



Buried Alive - Unbelievable Cruelty To Gopher Tortoises In Florida

BY E.M. FAY

An almost unbelievably inhumane policy that was endorsed by Florida state law has caused untold suffering to countless thousands of animals, including the threatened gopher tortoise.

Residential and commercial land developers were long permitted to crush and bury alive any animals living in the area to be built upon. This barbaric

noted above, a demonstration took place at the Expressway Authority's headquarters. The protesters were hoping to save the remaining 20-50 tortoises' lives.

The far more humane action of relocating tortoises who are in the path of a building project has been carried out on some occasions. In fact, efforts to formalize this tactic were carried

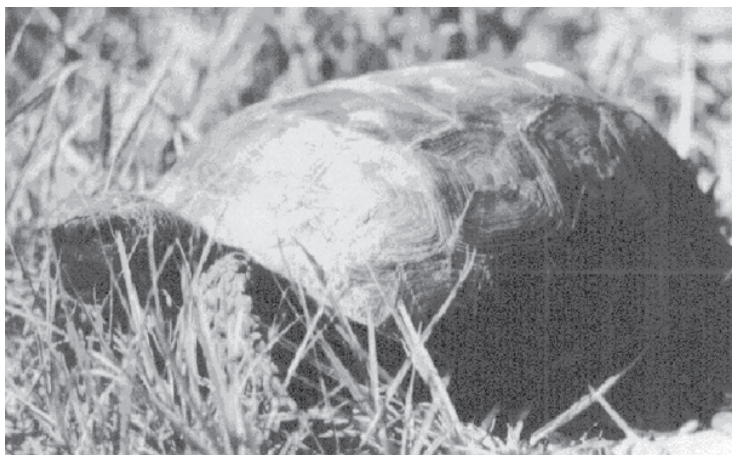


Photo from <http://myfwc.com/critters/images/gophert1fin.gif>

procedure is euphemistically called an "incidental take" and was sanctioned both by state law and the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission. The native species, gopher tortoises, have suffered the main brunt of this policy.

The gopher tortoise is a medium-sized land turtle that inhabits sandy forest land from Louisiana to South Carolina, and all 67 counties of Florida. A long-lived animal if left alone, it can live from 40-60 years in the wild, and it makes its home in burrows, dug with its sturdy limbs.

The gopher tortoise is federally protected as a threatened species, but until recently it was designated merely as a Species of Special Concern by the Florida Fish and Wildlife Commission, and that inferior status made it harder to gain protection for them.

In one case, biologists hired by the Orlando-Orange County Expressway Authority estimated that approximately 450 gopher tortoises were living in burrows on the property proposed for a new highway interchange. In keeping with Florida law, the Expressway Authority asked Florida Fish and Wildlife for a permit to get rid of the placid resident terrapins by burying them alive. The agency acquiesced and the destruction began, with between 400-425 tortoises consigned to their grisly fate.

There have been protests against this inhumane treatment of the gopher tortoise, as well as the other animals who live in or near their burrows, such as mice and snakes. In the instance

out in June of last year. The Gopher Tortoise Management Plan required all Florida developers to relocate the gopher tortoises instead of killing them. This plan was decided upon by the Florida Wildlife Commission in June. Before that vote, however, numerous tortoises were already killed.

Conventionally, the developers could choose either option - to kill or remove. Even though the state permits for both choices are free, developers do have to lay out money for both procedures. If the killing option was chosen, the FWC was paid a fee. This money was used to buy habitat land for gopher tortoises elsewhere. The land bought in this way is called "mitigation land," as the FWC is ostensibly mitigating the destruction of one habitat by offering another one. This alleged mitigation does not, of course, do anything to help the tortoises who were crushed and killed at the original site. It is merely meant to preserve some others of the species.

The price of mitigation land varies between counties in Florida. Although the average for the whole state is currently \$7,657 per acre, one official of the FWC has stated that some charges being made are not realistic, given actual property values. "They are a little low right now and need to be up," said Steve Lau of the FWC.

Buried Alive

continued on page 2

GOOSE JOURNAL

BY JEFF DAVIS

It's not easy being a goose. In some parts of the country, people kill them by the dozens because, they say, of the collective feces a gaggle can leave behind. But if you should be so lucky as to have a pond near where you live that a pair of geese choose for their roost, then grab a double-barreled pair of binoculars, a field guide, and a notebook. They can teach you a thing or two about love, life, death, grief, and letting go.

