

JACKSON HOLE GUIDE THURSDAY JULY 24, 1969
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Bear surprises sleeping ranger

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Park officials said Bednarz was "pretty incoherent when we talked to him" and could not say exactly what happened. But it appeared he climbed a tree Saturday to escape when the bear found him sleeping in a huckleberry patch. After falling out of the tree, he crawled six miles down a trail and was found by a park employee.

Rangers combed the area trying to find the bear, but later decided the attack was "a chance happening" and called off the search.

The confrontation was the first between man and bear in the park since 1968. Two persons were killed in separate incidents in 1967.

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Girl, 5, Recovering From Grizzly Attack

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She was attacked Tuesday night at the Fishing Bridge campground.

Jack Anderson, Yellowstone superintendent, said the girl had just come out of a restroom at the campground and was walking back to the family tent.

400-LB. BEAR

She apparently frightened the 400-pound bear, Anderson said, and he picked her up in his teeth.

"Her father heard the screams and rushed out of the tent in time to see the girl thrown to the ground by the bear," he said.

The bear then ran away, Anderson said, and sat down about 30 yards away.

Daphne was taken to the park hospital, about 1½ miles away. The broken rib punctured a lung and doctors recommended she be flown to Children's Hospital in St. Paul for treatment.

Anderson contacted the Air Force and an air evacuation plane was dispatched from Scott AFB, Ill. Aboard was a medical team including a chest surgeon.

AUTOPSY DUE

The bear was shot and killed by a ranger shortly after the attack and the carcass was taken to Bozeman, Mont., for an autopsy.

The attack was the first this year at the park.

Two years ago, at Glacier National Park in Montana, Michelle Koons of San Diego, Calif. and Julie Helgeson of Albert Lea, Minn., were killed by grizzlies in separate incidents. They were the most recent bear attack fatalities in the United States.

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Bear Problem Under Study

By **RICHARD MCCALL**
United Press International

The Yellowstone National Park superintendent said Thursday rangers were not planning any special precautions after the mauling of a 5-year-old girl Tuesday, but an expert on bears warned closing of garbage dumps in the park could trigger more incidents.

Jack K. Anderson, superintendent of the sprawling park, said rangers had taken all the precautions that were possible.

"We have taken all of the precautions we can," he said. "We have bear-proofed all of the garbage disposal units in the campgrounds and are doing everything we can to cut off their source of food in these areas."

Dr. Frank C. Craighead of Moose, Wyo., a naturalist who conducted a 10-year study of the grizzly bear, said he was not surprised by the mauling incident.

"We recommended that when they (the park officials) closed down the earth-filled dumps and replaced them with incinerators, they should do it slowly."

Craighead said closing the open garbage dumps, which have been a source of food for older bears in the park for years, would drive the bears into the campgrounds in search of food.

~~Bear~~ Attack

102 Wash. Ave.

Hampton Manor
Bensselaer, N.Y.

24 March, 73.

D. I. Frank C. Craighead Jr.

Dear Sir,

This is just a short note to say that I enjoyed your lecture on Grizzly Bear at the Econ Building the other night. I didn't have time to try to talk to you after the meeting.

I thought you might be interested to know that my son, Gerald, who lives in Missoula, Montana, and his hunting (elk) companion, were attacked by a mother Grizzly and her 2 cubs last Sept. They were hiking back to their camp, I think in the Bob Marshall Wilderness area, for lunch, when they heard a noise. Gerald said he looked up & about 40 feet & coming about 30 miles an hour was Momma.

Send your
Sincerely,
M. M.

Yellowstone grizzly shot

A 500-pound male grizzly bear was destroyed by Yellowstone National Park rangers in Canyon Campground early Tuesday morning.

Supt. Jack Anderson said they had tried on three successive nights to trap the animal, which, he said, was "on the verge of causing damage," but was too dangerous to get close to.

Trapped bears are usually transplanted to a remote area of the park, but in this case, Anderson said, the bear would not have been transplanted.

"This was a boar following a sow," Anderson explained, "and we couldn't take both of them at one time. A trans-

plant would have brought that grizzly right back into that campground again with that sow."

Canyon Campground was this year restricted against tent campers. A visitor, Anderson said, who had a station wagon with a fold-out tent camper was sleeping in the station wagon when the grizzly attacked.

"He flipped that trailer right over on its back," Anderson said, and added that the camper apparently contained food.

This was the first management action of any kind this year in Yellowstone.

J. Hole
News

6/24/71

He looked for a place to go, & there was none. He had his rifle on his sling, jacket stuffed in also. He got his gun unsling, & fired. He missed, and Gary, the other hunter made the best shot of his life. Gary hit the bear in the head, killing it instantly. Gary had thrown himself on the ground behind a log, and killed the bear at about 3' to 5' range. The dead bear sailed over Gary & the log & landed behind him.

The way I understand it, they heard another noise, & 2 more bears were coming at them at about 75 yards. Gerald said they looked as big as the mother, and they each dropped one. They were the cubs, estimated weight about 70 pounds each. Gerald was heartbroken at shooting the cubs, but under the circumstances I feel they were justified.

They skinned the mother bear, and

Ursus horribilis, the bear without friends

NIGHT OF THE GRIZZLIES. By Jack Olsen. Illustrated. Putnam. 254 pp. \$6.95.

