

THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

The Latham Foundation Story Service
for the Public Schools

Number 20

Our Big Brother—The Grizzly

"The greatest animal that is without a voice"

By E. M. S. FREN

YOU will remember that last year our friend Mr. Mann told Tom and Virginia many interesting stories about animals and birds. Well, this time Tom has turned the tables on his father, for he has been camping with his uncle, Campbell Mann, in the Yellowstone National Park, and he has so much to tell about bears and other animals he saw there that he can hardly wait.

At last at home, brown as a berry and rugged as he should be after such a camping trip, Tom manages to get his father seated in his usual corner, and with Virginia, too, as a listener, he begins:

"Father, I have learned more things on this trip than you can imagine. Things about bears. Do you know that while large, or rather full-grown bears, especially in confinement, are often exceedingly dangerous, small bears, if always treated with kindness and gentleness, are just the finest playmates that a fellow can have? They are very sensitive, however, and won't stand teasing.

"There in the Yellowstone is the old Grizzly bear; he is called the aristocrat of bears; that is a big word but it just means that he is the finest of all bears, that there is no finer. He has a great deal of sense and can reason almost like a man. He is said to be much smarter than the horse, the dog, or the gray wolf; and he has very acute hearing and a keen sense of smell. Also he has great courage. He is not afraid of any animal in the wilds, but he steers clear of men, because he has learned that they kill at great distances with the guns they carry."

"Well, Tom, did you see any of these Grizzlies, or are you telling us just what was told to you?" asked Mr. Mann.

"Oh, no, Daddy: I saw some and also two of the cutest cubs—those are the baby bears—you ever saw. Do you know that the color of the Grizzly's fur is not always the same? I thought it was a grayish brown. It is mostly gray or brown, but sometimes it is tan, mouse-color, cinnamon, golden yellow, or even black, or cream color or white. The cubs that I saw were awfully cute; they played together like two boys. They rolled and tumbled about and then they stood up and boxed, yes, sir, really boxed. They would



Poster by Bob Oyarzo, which won the first special prize for Cruelty of Trapping in the Latham Foundation Humane Poster Contest and also a \$5 prize in the recent American Humane Association Contest.

clinch and break away, then watch for advantage to get in a blow; and they pretended to be in earnest, when it was really all in fun. The Forrester told me that they make wonderful pets, but that they won't stand for teasing. That makes them cross and ugly. He cautioned us never to touch a bear and he said everyone should know that those in zoos may be very dangerous, for they take offense easily."

Virginia's small voice was heard here asking: "What do bears eat, Tom? Did you get close enough to feed them?"

"Sure I did," replied Tom. "I threw apples and other things they like to them. But they eat nearly everything: berries, mushrooms, seeds, pine nuts, acorns, bark, honey and bees, mice and other kinds of meat, grass and tender shoots, grasshoppers and ants, and white grubs out of old logs. They like fish, too. The bears have great appetites and spend most of their time getting a living. The one thing they don't eat is human flesh; they may kill a man if attacked or think themselves cornered, but they have never been known to eat human flesh."

"What makes you think a bear is so smart and can reason well, Tom?" asked Mr. Mann.

"I think so," answered Tom, "because of the things I have seen them do and then from what Mr. Enos Mills says, and you see he knows more about bears than almost anyone else. Perhaps it is because he trailed them without a gun, and not with one. He tells of a bear cub that found an open can, near a camp, which still had some fish in it and he wanted to get that fish out. He held the can upside down and shook it but the fish did not come out. He shook it a second time, after looking into the can, and still the fish remained in the can. So the cub put the can on the ground, turned it upside down and taking a rock pounded on the bottom of the can until he jarred the fish loose and completely emptied the can; then he ate the fish. If that doesn't show reasoning I'd like to know what does? Mr. Mills tells about another cub who found a big ham skin. 'Just as the little fellow was lifting it to his mouth a big bear appeared,' he says. 'He instantly dropped the ham skin, sat down on it, and pretended to be greatly interested in watching something in the edge of the wood.' Wasn't that like a human, father?"

"By nature bears are not ferocious; it's a mistake thinking they are. But they are very curious and will follow one to find out what he is doing, and they love to watch small animals at play, such as otter and beaver. They will watch them for hours."

"Well, well, Tom, this is indeed very interesting. What more can you tell us and what about the baby bears?" asked Mr. Mann.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "I want to tell you that the Forester said that high up on trees they leave claw marks and tooth marks which are thought to mean something, like messages to other animals; but no one knows for sure. About the baby bears, or cubs as they are called, do you know, Father, that when they are born they are the tiniest creatures, about as big as a chipmunk. Would you have thought it? One time an Indian woman found two tiny newborn cubs. The mother bear had been killed by some hunter. She took the baby bears and nursed them along with her own baby and when they were large enough she gave them cow's milk and so raised them to be great pets."

