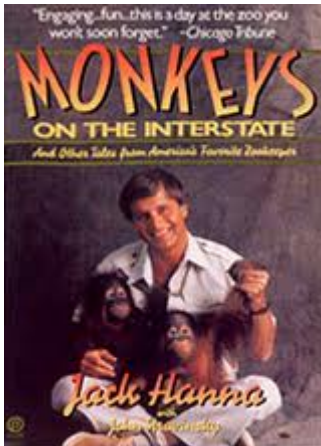


Jack Hanna!!!

While my girls are counting down the days until they get to go to their Grandma's house, I am counting the days until I get to see a LIVE JACK HANNA SHOW!!! Don't get me wrong, I'm really excited to see family too, but I've been waiting to see a live Jack Hanna show for over a decade!!!



I've had the show tickets in the car for about two weeks now, since I was so sure that I'd forget them. I've already packed my glasses too, so I can actually see Jack and the animals from my seat. And I've been "cramming" all week – trying to quickly re-read my favorite book, Jack Hanna's *Monkeys on the Interstate*. If all goes well, I should be finished with it by Saturday when I see Jack. Because we have tickets for a pre-show event called a Jamboree Lunch, I'm hoping for maybe an autograph or even an opportunity to chat with Mr. Hanna! I know it's a shot in the dark, but I've made a mental list of things I'd bring up just in case; many of them are from the *Monkeys* book. Even if I don't get an opportunity to talk to Mr. Hanna, I am ecstatic just to be able to see his show!!! I really enjoy his appearances on Letterman every month, and I'm beyond excited to see Mr. Hanna live!! Just in case, I'm bringing an array of my Hanna collection in case I get a chance to seek an autograph, but I'm not expecting it or anything – don't want to be disappointed. It would be nice, however, to replace our autographed Jack Hanna honeymoon

memento. Now I have to tell that story...

When my husband and I took our honeymoon to Florida in 1999, we were driving from where we lived in Illinois to Florida (which is a very LONG drive... but for some reason, I cannot remember exactly what it was like to do that WITHOUT KIDS along...), and we were talking about all the things we would do. One of the things that came up was celebrities we would like to run into, and Jack Hanna was the only one we both decided we would really care about running into. Once in Florida, we visited Sea World, and we were going to go into the underwater viewing area for the dolphins, but it was roped off – “TV show taping in progress”. Just before we turned away to head to something else, a worker lifted the ropes, so in we went, and the crew was packing up the cameras, and THERE WAS JACK HANNA!!! And we were all alone since the area had just been closed off – no mob of fans to compete with. Ok, so maybe Jack Hanna isn't the type of celebrity to have fans mobbing him wherever he goes, but to me, he is an animal hero. His *Monkeys on the Interstate* book chronicles his creativity, his strength through adversity, and his triumphs (and failures!) he went through as he was building the once unheard of Columbus Zoo into the world famous, state-of-the-art zoo facility it is today – a fascinating read for anyone who loves animals, zoos, Jack Hanna, or who just likes funny stories!! Jack Hanna is a marketing and animal genius! But I digress – back to my story...

So we got to meet Jack Hanna, right there at Sea World. I was not expecting it, so I gummed up and let my husband do the talking, and Jack whipped out an 8x10 glossy picture and autographed it, putting our names on it and everything. Unfortunately, this picture was one of a few irreplaceable items that were entrusted to so-called “friends” during a move we had, never to be seen again... but that's another story and nothing I want to dwell upon now.

So yeah, IF I actually get to talk to Jack again this time, I

have my list of things I want to talk about... though it's quite lengthy, and my brain will be swimming with basically EVERYTHING from the *Monkeys on the Interstate* book, as well as things I want to know about starting my own zoo – hey, that shouldn't come as a big surprise to any of my readers, so lift your dropped jaw. Those of you who know me realize that I have a pretty good start on one already, don't you? ☐



This is Jack at one of his Letterman appearances. Each of his appearances on Letterman has moments of hilarity as Jack tries so hard to get in his animal facts while Letterman is busy making jokes and heckling him. After decades of monthly appearances, the two have built a relationship of sorts, and Jack now brings animals that sometimes shock, awe, and even scare Letterman!! Never a dull moment when Jack's around...

Meet Marty

Question: What's the best way to dislodge me from a "case of the Mondays"?

Answer: A surprise trip to the zoo on a work day, of course! Hubby knows me so well ☐

Tangent: If you have your own "case of the Mondays", rent the movie Office Space – it's hilarious!