By William O. Douglas

As I read this fascinating book much of the American folklore of bears kept coming back to me. They have been portrayed as friends of man. We have not only the story of "The Three Bears" but Smokey himself to prove it. The folklore produces strange happenings. At a Washington, D.C. cocktail party a lady, knowing I was from the Pacific Northwest, took me aside to tell me of her experiences with bears in Yellowstone National Park. "Before I left," she said, "I got on such good terms with one bear that he would take a piece of toast right out of my mouth." She was aghast when I replied, "Madam, you should be committed to St. Elizabeth's." She spoke, of course, of the black bear. But a black bear who no longer fears man is the most dangerous animal in the woods — except, of course, the grizzly; and it is with the grizzlies in Yellowstone and in Glacier that this book deals.

Grizzlies, of course, are in British Columbia and in Alaska, too. It was in the Brooks Range in Alaska that I first camped and hiked among them. From that experience I know that nothing Jack Olsen says is fictional. One day a companion of mine came across a grizzly sound asleep on a sunny slope of the treeless tundra. He walked within 100 feet of the animal and took a picture. The click of the shutter awoke the grizzly into instant action, charging my friend. My friend — very quickwitted — realized two things — first, that grizzlies are notoriously nearsighted and, second, that he was

William O. Douglas, an Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, is a world traveler and nature lover.

down wind of this animal. So he ran a half circle to up wind. He turned as he achieved that position to see the grizzly ten feet from him. Whether it was the smell of a man or the sight of a man that now controlled the grizzly no one knows. But he came to a crunching and grinding stop and turned and ran away.

Lewis and Clark were probably the first Americans to encounter the grizzly. But until 1967 Yellowstone and Glacier — the main sanctuaries of the grizzly in "the lower 48 States" — had no absolutely verified record of grizzlies killing people in those parks. It is with the episodes of 1967 that this thrilling book starts.

Grizzlies have been in these two park areas for centuries and men have been coming there for over a century. With the passing of the decades two important changes took place. More and more people came, pressing heavily on the grizzly, who leads an insular life. Secondly, more and more people meant more and more garbage; and the bear (who is a scavenger) was attracted by it. That meant that men and grizzlies began to mix more frequently than ever before, and the grizzlies lost their fear of man.

The 1967 episodes related in the book are in the main a series of exciting, breath-taking accounts of bold and brazen grizzlies and the near escapes that hikers and other summer tourists were having. The suspense is built up to a point where the book cannot be put down.

We all know from the news that some people were killed; and the shadow of death therefore seems to follow every group that enters these woods in the pages of this book. Those killed by grizzlies in 1967 were two lovely nineteen-year-old girls — Julie Helgeson and Michele Koons. Each was in her sleeping bag, one unable to escape because of a caught zipper. Michele was dead when rescuers found her. Julie had the best of medical care by three doctors who were also in the

woods at the time; but she died in spite of their efforts.

The food of an increasing number of campers attracted the bears; and the Park Service — at least at one chalet — dumped kitchen refuse in a gully and guests took delight in watching grizzlies under flashlights eat the refuse. It was an unofficial form of entertainment like providing lookouts where visitors can watch deer or elk feast on white clover. But the bear was losing his fear of man and becoming extremely dangerous.

The conclusion of this book is that the grizzly is destined to become extinct in Yellowstone and Glacier. There is indeed a mounting body of opinion that those parks should be rid of grizzlies and designated for the use of people, free of that menace.

Others blame park management, saying that bear-man contacts should be reduced (1) by control of the garbage problem; (2) by killing known killers; and (3) by shooting with tranquilizer guns other grizzlies and moving them to remote areas with fewer people.

The Park Service is tackling the garbage problem with bear-proof garbage cans. It instructs hikers to use plastic litter bags in which to pack out their unburned garbage. It cautions against carrying in foods with strong odors such as ham or bacon.

The Park Service has a directive from Congress in its basic statute to preserve all wild life in the parks "under natural conditions"; and if the grizzly cannot be preserved there, he is gone.

The deaths of Julie and Michele were the first attributed to grizzlies in Glacier since it was established in 1910. Yellowstone has had only three such fatalities since 1872. But each has more than three deaths each season from automobiles. The grizzly, however, has few friends, certainly not in Detroit or its satellites. ✽

The world, the flesh and Father McCabe

A PRIEST AND A GIRL. By Robert Daley. World. 448 pp. \$6.95.

By Robert J. Shea

The Roman Catholic Church lately has shown cracks in its massive face. While no great fissure appears likely, through these small breaches have popped many individual defectors among laity and priests alike.

Robert Daley's defecting priest, Father Frank McCabe, begins as a liberal cleric, unhappy because both his superiors and his parishioners prefer the comfortable, well-worn letter of Catholicism to the meanings which, he thinks, represent its spirit. Father McCabe lives in a rectory at the north end of Manhattan Island with a priestly "family" consisting of intellectually arthritic Monsignor Scanlon; Father Foley, darling of the middle-aged ladies' Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; and Father Littlefield, a Movement priest, leader of Harlem blacks and practitioner of clerical *realpolitik*. The conflict between McCabe's sensibilities and the sterile, pointless routine forced upon him drives him to seek a kind of rebirth through what for him is the very essence of religion — love.

Father McCabe encounters sex while vacationing in France and makes the discovery that the celibate sacrifices something far more valuable than simple physical pleasure: that complex intimate human relating called love, for which sex is the necessary catalyst. The brief experiment becomes a way of life, one built around

Robert J. Shea is a free-lance critic living in Chicago.

