

ZOOLOGY

Bears Go Off Relief

Familiar Pets of Yellowstone Will no Longer be Allowed to Panhandle; It is Bad for the Animals

By DR. FRANK THONE

BEARS in Yellowstone and other northern National Parks are going into winter quarters. They are fat, lazy, good-natured, for they are at the end of another summer of high feeding, and they have thoroughly padded their ribs with the layers of fuel-food that will be needed to keep their low-banked fires of life smoldering while they sleep the long weeks away. "As fat as a bear" is a wholly accurate folk-simile, in the late autumn.

But five months or so hence, when they will be coming out of their dens, the simile will have to change. Then it will be "as hungry as a bear," and "as cross as a bear," too. The National Park bruins will come out with bunkers empty, ribs lean, stomachs hollow and fairly yelling for food. Bears are pleasant enough fellows in the autumn, not quite so nice in the spring.

The National Park bears will not find their spring breakfasts so easy to get, in future, as they and their ancestors for several generations have in the past. For Uncle Sam is taking them off relief, depriving them of their dole of assorted garbage which they have come to take for granted as part of their natural and inalienable rights. Zoologists of the National Park Service are insisting that the bears, for their own good and for the ultimate better entertainment and instruction of the traveling public, become rugged individualists.

So the bears, though they may growl about the new order of things, will in the end have to join their own back-to-the-land movement, leaving the fat pickings they get as hangers-on around the "big towns" of human habitations—hotel backyards and auto campsites—to go out and rustle their own grubs.

They Really Do

That latter isn't a misprint; the plural is deliberate. For bears in their natural state do subsist to a very considerable extent on grubs—*insect larvae*—which they get by ripping the bark off rotten logs, rooting around in the ground, scraping aside dead leaves, etc. They also eat the fleshy roots and bulbs of

plants, which again requires a certain amount of exertion. When they raid a bee-tree they eat the brood-comb as well as the honey.

It is all excellent, clean, wholesome bear food, and to get it the bears have to do a certain amount of work, enough work to keep in pretty good physical trim. All around, the natural way of life is the best way of life for the bears.

There is, moreover, no need for keeping the bears on a dole of hand-out scraps. The wilderness affords him plenty of opportunities to make his own living. For him, the frontier has not yet ceased to exist, as it has for many of our own less lucky species.

Not Intentional

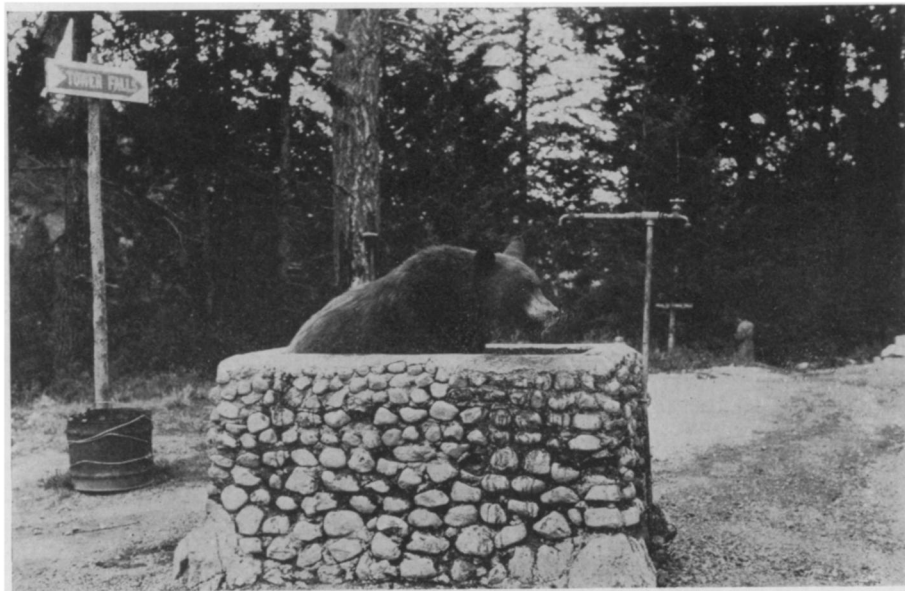
As a matter of fact, the bears never were intentionally put on a dole basis. They merely took lazy advantage of a natural development. In the early days of Yellowstone Park, when hotels and camps began to be opened up, garbage from the kitchens was disposed of merely by hauling it out a discreet distance into the woods and dumping it, after the fashion of the go-as-you-please disposal of waste in the cities of that day.

The bears found the dumps (they could hardly help it, having noses), and since a bear is not at all finicky about what he eats, they all straightway forsook the industrious but none too easy ways of living they and their forefathers had been used to following, and proceeded to batten on these easy pickings.

Easy Sightseeing, Too

Easy pickings in provender for the bears quickly became easy pickings in sightseeing for the tourists. Instead of having to rely on good luck and quick observation, as they do if they want to see deer, elk or almost any other of the animals in the parks, they could go in batches to the dumps, and there see bears in batches. "Visiting the bear dump" (the place was never called a garbage dump) got to be a regular part of the sightseeing routine.

