developing nations, either alone or in combination with other agencies. The Rockefeller Foundation, Ford Foundation and Near East Foundation may contract a DVM with a particular project or directly with the government of a country in which a project is being supported. Other organizations such as the World Bank and the Inter-American Bank have similar programs, and also may appoint a task force of specialists to study the feasibility of developing agricultural or animal production projects in a country or area.

Of the various advisory agencies, the US Agency for International Development (AID) probably provides the largest number of openings for American DVMs interested in international work. The salary is fair to good (like that in most advisory agencies), and the projects often combine advisory and volunteer type work, i.e., AID veterinarians function at both supervisory and working levels on many projects. AID may act as a contracting agency for foreign governments or in cooperation with other aid programs, and most of the AID money has been administered through American universities. Contracts may be for 2 to 5 years, and are renewable, but tend to fluctuate with international political trends.

### Volunteer Service

Volunteer agencies provide an excellent opportunity for any veterinarian, whether experienced or recently graduated, to make a contribution to the world at the grass roots level. The Peace Corps is the best known volunteer agency in this country, and has had numerous and varied positions for DVMs, but experiences great difficulty in meeting the specific needs of professionals, since it is more familiar with handling BA generalists. Jobs have improved more recently, but very often the DVM's success depends on what he can devise for himself during his 2-year tour.

The United Nations Volunteers (UNV) program established in 1971 seeks to offer better opportunities for professionals, but is not well-enough established to provide a large number of openings. The UNV cooperates with

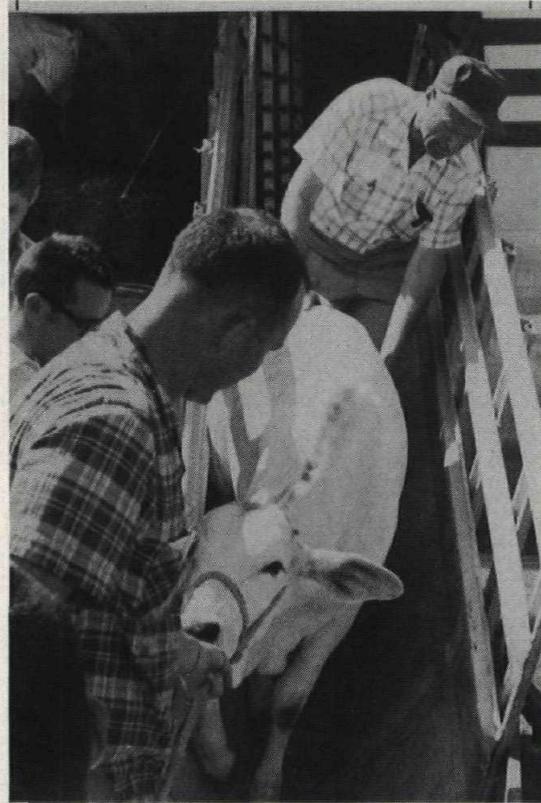
national volunteer organizations such as Peace Corps, and uses international volunteer service agencies to recruit and process personnel for 2-year tours. Soon after the UNV program got underway, several veterinary journals erroneously announced that 1300 volunteer DVMs would be needed. Applications flowed in from the world over, but there were no openings.

According to Dr. Basil Gardner-McTaggart, the Rome-based UN-FAO liaison officer, "I am afraid that we have not yet gained any experience with volunteer DVMs in the United Nations Volunteer programme, but we hope very much to obtain such experience as the programme develops. There are unfortunately certain constraints (including the number of countries to which UNVs can be sent), but there will certainly be a demand for veterinarians as soon as the programme can be extended further." Thus, any DVM interested in a well-defined position in an international program may be wise to watch developments in the UN Volunteers program.

A lesser known International agency, Heifer Project International, is

a non-sectarian, non-profit organization which is in need of veterinary services. Founded in 1944 on the self-help principle, HPI arranges for the donation of livestock and equipment to the people of developing nations. To date HPI has sent millions of dollars worth of animals and equipment to 90 countries and 25 states of the U.S., some areas of which are just as underdeveloped as are emerging nations receiving U.S. foreign aid.

According to Mr. Edwin Geers, Executive Director of HPI, American DVMs can be and have been of great service to the organization. "On several occasions veterinarians have volunteered for short periods to make visits to areas of program development to make feasibility studies or evaluations on ongoing projects. The technical skills which these men contributed has been quite valuable." Mr. Geers also mentioned that DVMs have taken the time from their practices to oversee shipments of animals and to perform preshipment health studies in the U.S. HPI also employs several DVMs in advisory positions for long range projects, both in the U.S. and as project directors in recipient countries.



*Dr. Gordon Hatcher (hat) and missionary Herb Brussow help unload a shipment of HPI Brahma cattle which will be given to Bolivian farmers in need of a helping hand.*

## What to Expect

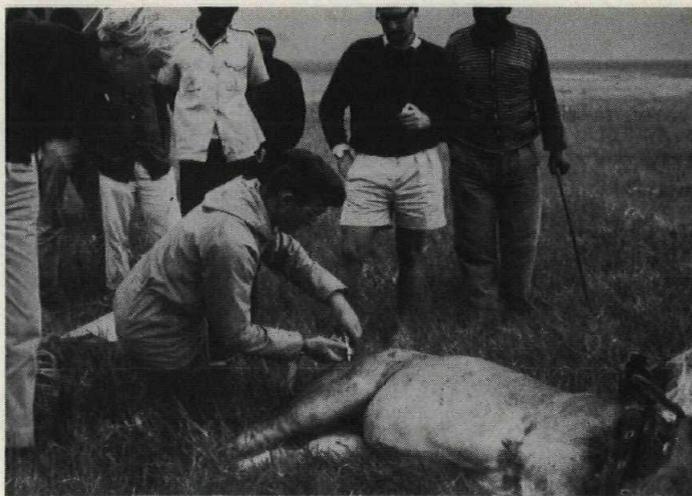
It would be unfair to attempt to objectively explain all the advantages and disadvantages of foreign service with the various international agencies, and it would be impossible to generalize about the sundry programs, since much depends on the individual's outlooks, expectations and particular job situation. There are, however, some generalities which can be drawn from the commentaries of veterinarians who have worked in foreign countries under the auspices of international agencies. These comments add considerable depth to the difficult-to-comprehend statistics and data which the DVM considering foreign service is likely to read.

## The University Position

Dr. James G. Cunningham began his international career immediately after graduation from veterinary school. He volunteered and was accepted for a Peace Corps teaching position at the newly established veterinary school of the University of Ibadan in western Nigeria. After a training period in the U.S., Dr. Cunningham was thrust quickly into his new job, and he became acutely aware of a condition common to most international aid programs:

"Characteristic of international jobs," he said, "I was immediately tossed more tasks with high responsibility than I would ever have here in the States. I was functionally the entire department of physiology, and a colleague, Everett Heath, was the 'department of anatomy.' I taught physiology and neuroanatomy to both veterinary and medical students, with a bit of pharmacology thrown in for good measure, and was the 'on call' veterinarian for the local zoo. It was often a staggering professional challenge, but there was no one else to do it and it was worth doing. It was a chance to use my training where it was desperately needed, to teach veterinarians who would in turn ease the pains of Nigeria's many malnourished citizens. It was often frustrating, immensely satisfying and occasionally an exhilarating experience. They were two of the most exciting and influential years of my life."