McCabe's new conviction of the supreme value of physical life on this earth. Catholic concerns with a supernatural world come to seem more and more illusory, though McCabe finds it easier to make the formal break with Catholicism than to reject its emotional hold. He is thirty-three, the same age as the crucified Christ, when he begins his ordeal as an ordinary man again.

In the course of McCabe's exodus from the Egypt of Roman Catholicism we are led to examine as many elements of this oppressive, hierocratic society as have been touched upon in any of the more informed recent non-fiction critiques of the Church: birth control and abortion, parochial schools, nuns, the building mania, fiscal policies, the commercialization of famous shrines, the Catholic family, the role of the Irish, attitudes toward non-Catholics, and more. McCabe would like to dismantle most of the Church's structure. But strip away dogma, tradition, complex and rigid moral rules and Byzantine organization, and how much would the Church retain of its identity? Perhaps, though, the very distinctness of today's Roman Catholic Church is the main obstacle to its aspiration to universality. How can a religion be catholic when like some Progressive Labor zealot it perpetually demands "correctness"? Frank McCabe's wife discovers how extensively the passion for precise conformity to detailed rules permeates the character produced by Catholic upbringing during an argument over slicing bread. McCabe asserts, "There's a right and wrong way to do everything."

"There is not," she cried. "In a very few cases in this world there may be a right way and a wrong

way, but most of the time the right way is whatever way you feel like doing something. . . ."

When the anxiety of living in a world of suffering and mortality has paralyzed the creative powers that breed deviation and revision, man will defend received certitudes to the death. Correctness, not pie in the sky, is the true opiate of the people, including some of the best-educated and most intelligent people. The religious reformer who would succeed must not abolish the old pieties but must draw a simpler and more universal system around them. The great religious advances do not kill God; they re-identify him.

As a source of dramatized information about what troubles the Catholic Church today, *A Priest and a Girl* has an exhaustive authority. Daley is particularly good at portraying the everyday reality of the confessional, the counting of the Sunday collection, the petty tyrannies of the seminary and the intricate political life of the Chancery Office. To be appreciated, though, the book has to be read as an entertaining topical novel. It aspires neither to complexity in its psychology nor to artfulness in fictional technique. It is fictionalized documentary, representational painting rather than true creation.

But Daley deserves marks for realism and objectivity. The book will disturb and anger many of the 45 million Catholics who (Daley tells us) attend Mass in America every Sunday, but it is honest, accurate and fair. It breaks no new ground in fiction, but for many of its readers the sympathetic portrayal of a Catholic priest's lust as a noble, rather than shameful, thing will be remarkable enough. ✽

brought the hide out. When they reported the incident to the ranger, he confiscated the skin, and gave them tickets for shooting the bears.

They felt the shooting was justifiable under the circumstances, & requested a jury trial. A week ago last Thursday they went to court. The charges were dropped in the cub shootings, ^(lack of evidence) and Gary was tried for shooting the mother. The jury voted 5 to 1 for acquittal.

I guess there is no early elk season this year.

I am sorry this turned from a "short note" to a rambling letter, but I thought you would be interested in the episode.

yours Truly

Olin D. Higgins

P.S. First time I ever heard Gerald admit

he was scared.

The Sontag of Swat

THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA. The Complete and Official Record of Major League Baseball. Macmillan. 2,337 pp. \$25.

By Joe Flaherty

It lies before you, all 2,337 pages of it — as big and as fat as Rip Sewell's ephus ball and just as hard to connect with. Why? It has everything imaginable in it, right down to a table of the birthplaces by states of major league baseball players and managers (including National Association) from 1871 to 1968.

The names are there: Ruth, Wee Willie Keeler, Goose Goslin, Cobb. But are you told of the Georgia peach's advice to a rookie on facing a pitcher? "Try and hit him, because that's what he's trying to do to you." Or can the mind's eye see Mel Ott's right leg rise like a periscope as he zeroed in on the Polo Grounds' inviting right-field wall? I'm afraid the book goes down swinging in all three instances. The problem is basic: this book is record — baseball is legend.

Can cold stats ever evoke the deeds or the men who performed them? But more important, will this book convert any new fans to the game, versus, for instance, books like Leonard Koppett's great handbook, *The Thinking Man's Guide to Baseball*, or Lawrence Ritter's priceless valentine to nostalgia, *The Glory of Their Times*?

One can argue, correctly, that this is not the book's purpose, that it is the complete record of the game's players and their performances. But is that so important, except to the "experts" who mistake precision for passion? Does understanding the game really have to include knowledge of Henri Rondeau's batting average? If the art isn't explained, the contestants defined, the arena set, the fact is only as telling as "In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue." But to those who cherish

Joe Flaherty reports on sports for The Village Voice. He was campaign manager for Norman Mailer in the New York mayoral primary and is writing a book about his experiences.



their expertise, who love the tiny, this ponderous volume will become the Sontag of Swat.

But surely one doesn't want to commit the unpardonable sin of the twentieth century and insult the work of a computer, so now, some slight praise (or bunting), if you will. The saving grace of the book, presented to the right people, is that it might make otherwise unendurable social occasions bearable. All of us have someone — a father-in-law, an uncle, a brother — with whom we are honor bound to meet a couple of times each year. After slopping your best

Scotch for an hour, he usually turns to you with Bambi-like eyes pleading for understanding and asks: "For God's sake, Joe, fair is fair, but don't you think they've gone too far this time — asking for color TV sets on their welfare budgets!" Or, "Look, Mayor Daley has a wife and kids, too."