My fiancée Hillary and I live on a small parcel of land in Accord, New York that includes a one-acre pond defined by an islet. The islet holds a large willow, a few daffodils, and a muskrat lodge. This spring this pond and islet became the stage where a pair of geese played out high drama.

March 31 FIGHT FOR YOUR MATE

Desperate squawks woke me up two mornings ago. On the pond's last layer of ice stood four geese not far from the islet. Two of them had locked beaks, their big wings trading drum thwacks while the other two stood a few feet away. After several minutes of wing-boxing, one of them retreated to the pond's corner. The victorious goose turned to face another, who quickly retreated. The victor then faced the remaining goose, a smaller-framed, thin-necked goose. They performed a neck dance that looked like a combination of a hip-hop rapster's slick grooves and an Egyptian or Indian dancer's moves. Some writers apparently call this movement the Greeting Ceremony; others, the Triumph Ceremony; I call it Pure Necking. This boxer goose had been fighting off

two other males, I surmised, to win his mate.

According to my field guides, geese mate for life. This spring might bring to this young couple their first brood.

For the past two days, they have sniffed out the islet and all the pond's edges. They have found a favorite feeding site - right outside my study door below the bird feeders. While she feeds, he keeps his carriage erect and his eyes pierced for threats. He's a good goose.

Now, early this morning, two new males have appeared. They often attack the first male from opposite sides of the pond. One will stand on shore as if spitting into his wings before he lifts off, straightens his neck, and lunges toward the islet. Since the ice has given way to water already, they try to dunk one another and bite each other's tail.

They've been at it—this tail biting and hissing and necking - for over two hours. I admit I'm rooting for the first male. She seems to like his gentle ways. I'm tempted to play goose god and scare off the other two. Instead, I watch and wait.

Finally, one of them wins. I'd like to think it is the first one.

April 4 GOOSE LOVE

I've never fallen in love with a goose before. But I admit I love this goose who stands outside my study door peering in at me as I write. I have watched him fight off four other suitors, a sort of Odysseus for his Penelope. For the past few days, his mate has gathered twigs and plucked her feathers to begin a nest on the islet right next to the muskrat lodge. Apparently, the male knows not to stay at the nest so as not to betray the site to predators. Still, he's close enough to keep vigil.

Just a few minutes ago, I sat near the glass door and looked closely at his slick black face, his graceful neck that has its own

syntax, his brown button eyes that know how to read a threat a quarter-mile away. Something in his face looks uniquely tender and tough, resolved and resourceful. If I didn't know better, I'd say he were a romantic and a poet.

Each morning, Hillary watches him bathe. He stands near where a stream feeds into the pond, scoops his head, neck, and upper torso into the water, then lifts his head as the water spills down his back, and finally lifts up onto his hind legs and flaps out the water from his wings. He does this ritual rhythmically over and over about four times each morning.

I have since learned that this movement is a common ritual before the male copulates. Although he's a good distance from the islet where his mate roosts, I suppose she also must have been watching him and must get goose bumps as it were.

APRIL 15: NOR'EASTER BLUES

The Nor-easter's steady rainfall since early Sunday morning has raised our pond considerably. Yesterday afternoon, I noticed the water starting to swallow the islet where our expectant mother goose is nesting. It looked as if within an hour if not sooner, her eggs would float away. I called Anne Muller of Wildlife Watch and asked if we should intervene. She said either we intervene by moving the eggs and nest to a drier place or else they're goners.

So, Hillary and I, clad with gloves and rain boots, popped into the canoe and tried to maneuver with the wind and to the islet. We tried to move slowly so the she-goose wouldn't get too flustered, but as soon as we came within three yards of her, she started her anxious squawks. When she fled the nest, we could see a few eggs nestled in the water, some of them starting to float. While Hillary stepped out of the canoe beside the nest, the goose desperately circled the pond and called to the sky.

Hillary delicately transferred the nesting atop the muskrat lodge - only two feet to the side of the original nest and about 2.5 feet higher. Seven eggs she counted as she placed each one onto the transferred home. As she placed the last eggs, the gander appeared from the south, circled around the pond, and slid in, sounding out its warning call. Hillary quickly

Goose Journal

continued on page 2

Canada Goose Eggs Rescued From Flood!!!!