When he returned to the U.S., Dr. Cunningham married and went back to school. After completing his doctorate, he returned to Africa with his wife for an extended vacation, but wound up on an AID contract teaching at the veterinary school in Nairobi, Kenya, for several months. Dr. Cunningham is now an associate professor of physiology at Michigan State University. He is presently recruiting veterinarians for Peace Corps and UNV, and plans to become involved in several additional



*At Ngorongoro Crater, a large male lion which had developed multiple abscesses following a fight is immobilized with a capture gun and treated on the spot by Dr. Andrew Clark.*

2-year projects overseas during his professional career.

## Something of Lasting Value

A more widely publicized and romanticized role of the international DVM is field work — the bush veterinarian. Many of those interested in foreign service want to start here, and tend to overlook possible problems. Dr. Duke L. Deller worked in Nigeria with Peace Corps and later practiced in Vietnam on an AID contract job, which he finally left because of overwhelming problems associated with the project. In comparing his experiences in Africa and Asia, he said, "in both countries I found the people eager for veterinary services and fas-

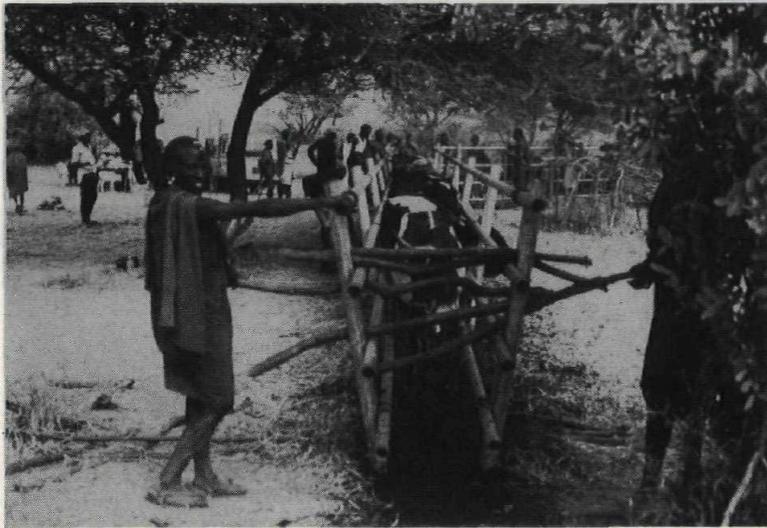
inating to work with. However, like Dr. Cunningham, I believe one must contribute something of lasting value — not just treat animals that will go to slaughter."

Dr. Deller indicated that in foreign nations "...one must tread softly and be content to see things happen slowly. Peace Corps was very good at fostering this attitude. AID was very action-oriented and wanted results that could make impressive statistics for government (U.S.) reports. They looked at development as being like a production line—with proper inputs of men, material and capital, a certain output should result."

In Vietnam, Dr. Deller became frustrated with the project designed by



*One of Dr. Hatcher's students in the high country of Bolivia, a Tarabuco Indian man, is obviously enthusiastic about learning to use a syringe to give his animals injections.*



*Masai warriors drive their cattle through the Ol Doinyo Lengai chute, which Dr. Clark built with USAID money through a joint program with Peace Corps. The animals are vaccinated against rinderpest and pleuropneumonia at the same time, then ear punched and branded for identification. About 700,000 vaccinations are done yearly from May to October.*

AID, which "imported corn, soybeans and pigs, and transplanted U.S. hog raising methods. Corn and soybeans compete with rice growing. Vietnam can't raise enough rice to feed its people, so how can it raise corn and soybeans for hogs?" He predicted that the Vietnamese project would fail without constant importation of feeds, and may in fact fail because of rampant disease. "Hog cholera, erysipelas and foot and mouth disease broke out in these large operations," he said, "and no vaccine was made available for the prevention of foot and mouth or erysipelas. I saw many hogs that had been vaccinated with AID/Vietnamese-produced vaccine that developed hog cholera."

Confronted with factors such as insufficient medical supplies, questionable vaccines and a poorly designed program, together with the fact that his activities were seriously hampered by military actions in the war zone, Dr. Deller finally resigned from his post and returned to the U.S. with his Vietnamese wife. Though his own involvement in international projects had been somewhat less than satisfying, he commented that the DVM can make a contribution in developing countries, and that "he will be much richer for the experience." He added, "The problem is finding a niche where a DVM can make a contribution of lasting value."

### **In the Tanzanian Bush**

When a DVM spends much of his

professional life in foreign projects, and is successful in spite of problems inherent in such projects, he is bound to build up a reputation. Having only recently returned to the U.S., Dr. Andrew A. Clark has worked with Peace Corps and AID in Tanzania, the heart of East Africa, and has been credited with the initiation and follow-through of a rinderpest campaign which has all but eliminated the disease from East Africa. He is highly regarded for numerous other projects in which he was involved, and he managed to contribute much despite problems similar to those seen by other DVMs in foreign service.

Dr. Clark's complaints about Peace Corps are almost universal among professionals who have volunteered. "When I was in PC all volunteers, regardless of job category, were treated the same. It was assumed, sometimes erroneously, that the host government would provide all necessary supportive apparatus—vehicle, equipment and the whole business. What happened if the host government didn't? Precisely nothing. PC was unwilling to do anything about it . . . and would rather waste two years of a man's time than give in and provide him with what he needed." In his first assignment to Tanzania, Dr. Clark said, "I was to cover an area of 35,000 square miles (about the size of Indiana). There was one Land-rover . . . which had lots of work to do without having to cart me around. PC would not consider providing me with a vehicle, nor would it allow me to

buy one myself—they would only provide me with a bicycle."

After leaving Peace Corps, Dr. Clark was still interested in working in Tanzania and approached AID, which subsequently returned him to Tanzania. According to Dr. Clark, "the system used by AID for this sort of work is to farm out the technical jobs to a private recruiting agency, which searches out the personnel to fill the job and contracts them. The man goes overseas and is again contracted by the government of the nation in which he is working, and thus becomes a civil servant of that nation. In Tanzania, I was treated exactly as if I were a Tanzanian job-wise . . . I was responsible for the work, not advisory to it. The advantages are obvious, i.e., you can get the job done as you determine it need be done, rather than make suggestions to someone else who may or may not take the advice.

"In this structure you have available whatever is supplied by the government. There is a slim chance that AID might help you out a bit. However, a major difference lies in the fact that you are getting a somewhere-near-decent salary and you can support yourself. There are no restrictions on how you spend your money, as there are in PC, and thus you can get a vehicle and equipment to your heart's content and pocketbook's ability. The situation is much better in that you are restricted neither by extremely limited finances nor by inflexible and inapplicable rules.

