

with a worried mother bear is too much like creeping up to find out why a charge of dynamite didn't explode. *go off.*

*San Diego incident*  
The panic of the human mind is sometimes- I should say often- the undoing of the bear. An incident of this kind happened at a zoo on the Pacific Coast. The usual crowd was milling about the animal cages feeding them the usual things. In one cage was a docile old black bear thankful for anything he could get. Some workmen were repairing his abode in some way, hammering and tinkering about. In the course of this, they loosened one side of it. In moving about the bear pushed through and walked out. The sight-seers came, offering him things to eat. This was much more fun than feeding him through the bars.

*San Diego*  
The crowd thickened, more and more came up and pushed the inner ring close around him. This was all different. He was used to taking things through the bars where he felt safe. He turned this way and that, refusing food, and trying to find a way out. The people laughed, the noise increased. All at once there was a rush and a scramble- and someone was scratched as the harassed animal bolted pell-mell through the human wall.

There was an uproar, people backing up and stumbling over each other. They scattered, and the bear thoroughly frightened and unfamiliar with these paths, ~~that he had never traveled~~, lumbered about bumping a woman here, knocking down a child there.

"Catch him! Kill him!" rose the cry.

*attendants*  
*San Diego*  
The keepers worked fast, but were hampered by the insane crowd. Somebody was really going to get hurt. A keeper *weakened* wavered. It had to be done.

There was silence around the cages and along the paths.

There was emptiness in the bear's cage, the old bear that had been glad to be fed by his friends and made so many children shout with merriment. "So bad," said the keeper. "He was a good bear."

*Ms.*  
~~bear come to life.~~

~~8~~ 9

*travelers*

One of the greatest joys of ~~the tourists~~ in the national parks is the chance to see the various species of big game roaming wild. Get up at four-thirty and drive slowly along a road. The woods, the meadows, the hot springs tucked almost under your car, all will be seen through morning mists like a moving picture. The actors will appear in person, a doe and fawns bounding stiff-legged out of your path, a band of tawny elk feeding in a tawnier marsh of wild grass, a big black moose looming on a level with your window, bison below in a pasture, not to mention beaver, rare trumpeter swans chummy with mallards on the river, and the fierce white-breasted osprey perched on the tip of a jutting pinnacle.

*chance to see  
species*



glad to be fed by his friends and made so many children shout with merriment.

"Too bad," said the keeper. "He was a good bear."

*Ms.*  
*Two in*  
In the Yellowstone are two species of bears, the black and the grizzly. The name of the first often puzzles people because the black bear is not always black. His pelage may be brown, so a cinnamon bear is a black bear. A black mother sometimes gives birth to two brown cubs, or even a brown and a black one. ~~So~~ Color does not determine the species. The grizzly also varies from dark brown to almost black, or to a brilliant silver-gray, which has given him the name of silver-tip.

*Comparison*  
The black bear is highest in the middle of the back, lower at the shoulders, and round on the hind quarters. In walking he usually carries his head low. He is expert at climbing trees. The grizzly is easily recognized because he is double the size of the black bear and stands higher in the shoulders. He walks with his head up. While a grizzly cub may occasionally climb, one never sees an old grizzly up a tree.

*Black & grizzly*  
An old black bear is perhaps the most human of all wild animals. *Some think* He is at his best at an afternoon reception at <sup>a</sup> some zoo where he is surrounded by the comforts of civilization- a bathtub and plenty to eat. He is a happy-go-lucky fellow, always with the attitude of having a lot of time to kill. When he cannot figure just what to do, he sits down and swings his head aimlessly from side to side. When hunting for a living in the woods, he is a Rip Van Winkle. He meanders along, eating a little grass, turning over stones to collect crickets, digging into old logs, or raking the berries from a bush. ~~When a grizzly is hunting and~~ comes to a squirrel or marmot hole, he goes at the digging as if



The grizzly lords it over the black bear. He is alert, watchful, aggressive and is the most cunning and wisest of all bears. Contrary to many hunters' tales and newspaper reports, the grizzly is not a vicious monster. At home in the wild state, this animal is peaceful and self-respecting, minding his own business if left alone. Only when cornered or injured is he ferocious. Why not, when he meets a man on the firing line?