My friend, Terese, is the head of the wildlife rehabilitation group in this area. We were able to save eight Canada goose eggs from flood water here. We took them to a lady who had an incubator and six hatched! - see picture. I picked the goslings up when they were five days old and took them to Terese. When they are big enough I will get them and bring them back to where I found them!

Sent to Wildlife Watch on 5/15/08 by **Merle Wilson**, Jesup, IA

Beautiful photo by Merle Wilson



Buried Alive

continued from page 1

If, however, the developer chose to relocate the tortoises on his building site, he has a complicated set of variables to take into account. Finding available land in the area is one factor. What the owner of the land charges to accept the tortoises is another consideration, among many others.

In any event, and whatever scientific data were presented to him, the developer still had the right to choose whether to get the relocation permit or the “incidental take” permit.

Cost efficiency seemed to be the guiding principle here; certainly not the welfare of the animals. If it is cheaper to buy under-valued mitigation land than to relocate the tortoises to pricier new accommodations, developers looking at the bottom line were tempted to disregard the suffering of these creatures.

There were still other factors involved in the fate of the gopher tortoise in Florida. In one case last year, a developer was actually willing to pay for their relocation, but a technicality stopped the life-saving operation. An environmental consultant who was called in to perform blood tests on the local tortoise population found that some of them had an illness called Upper Respiratory Tract Disease. As some forms of this disease are fatal, the FWC had in 2001 mandated the tests. Although they meant to protect the species by preventing the spread of this illness, in practice, it meant that a tortoise population that showed any signs of URTD - even just one case in an otherwise healthy group of hundreds - could not be relocated, in case they carried the illness to a new population.

URTD is still far from being completely well understood by researchers, so there is some doubt as to whether its transmission is inevitable from one subject to a large group. All the same, the developer in this case was not permitted to move the tortoises because of the questionable test results. Thus, ironically, many more tortoises were doomed by the ill-considered FWC health regulation.

Adding to the likelihood of a deadly decision by developers was the fact that the URTD testing is costly. Thus, according to Winter Springs City Commissioner Joanne Krebs, “A lot of developers decided ‘we’ll go for the take permit right away’” in order to save money.

Thankfully, the FWC suspended the misguided testing requirement in August of 2006, and now prevents only tortoises with visible symptoms from being relocated. Also on a positive note, Commissioner Krebs enacted a local ordinance for her city that encouraged relocation over burying alive. State law, however, was still very much against the kinder alternative.

Fortunately, in June 2007, the FWC Commissioners approved the draft policy requiring all

“incidental take” permits after July 30, 2007 to provide for relocation. The agony of being crushed and buried alive was on its way to becoming illegal, if not totally preventable in the case of those who may flout the law. The Commissioners also voted unanimously in favor of “conceptual approval” of the Gopher Tortoise Management Plan. At the September meeting, the Commissioners voted finally to approve the plan, designating the tortoise as “Threatened,” and setting in place new requirements for relocating the tortoises “away from construction areas into public and private habitat where they can thrive.” (<http://myfwc.com/whatsnew/07/statewide/gopherplanpass.html>)

Relocation is hardly a perfect solution, for we cannot know how well the tortoises will adapt to their new surroundings. Or if there is enough food and water supply for their whole colony wherever they are taken. How will disorientation affect their health and survival? We have to ask ourselves how we might fare were we suddenly to be lifted out of our long-time homes and dumped in an alien environment.

At least for now, and for a few of the more fortunate among them, the gopher tortoise will have an increased chance of survival, and of avoiding the ghastly fate of so many of their fellows. Another hopeful sign is that the Florida legislature recently passed a bill (SB 542) to designate the gopher tortoise as the official state tortoise. Focussing public attention on them in this way can bring new supporters to their cause.

If you wish to help save gopher tortoises from further cruelty, contact the Florida Fish and Wildlife Commission and express your appreciation for their approval of the Gopher Tortoise Management Plan. Just as important is making sure the FWC enforces it rigorously. If their ruling has no teeth, it may not be adhered to by developers. Follow-through requires constant public vigilance.