So we took off Monday for the zoo, and we were torn between which side of the zoo to visit – Toledo Zoo straddles a major highway, the Anthony Wayne Trail, and we never visit both sides in the same day because it adds a TON of walking, much of it up long ramps pushing a heavy double stroller. We usually park in the back and opt for the larger side of the zoo, but we have been visiting a lot lately, and since it was a work day and Hubby had to get home at a somewhat decent hour to get back to work, we opted for the smaller side of the zoo. This side might not have many exhibits, but there is this almost-year-old baby polar bear that I've been wanting to see, so it seemed like the right choice – until we saw the sign at the gate that read, "Our baby polar bear, Siku, will not be on exhibit today." WHAT?!? Well, we had already parked, unloaded kids, and walked into the zoo, so visiting the other side was no longer an option. We trudged on, determined to make the best of it.

And lucky us, it all worked out wonderfully! We may not have gotten to see a super-cute baby polar bear, but we got to see a full-grown male polar bear up close, nose to nose – I'm talking within inches. Sure, there was a pane of glass separating us from the polar bear, but that's a given – look at this:

In case you're wondering, Marty the polar bear (Siku the cub's dad) has a bucket containing frozen fish in an ice block. We watched him conquer the first bucket and devour the fish, and then he bullied the 2nd bucket away from the other polar bear and worked on it for a good 30-40 minutes – we had to leave before he got to the fish from the 2nd bucket. I could not decide which video was best, so I'm just going to post all 4 – they're all under a minute long anyway so they don't take forever to unload off my camera. All of the videos were taken while Marty was working on the 2nd ice bucket. You can see how he dips the bucket in the water and even dives into the water with the bucket in his mouth in order to let the water loosen up the fish ice block for him.

In case you're wondering, being up close and personal with a thousand pounds of polar bear (give or take a few hundred pounds) is really as amazing as it looks!!!

And my two little ones had a great time also – at first my son was afraid of the polar bear, but he got over that once he realized that Marty was much more interested in his bucket than some zoo visitors. Here are the kids posing in an “arctic cave”:



And the kids' favorite part of the day? Climbing on and posing on this mock dung heap near the giraffe exhibit. Kids – gotta love 'em!



Not THAT MGM Lion...

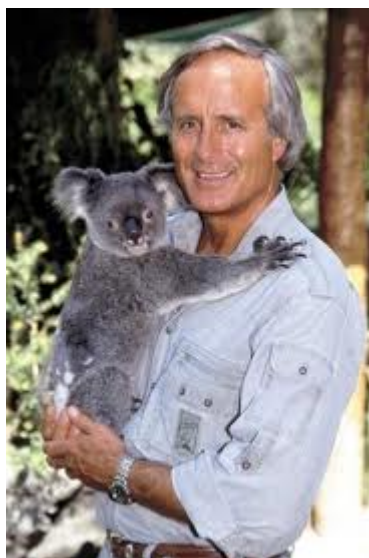
Have you seen that MGM lion video? When I asked a friend about this the other day, he apparently thought I was referring to the lion that roars at you from the screen in the beginning of some movies – not THAT MGM lion! I'm talking about the shocking video of the lion turning on his trainer at the lion exhibit in the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. Notice I didn't use the word "attack". Animal experts (including Jack Hanna, my favorite animal expert) who have reviewed the footage have agreed that it wasn't an attack, but rather retribution or perhaps rough play from one grumpy lion. The fact is, had the lion been attacking, it would have been over in a matter of seconds with a tragic outcome for the trainer. The trainer escaped uninjured, and watch how the lion follows him out of the enclosure, giving him "yeah, you'd BETTER run" looks all the way out:

Personally, I do think the lion was playing rough. He might have gotten a bit irritated at the trainer, but if he had truly wanted to hurt him, he could have killed him in seconds flat, which is why extreme caution should always be used when handling exotic animals. I wish the video showed what was occurring between the lion and his trainer just before the incident. Seconds before, the lion seems relaxed, but then the camera pans away until the lion lunges for the trainer's leg. What I find truly amazing about the video is the female lion's reaction. She follows the male lion around the enclosure throughout the incident, seemingly trying to get him to stop stalking the trainer. Just after the male lion's first lunge, the female even jumps on his back and gives him a little nip. A penny for... scratch that – I think I'd pay a lot of money for the thoughts of these lions!

Scary as these incidents are, I'm happy to report that this one had a positive outcome – the trainers are fine. I wonder if that trainer will be working with that male lion again?

Been Waiting Over 7 Years For This!!!

I HAVE TICKETS TO SEE JACK HANNA!!!