Of course, people should be educated to know that they cannot entice a bear out of the wilds and hug him without the risk of being knocked down.

A campaign of education for the visitors should be carried on. Of course the happy-go-lucky tourist has to learn that he can not entice a black bear with delicacies out of the wilds and fondle him without the risk of being knocked down. A volume of good stories that would educate the public is buried in the Park office files. Why not publish that it is a violation of the Park rules to feed the black bears? (They can see gentled animals in a city zoo with no danger to themselves. It looks as if the people must be amused at all odds. So, it's on with the show.

The newest and most exciting bear movie in the world is the sumptuous banquet spread by the Park officials for the grizzlies. On Otter Creek about two miles from Canyon Hotel, is a natural arena. On the eastern slope of the hill are the log seats of the amphitheater stretching across to a concrete wall upon which is an impregnable barricade with spiked over-hang. About fifty feet down the slope from the choice front row is a ten-foot wall of logs bristling with barb-wire. On down at the edge of the stream, the eye gazes at the big concrete stage with its background of natural beauty. Broadening out under the rays of the setting sun to the right is the green meadow of the little valley. put the (next page)-



the soft bear talk. Cubs are sportive and cocky when bolstered by mothers, but orphans are out of luck. Two dejected and scared little fellows sit some distance off in the grass, watchful and fidgeting, their mouths watering for the bits that may be gone before the crusty old sires depart. Two old black-bears amble up to the edge of the table and sneak bites to eat, but are restless and half-hearted. It is exceptional for blacks and grizzlies to fraternize because there is no love lost between them- and the grizzly doesn't mean maybe. In an argument, is it usually best for a black to shimmy up a handy tree.

Of all the exhibits in the big game parade, this grizzly show at Canyon is the greatest. It is a \$2 performance for nothing. Come and get it. The long lines of cars that wait for hours are like the lines of people on a Hollywood sidewalk waiting for a first-nighter. Hollywood would be tickled to put on a show like this, for these are <sup>really wild actors</sup> wild clowns with their own stage settings. No blaring band whets the nerves to excitement. An awesome hush pervades the scene, while a lecturer tells you all about it. It is so popular that there couldn't be any good reason for discontinuing it- could there?

One of the real tragedies in the Park was supplied by a goofy boy who appeared at the rangers' station with the request to see a grizzly right close. Even rangers are used to specimens, but this was a new one. He was told that he might go in to the grand-stand to see the bears fed when the crowd was admitted, not before. He was persistent. When did the bears commence to come in? Where did they keep the grizzlies waiting before they let them out to see the people? Could he go down and stand at the corner of the platform to take a picture? And would they have one of



~~of the biggest ones close so he wouldn't be all mixed up with the others?~~ He had some candy to feed the cubs, and he didn't think he could wait till the hour they mentioned.)

He didn't wait. The rangers watched him wandering around aimlessly for a while, and then forgot him. Plodding into the woods, he ~~came to~~ <sup>skirted</sup> the grand-stand and the high fence, ~~but instead of going inside he walked around on the outside and soon came to where he was looking down on the feeding platform.~~ <sup>and wacked near</sup> All was quiet below, no bears in sight, no cubs playing at the little stream. There was nothing to be afraid of here. ~~Bears were lazy things,~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~anyway.~~ He stepped down a little incline and walked out ~~toward~~ the big table. A bunch of ravens flapped wildly up with cavernous cries.

It was sunny and warm. The woods were asleep. They looked inviting. He walked over into the grass that bordered the stream. This was the bears' lounging place. They must be around somewhere. ~~Somehow he felt them, felt eyes scrutinizing him from the~~ ~~meets.~~ Continuing on a well beaten path, he saw flattened-out places- beds. He was picking his way along, when bang! A fury of gray fur with a horrible face and ~~brutal~~ teeth rose up ~~in front of him~~ and hurled itself upon him.

