

DO NOT FEED THE BEARS!

The sunlight of a ~~certain~~ summer morning in Yellowstone Park ~~was~~ <sup>ed</sup> slanting through the woods on the mountain sides and <sup>ed</sup> lighting the dewy green meadows that border the winding highways. The scene was fresh, quiet, peaceful. But no! There was excitement down the road. It was blocked with cars, an accident perhaps. Rolling up slowly behind the last car, one ~~could see~~ <sup>saw</sup> people moving about. Hysterical shrieks from women ~~could be heard~~ <sup>were</sup>. It must be a bad one. Peering out of a window along the line, one was <sup>a strange sight</sup> struck <sup>came into view</sup> by a strange sight, an old black bear standing with her big paws on the window sill of a car extorting a hand-out. Two cubs, a black and a brown one, ~~were~~ <sup>ed</sup> assiduously ambling about passing the hat and trumping up business. It was not an accident, only a usual occurrence in the Park these busy days.

This ~~has been~~ <sup>was</sup> a season of busy days for the Park. From early June (?) to mid September, people from all parts of the country, especially trailer travelers and campers, ~~have~~ rolled in with the increasing numbers of guinea pigs, all bent on having the time of their lives. Some 450,000 visitors ~~have~~ registered this season. // Where to put them each morning from dawn till dark ~~has~~ <sup>was</sup> been almost a nightmare to the throng of operators of the Park Service. <sup>TP</sup> About mid-afternoon, drop into the office of the room clerk of any one of the big lodges or camps with literally hundreds of tents and log cabins stacked in rows. Hear the cheerful dismissal, "No, our cabins were all filled at noon. Better register now for tomorrow." Stand on a high point and gaze at the grades that wind along the sides of the great canyon with its brilliantly colored cliffs and thundering falls. The guinea pig army crawls on, threading these high lanes as far as one can see, hour by hour, day by day.

Old Mother Bear with her black and brown helpers was all ready for them. She had set up her stand on the highway to sell a song and dance for bread and butter, and she was pandering to her patrons as adroitly as the soda-pop slinger who also saw a good thing in the influx of the masses, ~~into the Park.~~ What else could she do when the Park Service stopped feeding the black bears at the hotel garbage dumps, a custom established for years. She wasn't standing behind the counter aimlessly like an inexperienced salesman, but stalked out recklessly to head off the cars swishing by. A dog would have been tossed higher than a kite and left in a bloody heap. The possibility didn't even give her the <sup>slightest</sup> ~~jitters~~ or cause her to hesitate ~~uncertainly~~ or dodge back uncertainly. By some uncanny intuition, she was positive that not one of these cars wanted to hit her. And she was right. Traveling usually ~~at~~ fifty miles an hour, they didn't race up, throw the occupants on their noses trying to stop short or avoid a crash ahead. They slid up easily, knowingly. They were looking for bears. Mother Bear knew it as well as if she saw in their eyes a picture of herself, round, black, entrancing. The right-of-way was hers by a regulation that no Park had made, or seemed powerful enough to unmake.

The performance was in full swing. How casually she sized up the customers as she shuffled smoothly <sup>about</sup> ~~between the cars~~, never grazing a wheel, never letting one pass by, <sup>without talk,</sup> always polite when stretching a paw inside, always careful when lifting her lips for a morsel. And how the fun-hungry people ate it up! Why, she literally ingratiated herself into the bosom of the family. They must take home a picture of Buddy and Rosy standing by this big Teddy bear come to life.