I've been waiting MORE than 7 years for this! Mr. Hanna became a personal hero of mine and Hubby's around 1998, and as we were driving down to Florida from Illinois for our honeymoon in 1999, we speculated on how cool it would be to run into Jack Hanna since we were going to Sea World (where he would and still does often appear). And guess what happened? We ran into Jack Hanna at Sea World!!! We were going down to an underwater viewing area for one of the exhibits (don't even remember which one, don't care), and it was roped off with a sign, "tv show taping in progress". Just as we turned around, they took down the ropes, and so we went in, and there was Jack Hanna! And we were the only fans in there with him! I got tongue-tied, and I forgot every question I wanted to ask him, but luckily, Hubby was able to explain to him what big fans we were. Jack Hanna autographed a special picture for us, even writing our names on it, but I'm sad to say that this honeymoon treasure was one of a few coveted items that was put in a special box and left with so-called trusted friends during a move when it wouldn't fit into our car. Unfortunately, the "friends" never sent the box to us as they promised, and who knows what has happened to our Jack Hanna autograph or other treasures by now?

But that's not the point. I've been hoping to replace it and to see Mr. Hanna do a show, but he never has appearances close to my corner of Ohio. He came to Toledo once 7 years ago, but the ticket prices were kind of steep, especially since we

didn't know if our then 2-year-old would enjoy it, plus we had just moved to the state and didn't know any babysitters. I've regretted not going to Jack's Toledo show ever since, especially when he hasn't come close to the area. But about a month ago, I happened to check his website, and Jack was going to be less than 2 hours away from us AS WELL as appearing in the town where my parents live – TWO opportunities to see him! So anyway, long story short, we have tickets to see JACK HANNA in OCTOBER!!! I can't wait! This is going to make it so much easier for me to have to forget about the MLB post-season this year (my team is terrible this year and essentially eliminated themselves opening day).

Before the show, we are scheduled to attend a Jungle Jamboree with Jack Hanna also! Maybe I can find a way to get my honeymoon autographed picture replaced. Hubby actually tried once to get me one for a birthday, but there was miscommunication, and Jack Hanna signed it to my husband instead of to me. I actually thought that was pretty funny and classic Jack – totally something he would do as Jack tends to use his brain to store animal facts rather than organizational details. I think I'll bring my favorite book, Monkeys on the Interstate for him to autograph also; I just have to sneak backstage with all my things I want him to autograph somehow. And I'll have to read Monkeys on the Interstate again just so I can study up on it and write a list of questions down to ask Jack in case I get the chance again – I WILL NOT get tongue-tied this time!!! I'll have to take a break from reading the Harry Potter series, so now I definitely won't be finished in time to get to see part one of the last Harry Potter movie while it's in the theater – OH WELL! I'm going to see Jack Hanna live on stage!!!



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Magic After 112 Years

If you are a tangents.org fan, then you've already read two riveting accounts of a little tangents field trip of sorts to Cincinnati Ohio. I don't mean to be redundant, but I'm going to post my take on the excursion for my friends and remote members of my family to read my take on the trip.

We began our journey bright and early Monday morning, July 19, and I like how the other tangenteers failed to mention that the keys were accidentally locked in the trunk. Someone, I forget who (and I'm not going to mention who it was that locked the keys in the trunk except that it wasn't me), but someone had the brilliant revelation that the back seat could pull down, thus saving us a 30-mile round-trip drive to get the spare set of keys. Us 4 adults (3 of my kids were with

Grandma, and my little boy stayed with a family friend since he couldn't have gone on roller coasters at King's Island the following day) crammed into a little Sunfire, and somehow I got the privileged front seat for the whole trip – hey no complaints here, I was so much less sore than I was after last year's trip – I don't think I could say that if I had been crammed in the back of the Sunfire for two days. But taking the little car was necessary because we estimate that we saved around \$70 in gas by not taking our gas-guzzling mini-van, so thanks to the owner of the Sunfire for letting us put the miles on his car.

We arrived at our first tourist destination, the wonderful Cincinnati Zoo with more than enough time (or so we thought) to explore the entire humongous zoo complex. I just love the Cincinnati Zoo – we visited years ago, and I don't really remember much about that visit, other than accidentally driving our car into the zoo... But they seemed to have fixed that entry problem by now. Hubby and I visited this zoo last year, but we didn't leave early enough, and after some delays and the 4-hour drive, we really didn't see much of the zoo. But this year, we had left bright and early and were prepared to stay all day, despite the 90°+ weather. I was appointed tour guide (why? I don't know – I'm a pretty big zoo enthusiast, I guess, and I'm a pretty good navigator until you throw hills or mountains into the equation. And the Cincinnati Zoo has more than a few large hills and low valleys to navigate around, but we did well – Hubby and being especially thankful that we didn't happen to have kids to carry or a double-stroller to push up all those hills in that heat!!!)

