



Ready to Return

FREQUENTLY we are moved to indignant pity by the story of a drunkard's dog, that always creeps back to lick his worthless master's hands, no matter how he may have been beaten and kicked.

Yet we have treated our wildlife worse than drunkard ever treated his dog. We have shot and trapped it, chopped and burned down its forest homes, plowed up its prairies, poisoned its rivers with sewage and industrial pollution. Naturally, it has vanished from large areas; our methods were massacre, no less; what could you expect?

But give those devastated areas just a little chance, let brush grow up where the forest was felled, clean the filth out of a river, establish a refuge only a few years—and the place fills up with game. You may have to plant a few birds or mammals (which will then multiply amazingly) but often you do not even need to do that. Wildlife will return unbidden.

During the past few years we have begun to awaken from our generations-

long debauch of drunken waste of native resources. Naturally, we have something of a national headache, and equally naturally, we feel a bit of national remorse.

And behold. Already the scared wild things, that we abused almost to the point of extermination, are returning. Deer have become so abundant in parts of Pennsylvania, Michigan, and other one-time big-timber states that they are a problem to wildlife management, and the question of permitting the shooting of does is being seriously discussed.

Of lesser magnitude, but even more remarkable nevertheless, is the phenomenon of the comeback of the pronghorn antelope in the Far West. Once they were more abundant than the bison. Then they were over-hunted until they were in even greater danger than the bison of disappearing altogether. Protection came in the nick of time.

And last autumn it became possible for the State of Oregon to proclaim a short open season. There were many restrictions, of course; yet the unbelievable had happened: Men could hunt the antelope, whose grandfathers had hunted it, but whose fathers could not.

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ANTHROPOLOGY

Face Painting Is Art To Seri Indian Girls

FEMININE make-up is sometimes jokingly dubbed creative art. But to see what our face painting might be, if really done in the creative spirit, visit the Seri Indians of west coast Mexico.

When a Seri girl attempts what she calls Pretty Face, she paints on nose and cheeks designs in color out of her own imagination. She may get ideas from flowers and seed pods, baskets, birds and snakes, the sun and moon. For a mirror she has a shell filled with water. For colors she chooses blue, yellow, red, black and white. She may paint with natural realism or with conventionalized technique.

Investigating this old American art is an achievement of two students of Indian culture, Dane Coolidge and Mary Roberts Coolidge, who spent six lively weeks near the wild Seris and put the experience into a new book, "The Last of the Seris" (Dutton).

Face painting is a Seri girl's only aesthetic expression, the Coolidges say. The tribe is poor and ragged, dwindling toward extinction, eking out a living by fishing, but still appreciative of prettiness. Girls design Pretty Face to attract sweethearts. But they also put face paint to other uses. They painted the faces of

their men before war, as protection against pain and cold. They make up certain men of the tribe with special face paintings on festival days.

When the Coolidges supplied paper for drawing, Seri girls eagerly seized the chance to try their art with this new medium. The results showed great ingenuity, but when it came to explaining the pictures, shyness overcame the girls. A medicine man—father of seven daughters—explained the meaning of each line and mark.

The Seris, who are vanishing, have a striking literature of songs and traditions. They tell strange tales of white men with blue eyes and yellow hair, who came to them long ago. The Came-from-Afar Men were whalers. The Coolidges believe they may have been Norsemen.

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ENGINEERING

Pittsburgh Assured Against Recurrence of 1936 Flood

PITTSBURGH'S flood disaster of 1936—who remembers it? Few, probably, outside the Pittsburgh district itself. We are so engrossed in our own concerns that we are easily prone to forget our neighbors' troubles.

Yet Pittsburgh's troubles are reflected in the lives of all of us. So essential are the steel, glass and other industrial products of that smoky cornucopia that disaster to Pittsburgh is damage to the whole nation.

It is a matter for congratulation therefore that effective measures have been taken to prevent any recurrence of the

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