"At night, bears will just sleep anywhere they happen to be, but in the daytime if they want to take a nap they are very careful to select a safe

place. You know, Daddy, in winter they hibernate; that means they go to sleep for a very long time without eating or drinking or waking up. I think they hibernate about one-third of the year. Sometimes they will use the same den or hole they have used before. They get very fat in summer preparing for their long sleep. They fix up their den well ahead and then go to sleep about November or December and stay asleep until about March or April. The mother bear who has her young babies to care for stays in her den the longest, and when ready to come out those tiny babies have grown to be good sized cubs. But just think of it, all of those months they stay in that dark den with their mother! The snow comes and covers everything and keeps them warm. Only when it is very cold and there is very little snow have bears been found frozen to death while hibernating."

"Why do men kill bears, Tom, if they can be tamed so easily?" asked little sister Virginia.

"For the same reason that men go out and kill other animals," replied Tom. "They want the meat and the fur and if the Grizzly bear is not protected by the Government very soon, we shan't have any left, they are being killed off so fast. They live to be only about thirty-five or fifty years old. Some people think that bears are dangerous and not of any use to us. But they are of use; they destroy more pests than you can know of."

"Do you know anything about bears other than the Grizzly bear, Tom?" asked Mr. Mann.

"Well, I know that the male Polar Bear does not hibernate and he lives on fish which he can catch through the ice all the year around, and on seals which he catches when they come up on the ice. The mother Polar Bear hibernates for several weeks when her cubs are born. She finds a place where the snow will drift and form a shelter for her. This makes her den; her breath melts a hole through the snow so that she can breathe. There her cubs are born and there they all stay until she knows it is time to come out."

"I know that Mr. Brown Bear is the largest of all the bear family; he is a giant. He lives in Alaska and beside him even Mr. Grizzly would look small. He is said to be the largest flesh-eating animal in the world. When he stands on his hind legs he is half again as tall as a very tall man."

"Some Black bears do not hibernate. Our Brother Black Bear is very playful. He likes to sport with other bears. He is also very lazy. He climbs trees, which Mr. Grizzly does not because his claws are too long. He is not as large as his cousin Grizzly. I will tell you a story about a Black Mother Bear and her cubs, to show you that a bear has feelings just the same as a human being. One of her cubs was killed by a hunter and the mother and another cub went to the body of the poor little dead bear and sniffed it all over and tried to get him to move. When they realized that he was dead they climbed a tree and for two days and nights refused food and cried and cried over the loss of that baby."

"Mr. Mills tells a story that also shows this love on the part of Grizzly bears. He says that a Mother Bear was killed and first one little cub

sniffed her body and 'stroked her fur with his paw and then sat down and began to whimper and cry.' The other little cub, after smelling his mother's head, 'turned to look eagerly into the face of the hunter who had been watching the little cub all this while with big tears upon his cheeks. After a moment he took a step toward him, rose up, and trustingly put his forepaws upon his knees, looking seriously, confidingly, into his face. We carried these little orphans to camp and the hunter raised them. Their mother was the last animal that he ever shot.' You see, he'd learned too much about them to want to kill and I'd be willing to bet, Daddy, that that hunter would not catch a bear and put it behind bars in a zoo or museum. Don't you think it is terrible to cage the wild animals? They aren't good for study that way because they are not in their natural environment, nor leading normal lives. They must suffer and long to be free just as a human being who had been put behind bars would. If we look at them at all it should be pityingly, not just as if they were mere curiosities or unfeeling creatures to be teased. We must never forget, too, that under such treatment it may at times be very unsafe to come within reach of their claws.

"Some hunters catch these beautiful large creatures with the cruel steel-trap that tortures them and does not kill them. I want to study the wild animals," concluded Tom, "but I don't want to study them that way; not if I must make them suffer."

When Tom ended his story he felt quite proud that he had been able to interest his Father, and promised him that he would surprise him again before long, for he had been watching the habits of another wild creature and studying up on it.

Questions

1. Name the kinds of bears you know.
2. Tell something of the Polar Bear's habits.
3. Which is the largest of all bears and where does he live?
4. Why is the Grizzly an interesting animal?
5. What does he feed on?
6. How is the bear of use to man?
7. Has the bear feeling? Does he show love for his own kind?
8. Can he reason?
9. What stories do you know about bears?
10. Is the bear ever dangerous? How will he fight?
11. Why do bears need protection? Name one place where they have a refuge.
12. Is the steel trap used for getting bears?
13. If a bear must for good reasons be killed, how should it be done?

A Valued Letter

BOB OYARZO, whose prize poster has been used to illustrate the bear story, writes, among other things, to us: "I got one of the biggest surprises of my life when I received your letter telling me that my poster had been recognized and awarded a prize in New York. . . . I want to thank your wonderful organization again for having given me the opportunity of extending my art work. An organization like yours makes the world a better place to live in. May your excellent work continue until the entire world is converted to your true creed of humane education."