Cincinnati has a WIDE array of species to see! Some I had scarcely heard of, some I had NEVER heard of; I just wish I had taken better notes and written down which species I saw that I wanted to do more research on when I got home. Oh well, I will be back – Ohio is the only state to exhibit my

favorite animal, the manatee, outside of its native Florida, and we are blessed to have not one, but TWO zoos (Cincinnati and Columbus) that exhibit this beautiful creature – so yeah, I will be back downstate to get my manatee fix. Cincinnati has two manatees that arrived from Florida just a few months ago, and they are relatively young creatures – just 3 and 4-years old. Manatees can live to be 60-70 years old, so the manatees at the Cincinnati Zoo were relatively small compared to the others I've seen in captivity. No less breathtaking, the little guys did move a little bit faster and seemed more playful than their adult counterparts. I knew about the 'Sleep With the Manatees' program that Cincinnati offers before this visit, but I was reminded again – that is of course something I would love to do. But "Sleep with the Manatees"? I think I'd probably have to call it something different since I wouldn't be doing much sleeping if I got to spend the night in the manatee exhibit! Someday...

Another remarkable, highly endangered creature housed by the Cincinnati Zoo is the [Sumatran Rhino](#). There are five rhino sub-species left on this planet, and the Sumatran is the most rare – estimated at less than 275 individuals left in the wild. A Sumatran Rhino successfully gave birth at the Calcutta Zoo in 1889, but as decades passed without any further successful reproduction in captivity, people grew concerned and developed a program designed to save the Sumatran Rhino. Widely considered a failure, the program ran from 1984-1996 and consisted of capturing 40 wild Sumatran Rhinos and trying to reproduce them in captivity. By the late '90s, no rhinos had been born of the program, and half of the captured rhinos had died. In 1997, the United States was down to only 3 captive Sumatran Rhinos: two females (in the Los Angeles Zoo and Bronx Zoo) and one male (Cincinnati Zoo). It was decided that the animals be united for one last breeding attempt in Cincinnati. In September 2001, the first captive-born Sumatran Rhino calf in 112 years was born (this was the 6th pregnancy for the mother; the previous 5 pregnancies were

not successful)! Another calf followed in 2004, but sadly that same year a disease outbreak killed all of the Sumatran Rhinos in captivity in Malaysia, reducing the number of captive Sumatran Rhinos in the world to **only eight**. Another calf was born in 2007, and that same year the calf who was born in 2001 was returned to Sumatra to try to breed him there. If you are not an animal lover like I am, then you might find my little rant about the Sumatran Rhino boring, and I apologize. But there aren't words for how fascinating it was to see an live animal walking around and making noise who is so rare in our world. Although this particular rhino species is the smallest of the 5 currently in existence, it is fascinating in other ways; such as its light coat of reddish-brown hair, its almost constant vocalizations (which we were able to witness), and its ability to twist saplings into patterns to communicate with other rhinos in the wild. A truly fascinating creature; if you are going to be in the Cincinnati area, I highly recommend stopping by the zoo and glimpsing this historic animal specimen. Here is a video of Emi's 3rd and final calf who was born in 2007:

We stopped for lunch and took in one of those 4D shows; which was alright – being in the air-conditioned theater for 30 minutes was worth the admission fee alone. The 4D consisted of a 3D movie of animals with some additional effects – water spraying, high-powered fans blowing (Ahhh...), things to poke your back, etc. The air blasters on my seat were not working, and neither were my feet ticklers, but no matter, for the air blasting sound in my ears is not one of my favorite things anyway.

By the time we got around to the other side of the zoo, I was so hot and tired that I was becoming willing to skip certain parts of the zoo. We did stop in the petting zoo, another one of my usual favorites (I know a secret spot on goats where they tend to feel sore, and my patented 'goat rubs' are usually very much appreciated... not as much in the heat though).

Two exhibit buildings of note: I really enjoyed the nocturnal house and the cat house (which housed more than just cats, and many species of animals with which I was not familiar – maybe they should change the name – 'Cat House And Friends'? 'Cats and More'? 'Cats, Etc.'? That sounds like the work of the zoo's marketing department; clearly my talents do not lie in that area). The nocturnal house had plenty of species outside of the usual fruit bats you see in the nocturnal houses of many zoos. Along with its share of nocturnal marsupials (a few species of gliders and something called a potto), Cincinnati also has vampire bats (complete with ones feeding out of little dishes of blood – delightfully and creepily fascinating!) as well as flying foxes – bats the size of my large parrot at home with faces resembling foxes or small bears.

Overall, a wonderful day with some great friends, even if it was super hot! Up next, my run-down of the following day spent at King's Island!