Wouldn't it be grand, instead of barraging him with four-letter words that will make you the scourge of the wake or the wedding, to throw him a curve ball and ask: "What was Elmer Bliss's pitching record with the Yankees?" Think of his everlasting congeniality if he could consult this encyclopedia and really put you and "your punk liberal mentality" where they belong.

And what a glorious gift, too, for that new breed of bartender — forever wanting to show you his manuscript or exhibiting his profile in the belief that it will propel him to Barrymoresque grandeur — instead of playing his position and filling your glass. What a pleasure to talk to him about that double-play combo of Brooklyn's Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson, rather than Beckett's Clove and Hamm.

But I doubt this is a book for the common fan. The price alone will leave most of them out in left field. I for one advise that the price of admission isn't worth the action inside except for those factual snobs who, with it, can then securely mutter: "What does *he* know about the game?"

Leonard Koppett's premise that the art of hitting is developed by overcoming the fear of being hit by a thrown ball tells you more about coming to the plate than the endless batting averages printed here. For a document of a sweaty summer afternoon game, this tome is without smell. Its dead figures never evoke the colorful picture-card pageantry of this lovely game.

With all due respect to the publisher and his computer, this project should have been undertaken by those educators and seducers of generations of baseball fans, the Topps Bubble Gum people. You couldn't get me to trade my boyhood collection of those baseball cards for this computer's coffin. Honest. Not even one for one.

'Beethoven's music is music about music'

(Continued from page 1) century *Life*; for it performs the great service of showing not merely how Beethoven fitted into his turbulent time, but also how he rose above it. Scrupulously level-headed, it replaces many of the legends which have surrounded Beethoven, from his earliest, adulatory biographies, with hard-earned facts and sensible interpretations of them. As always, the facts are more interesting than the myths.

Marek has discovered, for instance, that Beethoven's father was not the shiftless town drunk of legend, but a respectable and accomplished musician himself. To be sure, he tumbled more than was good for him or his family, and there seems to have been a strain of bad blood in the Beethovens which resulted in the unfortunate marriages of his two brothers and probably kept Beethoven himself from marrying.

It didn't prevent him from falling frequently in love, though, and Marek usefully sets forth his many affairs in tabular form while searching for that *ignis fatuus* of all Beethoven biographies, the identity of the "Immortal Beloved" the composer addressed in an eloquent letter of 1812 which he never mailed.

The always boorish Beethoven of romance is replaced with a man sufficiently steeped in Enlightenment manners to be an amiable, and even a scintillating, companion, who knew perfectly well which fork to use

when dining with his many aristocratic friends and patrons. Similarly, although his letters are often incoherent through sheer haste, and although he never could learn the multiplication tables, Beethoven was by no means the illiterate of legend. Marek shows that he was remarkably well-read in many literatures, ranging from Shakespeare to Hindu mysticism.

It is good to know, too, that far from starving in a garret as geniuses are supposed to do, Beethoven was one of the best-paid musicians of his time, a man who knew how to drive a hard — and sometimes shady — bargain with publishers and performers. His complaints of poverty, which run like a *leitmotiv* through his letters, were often unsubstantiated. Like all Austrians, he suffered from post-Napoleonic devaluation, but the squalor in which he lived was usually of his own making, a product of the tempestuous impatience with which he treated everything but his music.

And the deafness! It was probably the result of a childhood bout with typhoid, rather than an effect of syphilis, which Marek doesn't think Beethoven ever contracted. In any case, to the end of his life, Beethoven had his good days when he could hear reasonably well.

Actually, of course, it was a triple blessing. It provided biographers with the Conversation Books in which visitors recorded their remarks; it forced Beethoven

to abandon his time-consuming career as a piano virtuoso and devote himself exclusively to composition, which it aided rather than hindered. For deafness is not the liability to a composer that the unmusical think it is. If anything, it was the great motive force in turning Beethoven's thoughts inward to find the spiritual wealth that dwelt within his racked body. Like the physical blindness of Oedipus or Gloucester, it made possible a true vision into the heart of things.

Thus, the more myths Marek punctures, the greater his Beethoven becomes in our eyes, if not our ears. For Marek says little, alas, about his music. Also disappointing are the Will Durantesque chapters of potted history devoted to the Enlightenment in which Beethoven was born and the Romanticism in which he grew up.

But these are minor blemishes. Unlike many recent literary biographies, Marek's *Beethoven* does not plod along in a day-by-day account of The Master's menus and laundry lists. Chapters are organized by central themes — his loves, his tortured relationship with his nephew Karl — which often break through strict chronology to give a coherently rounded picture. It is an impressive feat of research and organization, more appropriate than the spate of perfunctory and redundant recordings we may expect in 1970 as a tribute to a protean creator who, I suspect, will always be with us.

Bear surprises sleeping ranger

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Rangers combed the area trying to find the bear, but later decided the attack was "a chance happening" and called off the search.

The confrontation was the first between man and bear in the park since 1968. Two persons were killed in separate incidents in 1967.

An Alabama hitchhiker was killed by a grizzly at an unofficial campsite in Yellowstone National Park earlier this summer.

*Some night this summer, hungry
grizzlies may kill a few campers in
Yellowstone Park. Then we'll
have to face a cruel question*

IS IT GOING TO BE THE BEARS OR US?