In the hospital when he was able to talk, he averred that he fell on his face to play dead. The conclusion was that he had fainted, and that ~~was what~~ <sup>only</sup> saved his life. ( It took some time to patch him together, and he was laid up long enough to learn a lesson. Don't ever want to see a grizzly right close. )

~~The authors have camera-hunted wild beasts and birds from~~



*Take an incident of a very different nature, one with a wild bear in his own environment.*

The authors have camera-hunted wild beasts and birds from the Bering Sea to the Mexican border, and they never carry a gun weapon of any kind, least of all a gun. ~~One of them wouldn't know which end to shoot.~~ It was on Unimak Island of the Aleutian Chain that they <sup>met</sup> their first Kodiak bear, known to be the biggest and fiercest bear in existence. They had trudged some six or seven miles from camp on a little river that flowed steeply down from Shishaldin Volcano. They were loaded down with knapsacks, cameras, field-glasses.

Treading the tundra is no place to win a foot race. It is a mat of dwarfed and twisted willows and plant life, interspersed with beds of blue violets, ~~delicate wild orchids~~ <sup>wild flowers</sup> and a fascinating array of other small flowers and lichens. Springy and spongy, the tundra lugs at your feet and feels as if it had no bottom. ~~But, oh boy, a beauty rest mattress is no match for it as a bed!~~ They plodded along, bracing themselves against a gale that swept the treeless, rolling wastes. A small herd of caribou feeding near a little lake in the distance was picked up with the field-glasses. This was good game. Sneaking along on hands and knees, dropping down behind a hummock now and then, they hoped to get near enough for a shot. Suddenly the caribou tails went up, a danger signal <sup>to the herd.</sup> They were watching something intently.

Glancing sidewise at a ridge opposite and running parallel down to the lake, the sun lighted up a tawny object. It was an old Kodiak digging out a squirrel. He made the dirt fly behind him and was too busy to think of strangers in his lonesome land. The squirrel outwitted him, and he lumbered down the trail, his <sup>high</sup> ~~strong~~ shoulders rolling in the sun. He was taking his daily walk to the lakeshore for a drink.

Then came a hide-and-seek dash for the snap-shooters, scout-

*Bering Sea incident - Kodiak*



ting on hands and knees, dropping flat and breathless, ~~to reach~~  
~~the lake when he did.~~ It meant a prize picture. A little lower  
the trails converged in V shape running down to the water. The  
bear won the race.

Reaching the top of a little out-bank, the cameraman jumped  
over and was out of sight. The camera woman was left holding the  
knapsacks and waiting for the next move. (Out on the flats beyond,  
the caribou milled restlessly, their rump-patches flaring, to come  
back front-face and stand huddled together for defense.) They kept  
their eyes intently on their common enemy, the old bear, <sup>obliviously</sup> digging  
in the wet grass along the shore.

He was so oblivious that the cameraman took a chance and  
made a run for a closer hummock, where he dropped. <sup>The distance was about seventy-five yards-</sup> He counted on  
good enough for a picture.  
the poor eyesight of the bear, but lost the bet. The little beady  
eyes caught ~~the~~ movement. He whirled and rose up to his full  
height. ~~There~~ was a great, shaggy figure with long, dangling arms.  
What a picture! Brain didn't stand on ceremony. He dropped and  
charged straight <sup>up the path</sup> toward the man aiming that threatening one-eyed  
gun at him. Closer- too close! No gun! Just a camera! A moment  
passed. A swishing sound as of a cutting wind. A vacuum of space.

The cameraman found himself standing as he had when he  
rose to press the <sup>bigger of the camera</sup> button of the meter. ~~Far away he heard the~~  
~~buzzing.~~ <sup>of it seemed far away.</sup> He had got it!

When the negative was developed, it showed only a small  
black speck bobbing fuzzily ~~far~~ up the hill- the tail end of the  
old bear logging it up the mountain. Both man and camera had had  
a mental lapse and came to only in time to cover themselves with  
discomfiture.



"Lucky I didn't have a gun instead of a camera," mused the bear hunter. "It might have had a lapse, <sup>too,</sup> and gone off half cocked. ~~He was as big as a barn and right on top of me.~~ If I had wounded him, that would have been curtains for me!"