Fun At The Jubilee

For the life of me, I could not think of a creative title for this blog post, so I just went with a logical one. Our town has an annual Jubilee – a little carnival on the town square that comes once a year. For all but 1 of the 7 years that we've lived here (we were out of town during that missed year), we've enjoyed the Jubilee, especially now that we live within walking distance and don't have to worry about parking – we can come and go as we please, and it's especially nice to spend a night at the Jubilee and run home for potty breaks rather than using the disgusting Port-O-Potties. It's fun to walk around the square and soak up the bustling atmosphere while chatting with familiar faces among the crowd. Although carnival rides are quite costly these days, we are lucky that my husband's birthday always falls during the week of the Jubilee and that we have some generous relatives who send him much-appreciated birthday money (which my husband is always more than happy to spend on the kids at the Jubilee). The kids had a night of fun on the carnival rides, and there was an extra treat at the Jubilee this year – an animal show!!!

I, like many of my friends it turns out, was thinking that the animal show would not be anything spectacular – a few snakes, a parrot, and maybe a jumping dog or two. But this was more like a traveling zoo – *in my backyard!!!* First, a disclaimer – I love animals. But I'm not one of those PETA activists – I find most people like that over-the-top; you know, those people who spend their time protesting the “horrible” conditions of zoos, blah, blah... that's not me. I won't go into too much detail, but basically I believe in taking good care of animals. I believe that most zoos accomplish that, and overall, I believe that zoos are a great way to educate

the public about animals and get people to care enough to want to take actions that will stop the destruction of wild animal habitats and the killing of species throughout the world. That's it in a nutshell, and I'll stop there since that isn't really what this post is about. My point in bringing this up is to say that when I first heard there was going to be an animal show at the Jubilee, I wasn't going to go, much like when I refuse to attend circuses (I'm not an extremist, but circuses ARE bad for animals!! But that's a whole 'nother post...). So we were at the Jubilee, and there was a huge crowd over by the animal stage, and my curiosity got the better of me – so we checked it out.

Like I kept saying all weekend, it was like a zoo in my backyard! They had a tortoise, a turtle, a huge python, an albino cobra, a monitor lizard (komodo dragon's cousin), an eagle owl (largest species of owl in the world with striking orange eyes), a blue and gold macaw parrot, a binturong (rare mammal who is always sleeping every time I see it at the zoo – this is the first time I've actually seen one awake and in action. They have an odd buttery popcorn smell. I put a picture of one below if you're curious.), a kangaroo, a monkey, a full-sized leopard, AND... a 4-week-old white tiger! The animals seemed well-cared for and their keepers were caring and knowledgeable, so I was quick to become a big fan – in fact, I attended 3 of the 8 shows they put on while they were in town! I would have gone to more, but it was tough enough to get my little guy to sit through the two we brought him to (especially when there were very rude kids standing in front of him – I was so mad!).



Saturday was one of my favorite days ever with me getting to take my kids to TWO animal shows and another one of my favorite things – a PARADE!! I just love small town parades, and this one was especially great – the weather was perfect (in the 80's, but with big puffy clouds and a nice breeze, humidity not too high for once), and two of my kids were marching in it! PLUS, there was a vehicle handing out free stuffed dogs at the end, so we got one for each kid! Best. Jubilee. Ever. ☐ Even if I didn't make my annual trek to the Dippin' Dots stand this year – that should tell you how much I enjoyed the animal show!



Talking To The Animals

Do a search on youtube.com for talking animals, and you'll see birds, dogs, and cats that say human words. Not all of them know what they're saying, but some of them do. I came across an article on cnn.com about 4 animals that could REALLY talk – these include a seal, a cat, a parrot, and a chimpanzee.

In 1971, George and Alice Swallow found a baby seal just off the coast of Maine. The little guy appeared to be orphaned, so they took him home and kept him in their bathtub.

For the first few days, they tried to feed him ground mackerel, but he refused to eat. Once he trusted his new parents, though, he began eating so voraciously they compared him to a Hoover vacuum cleaner and the name stuck.

When he got too big for the tub, Hoover was moved to a small pond behind the Swallows' house. After only a few months, Hoover was eating more fish than his human caretakers were able to provide, so they contacted the New England Aquarium in Boston, hoping the facility had room for him.

When introducing the seal to the aquarium, George mentioned that Hoover could talk. Of course no one believed him at the time. A few years later, though, researchers at the aquarium noticed that Hoover's guttural sounds really did seem to be forming words and phrases. He was often telling people to "Get outta here!" or asking, "How are ya?" He could say his name and a few other phrases, all with a thick Bostonian accent.