BY DAVID NEVIN

■ The green Park Service pickup crawled steadily up the gravel road, past Steamboat Point and Grizzly Peak and over Sylvan Pass at 8,541 feet. The air was cool. I could see Avalanche Peak, more than 10,000 feet, its flanks still white with snow, though this was summer in Yellowstone National Park. Ed Wessel said, "Have you ever used a riot gun?" He was holding a sawed-off shotgun, a 12-gauge pump model loaded alternately with buck and solid slugs. I said I had and he handed me the gun. Herschel Reeves was driving. He and Wessel strapped on .357 Magnum revolvers. The truck was pulling a bear trap. It was a section of steel culvert pipe four feet in diameter and eight feet long mounted on wheels with a trailer hitch in front. The back was closed with a steel door. The front was covered with strong mesh through which a bear looked with small, alert eyes. It was a 450-pound grizzly sow, captured the night before in the campground at Canyon, in the center of the park, and it was very angry. We were slipping down the other side of the pass and suddenly I realized that both men were nervous. They were seasonal park rangers, schoolteachers in the winter, and this was out of their line. It was out of mine, too. "You always want to look out for bears," Reeves said. "This is a little tricky, dropping a bear off on the road. Ed will drive and you and I will be in the back. We'll be doing about 10 miles an hour and I'll pull that back door up and the bear will drop out. That's when you want to be ready with that scatter-gun. One day they were [Continued on page 67]

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER

Girl, 5, Recovering From Grizzly Attack

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL
Park, Wyo. —(UPI)— Park officials issued a new plea to tourists Thursday to be careful of bears following an attack by an old grizzly on a 5-year-old girl at a park campground.

Daphne Jax, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Jax of St. Paul, Minn., was flown by an Air Force plane to her home Wednesday night. The girl was reported in good condition with cuts, internal injuries and a broken rib.

She was attacked Tuesday night at the Fishing Bridge campground.

Jack Anderson, Yellowstone superintendent, said the girl had just come out of a restroom at the campground and was walking back to the family tent.

400-LB. BEAR

She apparently frightened the 400-pound bear, Anderson said, and he picked her up in his teeth.

"Her father heard the screams and rushed out of the tent in time to see the girl thrown to the ground by the bear," he said.

The bear then ran away, Anderson said, and sat down about 30 yards away.

Daphne was taken to the park hospital, about 1½ miles away. The broken rib punctured a lung and doctors recommended she be flown to Children's Hospital in St. Paul for treatment.

Anderson contacted the Air Force and an air evacuation plane was dispatched from Scott AFB, Ill. Aboard was a medical team including a chest surgeon.

AUTOPSY DUE

The bear was shot and killed by a ranger shortly after the attack and the carcass was taken to Bozeman, Mont., for an autopsy.

The attack was the first this year at the park.

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BY MAX GUNTHER

Can you lose by winning the secretary game?

*Mini-skirted young swingers
who take shorthand are
adding to the career problems
of American businessmen.
What happens these days to an
executive who gets caught
making out with his secretary?*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE BUTERA

■ The three of us met in a dark corner of a small, dim restaurant in midtown Manhattan. He was a man in his middle 40's, graying at the temples, with a ruggedly pleasant face and a lined forehead that gave him an eternally worried look even when he laughed. She was a tall, dark-haired girl of about 25.

He was an executive somewhere in the \$30,000 to \$40,000 salary range. She was his secretary. They were lovers. Except in the very beginning, three years ago, they had not tried to make a secret of their affair. Most of their closer office

friends knew about it and other men and women around the company probably guessed their own quiet guesses. The two had agreed to tell me their story. "We don't want it to be a secret," the girl said. "It isn't really a dirty thing that has to be hidden in the dark."

And yet, I reflected, she and he had suggested this particular restaurant. In its dusky red light, the people sitting at the tables all looked as though they were plotting sinister intrigues.

He sipped his vodka martini. "You slide into a relationship like this without even knowing it's happening," he said. "A lot of my business friends are closer to their secretaries than they realize or admit. All it takes is one small trigger-

ing event, and suddenly you're—well—"

"In bed," said the girl, smiling. "Let's be frank." She was drinking whisky sours and drinking them rather fast.

"All right, in bed," he said. "But the point I'm making is that a man and his secretary—or any girl he works with—can go along for years teetering on the very brink of an affair without knowing it. And then, suddenly, *bang*, it hits you."

"Yes," she said. "You've heard the expression 'office wife'? People say it jokingly, but it's more than that. A secretary *can* become a kind of wife, but neither the secretary nor her boss ever stop to think about it in just exactly that way."

Their relationship had started in the usual businesslike fashion: they were simply boss and secretary. But he had a problem that was later revealed to him on an analyst's couch. He was a man with a need for applause; he had to be a hero. He was no hero at home. His wife didn't understand his job or care about it. When he came home with news about some victory he had won in the corporate jungles, she barely listened. She sometimes remarked that many of his neighbors were drawing bigger salaries than he. At home he was a little fish in a big pond.

But his secretary saw him as a big man. She was by his side every day as he fought great battles and won (or lost). He earned this girl's applause. "She made me feel alive, made me feel the struggle was worthwhile."

"And I guess it made me feel good to know he needed me so much," [Continued on page 72]

Bear Problem Under Study

By RICHARD MCCALL
United Press International

The Yellowstone National Park superintendent said Thursday rangers were not planning any special precautions after the mauling of a 5-year-old girl Tuesday, but an expert on bears warned closing of garbage dumps in the park could trigger more incidents.