"If I were to counsel a veterinarian who was considering overseas work, I would advise him to explore the possibilities of professional contracts with AID or any of its agencies long before going with Peace Corps. The primary bad part of this situation is that there is no orientation to the country of language, and that is the one area where PC is very, very good. PC gave us an excellent basic language course, and AID had nothing of the sort."

With respect to the actual job, Dr. Clark said that the DVM is "likely to be initially overwhelmed with the enormity of the job which he may come up with—there are nations with virtually no veterinary service whatsoever, and he is starting with, at best, an ill-defined situation. The diseases dealt with are in many cases what are referred to here as 'exotic'—rinderpest, contagious bovine pleuropneumonia, foot and mouth disease, and the like. You can expect to be a bit of an oddity upon return, having seen such things. It also puts you in the position of being called upon as the 'exotic disease specialist' of your area—and you perhaps will find some interesting things through that channel."

*Continued on page 31*



*Pepper, an Australian Kelpie, has cut out a sheep with a faulty fleece. Pepper is a city pet working as she was bred to do (this was the first time she saw sheep). Pepper is about a year old. The sheep is stamping, inclined to charge the dog, but nevertheless it is backing off as the Kelpie advances. Note that because of the dog's concentration, her ears have moved out and down, toward the horizontal.*

In the late eighteenth century, England looked to the newly discovered continent of Australia for space to which to send convicts and alleviate the overcrowded English prisons. So it was that in January of 1788, eighteen years after the discovery of the east coast of Australia by Captain James Cook, a fleet of eleven ships, carrying a total of 1030 people, over half of whom were law-breakers of one sort or another, and few of whom were farmers or tradesmen, disembarked at Port Jackson and put their belongings down on the wild and wooded land which was to become the great city of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

The early years were harsh. The unskilled colonists and convicts were almost entirely dependent on food supplies from overseas. However, with the arrival of subsequent fleets, came men with skills and drive who gradually transformed the land into a brave new world.

One of these men was Captain John Macarthur (now known as the father of the Australian wool trade). He arrived as a subaltern with the second fleet, in 1790. In his spare time, he began experimenting with imported sheep. Along with others, he bred the Spanish merino sheep into superior wool-growers. When the first fine wool from these animals arrived in London in 1807, the whole of England was set afire with dreams of a great Australian wool industry.

Settlers began arriving in increasing numbers to 'squat' on the free land

that was granted to those willing to feed and clothe and employ the convicts that England deported to Australia.

Dogs came with these pioneers. They hunted, they guarded, and they explored the new country with their masters, often trudging beside the land conquerors—even sharing men's diets of boiled flour in the remote mosquito-infested reaches when food gave out.

When the explorers pushed past the impassable Blue Mountains that separated the settled strip of fertile land from the interior and discovered the vast grazing lands where the herbage was sweet—old world shepherds, eager to share in the great pastoral potential, arrived. Many brought their sheep dogs with them. Most of these dogs came from Scotland.

They were blunt-nosed, short-coated, working Collie-type dogs. They worked and slept beside their masters in the great harsh outback country, where biting flies ate off the points of their ears. There they sometimes succumbed to the effects of dehydration and body temperature rise in the sweltering heat; they died in fights with the wild dingo dog; they died when bitten by one of the twenty deadly snakes indigenous to Australia; and they drowned, when streams, which for many months of the year were only a series of water holes in caked, dry stream beds, swelled after heavy rains, and became torrents of rushing water which swept to destruction everything that lay before them.

# The Australian **HIRED**

by Kathryn Braund

Photo by John Carnemolla, Sydney

When the sheep man's dog died, the shepherd made his way back to the settlement or station (ranch). He sought a replacement from the land-owner, who with a thorough understanding of the demands of this new land, imported and raised sheep dogs and entrusted the best bred to the shepherd.

It was in 1869 that the Australian Kelpie came to life. It happened this way: pups were born on the Warrock Station in Victoria. They belonged to George Robertson, a cabinet-maker from Scotland. One of the black and tan Collie pups was fancied by a sheepman who worked on the neighboring Dunrobbin station. This sheepman, John D. Gleeson, acquired the pup and named her Kelpie. And this bitch, Kelpie, became the foundation female of the breed.

Gleeson broke her in to sheep work on Ballrock station; then he took her with him to New South Wales when he was given the job of overseer of the North Bolero station there.

On his way to his new job, he met a friend who owned an all-black Collie dog, named Moss. This dog had been bred by the Rutherford family of Yarrowong station of dogs imported from their own family's dogs of Sutherlandshire, Scotland. Moss was given to Gleeson by his friend. And Moss became Kelpie's first mate. Their mating produced a great line of dogs.

Now, not far from North Bolero station, where John Gleeson went to work as an overseer and where Kelpie whelped her first litter of pups out of

# Cattlemen's HAND



*The Australian working Kelpie, is also a beloved family pet. Shown here is Dirk (2 years old), with his four year old mistress, Leslie Smyth of Sydney, Australia.*

Moss, lay Geraldra Station. Messrs. Elliot and Allen, who owned Geraldra, had imported a pair of black and tan Collie dogs from Scotland, which had mated on shipboard. A pup from this sea-bred litter, called Caesar, was later mated with Gleeson's Kelpie and produced another outstanding line of dogs. One of their first pups, named Kelpie after her dam, became famous because of her outstanding performance in the first sheep trial held in Forbes, New South Wales, in 1870. And dogs that this second Kelpie whelped became known as Kelpie's pups. By the beginning of the 1890's, progeny of these dogs became known as Kelpies; finally, as Australian Kelpies.

The progeny of these early dogs remained in the hands of the district land holders and were greatly interbred. Evidently, the very restricted intermixing of the three strains stabilized the dogs to a large extent; when outcrosses were made, the progeny were returned to the foundation strain, since these dogs reveled in the harsh and difficult pastoral conditions; had the ability to solve problems by themselves and were dedicated sheep and cattle workers.

The modern Kelpie, which is traceable to the foundation stock, retains these attributes. His highly developed sense of smell is of particular use in sorting out his owner's sheep from a mob of strays. In tracking, the Kelpie keeps his nose to the ground, and works nearly as well in temperatures of over 110 degrees as those of a

misty, cool morning.

Of course, some Kelpies work wide, some work close in. Wide workers are used for Merino sheep and strong fearless workers are used for crossbred sheep. Few dogs excel in all three fields: paddock, yard, or trial. But most do their work virtually untrained; their exceptional herding abilities are inherited.

An adaptable dog with a keen eye, a good bark, and sound body structure, today's Kelpie is utilized in many areas with both sheep and cattle.

What are the Kelpie's proportions? Why does he need correct bone structure?

The Working Kelpie Council of Australia says: "He must have the heart, lungs, and general good health to enable him to make the best of all his inherited qualities . . . if he is not in reasonably hard muscular condition, his performance is affected . . . for the best of reasons, breeders of working dogs must concern themselves with conformation."