The tourists usually went when the hotel garbage wagons were taking out their unsavory loads, for the bears had also got used to eating by the clock, and would assemble at their malodorous feeding grounds every night about dusk. The custom became so firmly established that the National Park Service even built substantial wooden platforms where the bears could feed, and (as a largely superfluous precaution) stationed a ranger with a high-power rifle at each one of



FOR DRINK OR BATH?

Intended to provide drinking water for tourists, this fountain is appropriated by Bruin.



THE HANDOUT

them, just for safety's sake in case some old grizzly should run amuck.

But as scientific understanding of the National Parks' wildlife increased, it began to be apparent that this business of letting the bears eat up the garbage was not the harmless matter it had at first been supposed. It was bad for the bears, and it frequently was very bad for the tourists.

First and foremost, it taught the bears both bad habits and bad manners. The kind of food a bear gets at a garbage dump is not wholesome for him. It is too concentrated, and the manner of serving it relieves him of the exercise he needs. The bear's feeding habits become almost humanly bad, and he hasn't the recourse to the costly but efficient medical and other corrective care we turn to when we have been overstuffing and underexercising.

Bad Table Manners

Moreover, the bears' manners were demoralized. Instead of each bear feeding by himself and not interfering with others, they all crowded together like pigs in a pen. The bigger bears pushed and cuffed the smaller ones aside, the males ungallantly shouldered the females away from the best bites, and the grizzlies tyrannized it over the black bears. It was unedifying to the spectators, too, and gave them a false idea of bear behavior.

Some of the smaller, weaker bears, discouraged of ever satisfying their hunger at these monopolized dumps, wandered off to the roadsides and began to cadge food from passing cars and busses.

They were popularly known as hold-up bears, but really they were nothing so brisk and bold as bandits. They were hand-out bears, beggar bears. Their scrawny, runty appearance gave them away for what they really were.

One of the first of these misnamed hold-up bears was given the soubriquet "Jesse James" by the rangers. But one spring "Jesse" turned up with twin cubs. Thereafter the name was changed to "Jessica."

Clawing for Food

Another element of bad manners learned by the bears at the dumps and in the neighborhood of settlements was over-familiarity with human beings. They would come begging to the back doors of kitchens, and even though they were usually not vicious they often severely injured people by just impudently pawing at them for food, as a dog might paw at you for a bone. After all, if an animal weighs in the neighborhood of a quarter of a ton, even a mild dab with a clawed forefoot can do a lot of damage.

Bears, taught too much familiarity with humankind, took to raiding auto tourists' camp supplies, frequently doing the cars and tents a great deal of damage. This naturally caused a lot of bad scares, and since the Park Service could not undertake to compensate car owners for the mischief done there were some tourists who went home with anything but good will toward the parks.

There was one man, some years ago, who felt no resentment toward the Park Service because a bear had clawed his

car up to get at his sugar and bacon—but he was "plenty sore at that bear," and he vowed he'd get even. A couple of weeks later he turned up again, and camped in the same place. The ranger at the camp saw he was busying himself with some wires around his car, but paid no particular attention.

When it got good and dark, the bear came back for his nightly raid. He shuffled and snorted through the night to the car that gave off such a tempting aroma of bacon and sugar. He found it—and instantly departed with a roar of shock and terror; tearing through the camp like a young tornado.

Didn't Touch Him

The ranger sought the car owner, whom he found grinning broadly. "What did you do to that bear?" he demanded.

"Not a thing," the man protested. "Didn't lay a finger on him."

"Well, you must have done something," the ranger insisted. "Bears don't act that way without any cause at all. Let me see your car."

Still grinning, the man led the way. His car had wires strung all over it, so arranged that when the bear touched one of them he would get the full strength of the battery through his body to the ground.

The next morning, the car owner contentedly unwired his car and drove out of the park again. Revenge had been sweet.

Subsequently, a ranger at a Park fish hatchery used the same trick for the discomfiture of a bear that had been stealing trout kept for the breeding stock.

Put Behind Bars

These night-raiding bears are not tolerated long in their misdeeds, however. If they show that they are going to become professional burglars, they are marked for removal. Each park that has bears also has a live-trap, consisting of a small cage with a sliding door, and usually mounted on wheels. The bear, enticed by an especially luscious bait, ventures in. Down drops the door. The trap is too narrow for the bear to turn round and try to pry it open again, so the luckless animal's days of freedom are numbered. In the morning the wheeled trap is hooked behind a truck, and the journey to some city zoological park enters on its first stage. The burglar must spend the rest of his life behind bars.

Of course, if the offender has proven himself to be really vicious (more often the case with griz- (Turn to Page 314)

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zies than with the blacks), the sentence is death, executed by a ranger with a rifle. The destination then is a museum instead of a zoological park. It is too bad that the bear must die for having learned bad manners under unnatural conditions of life—but when it comes to that, we often do as much to each other.