The greatest joy of the tourists in the national parks is the chance to see the various species of big game roaming wild, especially the bears. Few have ever seen ~~them~~ <sup>the deer, the elk, the big moose, and the bear costume</sup> in the woods because in most places they are wary from long persecution. <sup>as they</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>here,</sup> Even today with our education in conservation, the urge still persists to kill some-thing. Daddy beamingly brings Buddy ~~xxxxxxx~~ <sup>a toy gun</sup> as soon as he can toddle. It may be a water pistol or a bean shooter. He goes about popping everything in sight, to the discomfort of mother and the wrath of the cook. The little pest! <sup>She</sup> He has been promised ~~an~~ air-gun with his first long pants. (~~The paternal education is progressing.~~) He

wanders the roads, the orchards, and even the neighbor's chicken yard. And he is old ~~so~~  
<sup>enough</sup> to have his eye on something now, and tries to aim at it. The paternal education ~~progresses~~  
<sup>get</sup> progresses. ~~Day at days!~~ At fourteen his father takes him along on the fall  
deer hunt. Day of days! What expansion of pride, what exhilaration of a still five-  
o'clock morning to stalk the aspen thickets of a far hillside where the deer lie hidden-  
and perhaps trembling. If not a deer, a bear or most anything will do. The spirit of ~~the~~  
the hunter and killer has been born. He loves to aim the rifle, to hear the ping of  
And that immense buck lying dead with stretching antlers. What a trophy!  
the bullet, and bursts ahead eagerly to see if it was a hit. <sup>^</sup> When he returns home, he  
sits at the back door and spends hours pushing the ramrod with its oily tip of cloth  
into the barrel of his gun. He squints into it to see if a speck is left in the  
shining cylinder. It must be in perfect shape before it is put away. <sup>^</sup> He has a  
treasure now.

Old Mother Bear has come a long way from this scene. No hunter with his gun  
<sup>harass</sup> bothers her dreams in the green meadows and woods of Yellowstone Park. This is the  
Arcadia for man and beast, the very natural reaction and outcome of the gun-infested  
situation outside. Here the lion and the lamb lie down together. But the essence of ~~pe~~  
peace and goodwill on earth seems to have worked too well and too fast. ~~They are too~~  
~~close together for each other's good. When the giving of one gives out.~~ The bear  
and the human being in the Park are getting too close together for each other's good.  
Discretion has been thrown to the winds.  
<sup>^</sup> Also one takes and the other gives, and when the giving gives out there is going to  
be trouble. And ~~thaxaxhaxhaxx~~ it has arrived.

Look at a night scene of campers in a great space under the trees, camp fires lighting up the limbs, the faces around them, the supper tables, little air-tight stoves, oil burners, and even kettles over cranes. Hundreds and hundreds of cars are parked about hit-or-miss, pup tents and mastif size tucked sociably together, lines of washing, kitchen kits, mirrors, shaving sets gayly decorating the trees; baby buggies, bird cages, pet parrots, and parked dogs filling the air with a soft pendemonium. This is the Coney Island of Yellowstone's summer.

*Partners who probably aged in winter were badly the same they have the full day the tail shelves*

*Some say the park was a commercial*

Why shouldn't Old Mother Bear with her black and brown cubs run a fast business along the road side with so many people to work her wiles upon? What else was she to do when they stopped supporting the black bears at the hotel garbage dumps? She just had to set up her stand on the highway and sell a song and dance for bread and butter. And she pandered her patrons as adroitly as the soda pop slinger who also saw a good thing in the influx of the masses into the Park.

*Had learned to*

*the Park*

Go closer, watch her methods, look into her eyes and fathom how casually she sizes up her customers. See her shuffle smoothly between the cars, never grazing a moving wheel, never letting one pass by without estimating the prospects, always polite when stretching a paw inside, always careful when lifting her lips for a morsel. And how the fun-hungry people ate it up! Why, she literally ingratiated herself into the bosom of the family. They must take home a picture of Rosy and Buddy standing by this big Teddy bear come to life.