Jack K. Anderson, superintendent of the sprawling park, said rangers had taken all the precautions that were possible.

"We have taken all of the precautions we can," he said. "We have bear-proofed all of the garbage disposal units in the campgrounds and are doing everything we can to cut off their source of food in these areas."

Dr. Frank C. Craighead of Moose, Wyo., a naturalist who conducted a 10-year study of the grizzly bear, said he was not surprised by the mauling incident.

"We recommended that when they (the park officials) closed down the earth-filled dumps and replaced them with incinerators, they should do it slowly."

Craighead said closing the open garbage dumps, which have been a source of food for older bears in the park for years, would drive the bears into the campgrounds in search of food.

IS IT GOING TO BE THE BEARS OR US?

[Continued from page 49]

dropping a big grizzly and it caught hold of the side of the cage as it came out and swung up on top," Reeves told me. He added, "In one jump the bear was in the truck. The shotgun man got so excited he jacked all the shells out of the gun. The bear swung on them but missed and stove in the back of the cab. Both guys jumped out of the truck. That bear swung so hard it fell out of the truck itself but jumped right back in and was on the cab roof, trying to get the driver when the driver threw it off, swerving the truck. They're rough, these big grizzlies."

"Have you ever seen a bear move?" Wessel asked. "They're like lightning. They can run faster than the truck'll be going. If this bear comes up, she'll be on you in an instant, so you want to watch sharp." The truck stopped and we all got out. Grizzlies are dish-faced with a flat forehead and a long muzzle like a big dog. Their little ears stand up in an alert way, and they have a ruff of grizzled hair around their heads that makes them look even bigger. They are the most dangerous and the most violent wild animals in North America. Our bear was lying with its face on its forepaws, eyes red rimmed and glaring. It was trembling.

I got in the back. I eased the action open to be sure the chamber was empty and put the safety off. One quick pump and it would be ready. I put the gun on the floor and as the truck started to roll, Reeves and I pulled the rope that lifted the heavy door. Then, while he held the rope, I snatched up the gun. All my instincts for conservation and the balance of nature fled—if that bear came over the top, I was going to blow it down.

The bear, however, did not move except to lift its massive head. Reeves, holding the rope to the door, began to yell at the grizzly. Below us, laboring up the hill, came a white station wagon. A tourist, probably with family. If the angry bear jumped out in the car's path and the driver stopped. . . .

Reeves shouted again. The bear squinted over its shoulder, saw the open door, squirmed around and stuck its head out. The grizzly leaned out and looked forward, directly at me. The white car was near and it met us and passed, still climbing, and suddenly the bear jumped out on the road.

"Go, Ed, go!" Reeves yelled, and the truck spurted forward. For an instant the bear swung toward us and then ran across the road and up the steep mountainside, over a fallen tree and into the deep woods, moving with real speed and yet obviously not extending itself.

We were 50 miles from the camp where the bear had been caught. Reeves grinned. "We've seen the last of that bear," he said with satisfaction. "She'll go down to the Forest Service campground, outside the park."

That is the crux of the matter—which campground will the grizzly invade next? There is an increasingly dangerous conflict at Yellowstone between grizzly bears

and people and it focuses on the campgrounds. . . .

Yellowstone is a wonderful place. It was the first national park in the world, founded in 1872 with 3,472 square miles of wild and incredibly beautiful high country. It has the finest and most extensive geysers in the world (more than 10,000 separate thermal items). In variety and visibility, its stunning array of wildlife is equaled only in the great African parks. There are moose, elk, deer, buffalo, antelope, bighorn sheep. There are wildcats and mountain lions, foxes and coyotes and even reports of the wolf, nearly extinct in the lower 48 states. There are scores of smaller animals, from field mice to otters to badgers to beavers. And there are the bears, the smaller blacks and some 250 proud, fearless, irritable grizzlies.

Finally, there are people. About 2.5 million visit every summer. At the season's peak, about 30,000 are sleeping in the park on any given night. Most of them are jammed into crowded, efficient campgrounds which are patrolled at night and have toilet and bathing facilities. The people bring a great deal of food and what they do not eat they put in garbage cans. This attracts the bears.

The problem is that bears like men's food. As early as 1919, park employees were feeding bears garbage to bring them close for visitors to watch. Later the bears switched to the big Yellowstone dump, where they still feed. But they also invade the camps and this is what puts them on a collision course with people. Grizzlies are afraid of neither man nor animal and they go where they please and do as they like. So they walk the camps with the people and this puts the people in great danger.

That is why Yellowstone is facing a fundamental decision. It will be under great pressure to yield to the immediate desires of people, but as we will see, to do so will eliminate its own basic reason for being.

I joined Ed Wessel one night at 11 when he had patrol duty in the Canyon campground. It is named for the magnificent Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River which is nearby and unfortunately it is in the heart of a major migrating path for bears. The campground is laid out in a series of one-way loop roads stacked up a hillside. You turn into one loop, make the circle, return to the main road, climb to the next and turn in again. Each campsite is just big enough for a car and trailer or tent. It is not camping at all in the wilderness sense but resembles a city trailer park or a movable motel. Occasionally there was an old car or a homemade trailer, but on the whole it looked rather like a camping dealer's showroom. It was a far cry from those days in 1807 when John Colter walked this country and three years later got back to St. Louis to tell of its wonders and no one would believe him.

On our first turn through the first loop we flushed a grizzly. It weighed more than 500 pounds and stood tall, flashing us a malevolent glance and then stepping easily out of the lights and into the shadows between a trailer and a tent.