Progress

WE are glad to learn that Dr. W. P. Blair, manager of the Bronx Zoo in New York City, said at the Eighth Annual Convention of the National Conference on State Parks, held this year in San Francisco, that their society had taken a decided stand against the capture of any animals where this had to be done with cruelty or that did not thrive in captivity. He cited as an example the gorilla. "The highest type of family devotion is to be found among the gorillas," he is quoted as saying, "and the mother and father and others in a tribe will put up a terrific battle before they let one of their little ones be taken."

From a Teacher in Sacramento

YOU will understand why I call you "friends" when I tell you that you have been a real help and inspiration to me and to my class of little ones during all these months that we have been reading your KIND DEEDS MESSENGER. Mine is a first grade and while unable to read your paper themselves, that is, to any great extent, they have, through the stories I've re-told and the excellent material for science and conduct, been greatly interested and benefited. I am deeply appreciative of your good work.

The Puzzle

(For school children only)

We are glad to be able to reprint in this number the Puzzle crowded out of the September issue. The omitted words begin with b, b, s, b and b. Four prizes are offered: \$2 for the correct answer and \$1 each for the next three most nearly correct. Send answers before November 15, giving your name, grade, address of school and teacher's name, to THE LATHAM FOUNDATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF HUMANE EDUCATION, INC., Latham Square Building, Oakland, Calif. Prize winners will be announced in the December Kind Deeds Messenger.

Among the ——— of Scotland green
 The ——— can wander at their will,
 Till man appears with ——— keen
 And ——— his arms, intent to kill.
 The ——— sort of man is he
 Who kills for sport, it seems to me.

Robert's Kitten

By ANNA HARRIS SMITH

In *Our Fourfooted Friends*

MRS. HOPE and her Aunt Susan were in the sitting-room and Robert, a little boy of six, was dragging a noisy cart around the floor.

"Can't you take that out on the sunny veranda, Robert? It is so noisy we can't hear ourselves speak," said Mrs. Hope.

"I like to play here best," answered Robert, and went on piling books from the table in his cart and making more noise than before.

"Robert must have another kitten or puppy to play with. He plays with them outdoors or in the kitchen and doesn't stay right in one room," said Mrs. Hope.

"Hasn't he got a Teddy Bear?" asked Aunt Susan.

"Oh, that isn't the same," said the mother. "He wants something alive that he can run after—a Teddy Bear isn't so much fun."

"You mean," said Aunt Susan, "that it can run and he can chase it, and a kitten can cry when he pulls its tail or its leg, which amuses him."

"Oh, Aunt Susan! You know I didn't mean that. He had a kitten once and he liked it best of all his playthings."

"Yes, I remember," said Aunt Susan. "He had two kittens, I think. What became of them?"

Mrs. Hope looked uneasy. "One of them got hurt, somehow, and it died."

Mary, the maid, was just coming in the room with afternoon tea; she spoke up quickly: "Robert's kitten, you're talking about? He squeezed it to death. It was only a little creature and had no strength. It was always crying for its mother, the poor little thing, and Robert kept pulling it about by its tail and its paws. Once I heard it scream with pain. It didn't take much more to kill it—the poor baby."

Mrs. Hope flushed. She was evidently angry. "You shouldn't say such things, Mary; you make Robert out a very cruel boy."

"Well, he WAS cruel, Mrs. Hope. I told you he was killing the kitten and you said he didn't mean to hurt her—he didn't know any better, YOU SAID, and I must not interfere with him—you

guessed the kitten didn't mind it. That's what you said."

Mary went out of the room.

Mrs. Hope looked ashamed and cross. Aunt Susan looked very sober. "Did Robert murder the other kitten, too?" she asked.

"Oh, Aunt Susan! Murder! What a horrible word! You mustn't believe everything Mary says. She's foolish about cats."

"You mean she is too kind-hearted to enjoy seeing a little baby kitten tormented," replied Aunt Susan. "Perhaps it has never occurred to YOU that cats or dogs can feel or suffer. You think of them as machines or toys and not as living creatures that God gave us to use but not to abuse. I'm sorry for the kitten or the puppy that comes into your home, my dear niece."

"I think you are taking this too seriously, Auntie. What are they made for if not to amuse us and serve us in any way they can? I am sure Mary feeds them—and all I want them for is to amuse the children."

"Regardless of their own comfort, you think they have no rights? Do you never feel any pity for them?" asked Aunt Susan sadly. "I'm sorry for them and for your boy, who is growing up to be selfish and cruel, only thinking of his own pleasure and never of what any other creature is suffering. What became of the other kitten he had?"

Mrs. Hope said sullenly, "I don't know. I believe Mary said it ran away."

"Well," said Aunt Susan, rising. "I must go home, but forgive me if I say I most earnestly beg of you never to get another LIVE plaything for your boy unless you can take a little time and think about your duty to the animals you have been getting comfort or pleasure from all your life. Then I am sure you will realize your responsibility over the way they are treated. Teach your boy they can feel and suffer just as he can and insist on his treating them kindly."

How do YOU treat your home animals? Have you any little brother, sister, relative or friend who needs to be taught that animals feel and suffer?



The Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education, Inc.,
Latham Square Building, Oakland, California