Once the word got out that the Aquarium had a talking seal, he became a media sensation, making appearances in Reader's Digest, The New Yorker, National Public Radio, and even on Good Morning America.

Sadly, Hoover died of natural causes in July 1985 at the ripe

old age of 14. He was so admired that he received his own obituary in the Boston Globe. He left behind several offspring, but none possessed his unique gift for gab.

I did a google search for Hoover the Seal, and I did find one piece of audio, but my husband says the words are not Hoover's. I'm not sure what to think – my husband has a point: if there was a talking seal, and he died in 1985, why aren't there more video clips of him out there? I can be kind of gullible, but then again, thousands of people claim to have seen this seal talk, so I don't know. Here is the youtube video I found which is audio only. What do you think? If anyone has visited Hoover and seen him talk, I'd love to hear from you!

Then there was Blackie, the talking cat.

When Carl Miles of Augusta, Georgia, trained his cat Blackie to say, "I love you" and "I want my mama," they took their act on the road. Throughout the early 1980s, Blackie made paid appearances on local TV and radio programs, and even hit the big time with a spot on the network TV show That's Incredible.

However, as the novelty wore off, Carl and Blackie ended up performing on street corners, asking for donations from passersby. After some complaints from locals, police informed Carl that he would need to get a business license in order to keep up Blackie's street show. Carl paid the \$50 fee for a license, but something about it rubbed him the wrong way.

So Carl sued the city of Augusta, under the pretense that the city's business license code mentions many types of occupations that require a license, but a talking cat show was not one of them. But that wasn't the only issue Carl had—he also claimed the city was infringing on Blackie's First Amendment Right to Free Speech.

Carl lost his case, but he appealed the ruling until it came before a federal court. The argument was finally closed when three presiding judges declared that the business license ordinance allowed for other, unspecified types of businesses to require a license, which would encompass a talking cat performer.

As for the First Amendment violation, the courts said the law did not apply because Blackie was not human, and therefore not protected under the Bill of Rights. Furthermore, there seemed no good cause for Carl Miles to be the one to bring the suit in the first place. If Blackie felt his rights were being violated, as a talking cat, he should have been the one to say something.

Next comes Alex the African Grey parrot. I've always wanted an African Grey parrot (ever since as a kid I enjoyed the book Harry's Mad by Dick King-Smith), and so I took special notice of Alex when he would make media appearances. He died suddenly and unexpectedly in 2007, most likely from some sort of heart problem, but not before his accomplishments amazed millions.

According to Dr. Pepperberg's research, this avian Einstein could identify 50 different objects, knew seven colors and shapes, and many different kinds of materials like wool, paper, and wood. For example, hold up a blue block of wood and Alex could tell you the shape, the color, and even what it was made of.

However, he also grasped more complex concepts that required a higher level of thought and understanding. Put a handful of red and yellow blocks on a tray and ask him how many were yellow, he could tell you the correct answer. If you then asked him how many of those same blocks were green, he would say "none."

Furthermore, hold up two blocks of different colors and different sizes and he could tell you which was bigger.

And finally, Lucy, the chimpanzee who was raised like a child by humans:

When she was only two days old, Lucy, a chimpanzee, was purchased by the University of Oklahoma and sent to live with Dr. Maurice Temerlin, a noted psychologist, who, along with his wife, raised the little chimp as if she were their own human child.

Lucy was taught how to eat normal meals at the table using silverware. She could dress herself, often choosing to wear skirts just like her "mother" did. She could even make tea for her "parents" and the team of researchers who trained and

cared for her.

Dr. Robert Fouts, one of the groundbreaking psychologists who taught American Sign Language (ASL) to Washoe the chimp in 1967, helped Lucy learn to communicate using around 250 ASL signs. Lucy could not only give the signs for objects like airplane, ball, and food, but she could also express her emotions with her hands, often “saying” when she was hungry, happy, or sad.

Lucy had become so close to human in most every way that she only found human men, not male chimpanzees, sexually attractive. It was pretty clear that, in her mind anyway, she was the same as her parents.

It's a sad fact that once a captive chimp has reached about four or five years old, their immense strength can become a danger to their human caretakers. Often they need to be placed in a zoo, a lab, or some other facility better equipped to handle primates. In this case, the Temerlins raised Lucy as their daughter until 1977, when she was almost 12 years old, before they finally felt like they had to find her a new home.

After much deliberation, they decided upon a nature preserve in Gambia on the west coast of Africa. They, along with research assistant Janis Carter, flew with Lucy to her new home to help ease the chimp into the wild. However, it was not going to be as simple as they'd hoped.