Type in the working dog has been fixed over generations by the physical requirements of his work. For instance, the working Kelpie requires a slightly steeper slope to the rump than in some other breeds. He must also have a well-turned stifle. This structure allows the dog to get his hind legs under him and turn sharply on his hindquarter, enabling him to change direction rapidly, often necessary in order to keep sheep or cattle in line. And, although he must not have a greyhound look about him, the Kelpie

sheepdog uses great bursts of speed to overtake and turn back breaking sheep.

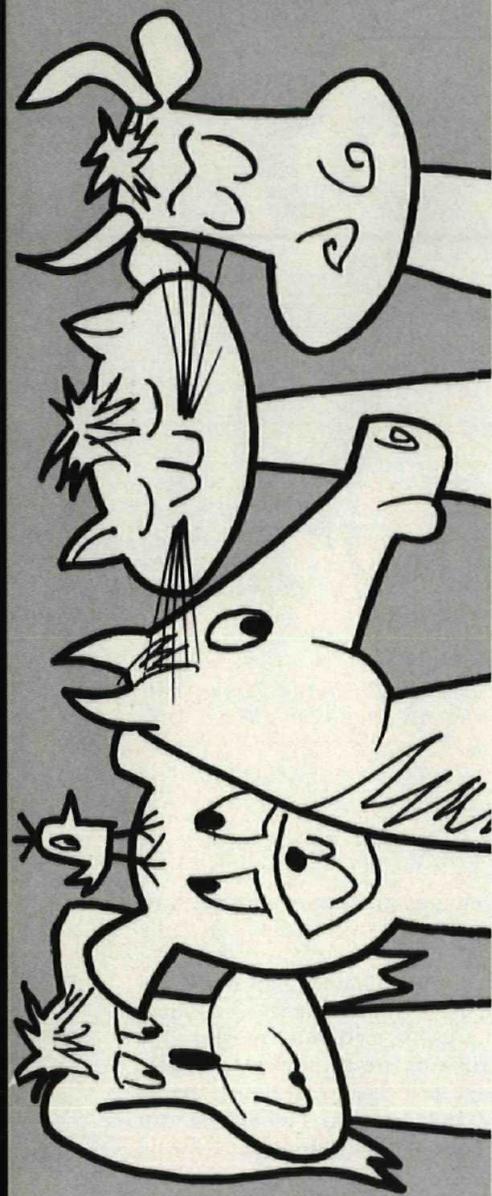
His eyes are almond shaped and are widely spaced so he can see the fullest range possible without moving his head. His ears are of moderate length, fine and pricked to a point. Being slightly rounded and mobile, he can rotate his ears over 90 degrees, giving him, of course, a very keen sense of hearing.

The Kelpie makes an excellent family pet as long as he can dedicate himself to his family and be in constant contact. A Kelpie is a protective dog, and although not aggressive, he will seldom permit strangers to touch his family's children or property.

Colored black, blue, black and tan, and red, with tan markings accentuating these colors—he is a striking-looking dog of medium height (18 to 20 inches tall, bitches proportionately smaller). A highly intelligent working canine, the Australian Kelpie is the pride of the rancher of the land down under.

Currently being exported to all parts of the world, two recently went to Korea to help in a sheep husbandry program, two were purchased by the Governor of Mexico, and several went to Norway to work in both mountains and plains.

And American ranchers who have imported the dog to work their sheep or cattle agree with the Australian cattlemen—the Australian working Kelpie is an exemplary canine.



# Santa's Gift to

by Mrs. William Witter

It was during Santa's trip around the world that he met the littlest penguin. It was a week before Christmas. Santa had visited every city and town, talking to children in department stores and on street corners. He stopped at the smallest hamlet in Antarctica just in case there were a few children living in this frozen land that he might have missed.

As soon as he landed on the rocky shore, a tiny penguin came to meet him.

"No, there are no children for twenty miles around," the little bird told him.

"Might as well be on my way then!" Santa turned to leave.

"Wait! Please!" the penguin held out her flippers pleadingly.

"Yes?"

"Do you give birds gifts, too?" the tiny black and white creature wanted to know.

"I love all living things," Santa smiled.

"Maybe you could give me a present then," said the penguin, taking a few choppy steps toward the kindly old gentleman. "Would you please give me a name for Christmas?"

"Don't you have a name, little bird?" Santa looked sorry and surprised at the same time.

"No," came the answer. "You see, I was the smallest penguin in my parents' rookery. When the names were given out I was overlooked."

"No name at all?" Santa asked. "What do they call you then?"

"I've never been called anything but the littlest penguin."

"Poor birdie," Santa's voice sounded deep and warm. "that will never do. I will have to give you a fine name. A name that will be pretty and happy and gay. That's it! I'll give you a Christmas name."

The little penguin jumped up and down on her short legs, and clapped her paddles together in excitement.

"What will my name be, Santa?"

"I don't rightly know yet," Santa stood rubbing his beard thoughtfully. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You toboggan over to your rookery and ask your parents if you can spend a week with Mrs. Santa and me at the North Pole. In a week we'll get to know you better. When we know you better we'll be able to choose a Christmas name for you."

"Oh, yes, Santa!" cried the little one, flopping down and tobogganing off to her nest.

As soon as she had permission, she tobogganed right back again. In a few minutes she and Santa were off to the North Pole where the littlest penguin was sure she would get her dearest wish.

"Goodbye!" she called out to the hundreds of penguin friends who had gathered on the shore to see her off. "When I come back I'll have a beautiful name that you can call me by."

At the North Pole the littlest penguin found out that Christmas Land was a busy place, stacked high with toys of every size and color. She was delighted with everything she saw and tried to see everything there was. In every toy section she asked Santa's helpers to try to think of a name for her. But not one had time to help her.

Still the littlest penguin visited each section every day, enjoying the toys and hoping for a name. Santa's helpers were jolly little elves

CHILDRENS PAGE...

# The Littlest Penguin

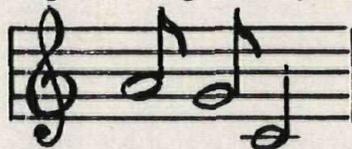
but they began to laugh less and frown more as the days went by, not only because of the penguin's questions but because of what she did.

One day Santa's helpers were putting rubber bath tub fish in a tank of water to see if they would float. When the penguin came in, she saw the fish and thought they were real. In Antarctica she always dove after fish so she did the same thing in the work shop. Splash went the water all over Santa's helpers, over the floor, and over the work benches. Of course, the penguin was sorry when she found out the fish were rubber playthings and not meant for penguin food. She promised never to dive into a tank again.

She did other things that slowed up the work. One day she wandered into the marble section where Santa's helpers were making red, white and blue marbles for Christmas stockings. The little penguin thought they were stones for nest building. In Antarctica the penguin always lined their nest with stones. She thought she would help. She became very busy picking up a marble in her beak, carrying it outdoors into the snow, and coming back for another, and another, and another, until she had carried hundreds of marbles away. At the end of the day the tired helpers had to go out into the cold and gather them all up and bring them back. The littlest penguin was very sorry when she found out that the pretty stones were not meant for penguin nest, but for Christmas stockings. She promised never to carry away anything that looked like a stone again.