After I contacted Mr. Ray Ashton of Ashton Biodiversity while researching this article, he kindly wrote the following to Wildlife Watch:

I am so glad to hear about your group. Your group and so many like yours have been one of the reasons for our success so far. We have not won the war, but we have won many important battles. Keep watching the web page. My best, Ray Ashton

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Goose Journal

continued from page 1

returned to the canoe, and I paddled us back to shore where we flipped the canoe and darted back into the study to watch.

Within minutes, the couple shimmied back and forth from a distance, the male in the lead, a sort of surveillance for potential danger. Soon, they both swam toward the islet, the female in the lead this time. While he looked on, she waddled onto the quickly submerging islet and within a minute found her eggs. She nudged them with her beak and collapsed onto them. Reunion!

She has remained there overnight, and the male continues to keep watch from the shore. From what I’ve read, geese often select muskrat and beaver lodges for nests as they like not only the semi-readymade nesting but also the semi-privacy of the islets where these lodges often appear (the locale affords them increased protection from predators).

APRIL 20: GRIEF

Last night as I drifted to sleep, the goose couple squawked their duets loud and urgent. I dashed downstairs, flipped on the back deck light, and looked through the binoculars. I thought I made out three or so golden furry ones waddling under Mama and greeting the world as midnight’s children. *They hatched!* I screamed to Hillary. *They hatched!* Hill came rushing down, and we hugged and kissed as if our sibling had just birthed triplets. This morning, a low mist hovers on the pond’s northern edge. A red-bellied woodpecker rattles against a dead tree, and mourning doves chortle their cloudy song. I stand outside my study’s deck. The pond is still. Eerily so. Where the nest was are only feathers and an abandoned egg, unhatched.

On the pond’s far northern end, far away from the islet nest, Mama stands alone. Her belly’s red. Her head moves upon occasion as if looking for something over the ridge. But mostly she’s still. Daddy usually stays nearby in the water and occasionally circles the islet as if awaiting something. He seems restless as if he thinks he should do something. When he passes me, he stops and looks at me as if I might have an answer. I want to, but don’t.

We don’t know what happened. An owl possibly snatched them on their first night. Maybe they were unhealthy and didn’t make their first swim. Maybe they plunged over the spillway. We don’t know. I sat a few feet away from them this morning. They didn’t seem to mind. I just sat and listened to spring’s vibrations and to its stillness.

There will be no photos, I suppose.

* * *

We ventured this afternoon over to the islet. The geese, still on the pond’s edge, didn’t budge or seem to mind. Feathers were strewn all around the nest as if

something had exploded. In the nest were still six eggs actually. And where one used to be, a puddle of blood. We still don’t know what happened. The ruckus last night must have been not the sound of celebration but of threat. My eyes apparently saw what they wanted to see, my ears heard what they wanted to hear.

The egg embryos, we’re guessing, are doomed. Perhaps, the cold rising water of a week ago chilled them, and now for a whole day the mother has been away from them. The incubation period seems way past. Other geese, we’ve heard, have already hatched their first brood. I suspect a turkey vulture or crow soon will feast on them.

APRIL 22: DENIAL

The mother is back on the eggs. “Brenda,” Hillary says is her name. Hillary thinks Brenda’s in denial. We’ve read that even if eggs won’t hatch, the mother will stay on them. She has no detector for stillborns or other pre-natal trauma. A friend thinks we should’ve removed the eggs a few days ago to help them move on. If I knew of a goose therapist – surely there’s one in Woodstock – I’d call.

But, again, I’m no goose god. I watch, observe, I learn.

“Henry,” as Hilary says is his name, watches from a distance and continues to fend off visiting geese. He’s befriended a pair of mallards and the muskrat couple.

MAY 7 SURPRISES

So, you think you know best. You think you know better than

a goose. But, really, you don’t, at least not a mother one.

I thought I had counted the days of incubation. I thought I knew Brenda was way overdue, that the embryos likely didn’t survive the raised water’s chill or the day of no motherly incubation when a predator attacked an egg. I sang her a song about letting go. Can you imagine if we had removed the eggs?

Brenda knew best. She held on, sat tight, and yesterday afternoon quietly hatched four out of six (not bad considering the average is 50% survival rate). Today, Brenda and Henry gave the babes a tour of all the best eating spots, the best wading spots, and the best sunning spots. They make a happy family.