① "Lucky I didn't have a gun instead of a camera," mused the bear hunter. ② "It might have had a lapse, too, and gone off half cocked. ③ He was as big as a barn and right on top of me. ④ If I had wounded him, that would have been curtains for me! ⑤ ~~And that's~~

*But he was as afraid of me as I was of him."*

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No. 2 accidents  
the six preceding years. Of visitors hurt, there were 114, but this number is small when it is likely that 50,000 guests invited injury by their thoughtless lack of discretion. It is doubtful if in any one case the blame could be justly laid to the bear. The total number of cases where the bears did damage to cars and around camps was 81. People are a little wiser than in former years, for in 1933, 146 damage cases were reported, and 451 in 1932. On account of injuries to people and property damage, the Park rangers had to kill 47 bears this season.

2. Park and species  
The national parks with their efficient officials have saved wild animals like the moose, buffalo and grizzly bear which were once at the point of final disappearance. The wilderness is the only home where these can survive. They must live according to their own habits and conditions. The artificial feeding of the Yellowstone elk in the Jackson Hole has proved a detriment to the species. Coaxing the grizzly population out of the wilderness and gorging them with garbage from camps and hotels <sup>is like</sup> furnishes a free \$2 show. Nothing like it in the world- so popular perhaps it cannot be discontinued. The Yellowstone is on wheels today. The needs and amusements of racing tourists lead more and more toward commercialism.

Repeat?

Keep Park wild  
From the Atlantic to the Pacific, are thousands of city and state parks equipped as playgrounds and with zoos filled with animals. The importance of physical recreation for Americans should not efface the need for mental inspiration. The marvels of nature and the unequalled grandeur of our national parks should be for appreciation, and not for amusement. The sharp competition between federal departments to please the voting public naturally encourages a publicity campaign to build up the attendance. But the sanctity of guarding our wilderness areas should not be sacrificed to any lesser advantage.



Will cheap success dim the purity of the Yellowstone wonderland and leave it dingy and bedraggled from many feet, fretted with the babel of many tongues and knickknacks foreign to its spirit? [In some other place sell souvenir Teddy bears with "Made in Japan" on their bottoms.]

Will [tractable] Old Mother Bear and her ~~well-behaved~~ cubs some day receive a sentence of death because of the persistence of the people in feeding them? [And what of the grizzlies fast losing their respect for man?] Yellowstone is already reaping the results.

[Said an old-timer: "I used to enjoy sleeping in the woods with the wild folks around, but I wouldn't lay my blankets down anywhere in the Park today."]

Why should any bears be fed in the Park? Why tack up the sign on one tree, "Don't Feed the Bears," and on another, "Come and See Us Feed Them." Let Old Mother Bear go home and dig for herself and let the Zoo enthusiasts keep their peanuts for the Zoo at home.

Story of bear kid-snatchers.  
Cahoon -



Since Park is going to continue  
feeding bears, as they increase &  
become less fearless, they are  
going to have to be taken out & shot.  
Gift 30070 by bears  
18<sup>th</sup>

150

2400

200

7550 words



Thirty or forty years ago, Yellowstone visitors saw comparatively few bears, even the blacks, because when one of them caught sight of man he cleared for the woods in a hurry. Later the black bears sneaked in for the leavings around camps. Learning that food came from man, they grasped the idea quickly. However, a mother with cubs would never let them venture near a person. She always spanked them up a tree so they would have safety first. Then the bears got wind of the garbage dumps behind the hotels and soon the daily meals here became a custom. They grew used to people- too used to them- and began invading the hotel kitchens, breaking into cabins and store-rooms, and accidents began to happen.

The disconcerted Park Service cut off their rations, thinking the bears would return to the woods. They didn't count on the sagacity of the animal race nor the <sup>infatuation</sup> foolishness of the human race that had taught them new tricks. The bruins turned highwaymen and panhandled the people on the roads, at which the Park patrons were even more thrilled. <sup>than at the garbage parties.</sup> It wasn't quite, "Your money or your life," but the increasing number of accidents and plundering escapades became <sup>apparent</sup> too numerous to be treated casually.