She didn't carry stones again, but she did get the horn department into a mix-up. She wandered in one day and heard the helpers blowing horns to see if they were in tune. In Antarctica when one penguin begins to sing the others join him. So, the littlest penguin stretched her neck, raised her head high and sang the only way that she knew how.

It sounded like this:



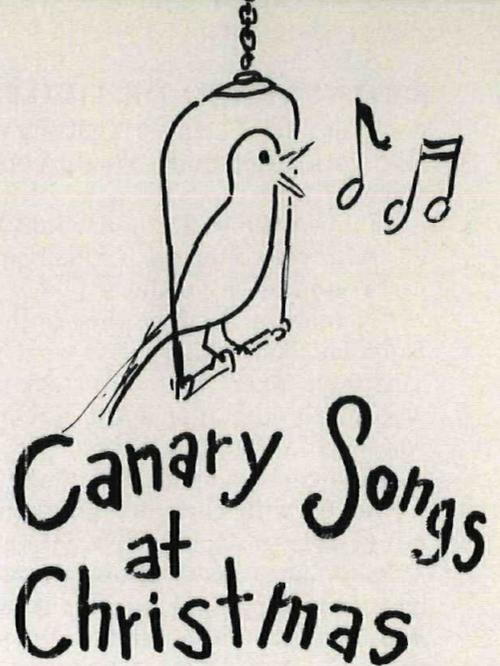
The penguin's song got the helpers all off-key and they tuned the horns to the penguin notes which were not the proper notes for children's horns. That night the tired little helpers had to retune all the horns. The littlest penguin was very sorry when she found out the horns had to be tuned all over again and promised never to sing again during her visit.

Then one night the littlest penguin began to think about all the trouble she had been causing. It made her very sad. How could Santa think of a beautiful Christmas name for her if all she did was cause trouble?

She decided to go to Santa and explain that she wanted to be helpful. She found him checking his list as he warmed himself by the fireplace.

She said: "I want to be a good little bird. I don't want to be in the way, or do the wrong things. Could you please find work for me in one of your toy sections? Work that would bring happiness and joy to children?"

"You're as sweet as a little flower to have such kind thoughts for children!" said Santa, patting her on the head affectionately. "And I



## Canary Songs at Christmas

by Evelyn Witter

If you listen closely you will agree that canaries sing their sweetest songs at Christmas. There is a legend that tells why this is so.

Many years ago in the Harz Mountains (a low range in central Germany), hundreds of canaries were happy, high-noted, easy flying little golden beauties with not a worry or a care until one Christmas Eve.

On this particular Christmas Eve a storm broke loose in the mountains, the equal of which had never been seen before. Every blast of it was filled with sleet and snow and ice. The pushing power of that gale was so strong that even huge trees were split and went crashing down the mountainsides. Only the fir trees, with their gnarled roots, were able to stand up against the bombardment of such a fierce storm.

The canaries tried to find a haven somewhere. They first tried to fly with the wind, but it hurled them out and plunged them against the rocks again and again. Then they tried to coast with the wind, but it was blowing in so many swirling directions at once that the canaries were dashed and buffeted and tossed about in hopeless, uncontrollable, confusion. The once happy canaries tried to use their lilting

## SANTA'S GIFT TO THE LITTLEST PENGUIN *Continued*

could use more help. It is getting very close to Christmas, and there is still work to be done. Would you paste all the pictures on all the red wagons?"

"I'd be willing. But how could I do that?"

"With your flippers," explained Santa.

"You mean my paddles?"

"Paddles or flippers, they both mean the same thing, your wings," Santa laughed. "Now this is what you can do. Stand at the end of the long table where there is a stack of pictures. When a helper finishes a wagon, dip a picture in the glue pot and slap it on the front of the wagon before it is carried out for packing."

The littlest penguin looked at her flippers and wondered how they would be with glue all over them. She was worried that she would not be able to swim or dive with gooey paddles.

Santa must have known what she was thinking. He said. "You have been very kind to offer to help, little bird. Now don't worry a minute about those paddles. I'm sure Mrs. Santa has some bits of red flannel in her sewing kit and can whip up some paddle-pushers for you."

And she did. In a very short time Mrs. Santa came into the room bringing two covers for the penguin's paddles. They fit like snug mittens when she slipped them on.

The little penguin bounced happily over to the table and the glue pot as soon as morning came and another work day began. She was so happy that she almost forgot about the gift that she wanted for herself.

As each wagon came her way, she recited this happy little poem:

"Little wagon, bright and gay,  
What fun you'll bring on Christmas day!"

Glue -- place -- slap. Glue -- place -- slap.

She worked the whole day through until every red wagon had a picture on it.

When the job was finished, Santa came over to the long table with a smiling face.

"You have helped make this a very pretty Christmas!" he said in a joyful voice. "And you are very pretty yourself with your red paddle-pushers!"

Just then the clock struck the hour reminding all that it was time for Santa to start giving gifts.

Santa looked at the clock and then looked back at the littlest penguin. "You are going to be the first to receive your gift this Christmas," he said. "I am going to give you your name . . . A Christmas name, just as I promised."

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" cried the littlest penguin, hardly able to wait another minute.

"'Twas the red paddle-pushers that brought it to mind," explained Santa. "They look very much like the petals of a flower. And then you helped bring color and joy and happiness into many homes by the way you worked on the wagons. I thought: Flowers bring color and joy and happiness into homes, too. Christmas flowers -- like poinsettia, which has come to us from Mexico . . . So, because the name fits you so well, from now on you will be called POINSETTIA."

"What a beautiful name! What a beautiful Christmas name!" the littlest penguin said over and over.

And even today the littlest penguin is the only penguin in all of Antarctica called POINSETTIA!

## CANARY SONGS *Continued*

voices to send out distress signals in the desperate hope that they would be heard by some protector and saved. But rescue seemed impossible.

Then, as many of them began giving up, it seemed that their notes were being heard.

The great old fir trees heard them, and through their needles answered: "Come into our branches, this Christmas Eve. We will protect you as our family has protected many of the earth's living things."

The poor storm-spent canaries, hearing the call, used their last bit of strength to fly into the protecting arms of the firs. "We will make our homes with you and we will forever sing our praise to you as the sacred home of birds all over the earth."

Now when you hear canaries singing on Christmas, and the songs seem sweeter than ever, you'll know that the songs are about that fateful Christmas Eve when the canaries were protected so many years ago.

## (ANSWERS TO "Cat Tales" QUIZ)

*from page 10*

1. Purr
2. Wide-eyed as a cat
3. Cat and mouse game
4. Catcall
5. Pussy-footing around
6. Cat's cradle
7. Curiosity killed the cat
8. Catwalks
9. Cat's meow, or, Cat's pajamas
10. Fat cat
11. Catty remarks
12. Cat-o-nine-tails
13. Cat (from Caterpillar)
14. Hiss
15. Let the cat out of the bag
16. Not enough room to swing a cat
17. Catfish
18. More than one way to skin a cat
19. Sex kitten
20. Cat's-eye
21. Arch one's back
22. Having claws out
23. Cat burglar
24. A cat has nine lives
25. Catnap

# ANIMALS ARE WHAT THEY EAT

By W. A. Young, D.V.M.