*and 1911*

*Commercial  
Natal 11*

Be careful, Buddy and Rosy. Stop and think. You and the bear belong in different spheres of life, and fear is still in both of you under certain conditions. You are a higher animal and he is

a lower animal. In the evolution of time, you progressed faster than he did and are ahead of him. You belong and live happily in the open and the sunlight. You walk about and live without fear in your natural environment. <sup>Bear</sup> The bear does the same in his environment which are the deep forest and the shadows that he thinks protect him. Change positions and enter his sphere of life from which you once came. Pass from the open sky and wide spaces with their free action and known sounds into the silence and darkness of a great forest pressing down upon you, premonitions of things that you cannot see prickling your very skin. Instinctively you will fall silent yourself and begin to listen. You will be uncertain, pause, peer about, become alert, pick your steps and become suddenly afraid of the snapping of a twig. You cannot see things about you and your imagination will conjure up fearsome bogies in front of your blind eyes. There may be nothing there to hurt you, but you cannot help being afraid. <sup>AP</sup> Think how much more afraid is the bear, the primitive animal, when he comes out into the open with no protecting trees, darkness, silence and things that he sees with his night eyes. All his safeguards have fallen away from him, and he stands naked in a realm of fear. He is even afraid of you as you are of him, because you haven't always been his friend. Therefore, when he leaves his haven of safety for your fast, noisy highways with modern mechanical contraptions and sheeking noises, be careful when you try to shake hands with him as a brother. It is likely to be too much for his nerves and he may blow up and give you a wallop.

Don't fool yourself. The bear is not a ninny-hammer. He is on his way, but don't get in his path. The finest ambition in the world today is for the creatures that live here to get along peaceably. We preach conservation and kindness to our lesser neigh-

bors and we don't want any species exterminated. But even with our best intentions, the very growth of human civilization that destroys natural haunts of wild animals, clears the forests, farms the fields and meadows, and ever spreads villages to great congested cities lessens the chances of your amusing actor, the bear, with his almost human antics, to survive on this globe. Man unintentionally- or otherwise- is inevitably ringing the death knell of the lower animals. What a world it will be when they are all gone!

Yet here on this broad highway in Yellowstone Park, see the infectious attraction <sup>of</sup> man and bear. All the King's horsemen, all the King's men couldn't keep these <sup>holiday-picnickers</sup> fun-lovers from hastily snatching up anything edible in their cars to toss out to Old Mother Bear and her cubs. The fare offered is of great variety, crackers, peanuts, bananas, fruits of other kinds, a half bare bone that Buddy didn't finish, all-day suckers, and popcorn and bread galore. ~~One~~  
~~woman was all excited~~

One woman was all excited the minute her car stopped, and got out a paper bag. Old Mother Bear <sup>was acquainted with a</sup> knew what a paper bag meant. She <sup>was also acquainted with this type of feminine pusher, one</sup> knew her type and took her queue. <sup>But</sup> the minute her big shaggy <sup>minute</sup> head with little red eyes was poked almost in the woman's face, she <sup>had</sup> slumped in consternation and threw the bag at the bear. That was <sup>the</sup> just the ticket. <sup>dropped and used</sup> Mother Bear tore it open with a big paw <sup>and</sup> scattered the contents on the ground, some crackers, a life-saver, and a bunch of yellow camera films. A bear investigates anything that is sowed up. After lapping up the crackers adroitly, she stuck a toe into one of the yellow packages. It might be more life-savers, <sup>nest</sup> (and they were good.) "Oh," cried the woman, "there go my pictures of Buddy and Rosy with that other old bear!" <sup>cold.</sup>

A truck slowed down in their midst and a uniformed figure with a wide-brimmed hat ~~and wrathful eyes~~ <sup>He was wrathful.</sup> stepped out. "Get out of here! Get out!" His chastisement certainly didn't apply to the spectators gathered about. In the Park which is owned by the people and kept for their joy and recreation, it is a rare ranger who has the nerve to crack the people. But his authority did reach to the bears. He could crack them with gusto. He grabbed a stick and chased Old Mother Bear and her cubs into the woods. They didn't go far, but sat behind the trees protesting in agrieved voices, waiting for the ranger to pass on. No one could fine (even) the bears for breaking the rules of the Park.