The grizzly is now traveling the same trail. He used to be aloof, distrustful. Sad to say, this virile bear is taking to coddling as <sup>almost readily</sup> easily as the black did. And remember, it is the change in the natural habits and character of this animal that <sup>will make</sup> makes him dangerous. <sup>in time.</sup> Observers are wondering if some time in the future, the grizzly situation will not become more of a hornet's nest than that of the black bear, especially when the Park is even more crowded and human and animal paths are sure to <sup>cross</sup> meet. <sup>It is already reaping the results.</sup>

During the past season, there was a marked increase in the number of tourists injured by bears, as compared with the totals of



*disarming in harmony*  
ness. A soft veil of safety and ~~sweetness~~ pervades the gentle slopes  
~~sixth~~ *inviting* and the quiet woods and meadows for the multitudes that come  
to camp and play. ~~That is as it should be. But it should be real,~~  
~~and not affected.~~ *But what is that small feeling*  
*of something hidden underneath? Is it danger?*







Thirty or forty years ago, Yellowstone visitors saw comparatively few bears, even the blacks, because when one of them caught sight of man he cleared for the woods in a hurry. Later the black bears sneaked in for the leavings around camps. Learning that food came from man, they grasped the idea quickly. However, a mother with cubs never let them venture near a person. She always spanked them up a tree so they would have safety first. Then the bears got wind of the garbage dumps behind the hotels, and soon daily meals became the custom. <sup>At that time, feeding the bears</sup> ~~It~~ wasn't a bright idea of the Park Service for publicity. It happened and just grew, like Topsy. The bears <sup>became</sup> ~~grew~~ used to people- too used to them- and began invading the hotel kitchens, breaking into cabins and store-rooms. Accidents began to happen.

The disconcerted Park Service cut off their rations, thinking <sup>the bears</sup> they would return to the woods. They didn't count on the sagacity of the animal race nor the infatuation of the human race that had taught <sup>them</sup> ~~the bears~~ new tricks. The bruins turned highwaymen and panhandled the people on the roads, at which the Park patrons were even more pleased than at the garbage parties. It wasn't quite, "Your money or your life," by the bears, but the increasing number of accidents and plundering escapades became too apparent to be treated casually.

The grizzly is now traveling the same trail. He used to be aloof, distrustful. Sad to say, this verile bear is taking to coddling almost as readily as the black did. And remember, it is the change in the natural habits and character of this animal that will make him dangerous in time also. Observers are wondering if in the future, the grizzly situation will not become more of a hornet's nest than that of the black bear, especially when the Park is



A good example of how dangerous a grizzly may be anywhere around the feeding area is the case of a well known doctor who was taking motion pictures of the grizzlies on Otter Creek. He was standing just beyond some trees near the present feeding platform. An old grizzly and her cubs were his subjects. She must have been suspicious of the camera. All of a sudden, she turned and charged. The doctor ran for the nearest tree, but was a little slow in climbing out of reach. Her charge was not a bluff: she meant business. She caught him by the foot, bit through so viciously that she mangled a toe and <sup>it</sup> had to be amputated. Fortunately he lifted himself up <sup>then</sup> ~~then~~ beyond her reach, or she would have done more damage. It was also fortunate that a grizzly does not climb trees like the black bear, <sup>the old mother couldn't climb the tree</sup> The doctor had a narrow escape from death, and it will be the same with anyone else who from now on comes in contact with any of these half-tamed grizzlies where they have lost their fear of the human being.



To show how the ordinary individual is unable to size up the situation regarding wildlife in the Yellowstone, questions (and examples) are loaded upon all the rangers and Park officers every day during the summer. Many people think that the Park is handled as a national zoo. The exhibit of grizzly bears, which are some of the wildest of wild animals, and never before seen in a wild state by ninety-nine out of a hundred visitors, is unbelievable. People ask where these bears are kept in confinement. By the thousands people rush in and see the mass of grizzlies feeding down on a big concrete platform. They think the Park authorities have tamed these in confinement in the forested area up the hill just beyond the feasting place. When a giant moose or a big antlered elk is grazing by the roadside and doesn't leap away at the sound of a motor, or merely looks inquisitively as a man piles out of his car and begins shooting with a camera, it is hard to persuade a lot of city residents from the East that these are not animals the Park people have not raised and tamed in captivity. It never occurs to many that an old bull moose may suddenly charge and send a man to a hospital or prepare him for a grave. Such ignorance seems impossible, but it is too true.