Reprinted courtesy  
*Nutritional Therapy*, July, 1973



Photo by Mr. & Mrs. Barrie Mounsey

*Dr. Young has recently retired as the Director of the Los Angeles zoo, a most prestigious position. He is an acknowledged expert on animal nutrition, and is constantly consulted by zoos around the world.*

Fat cattle are stuffed with foods which are certain to lay on the meat and fat with the fastest weight gain possible and whenever someone comes up with a faster method of fattening cattle, it is put to use quite universally. This is the way to make money in the fat cattle business... The same applies to the feeding of most all animals, especially the meat producers. The question of the animal's health is not always of import, because the animal is going to be killed anyway so we humans can eat its carcass.

Dairy cattle are stuffed with food to produce milk. Dairy cow meat is pretty low in the meat quality. Her diet is different from the beef steer. She must live longer to be a profitable producer...

Race horses are carefully fed and exercised, which most cattle are not, to condition them for work... racing... excess meat or fat would slow the animal and make a loser rather than a winner.

Food and feeding, in the sub human animal kingdom, is carried out with "malice aforethought." In other words, we practice dieting for our animals because we make money from them

due to the wisdom of the diet regimen.

Today, much coverage is given, in veterinary literature, to cystic calculi, especially in male cats. They have a very small diameter urethra and thus are subject to any material that might plug the lumen. Generally we veterinarians look to the diet of the cat patient which is suffering with urinary stoppage and a correction of the diet is a must in order for recovery. It is simply a reduction of the mineral content which the animal has been eating. Yes, other things are important, e.g. medicinal treatment, but regulation of what the animal eats is mandatory.

Some decades ago when prepared dog foods were in their infancy many animals were seen daily in our clinics with "running fits" and skin disease. Most of these were promptly relieved with a correction of diet. Simply, a return to a "natural" diet of foods which nature intended these animals to eat. The mother cat feeds her kittens, even before their eyes are open, the whole carcass of the rabbit or mouse. This is both meat and vegetation. It includes hair, bone, muscle, blood, internal organs and the whole mass of undigested food in the digestive system. If we wish to find the proper diet for our animals, perhaps we should look to old mother nature and see what she feeds these animals.

Rickets and scurvy are two good examples of what happens when we, or our animals, eat the wrong

thing... or are lacking some essential element in our diet.

Some years ago I listened to a speaker who had traveled all over the world studying what people ate in various countries. He found a striking type of health in keeping with the food or foods the people ate. In some countries cancer is a minor problem and there the national diet is far different from what we eat in the USA.

Today, several animal food processors are doing a wonderful business in "special diets". Some for the young, some for the aged, more for the overweight, some for the underweight, some with kidney difficulties... The treatment for these animals is DIET.

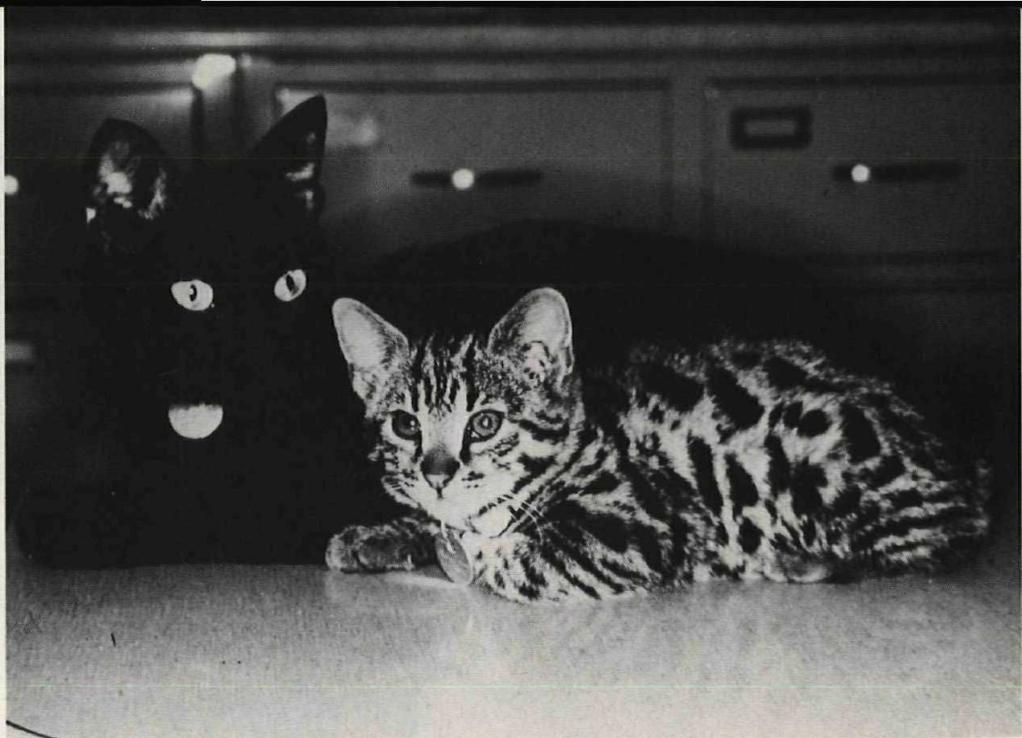
Whenever we change the diet for our dog or cat, often there is a period of nausea, diarrhea, etc. The new food acts almost like a poison... until the body adjusts to the new food.

How can we get a balanced diet for our animals? One way is to feed a wide variety of foods. Meat alone is not enough for so-called carnivores. They need some, perhaps only a little, of a variety of foods. The diet can be regulated as to whether the animal is gaining or losing weight. Adjust the volume of food to the indicated needs.

What goes in must come out. This may be in energy expended in exercise, in work, mental or physical growth, or FAT... if there is a surplus after the real needs of the animal is supplied.

# the leopard cat...

POPULAR NEW CROSSBREED



Leopard cat, aristocratic new crossbreed.

Your pet kitten of the future may have the exotic beauty of a big jungle cat and the gentle lovability of the familiar tabby.

A geneticist at Loma Linda University, California has successfully bred wild leopard cats, native to Burma, India, and Thailand, with the common house cat.

Though Dr. Willard R. Centerwall is raising the hybrid cats as part of a genetics experiment, preliminary results indicate that it may be possible to breed the finest qualities of both jungle and domestic into future generations of these animals.

Most Americans are unfamiliar with the leopard cat. They are highly sensitive animals about the size of a large domestic cat. They look much like their more famous cousin, the leopard. They have a smooth golden coat with distinctive black spots, and stripes on their faces.

Their similarity in size to domestic cats creates few problems in mating with each other. The chromosome count in each species is 38, though there are some differences in the shape of the chromosomes, says Dr. Centerwall. As a comparison, he cites New World tropical cats such as the ocelot and marguay, both superficially resembling the leopard cat, but with only 36 chromosomes making them more distantly related. He also notes that humans have 46 chromosomes.