We’re happy self-designated god-parents without the divine omniscience.

MAY 10 EMPTY NEST SYNDROME

After only a few days of wandering the turf with the whole family, Brenda and Henry and their babes have disappeared. Maybe they need a more private space during the fledgling stage.

This is what happens, isn’t it? You go through various travails together, root for another’s victories, aid in whatever minimal ways you can, and then they’re gone. The nest is empty.

I guess Hillary and I had better get ready.

Jeff Davis is founder of Center to Page, www.centertopage.com. He formerly was managing editor of the Wildlife Watch Binocular.



Brenda and her babies Photo by Jeff Davis

Eye on the News

A 15-Year-Old South Australian School Student Has Busted The Myth That Goldfish Have A Three Second Memory

A 15-year-old South Australian school student has busted the myth that goldfish have a three second memory.

Rory Stokes, from the Australian Science and Mathematics School in Adelaide, conducted an experiment to test the commonly held theory that goldfish have short memory spans.

He was also keen to open people’s minds to the cruelty of keeping fish in small tanks.

Over a period of three weeks, he placed a beacon in the water at feeding time each day, waited

30 seconds and then sprinkled fish food around the beacon.

Following the initial three-week period, Rory removed the beacon from the feeding process.

Six days later, he once again placed the beacon in the water and despite not seeing it for almost a week; the fish swam to the beacon in 4.4 seconds, showing they had remembered the association between food and the beacon for at least six days.

“My results strongly showed that goldfish can retain knowledge for at least six days,” Rory said.

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R.O.C.K. -

REHABBERS OFFER CARE AND KINDNESS



Jane Goodall

NEEWS
New England Exotic Wildlife Sanctuary, A Project Of Foster Parrots
Jane Goodall attended the grand opening May 8, 2008.

“You all know me as someone who studies chimpanzees,” Goodall said standing in front of the sanctuary’s door, as hundreds of birds screeched for attention in the background. She continued...

“But my fascination with parrots started way earlier.”

Goodall said she became attracted to parrots’ skills — referring to N’kisi, an African Grey who upon meeting Goodall reportedly welcomed her by saying “got a chimp?” Jane Goodall spoke against keeping animals as pets, if the owners don’t have the time to properly care for them.

“So many people think that it’s cute to buy a parrot and take it into their home, and really, it’s so unsuitable,” Goodall said, saying Foster Parrots’ mission matched her own goals.

“My personal mission is to make the world a better place for all living beings,” Goodall said. “And what started with chimpanzees moved to the rainforest and moved to all the species that live in the world’s forests.”

In the end, she said, it’s all about educating people and helping animals.

LOLA’S PROJECT
It was Lola (photo below) who helped raise the money for the sanctuary. The fundraising drive was called “Lola’s Project.” Lola was a rescue by Marc Johnson and she had been living



This is Lola, a Greenwing Macaw, when we first met her in March 2002

in terrible conditions before her rescue. She is now a happy and esteemed resident of Foster Parrots.

“A number of people have asked us why, in a case as severe as Lola’s, we wouldn’t consider euthanasia to end her suffering. The answer is because her life is important! It’s important to us. It’s certainly important to her. She has some disabilities and her feathers are in a bit of a mess, but she’s *not suffering*. She appears to be happy and to grow more comfortable with her life every day.

Foster Parrots, Ltd. is a sanctuary, a *safe place* where a parrot can live free from abuse

and free from fear. A bird like Lola deserves the chance to live a life like that!”

As a sign that times are changing, the Sanctuary used to be the site of Chickadee Farms, a former poultry business that once produced some 33 million eggs a year. Thanks to the work of Foster Parrots, Marc Johnson and Karen Lee, it is now a “retirement home” for parrots and other exotic species.

State Rep. Brian Patrick Kennedy also attended. He said “This [site] was the end station before [the chickens] went to the supermarkets,”

The sanctuary on Woodville Alton Road, established by the nonprofit group Foster Parrots, has been operational for about a year and already houses some 300 parrots; several African Sulcata tortoises, which can grow up to 2½-feet long and weigh well over 100 pounds; a Patagonian cavy, an Argentinean rodent that resembles a hare; and a handful of porcupines. In most cases, the parrots at the sanctuary were once family pets whose owners could no longer care for them.