But listen. "You people ought to know enough not to feed these bears. They are liable to tear you to pieces. Can't you read the sign, 'Do not feed the bears?'" The tourists' pleasure was blotted out. They stood in silence looking at the officer, and soon one car after another slid off down the road with hushed voices heard from the windows. "Do not feed the bears? Why not? What a fool sign to put up when they are so tame!" A few miles further on they came to another bear stand, and the scene was repeated with no ranger to spoil it. Like children, they soon forgot.

No, the travelers do not read the signs, - or understand them. Their cars whiz right by. Nor could they read their own danger by ~~these signs~~ <sup>that</sup>, "Do not feed the bears." How funny! If the sign read, "Do not feed the bears! A woman was mangled two miles ahead!" it might stop them in their tracks long enough to shock them into thinking.

And that is just what happened. A number of cars were halted by a bear. Out of one stepped a kindly, <sup>Charming</sup> over-trusting school teacher with a three-pound box of candy. As she opened the box and tossed

*Picture  
The  
L. Gray  
+ small*

Old Mother Bear with her black and brown helpers was all ready for them.

She wasn't just standing behind the counter aimlessly like an inexperienced clerk.

She walked right out among the cars on the open highway, and she wasn't getting the ~~idea~~  
It looked ~~positively~~ reckless. A dog would have been tossed higher than a kite and  
jitters and dodging back into the path of an on-coming machine. ~~She~~ She knew it wouldn't

hit her. Neither did these cars, traveling usually fifty miles an hour, race up, throw  
everybody inside on their noses trying to stop or avoid a crash ahead. They slid up ~~and~~  
easily, knowingly. They were looking for bears. Mother Bear knew it, as well as if  
she saw in their eyes a picture of herself, round, black, entrancing. ~~She had the right-~~  
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*She walked  
sub-reckless*

*She  
a  
beat*

*with relish*

out a chocolate cream, the old bear lapped his lips in delight. He reared up and stood as calm as a kitten while she put several more into his expectant mouth. "Now, Blackie, that's enough. Too much is not good for you," said the lady when the sixth chocolate slipped out of sight. She replaced the cover and tucked the box under her arm. Blackie didn't agree with her but said nothing, hoping for more. He laid his paw gently on her arm. He meekly touched the box with his fingers. With a begging expression on his face he looked her in the eye, but saw nothing. (A minute elapsed.) He fidgeted. Suddenly his right paw swung with lightening speed and *knocked* the box from her arm. *she was grabbed.* With another quick left hook he tore open her breast.

(Doctor's advice: The sixth dose of chocolate you should have hurled ten feet away. As the bear turned to pick it up, you should have jumped quickly into your car, locked the door, and stepped on the starter.)

The big black bear used to be the bogey to the little boy under the covers. Everybody had a healthy respect for the bear wild bear. Everybody had a gun and afraid of the dark. He was the specter in the woods before the wilderness areas of the country were opened up, roads built, and the people penetrated into their depths. But as the people saw more bears and became acquainted with them, so the bear gradually got used to the people. Museums and zoos with live bears in them eased the tension. *more* The little boy could go right up the cage and poke peanuts through the bars and not get the jitters. Today he puts the peanut right into the big black mouth, and laughs with glee. Familiarity breeds contempt. Let's call it a dangerous truce. (It is a dangerous truce.)

*for all time*

*by no means*

A bear is a very interesting animal, keen, philosophic, ~~xxx~~ adaptable. He is not phlegmatic, for he is full of vigor and enterprise. It is hard to fool him. The bear race has stock customs the same as the human race, and ~~is~~ also has about as many individual types of temperé. He is inquisitive and a born actor, a good sport with a versatile come-back. But don't think because you have raised a pair of <sup>playful</sup> cubs or met a good natured mother by the roadside that you know bears. You never can tell what a bear will do, and the surprise comes like lightening out a clear sky. One

this "joy-riding" bunch -  
all there for Coney Island,  
Most distinguished list of  
names - no money - officers have  
"to pay the bills" - Write articles for  
County "Yellowstone Publishing"  
Fatal for Park to be robbed  
of its natural beauty.