Dr. Centerwall says one of his biggest frustrations in the hybrid breeding program is relative infertility in the first generation offspring.

"The hybrids thus far have proved to be interesting crosses," he says, "rich with genetic insights." But at this early stage, he adds, they cannot be considered a new breed. Dr. Center-

wall estimates that eight or ten more years of patient, selective breeding, culling, and laboratory work may be necessary to develop all of the sought-after qualities in an animal that is fertile and breeds true to type.

These genetic-hybrid experiments are focused on the inheritance of such qualities as temperament, habits, coat color, and disease resistance. Chromosome studies are also in progress. In the initial phase of the experiment, Dr. Centerwall has mated male leopard cats with American shorthair domestic females. The reverse, using leopard cat females, is possible, he says, but has certain disadvantages such as smaller litter size and with the kittens less accessible for handling and observation.

"Unfortunately," Dr. Centerwall says, "only a rare leopard cat will have anything to do with a domestic cat. So another byproduct of our genetic experiments is an ongoing effort to artificially inseminate otherwise incompatible or uncooperative animals."

He also points out that there is hope that the useful application of such research might be used for the propagation of other endangered species in captivity.

"The hybrids thus far are intriguing," says Dr. Centerwall. "Leopard cats, for example, have shy, wild dispositions, raspy cries instead of the familiar meow, and prefer to toilet in water rather than a sandbox. So the offspring tend to be somewhere in between with traits often unpredictable."

He also says that the leopard cat spotting, with some modifications, appears to be domestically inherited, and that the hybrids maintain general good health with excellent alertness.

To prevent disease from destroying the entire intact colony of hybrids, Dr. Centerwall moved them out of his laboratory and into private homes for the first stage of his studies. *University students and employees signed up as "foster parents" for a kitten and treated it as their own.*

Dr. Centerwall's stipulations were that the kitten be raised indoors, be well-treated, that certain observations and records be kept, and that he be able to study the cats periodically. His staff took care of any veterinary needs. The final responsibility and ownership, of course, remained with the research project.

*Dr. Centerwall believes hybrids do better with affectionate human contact. As he says, even domestic cats tend to be skittish unless they receive human attention and affection.* Every so often, he sent newsletters to the foster homes with tips on raising the cats and reports on the progress of the research.

For the second phase of the program, the cats have been condensed into several breeding colonies for comparative studies. Dr. Centerwall also wants to increase security against potential losses of the hybrids who might run away. Out of these breeding colonies, he believes, will evolve meaningful habit, personality, and mental evaluations. "Very little data has been developed in this respect with the cats," he says.

Though it is much too early to draw scientific conclusions from the project, Dr. Centerwall thinks the eventual genetic significance could be impressive. Meanwhile, the importance of the study to cat lovers shows more promise all the time.

## DVMs ABROAD

Continued from page 23

### South American Projects

From 1966 through '68 Dr. Gordon Hatcher of Whittier, California was the regional director of Heifer Project International in Bolivia, coordinating his efforts with Peace Corps and AID. In 1969 to 1970 he was a livestock and agricultural consultant to the Pan American Development Foundation (Organization of American States) in Guatemala, Ecuador, and the Dominican Republic. From 1971 through 1972, Dr. Hatcher worked in Peru for the National Council of Churches of the U.S., directing reconstruction projects in the earthquake-devastated areas of the Andes. He also headed some colonization projects in the Peruvian jungle.

After working in these widely varied projects, Dr. Hatcher says, "Development work is fascinating to me, and rewarding, and I hope to be able to return to Latin America. But it's also frustrating work. Having worked for USAID for 20 months, I am acquainted with the aggravations of dealing with a vast bureaucracy. I worked the same length of time for a volunteer agency and, although (it) was not so top-heavy with chiefs, its paperwork not so overwhelming, and its freedom to use my own judgement appreciated—the pay scale made it impossible for me to continue.

"I've been sold on the idea of Heifer Project for many years, and have seen it at work. It has had a real and lasting impact in some areas of the world, and certainly is one of the most efficient forms of development with the greatest return for money and effort invested.

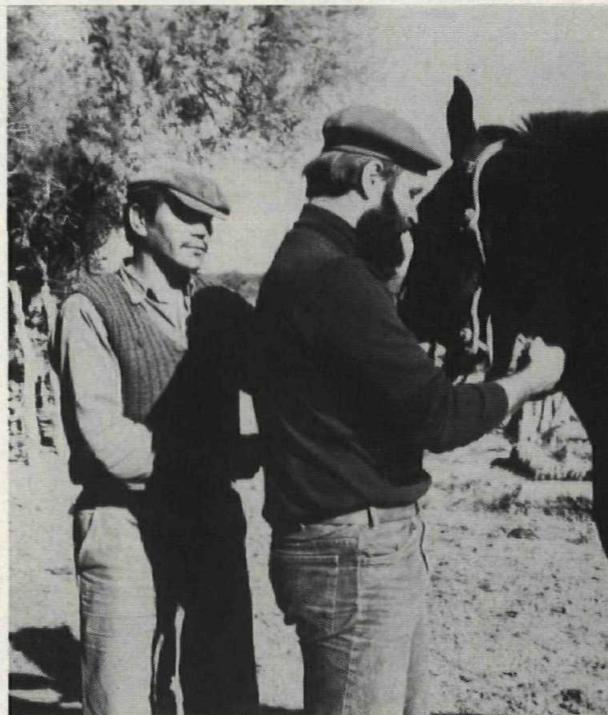
Of aid programs in general, Dr. Hatcher said, "The veterinary profession can contribute much toward alleviation of the protein deficiency in developing nations. It is, however, difficult to put our idealistic and humanitarian intentions into practice. Aside from the obvious problems of uprooting a family, overcoming the language barrier and facing 'cultural shock,' there is the problem of *staying* in the field of overseas development. Our government is constantly cutting aid programs and funds, and support for similar projects of churches and other voluntary organizations is diminishing as the people of the U.S. become disillusioned and more isolationist in their thinking."

### The International Job Market

There seems to be a great demand but few positions for DVMs in international programs, according to Dr.



*A Havasa gentleman receives first aid treatment from Dr. James Cunningham, who never suspected that he might wind up treating humans while working at the veterinary school in Ibadan, Nigeria.*



*In the La Pampa province of Argentina, Dr. Peter Schantz takes a blood sample from a horse for serological detection of equine encephalitis virus infection.*

Peter M. Schantz. Because he knew that he wanted to become involved in international work, Dr. Schantz specialized and completed his doctorate. In 1970 he joined the staff of the Pan American Zoonoses Center in

Buenos Aires, Argentina, an organization supported by the Pan American Health Organization and WHO. He is presently a consultant on hydatid disease control and research, and has served in Argentina, Uruguay, Peru

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Continued from page 31

and Bolivia.

Although Dr. Schantz has supported and promoted (with Dr. Cunningham) the concept of an international veterinary corps, he admits that there are "... too few work opportunities available for foreign veterinarians in developing countries despite the fact that the need for more veterinarians appears to be accepted by nearly all.