*Boy grizzly*  
*Good*  
A good example is given of a young man who wanted to get some pictures of the grizzlies. While the area where the grizzlies are fed is locked to prevent the entrance of machines and is fenced so it is impossible for people to climb over, yet there <sup>is</sup> was nothing to stop any person walking around and coming in either side. The young man mentioned above did this and met with an old mother bear and cubs. *Instead of retreating,* She charged, knocked him down, and he was scratched and bitten and left for dead. In the hospital later when he was advised of his foolish action, he claimed the only



way he escaped was to play dead, but the truth likely is that he fainted when attacked and this is perhaps the reason he was not killed by the old grizzly.

There are many examples that show the utter foolishness



In the Lewis and Clark journals, one may read of the earliest pioneer's experience with the grizzly bear. <sup>When</sup> While these early explorers ~~in~~ of 1804 and 1805 were in this region where the Yellowstone Park was later established, ~~but~~ <sup>many</sup> they tell of different incidents on meeting this big bear. He had a good deal of curiosity. His habit was to stand up, or even approach a stranger to see what he was. From the tales of Indians, the explorers were thoroughly convinced that the bear was vicious and <sup>would</sup> charged to kill. The man with a gun was loaded from head to foot with fear, far more fear than the grizzly had at the time. <sup>The hunter was too quick on the trigger in order to</sup> He in turn fired immediately in the effort to kill. <sup>get the</sup> In some cases, the grizzly may have charged in vengeance, but as a rule he fled. <sup>He fired point blank, and was usually good</sup> <sup>revenge</sup> <sup>gruff on the bear.</sup>

From that time on, it was the man with a gun and his ancestral fear of this huge bear that brought about its extermination in the State of California and other places. It was this continued war on the grizzly who had no other ~~real~~ enemies except man that taught him to keep far out of sight of ~~man~~ and to run for his life at the scent, sound, or sight of anything that <sup>suggested</sup> had a human indication. <sup>Shuns Bear</sup>

The grizzly, therefore, up to the present time has seldom been of real danger to people in the Park. His fear of the human being is still at the top of <sup>his strongest memory</sup> his mentality.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, it was a rare sight ever to see a grizzly even in the Yellowstone. It is even quite rare today in the forested areas where the grizzly hangs out. Even when the black bears used to come in to the garbage dumps, a grizzly never dared appear in daylight. At dark he came lumbering down out of the trees, woofing and making plenty of noise to scare the black bears so he could get a portion of the food. <sup>in the Park.</sup>

Today there is a great change in the habits of this animal. He sits around in the afternoon waiting for the truck loads of seconds



from the camps and hotels. When an army of sixty or seventy grizzlies will come right out in the open to the banquet table with a horde of a thousand people sitting just above in plain sight, no one can say that the life of this bear is being <sup>not transformed</sup> ~~metamorphosed~~. Sooner or later, whether it is ten or twenty years, the grizzly will lose all his fear of the sight, sound or smell of the human being. He will surely come to his own in the Park. ~~That will mean that generations ago he lost~~ <sup>later he was</sup> ~~his curiosity and filled up with fear.~~ This will mean that under the present method of free grub and no gunning, he will be the most dangerous animal in any wilderness area. ~~Even~~ Those who want to take an outing along the wooded trails will do so at a tremendous risk.

At the present time, the Park rangers are compelled to shoot and kill any of the black bears that go off half-cocked and injure the tourists in camps and along the roads because of familiarity.

There is but one answer to the present policy of banqueting the grizzlies. It is the army method of keeping armed rangers on the line and occasionally shooting the grizzlies so they are trained to know a free and easy living from the hands of man also means a bullet in the brain if a single paw <sup>crosses the dead line</sup> comes across the border.