At the preserve, Lucy was put in a cage at night to protect her from predators. She had only ever slept in a bed inside a nice, quiet, suburban home, so the jungle was a completely new and frightening environment for her.

She was also scared of the other chimps, strange creatures she had only encountered a few times before in her life, preferring to stay close to her parents and Janis whenever she could.

She wasn't eating because her food had always been delivered to her on a plate; she didn't even understand the concept of foraging.

When her parents suddenly became distant and weren't providing her with the life she had always known, Lucy became confused and sad. She would often use the sign for "hurt." And she lost much of her hair due to the stress of her new situation.

Realizing that Lucy would never move on if they stayed, her parents left her behind after three weeks. Janis agreed to stay for a few weeks longer, but it was soon clear that Lucy couldn't change who she was. And so, Janis never left.

Janis helped found a chimpanzee sanctuary on an abandoned island in the middle of the Gambia River. She took Lucy and other chimps that had been raised in captivity and lived with them on the island, teaching them skills they would need in the wild, like finding food and climbing trees.

For most, the new lifestyle quickly became second nature. But for nearly eight years, Lucy refused to give up her human ways. She wanted human food, human interaction, and to be loved by, what she considered, one of her own kind. It wasn't until Janis stopped living on the island that Lucy was finally able to accept her new life and joined a troupe of chimps.

Whenever Janis visited the island, Lucy was still affectionate, still used sign language, but thankfully, she always went back with the chimps into the forest.

Sadly, Lucy's decomposed body was discovered in 1987. Her exact cause of death is unknown, though some believe she was killed by poachers. Others say it was probably something less spectacular, like an attack by a dominant male or an illness.

There's one thing that no one who knew her wonders about,

though, and that's the fact that Lucy never really believed she was anything less than human.

Ok, so the part about Lucy being sexually attracted to male humans is a bit disturbing and TMI. Nonetheless, the article provided a fascinating look at animals who act closer to humans than we can imagine. Just a friendly reminder that all animals can be dangerous, however, so as they say, don't try this at home!

And I'm somewhat surprised that [Koko the gorilla](#) who uses sign language was kept off the list – Lucy the chimp could use sign language, so what about Koko?

To read the article in its entirety, [click here](#).

I Am Published!

It doesn't take much to amuse me, I guess, because today I'm happy that my local newspaper printed a picture I sent in of the baby doves that resided in our tree. You have to subscribe to the paper to see the picture, so if you're local, pick up a copy to see my picture; it's on page 5 ☐

For the rest of you, [follow this link](#) and you can read my post about the baby doves – the photo that was printed in the newspaper is the middle picture.

Zoo Snoozin!

Last week I got an email from my friend Carol – she had planned a field trip to the zoo for a ‘Zoo Snooze’ and a few of her students backed out at the last minute. Since the trip was pre-paid, the spots were paid for, and Carol wanted to fill them – so she thought of me, her friend, the zoo lover, and I of course JUMPED at the opportunity!

I took my two oldest daughters since the age requirements for the trip excluded my 3-year-old Disney and of course my almost 2-year-old, who I wouldn’t have wanted along anyway. Poor Hubby had to stay home with the little ones, and how I missed him! (and the little ones) But other than that – Best. Zoo. Trip. EVER!!!

Because of legality reasons, my daughters and I were not allowed to ride the school bus with the rest of the group. So my friend Carol graciously arranged for us to ride with one of her student’s parents who were chaperoning – they were the nicest people! They were actually going to take their pickup truck, but upon learning that they’d have 3 hitchhikers, they switched vehicles to their SUV without complaint – how accommodating! We followed the bus to the zoo, and we hiked across the zoo carting our sleeping bags, pillows and backpacks, and I was EXCITED beyond belief!! We set down our stuff in Nature’s Neighborhood (where the birds were screaming) and walked over to the primate building where we got to watch the primates after zoo hours and listen to a zookeeper talk about her interactions with the primate families. We then went into the Museum of Science building (this is at the Toledo Zoo, don’t know if I mentioned which zoo it was...) into a classroom in the basement to listen to a worker tell about 3 animals – a box turtle, a salamander, and a rat (my girls were more than happy to volunteer the info that they had FOUR pet rats at home!). After listening to facts about the animals, we got to touch them, and I had

already promised myself I would touch it no matter what – not a big deal, I love animals, so I don't have a problem touching regardless of species... except for my fear of frogs, but had there been a frog, I was going to touch it! We switched classrooms and did the same thing with 3 more animals: a cockroach, an agama (type of lizard – cute!), and a fox snake. Because the group sizes for Zoo Snoozes are supposed to be 25-50 people, they had actually paired our group of 11 with a rather large school group from Northern Michigan. When we were in the classrooms doing the animal activities, they separated our groups, and I was so glad because it would have been difficult for our kids to see and touch the animals if we were still combined with the huge Michigan group.