Other veterinarians familiar with the international scene have opposing views on job opportunities. According to Dr. Everett Heath, who taught anatomy in Nigeria and now at the University of Minnesota, "Opportunities for international veterinary work are still plentiful, although U.S. veterinarians inquiring about such opportunities may find that making arrangements for international service is difficult."

Dr. Heath suggested that the DVM seriously intent on international service should stay away from international agencies altogether. "Avoiding the outside agency—the middle man, so to speak—may be accomplished by contracting directly with a foreign country. Numerous advertisements for positions in Commonwealth countries can be found in British veterinary journals or in the London Times."

With the various possibilities available for foreign service, there are at least a few positions for which an interested DVM can qualify but, according to Dr. Heath, "One's reasons for wanting to work overseas should be carefully re-examined before making a decision about international service. If you want to 'go someplace different' or 'see what it's like over there,' take a travel tour. If you have developed a professional international interest, examine that interest in terms that will help you define what contributions you yourself can make."

In summing up his attitude toward international veterinary service, Dr. Andrew Clark\* reflects the opinion of many others of his breed who have opted for dedicating part of their lives to bettering the human condition. He said, "I worked in Tanzania a total of about 8½ years. During that time I forgot a lot about the fine points of the technical side of veterinary medicine—but I learned a lot about the fine points of living an interesting and fulfilled life. Was it a good trade? You bet your bootsoles, Bwana!!"

\*Editors Note: For additional information on Tanzania, see Oct/Nov 1973 issue of A.C. and forthcoming Jan/Feb 1974 issue.

# A BRIEF GUIDE FOR THE ADVENTUROUS **PARAKEET BUYER**

by  
Loretta R. Orzechowski

*Pick out a playful bird for hours of fun and amusement.*

The bird buyer who sets out with the intention of purchasing a truly different bird can become confused when confronted by cage after cage of screeching parakeets. Don't despair. Here are a few guidelines for an adventurous parakeet buyer.

When choosing a winged pet, be alert to these facts: the bird who sits quietly for hours, patiently awaiting his turn at the drinking cup, is *not* the bird for you. Be aware of the "rabble rouser," the bird with imagination. He can be seen taking a flying leap off the "trapeze" to make a perfect nose dive into the water cup. When hungry he will impatiently walk up the side of the cage and across the roof to slide down the other side, into the midst of several thousand ravenous parakeets, to eat his share. *This is the bird for you.*

When you get the little rowdy home and into his own cage you may notice that he immediately takes to sitting listlessly in a corner entirely ignoring the food and water, the swing set, ferris wheel, ladder, looking glass, pushcart, roly-poly plastic bird doll, cuttlebone and birdie biscuit you have eagerly supplied for his enjoyment.

You may also notice that he is shaking. Perhaps he is frightened and needs some assurance from you. Try removing all of the little extras from the cage, talking softly and moving slowly and gently. You will find that he responds by flapping wildly about and nearly managing to hang himself from the seed bell you have faithfully attached to the roof. He is just nervous and will be adjusted by the end of a week or two and ready for training.

After removing the excess plastic ware from his cage you may begin to observe your parakeet for the purpose of getting to the "soul" of his personality so that you can appropriately name him. Names like "Petie" and "Dickie" are out. Try something more inspired like "Woodstock" or "Big Bird" or "Hawk" — whatever is most fitting to your little "budgie" friend. Knowing the sex of your bird may be helpful in naming him (or her). If he is very young, the sex is indistinguishable. But, after a few months, a blue cere indicates a male bird, and a light, pasty white to tan colored cere indicates a female. It may be wise if you

then inform the bird that he is a male or that she is a female. I was once acquainted with a motherly, blue cored bird that insisted on regurgitating his food to feed his "baby" — his own image in the mirror, and later, one of those roly-poly plastic birds. *Unfortunately, it was too late to convince him that he wasn't a she.*

This period of observation is also helpful in uncovering your bird's many moods. Some birds, like puppies, are always happy and cheerful and will sit for hours chirping and giving you their undivided attention. Others, however, are moody and will not speak in the morning on rainy days except to squawk with indignation at the sight of your monstrous face as you remove the cage cover and, inevitably, violate his privacy. This same bird will not even look at you past ten o'clock in the evening and is extremely difficult to train, since his head is full of foolish notions about the rights of parakeets.

After two weeks of this, if you have the courage, you may begin to train your "keet." This is a challenge truly worthy of the adventurous bird buyer.

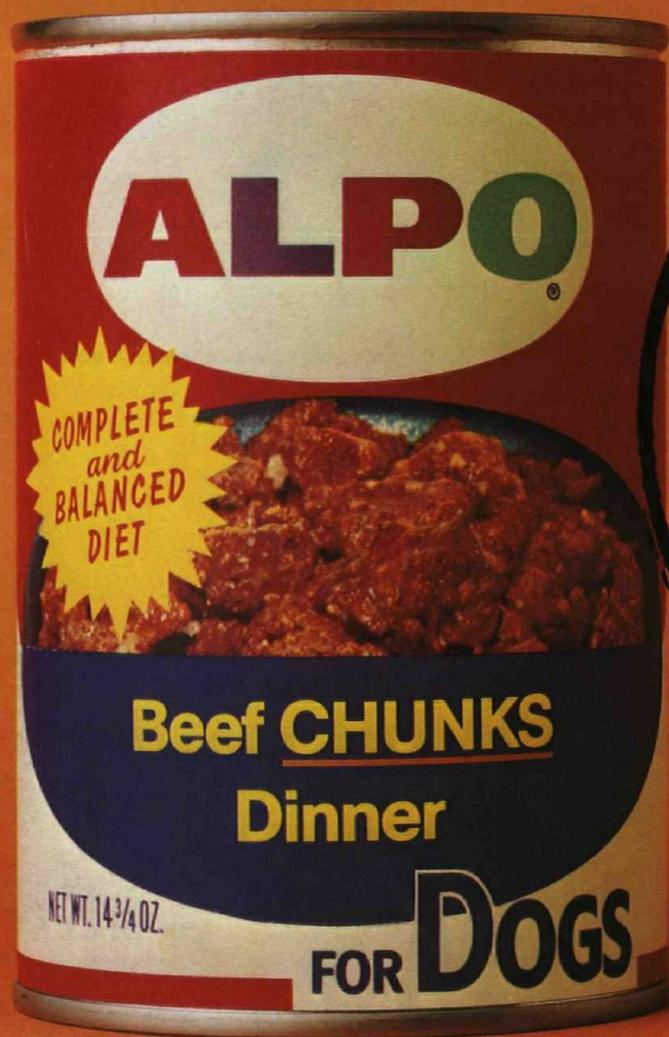
## ONE CITY'S ANSWER!



(Photo by John W. English)

Dog latrines (as indicated by an area of loose dirt marked by wooden borders and an international language sign at left) are Hong Kong's proposed solution to cleaning up its densely populated by dogs and people — city streets. Dog owners who don't lead their pets to the nearest latrine are liable for fines under recently enacted cleanup campaign laws. The latrines are regularly cleaned by the city's sanitation department.

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