The park feeds the grizzlies ~~satisfies tourists~~ <sup>free</sup> because it's a world renowned show to attract the tourists. Park lovers will pay plenty in the end. The people feed the blacks for fun and excitement. But when they do this, they ought to know that the bears have to be shot. <sup>and even</sup>

The people are educating the bears to be dangerous <sup>and even</sup> and a big nuisance and as a result they have to be killed.



One of the real tragedies of the Park was supplied by a goofy boy who appeared at the rangers' station with the request to see a grizzly bear right close. Even rangers are used to specimens, but this was a new one. He was told that he might see the bears fed when the regular crowd was admitted, not before. He was persistent. When did the bears commence to come in? Where did they keep the grizzlies before they let them out to see the people? He didn't think he could wait till the hour they mentioned.

He didn't wait. The rangers watched him wandering around aimlessly for a while, and then forgot him. Plodding into the woods, he skirted the grandstand and high fence and walked down near the feeding platform. All was quiet below, no bears in sight, no cubs playing at the little stream. There was nothing to be afraid of here. He stepped down a little incline and walked out to the big table. A bunch of ravens flapped wildly up with cavernous cries.

It was sunny and warm. The woods were asleep. They looked inviting. He sauntered over into the grass near the stream. This was the bears' lounging place. Continuing on a well-beaten path, he saw flattened out places- beds. He was picking his way along, when bang! A fury of gray fur with a horrible face and teeth rose up and hurled itself upon him.

In the hospital when he was able to talk, he averred that he fell on his face to play dead. The conclusion was that he had fainted, and only that saved his life.



enough left for raucous ravens. ~~to make a feast.~~

Reaction People  
There is a breath-taking fascination, not to mention avid curiosity, to sit in a big outdoor amphitheater with its wilderness setting and watch from fifty to seventy of these great creatures of another animal world feasting on choice seconds from human menus- vegetables, meats, fruits, pastries. Your safety is complete as you gaze through the hard-wire of your "cage" at the liveliest knock-down fight between two old grizzlies. About two dozen of the biggest and boldest males take precedence at this first table.

Mothers & cubs  
Round, silver-gray mothers with dark cubs tagging at their heels move about and pick their food with indifference to the bouts bouts going on in the center of the ring. One mother with four black balls frisking about her is the prize of all eyes. Another with three cubs, very affectionate and human, noses and fondles them till one almost hears the soft bear talk. Cubs are sportive and cocky when bolstered by mothers, but orphans are out of luck. Two dejected and scared little fellows sit some distance off in the grass, watchful and flinching, their mouths watering for the bits that may be gone before the crusty ~~old cubs~~ <sup>their elders</sup> depart. Two old black bears wander up to the edge of the table and sneak bits to eat, but are restless and half-hearted. It is exceptional for blacks and grizzlies to fraternize because there is no love lost between them- and the grizzly doesn't mean maybe. In an argument, is is usually best for a black to shinny up a handy tree.

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During the past season, there was a marked increase in the number of tourists injured by bears, as compared with the totals of the six preceding years. Of visitors hurt, there were 114, but this number is small when it is likely that 50,000 people invited injury by their lack of discretion. It is doubtful if in any one case the blame could be justly be laid to the bear. The total number of cases where bears did damage to cars and around camps was 81. The public is a little wiser than in former years, for in 1933, 146 damage cases were reported, and 451 in 1932. On account of accidents to people and property damage, the park rangers had to single out and shoot 47 bears this season. The black bears were the main aggressors. For obvious reasons the rangers will have to adopt more stringent plans and kill off more bears in the Yellowstone.

It is true that the national parks with their efficiency have saved wild animals like the moose, buffalo and grizzly bear which were once at the point of final disappearance. A well managed wilderness area is the only home where these can survive, but they must live according to natural habits. The artificial feeding of the Yellowstone elk in Jackson Hole has proved a detriment to the species. Pampering of the black bears by the people, and coaxing the grizzly population out of their natural environment with free food, is fostering disaster.

Of course, fewer visitors would be able to glimpse a grizzly if the big bear show at Otter Creek was discontinued, because it is not predicted that the grizzly tribe would turn



out along the roads with their tin cups as the black bears did. At that, with good behavior on both sides, the public might see both blacks and grizzlies in a role more natural and healthy for them than eating lazily at a man-made table. What is so funny about the gluttonous scene of the grizzlies? Is it for the future good of either the bears or the people?