Now, “This is going to be the place where they are going to be, hopefully, spending the rest of their life,” said Kennedy.

You can learn more about Foster Parrots’ noble work by visiting www.fosterparrots.com

Marc and Karen often arrange tours to far away places of interest to animal lovers. Check their website for upcoming events.



Marc Johnson

Willow the Wisp

By Linda Brink

Several years ago, we received a call from a farmer’s wife: she had found a pigeon on the barn floor. A little naked baby—what to do? Well, this kind person did almost everything right and raised this chick to adulthood. And then, we received another call—what to do with the adult pigeon, now named Willow the Wisp?

Willow the Wisp had grown into a truly beautiful bird. Willow is snow white with patches of a very soft, smoky gray, and on the back of her neck, a patch of iridescent teal—a striking, shining blue-green. What the farmer’s wife had done wrong was to cuddle Willow, coo to Willow—bond with Willow.

In our farming community, pigeons are not welcome. They perch in barns for warmth and protection from predators and foul the hay stored below with their droppings. The farmers shoot them. The farmer’s wife’s husband was not happy to have a pet pigeon, as now, when shooting the birds in the barn, a great deal of family strife ensued. He wanted the pigeon, Willow, out of his life—as a farmer’s life is hard enough. So what happened was this: the farmer’s wife released Willow near a flock of other pigeons, but of course, Willow was afraid and flew back to her and wouldn’t leave. Hence, the second call to Sunnyskies. And so, Willow the Wisp came to live here, with us.

I’m writing this because, at this time, people in both the cities, and the country, are killing pigeons—have used names such as Rats With Wings, and Barn Rats, to describe these birds. They want to shoot them, starve them, poison them, release predators that will kill them. And so, I want to say a word about Willow the Wisp.

Willow is gentle. She sits on my shoulder and grooms my hair, and gently grooms my eyelashes, and my eyebrows, and the tiny hairs on my arms. She is very intelligent. I show her something once or twice, and she gets it. She is loyal; if a

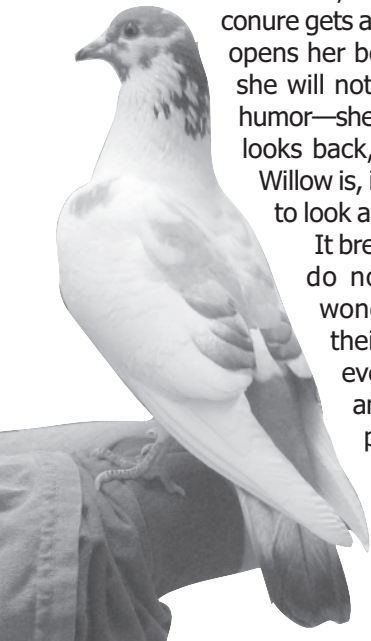


Photo of Willow by Linda Brink

conure gets aggressive and nips my ear, Willow opens her beautiful wings to let it be known she will not allow this. She has a sense of humor—she pecks at my hand and runs away, looks back, does it again, wanting to play. Willow is, in every way, lovely. And beautiful to look at: a gorgeous bird.

It breaks my heart to hear people, who do not know or understand these wonderful birds, malign them, plot their deaths in cruel ways, refuse to even try and understand them, or to analyze the situation of humans and pigeons in any but a selfish way: they annoy us, they are dirty, they must go. NOW.

There are always kind solutions, where animals are concerned, if people would only stop, and think, and listen. So often, they—we—do not. Who cares? we think. These creatures

are expendable; our way of life is not.

Willow is a joy. While I wish she were free to soar the skies rather than the limited free flight allowed her in our bird rooms at Sunnyskies, I’m glad she’s here, as she is happy, and she’s safe. And she has taught me the nature of the lovely creature she is. Fight, please, to save these gentle, intelligent birds—in gentle, intelligent ways. It’s a battle worth fighting. It’s a battle worth winning!