Next we went to the Carnivore Cafe (used to be an exhibit building that housed animals and they left some of the cages up for kids to eat in – they get a big kick out of this) for our snack of pizza, raisins, juice, and animal cookies.



the kids eating in an
animal cage at the
Carnivore Cafe

We then went for a night hike, and walking around the zoo in the dark under the full moon was amazing. We could hear the lions roaring, the snow leopards making cat noises, and when we walked past the cheetah exhibit, they were quite active. One sprayed a tree, and then he began stalking us, slowly walking toward us and then running at us and jumping on the

fence! I didn't have my camera out when he jumped at the fence, but here he is stalking us – listen for the little cheetah “meow” at the end:

The zookeeper said that the cheetahs like to stalk toddlers who can barely walk, and they especially have fun with this during the zoo's Halloween celebration when parents bring their kids who dress up like cute and cuddly things – like little bunnies or other tasty cheetah snacks.

So we took a night hike to the aquarium, and it was neat to see the keepers turn on the lights for us. Even the fish were acting differently at night – some fish appeared that we don't normally see during the day when we come, and others were swimming in schools when they don't usually do that during the day.

After the night hike, we made enrichment treats for the animals – there were four to choose from: melon bombs for the elephants (you make holes in watermelons and stick carrot sticks in there), pumpkin cookies and paper towel tubes for the primates, and snack bags for the elephants. My oldest daughter made primate tubes, and Sammie and I made elephant snack bags – you put an apple, a pear, and a handful each of peanuts and popcorn in the bags and roll them shut and decorate them. We were incredibly surprised the next morning when we watched Louie the elephant (and it was his 7th birthday!) take our treat bags and pop the whole things into his mouth (bags and all!) without even opening them first! Here is a video of Louie eating our bags – too bad I couldn't get out from behind the girl with the ponytail:

After making the enrichments, we went back to a classroom and played an animal training games using a training clicker – I have to get myself one of those and follow the puppy around for a day or two to housebreak him! Wonder when I'll find the time for that? After the game, it was finally time for bed, and we got to choose if we wanted to separate from the Michigan group. We chose yes, leaving them to sleep with the screaming parrots – I get enough of that at home! And sure enough, they reported to us the next day that the birds were up and screaming at 5am. I would not have been too happy about that, especially since we didn't get to bed until 1am! So we took our stuff and slept in one of the classrooms in the basement of the Museum of Science which was pretty neat – it's a well-kept 1930's Works Progress Association building, and we got to wander the winding basement hallways back and forth to the bathroom. Never mind that the building is home to hundreds of frogs and toads – they were upstairs, and I didn't give them any thought.

I think I will end it here and save day 2 of the Zoo Snooze for another post – this turned out to be a rather long post, and even though it's difficult for me to understand, not everyone loves zoos as much as I do. I don't want to bore the heck out of anyone!

Dove Tale

For the past month or so, our family has been keeping tabs on a mother dove sitting upon her nest, nestled way high on a ledge upon the neighbor's tall house.



This is the nest after Mom
had left it

She sat there all day, every day; through rain, shine, and even a few nasty thunderstorms. And then one day, she was gone. I thought about her all day, wondering if she had abandoned her nest, especially since we never got to see the hungry open mouths of the baby doves (squabs?). A few hours later, I spied this scene in the tree right in front of our house:



It's Mom with two babies! I guess doves grow faster than the traditional robins whose nests we are used to watching. The dove chicks, er, squabs (as a quick internet search led me to believe they're called) hatched and left the nest before we even realized it! A day after the above picture was taken, Mother dove was gone and the two babies sat in the same place, cuddling and preening. They sat there for about 2 days, and I was worried that Mom had left them too early and they would

starve. Some more quick internet research told me that Mourning Doves grow rather quickly, and that the mother leaves the babies shortly after they leave the nest – so our doves were behaving normally. I also learned that the mother and father doves take turns sitting on the nest. The male usually takes care of the daytime duty, while the female relieves him at night. Since both genders look alike, unless you are watching the nest constantly, you won't notice the switch. I was wondering how she didn't get extremely bored sitting up there 24/7!

Every day these little guys grow by leaps and bounds, and this picture was taken only one day after the above picture, note how mother has left the babies to fend for themselves:



The day after this picture was taken, there was only 1 baby left in the tree, and now there are none. We enjoyed watching these little guys grow up, and I hope it's true when they say that a pair of mated Mourning Doves will reuse the same nest over and over again – I'll be watching the nest and waiting!