A further disadvantage to the bears of feeding on garbage is not so readily realized by the traveling public as by the scientists. Bears, like the rest of us, are subject to diseases. And like the rest of us, they may pass their diseases around more readily under unnatural crowded conditions. Moreover, there is always the risk of some new and strange malady lurking in the garbage itself, ready to take hold on the bear population but impossible to wipe out again once it became established.

These and other considerations, then,

decided the officers of the National Park Service. The garbage-feeding must be eliminated. They realized, of course, that it could not be done at one fell swoop. Both bears and tourists had become too accustomed to it. So they have kept two feeding-platforms open in Yellowstone Park, out of the odd half-dozen that used to be there. But everywhere else, Bruin has been put strictly on his own resources.

The results thus far have abundantly justified the policy. There have been less than half as many complaints of raids on campers' supplies, the beggar-bear nuisance around the kitchen doors has been abated, and the bear population is beginning to look healthier, sleeker, better fed, more nearly normal.

Turned out to make his own living, in a land where a living can still be made, Bruin has prospered.

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one best provided for was found in a borrowed coffin.

Even with respected members of the family, curious mishaps occurred. The big fellow Boki was buried up-side-down, presumably because the persons bandaging his mummy lost track of which side was front. They made bulges of padding where feet and chest should have been, but when unwrapped Boki was discovered lying on his face.

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PALEONTOLOGY

Extinct "Elephant-Bear" Brought to U. S. Museum

BONES of a great beast that looked like a bear, had feet rather like an elephant's, but was not very nearly related to either animal, have been brought to the Smithsonian Institution by Charles W. Gilmore, curator of vertebrate paleontology, who found the fossils in the Big Horn Basin region in Wyoming. The skeleton is still embedded in a matrix of stone, and many months of work will be required to chisel it out and study and assemble the bones.

The creature, known to scientists as Coryphodon, was heavy-bodied like a tapir and not quite so high at the shoulder as an ox. It probably was pretty much "boss" in its day, some sixty million years ago, for its great bulk was reinforced by a pair of formidable eight-inch tusks in its jaws.

Coryphodon's foot bones are what especially intrigue scientists. The animal neither walked flat-footed like a bear nor up on the ends of its thick toes like a modern elephant. It seems to have been progressing in the latter direction, however, especially in its forefeet, which bore the greater part of its weight. Its gait probably was a slow shuffle, like that of the modern elephant.

In the same region where the elephant-bear flourished there lived also the earlier types of horses. The latter line has survived, while the bigger, more dominant brute has perished. Mr. Gilmore suggests that the horse-ancestors made up for their lesser bulk and fighting ability by greater agility and brain capacity, and therefore greater adaptability. The elephant-bear, a stubborn conservative, was beaten by a changing world which it could neither understand nor get used to.

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The peach mosaic disease, which has invaded orchards in Colorado and Texas, is now discovered in California.

ARCHAEOLOGY

'He-Men' Wore Make-up And Hair Curlers In Egypt

Clues to Middle Class Life in 1500 B.C. Have Been Found Preserved in Tomb of Princess' Secretary

BIG HULKING he-men of Egypt, back in 1500 B.C., wore make-up. They darkened the eyes to make them large and interesting. They waved their hair with hair curlers, too.

So American archaeologists have learned by digging at Thebes where they have explored the family tomb of Crown Princess Hatshepsut's private secretary.

Results of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Egyptian Expedition, announced recently, give prime importance to the new knowledge of life and tastes of middleclass Egyptians revealed in undisturbed depths of this tomb.

Nefer-Khewet, the man who was a chief secretary to Hatshepsut before she became Egypt's feminist queen, had one royal gift from his employer to display. This is a large alabaster vase marked with the Princess' name and title.

Not only Nefer-Khewet but ten members of his family, including five poor relations, came to be buried one by one in the tomb.

Telling of the many personal belongings removed from the tomb, William C. Hayes of the expedition points out

that the numerous personal weapons suggest the war spirit in Egypt when this family lived. The aged secretary had a bow, a sheaf of bronze-tipped arrows, two quarterstaves, and three single-sticks. His powerfully-built son, or son-in-law, named Boki, had a fine bronze battle-axe and a long boomerang.

The secretary's office equipment—bronze knives and carbon for making ink—were found. Game boards, for "robbers" and other games like parchesi, show how the family amused itself at night. Jewel boxes and baskets with the women's things contain carved wooden hairpins, bronze mirrors, wooden combs, and polished ebony sticks for applying to the eyes the dark cosmetic called kohl.

Men used kohl, too, says Mr. Hayes: "Even the great hulking Boki had, in addition to his various lethal weapons and other items of manly equipment, a delicately carved, 'four-barreled' kohl container of ebony, inlaid with ivory and fitted with a swivel lid."

Burials of the poor relations are described by the archaeologists as shoddy and pathetic in their carelessness. The