

Marmoset peers from bottles, wonders "when's lunchtime?"



Baby squirrel, fed from eye-dropper, gets used to handling while eating.



Mashed bananas are offered young raccoon; daily contact inspires confidence.



Fledgling owl, perched on Mrs. Martini's hand, nibbles at tempting piece of meat.



"Mother" to Zoo Babies

Photos: Pickow from Three Lions

BEFORE ANY FLEDGLING PERFORMER at New York's Bronx Zoo acquires star status, it undergoes a certain amount of grooming. Most of this is done backstage in the nursery, where zoo babies freshly weaned from their mothers—and some deserted orphans—are taught stage manners and the social graces before making their debut. Chief chaperon for the starlets is Mrs. Fred Martini, who coddles the infants, prepares their formulas, spoon-feeds them, nurses them, pampers them, and in general persuades them to love their worst enemy and best audience—people.



There's also time for fun: ocelot chases marmoset across Mrs. Martini's shoulders in game of tag.



Mrs. Martini prepares formula for baby animals, which must be fed as carefully as human infants, especially those deserted by their mothers before they're old enough for solids.