Linda Brink is founder of Sunnyskies Bird and Animal Sanctuary. Please support her excellent work, you can visit her site at: <http://www.sunnyskiesbirdsanctuary.com/>

Eye on the News

Coots To Be Killed By Homeowners’ Association

Edited by E.M. Fay

In a state that has lost 90% of its wetlands to urban sprawl, rural “development,” and some climatic changes, it is hardly surprising that wildlife would be drawn to a man-made lake. Rather than enjoy the sight of wild birds living nearby, certain residents of Bridgeport, California, prefer to kill them. The birds’ crime? Doing what comes naturally: defecating on the grass and sidewalks around the artificial lake.

They plan to first drug the birds with poisoned corn and then gas them.



<http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=90142723>

Eye on the News

ENDANGERED SCARLET MACAWS BORN IN CAPTIVITY ARE REPRODUCING IN THE WILD FOR THE FIRST TIME ON COSTA RICA’S SOUTHERN PACIFIC COAST

LA GARITA DE ALAJUELA, Costa Rica (AP) - Endangered scarlet macaws born in captivity are reproducing in the wild for the first time on Costa Rica’s southern Pacific coast.

The ZooAve Center for the Rescue of Endangered Species has released 100 of the birds into the wild in the last decade. But biologists didn’t spot offspring until last year, said biologist Laura Fournier.

Since then, they have recorded 22 chicks born in the wild, and four more scarlet macaw couples have laid eggs, Fournier said.

The biologists’ goal is for 200 birds to populate an isolated coastal area.



Photo from: http://www1.nhl.nl/~ribot/jpg12/arma2_cm.jpg

If you need help for wildlife, call
1-877-WILDHELP OR 1-877-945-3435



Wildlife Watch maintains a **Wildlife Help Hotline** to help humane folks who have found an injured or orphaned wild animal. We maintain lists of wildlife rehabilitators throughout the country, and we will do our best to help you find the wildlife care professional closest to you. Our hotline helps us to help hundreds of people and animals annually.

R.O.C.K. -
REHABBERS OFFER CARE AND KINDNESS

Follow-Up On The Wildlife Watch Rescue
Of The Catskill Game Farm Cats

The Catskill Game Farm Lions will move into their new habitat which is almost 12,000 square feet of space, as well as having their own temperature controlled room inside the big cat building. The finishing touches are under way including lounging platforms, a water feature and boulders. To minimize



Aslan, Shanti Deva, & Asha

stress, the lions will not be sedated for the move. Instead, a large fence chute will be built so that Aslan and his pride can walk over to their new habitat at their own pace. We are hoping the lions will be settled in their new area by the end of June.

Shazam, the leopard has found two new loves. One is his neighbor, Diablo Guapo, a jaguar and the other is his keeper Trista Campbell. Trista has spent many long hours providing toys, scents and treats to win Shazam's trust. Now Shazam can't wait to see Trista each day and rubs along the fence, rolls on his back



Shazam

and talks to her when she is near. He still is quite apprehensive of the other staff, but his barriers continue to come down.

The cougars, Mia, Max and Matty have antics similar to a college frat house. They romp and play all day and have removed every blade of grass in their habitat along with many branches of the pine trees. Plastic milk jugs get Matty so excited that she rolls off perches, then patrols her habitat happily with her prize in her mouth. Max, the big male has learned that it is not possible to be dominant with two very vocal and active women, but seems to do fine letting the girls take the lead.

For more info, contact The Wildcat Sanctuary, Tammy Quist, Exec. Dir. www.wildcatsanctuary.org

WHAT WE'VE BEEN UP TO

Since the warm weather began at the end of April, **Wildlife Watch** has had close to 150 calls from across the country.

We urge you to visit our website and link to feeding orphaned and injured wildlife as a quick fix. You can also call our hotline at 1-877-WILDHELP and we will be happy to provide you with names of rehabbers any place in the country.

I wish I could record the panic in someone's voice who has found a young or injured animal, or the grief experienced after someone inadvertently kills a nursing mother and is then left having to care for the young ones. I've been in awe of the young mothers who, with their own babes in their arms, identify strongly with mothers of other species.

Additionally, calls come in about wildlife crime and wildlife predicaments. In each case, Wildlife Watch acts to find the qualified agency or individual to help. We believe that this service has helped to save countless wild animals from death.

We are grateful to our supporters for allowing us to continue.

PLACES TO KNOW ABOUT
Summer Camp at...