---

Harold Bryant -

reliable student of bears avers that of all bears the "pet" is the most dangerous.  
and unafraid of  
He is familiar with a certain person and demands service on the dot. If he doesn't get it  
his best friend gets mauled or badly hurt.

*Cowich*  
A party of explorers and photographers whose yacht was steaming along the  
coastline of southern Alaska up to the Pribilof Islands had a pair of black bear cubs  
aboard for mascots. Appropriately they were called "Cuffy" and "Tuffy." They had a  
big box with a good warm bed lashed fast to the stern deck and had the run of the  
boat - except the dining room and galley which emitted smells that were irristible.  
They were fine sailors and hilarious companions, scampering along the decks, taking  
their duckings in rough weather when the waves skidded them across the pitching boat.  
One day a wave washed one overboard and by the time it was discovered, he was only a  
bobbing  
black speck far behind. The boat reversed her motors and hauled him aboard, <sup>none</sup> not the worse  
worse but very much <sup>relieved</sup> offended at the trick played on him. He shook the water from his  
coat and took possession of the deck, which meant for everybody to look out for his ~~shins~~  
shins or dodge into a handy doorway. In five minutes the wind had blown <sup>the stern</sup> it all away  
impishly  
and he was <sup>person</sup> pestering anybody in reach, racing from one thing to another, or wrestling  
with his black brother which went on for hours at a time to the amusement of the  
crowd. The spirit of the wild and roaring Bering Sea was in <sup>the twins</sup> them as the little yacht  
tossed  
~~skidded~~ along through black nights under a line of candle-lighted volcanoes hung up  
in the sky. At night they rocked, peacefully oblivious.

*out*  
The party reached Bogoslof Island and found a sunken volcano with <sup>a</sup> precipitous  
jagged rim half way encircling the ~~gnsxxxxx~~ sulphurous, steaming crater. With no  
other safe place, ~~the~~ the yacht cast anchor. The morning brought a sight to inspire  
explorers, thousands of sea birds wheeling and screaming above chalky cliffs where they  
built their nests in tiny crevices. Floating about them, <sup>clouds</sup> the steam rose from hot fun-  
aroles. On a wide sandy beach <sup>below</sup> lay a lot of big, lumpy bodies, Steller sealions.

Tuffy and Cuffy went ashore as usual, tagging at the heels of the party.

(Doctor's advice: The sixth dose of chocolate you should have tossed ten feet away. As the bear turned to pick it up, you should have jumped quickly into your car, locked the door and stepped on the starter.)

National Park Release (by Debes)  
4 or 5 <sup>pub. mens</sup> — Publicity aimed  
for Education of Public —

Striving to increase attendance  
whether good for anything —

Get a new place to use speedway  
or merely place to have a dance  
to whom it up.

Head of Interior <sup>Sept.</sup> best promoter  
of Presidential policies —  
Debes did one good thing —  
"there are enough roads in the Parks"  
Not criticised, Comes from this

The ground was warm to rubber soled-sneakers and frequently little round vents like open ant holes were seen. Cuffy stepped in one of these and bounded into the air like a rubber ball. Whining his resentment, he pitched into the nearest leg and bit and scratched like a little spit-fire. <sup>His family was always playing jokes on him.</sup> Always the nearest human being gets the rebound of a bear's temper. Acknowledging the guardianship of his human friends for food and shelter, and being always near them, he lays at their door any accidental punishments. And it was not within his mental scope or experience to figure out hot fumeroles or any other phenomena.

To preserve for future generations  
some (examples) <sup>unique</sup> ~~examples~~ <sup>nature</sup> of wilder<sup>ness</sup> which  
their forefathers found in  
the conquest of wilderness.

Didn't advertise, didn't boost  
didn't beg.

Order now, Park attractions  
limited to facilities of housing  
& care of public -  
not

B. J. O. L.

Great trouble is commercialism  
pushing in. Gov't. has no business  
making money from parks.

Primary purpose of Parks has  
been prostituted.