Hours later that night I saw an even bigger bear move within a yard of a tiny pup tent in which a motorcyclist from Massachusetts lay asleep on the ground. We were within 20 feet of this bear as it methodically pried open the lid of a supposedly bear-proof garbage can and clawed out its contents.

"What happens if some guy wakes up and heads for the toilet and bumps into that bear?" I asked.

Wessel sighed. "I don't know. Maybe he gets hurt." Later, another ranger said, "I wouldn't sleep in a tent in this campground for anything." The car kept turning through the loops. Wessel said, "We've got a report that old sow with her two cubs is back. They're this year's cubs, cute as can be, and she's training them on garbage cans. We trapped them and set them out on the other side of the mountain, but they're back. The danger is that they wander away from her and then if you get in between her and them, she's very liable to attack."

An hour later we saw the sow, moving at an easy pace out of the light, clucking to the two cubs. They were black, furry little bundles, rocking and bounding along behind her, and she led them out of the light, past a parked car and on toward the next loop. When we got there, they were gone.

Yellowstone is famous for its bears. They sit by the road and people stop and feed them. But these are *black bears* (which often are brown colored), not grizzlies. Grizzlies dislike people and avoid the roads. The blacks are afraid of grizzlies and since the grizzlies invaded the campgrounds, the blacks no longer go there.

"There's a great big old black bear that turned up in here one night," Wessel said, "and a grizzly took him on. There was a tremendous bear fight. People said you could hear them roaring all over the camp. They said the grizzly hit the black so hard he knocked it in a flip and the black took off."

It was near dawn when we saw the biggest bear of the night, a massive grizzly well over 600 pounds, that moved with an easy, authoritative grace. It sat down to dig into a sunken garbage can. We eased the car closer and closer until we were five feet away. The grizzly glanced up at us and then returned to the can. Putting in a long arm, it snatched out clumps of garbage. When it was finished it stood up and ambled off, filled with indolent power, moving between a canvas trailer-camper and a light-green tent without a sound.

Grizzly bears are magnificent. At their biggest they may weigh 1,000 pounds and their barrel bodies are wrapped with tight layers of powerful muscles. They are solitary animals, given to prowling the high country by themselves, avoiding people. But since they are not afraid, they invade man's territory readily enough when they are hungry. Their wariness and their tendency to step out of a car's light is preference, not fear. They are omnivorous and their hunger is rarely satisfied.

At its best, a grizzly is moody, irritable,

[Continued on page 70]

Yellowstone grizzly shot

A 500-pound male grizzly bear was destroyed by Yellowstone National Park rangers in Canyon Campground early Tuesday morning.

Supt. Jack Anderson said they had tried on three successive nights to trap the animal, which, he said, was "on the verge of causing damage," but was too dangerous to get close to.

Trapped bears are usually transplanted to a remote area of the park, but in this case, Anderson said, the bear would not have been transplanted.

"This was a boar following a sow," Anderson explained, "and we couldn't take both of them at one time. A trans-

plant would have brought that grizzly right back into that campground again with that sow."

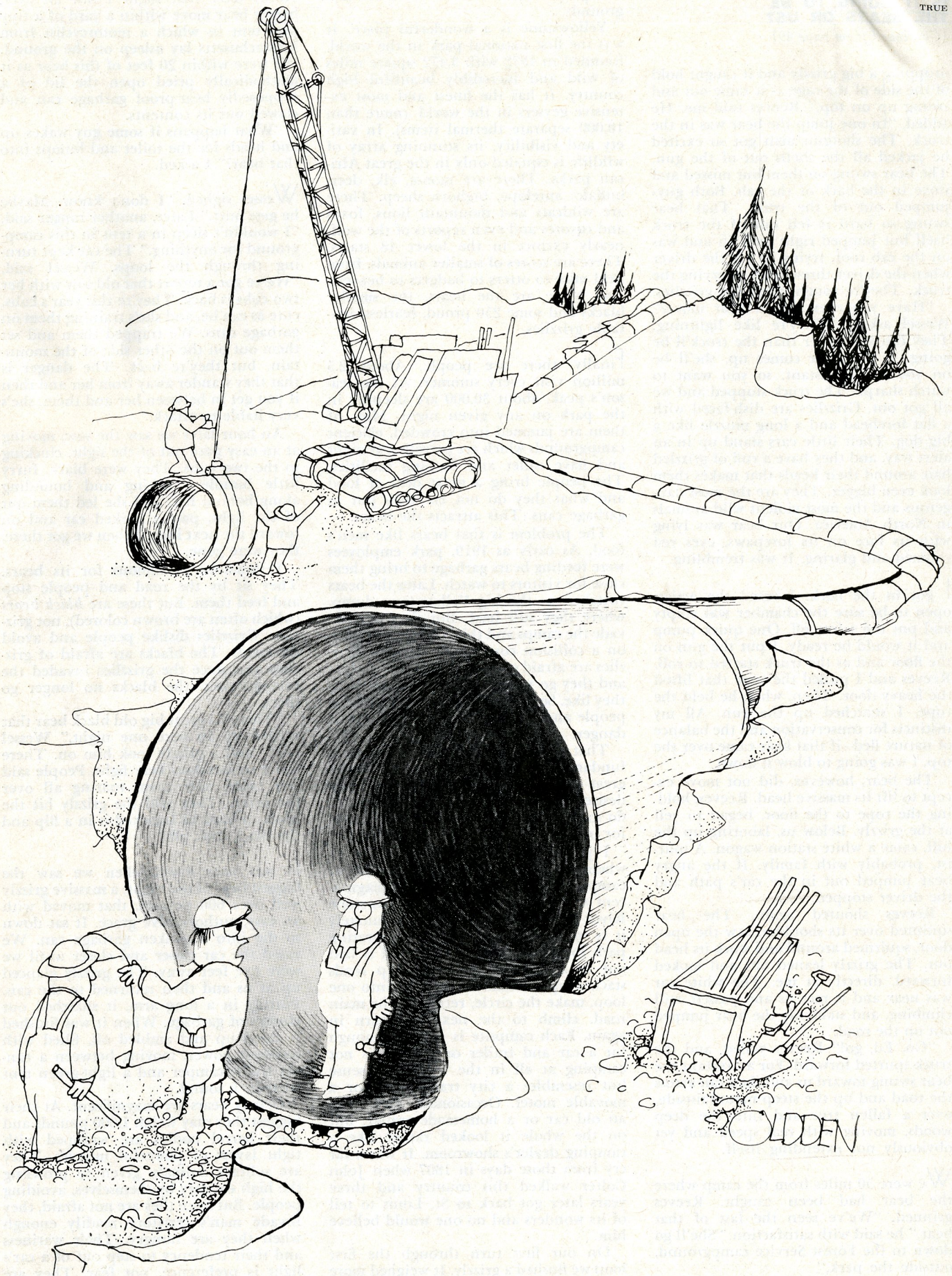
Canyon Campground was this year restricted against tent campers. A visitor, Anderson said, who had a station wagon with a fold-out tent camper was sleeping in the station wagon when the grizzly attacked.