Ravenbeard Wildlife Center in Saugerties, NY 12477, 845.901.0633 is having Summer Camp 2008 for children 7 – 14 years old. Contact them for details. www.ravenbeard.org

Peace River Refuge & Ranch, a nonprofit exotic animal sanctuary, Lisa Stoner, Pres. www.PeaceRiverRefuge.org

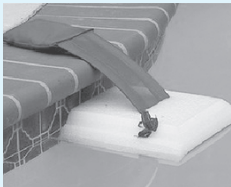
Gardening for Wildlife
Sent by: S.M.A.R.T.

Plant bushes/trees in your yards that flower or produce fruit all year round for wildlife.

<http://www.wildbirds.org/report/marchApril05.htm>
<http://www.extension.iastate.edu/news/2005/dec/070203.htm>

Have a Pool?

www.froglog.us – says this device will save frogs and other small critters with this simple device called *The Little Critter Pool Sitter*



"What a fabulous invention! We were losing a chipmunk a day. We haven't lost one chipmunk since the day I put them (Froglogs) in the pool."
Susan D., Cherry Hill, NJ.

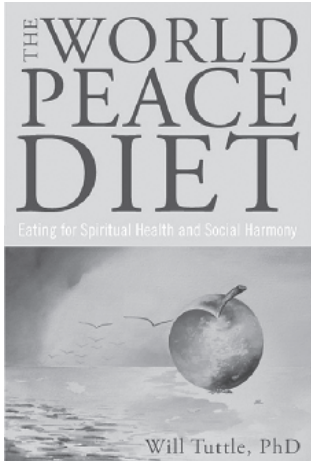
The World Peace Diet

Author **Will Tuttle, Ph.D.** is on tour to promote The World Peace Diet. It has been called one of the most important books of the 21st century: the foundation of a new society based on the truth of the interconnectedness of all life. It is the first book to make explicit the invisible connections between our meals and our broad range of problems—psychological, social, and spiritual, as well as health and environmental. It offers powerful ways we can all experience healing and peace and contribute to a positive transformation of human consciousness.

Dr. Will Tuttle, acclaimed educator, author, pianist, and composer, has lectured and performed widely throughout North America and Europe. His doctorate degree from the University of California, Berkeley, focused on educating intuition in adults, and he has taught college courses in creativity, humanities, mythology, religion, and philosophy.

He is a recipient of The Peace Abbey's Courage of Conscience Award and is a Dharma Master in the Zen tradition. He is noted for his clear and inspiring presentations, which often include inspiring animal paintings by his spouse, Madeleine, a visionary artist.

www.worldpeace diet.com for more details.



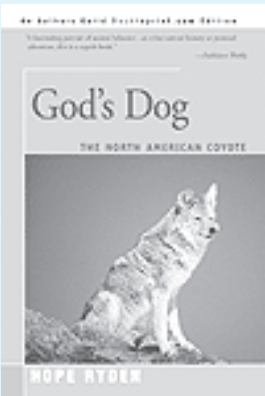
WILDLIFE WATCH CATALOG

GOD'S DOG

We were happy to learn from Hope Ryden that her amazing book, *God's Dog*, is available once again. We encourage you to read it and give it to others to read. Ask libraries to order it, and give it to friends for holidays and birthdays. It will be a gift that will last a lifetime, for it will change the readers' perspective of coyotes forever.

"Full of charm and tenacious inquisitiveness as the appealing animal she pleads is allowed to live."—*The Washington Post*.

\$24.95 or \$20.95 members.



God's Dog : A Celebration of the North American Coyote by Hope Ryden

Wildlife Watchers Should Know About : *CAW OF THE WILD: Observations from the Secret World of Crows* by Barb Kirpluk order by calling 1-800-Authors (1-800-288-4677) www.iuniverse.com published in 2005.

Kirpluk is masterful at describing her observations and interactions with these intelligent animals. She broadens our understanding of the species by deepening our connection with the individuals who comprise the species. CAW OF THE WILD is a MUST READ!

This book was sent to us by **Rita Sarnicola of CROW** (Citizens Respectful of Wildlife) in Auburn, NY. Please contact Rita and Joe Sarnicola for a professionally produced DVD of crow ecotourism in Auburn: jsarn@adelphia.net



WILD WATCH CATALOG ORDER BLANK

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