The real purpose of the national parks thins down to whether they should be used largely as playgrounds to amuse the people. Should not the government maintain these marvels of nature more from an educational standpoint? Should not the unequaled grandeur of the national parks be maintained more for the mental inspiration of Americans? Thousands of local playgrounds and parks have been established from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and thousands of other areas furnish abundant opportunities for physical recreation.

To be sure there is a sharp competition between the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior and the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, to please and benefit the voting public. For years a great publicity campaign has been under way to build up attendance, but the sanctity of guarding nature's marvels and our wilderness areas should not be sacrificed. Let the Coney Islanders play in their own environment. Let the zoo enthusiasts keep their peanuts for their local zoos.

Why should any bears be fed in the park? Why tack up the sign on one tree, "Don't Feed The Bears," and on another, "Come and See Us Feed Them?" Let Old Mother Bear go home and dig for herself.



even more crowded and human and animal paths are sure to cross. It is already reaping the results.

Said one old-timer: "I used to enjoy sleeping in the woods with the wild folks around, but I wouldn't lay my blankets down anywhere in the Park today."

During the past season, there was a marked increase in the number of tourists injured by bears, as compared with the totals of the six preceding years. Of visitors hurt, there were 114, but this number is small when it is likely that 50,000 people invited injury by their lack of discretion. It is doubtful if in any one case the blame could be justly be laid to the bear. The total number of cases where bears did damage to cars and around camps was 81. The public is a little wiser than in former years, for in 1933, 146 damage cases were reported, and 451 in 1932. On account of accidents to people and property damage, the Park rangers had to ~~kill~~ <sup>single out at least</sup> 47 bears this season. ~~It is not known how many of these were~~

~~grizzlies, but undoubtedly~~ The black bears were the main aggressors. ~~For obvious reasons, the Park may adopt a management plan of reduction of the number of bears in its boundaries.~~ <sup>more stringent</sup>

<sup>Copy</sup> It is true that the national parks with their efficiency have saved wild animals like the moose, buffalo and grizzly bear which were once at the point of final disappearance. A well managed wilderness area is the only home where these can survive, But they must live according to natural habits. The artificial feeding of the Yellowstone elk in Jackson Hole has proved a detriment to the species. <sup>hampering of the black bears by the people, and</sup> coaxing the grizzly population out of their natural environment <sup>in fact</sup> ~~and supporting them with free food is likely~~ to bring disaster.

Of course, fewer visitors would be able to glimpse a grizzly if the big bear show at Otter Creek was discontinued, because



it is not predicted that the grizzly tribe would turn out along the roads with their tin cups as the black bears did. At that, with good behavior on both sides, the public might see both blacks and grizzlies in a role more natural <sup>and healthy for</sup> ~~to~~ them than eating lazily at a man-made table. ~~What's~~ <sup>it</sup> so funny about a glutinous scene any-

way, or what is to be learned about the bear in it? (If this is all the public wants, ~~they~~ <sup>it</sup> will be just as well satisfied with

Teddy bears marked "Made in Japan" on their bottoms. Naturally, without the show

the great crowds wouldn't congregate at Otter Creek. ~~and~~ <sup>But</sup> Perhaps

the crowd is the ~~goal~~ <sup>reason for this "necessary activity."</sup>

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, are thousands of city and state parks equipped as playgrounds and with zoos filled with animals. <sup>to amuse the crowds.</sup> The importance of physical recreation for Americans should not efface the need for mental inspiration. The marvels of nature and the unequalled grandeur of our national parks should be for appreciation, not for amusement. The sharp competition between federal departments to please the voting public naturally encourages a publicity campaign to build up attendance. But the sanctity of guarding our wilderness areas should not be sacrificed to any lesser advantage. Let the zoo enthusiasts keep their peanuts for the zoos at home.

Why should any bears be fed in the Park? Why tack up the sign on one tree, "Don't Feed the Bears," and on another, "Come and See Us Feed Them?" Let Old Mother Bear go home and dig for herself.

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