"He flipped that trailer right over on its back," Anderson said, and added that the camper apparently contained food.

This was the first management action of any kind this year in Yellowstone.

*J. Hole
News*

6/24/71



"Well, where have you been?"

Ursus horribilis, the bear without friends

NIGHT OF THE GRIZZLIES. By Jack Olsen. Illustrated. Putnam. 254 pp. \$6.95.

By William O. Douglas

As I read this fascinating book much of the American folklore of bears kept coming back to me. They have been portrayed as friends of man. We have not only the story of "The Three Bears" but Smokey himself to prove it. The folklore produces strange happenings. At a Washington, D.C. cocktail party a lady, knowing I was from the Pacific Northwest, took me aside to tell me of her experiences with bears in Yellowstone National Park. "Before I left," she said, "I got on such good terms with one bear that he would take a piece of toast right out of my mouth." She was aghast when I replied, "Madam, you should be committed to St. Elizabeth's." She spoke, of course, of the black bear. But a black bear who no longer fears man is the most dangerous animal in the woods — except, of course, the grizzly; and it is with the grizzlies in Yellowstone and in Glacier that this book deals.

Grizzlies, of course, are in British Columbia and in Alaska, too. It was in the Brooks Range in Alaska that I first camped and hiked among them. From that experience I know that nothing Jack Olsen says is fictional. One day a companion of mine came across a grizzly sound asleep on a sunny slope of the treeless tundra. He walked within 100 feet of the animal and took a picture. The click of the shutter awoke the grizzly into instant action, charging my friend. My friend — very quickwitted — realized two things — first, that grizzlies are notoriously nearsighted and, second, that he was

William O. Douglas, an Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, is a world traveler and nature lover.

down wind of this animal. So he ran a half circle to up wind. He turned as he achieved that position to see the grizzly ten feet from him. Whether it was the smell of a man or the sight of a man that now controlled the grizzly no one knows. But he came to a crunching and grinding stop and turned and ran away.

Lewis and Clark were probably the first Americans to encounter the grizzly. But until 1967 Yellowstone and Glacier — the main sanctuaries of the grizzly in "the lower 48 States" — had no absolutely verified record of grizzlies killing people in those parks. It is with the episodes of 1967 that this thrilling book starts.

Grizzlies have been in these two park areas for centuries and men have been coming there for over a century. With the passing of the decades two important changes took place. More and more people came, pressing heavily on the grizzly, who leads an insular life. Secondly, more and more people meant more and more garbage; and the bear (who is a scavenger) was attracted by it. That meant that men and grizzlies began to mix more frequently than ever before, and the grizzlies lost their fear of man.

The 1967 episodes related in the book are in the main a series of exciting, breath-taking accounts of bold and brazen grizzlies and the near escapes that hikers and other summer tourists were having. The suspense is built up to a point where the book cannot be put down.

We all know from the news that some people were killed; and the shadow of death therefore seems to follow every group that enters these woods in the pages of this book. Those killed by grizzlies in 1967 were two lovely nineteen-year-old girls — Julie Helgeson and Michele Koons. Each was in her sleeping bag, one unable to escape because of a caught zipper. Michele was dead when rescuers found her. Julie had the best of medical care by three doctors who were also in the

woods at the time; but she died in spite of their efforts.

The food of an increasing number of campers attracted the bears; and the Park Service — at least at one chalet — dumped kitchen refuse in a gully and guests took delight in watching grizzlies under flashlights eat the refuse. It was an unofficial form of entertainment like providing lookouts where visitors can watch deer or elk feast on white clover. But the bear was losing his fear of man and becoming extremely dangerous.

The conclusion of this book is that the grizzly is destined to become extinct in Yellowstone and Glacier. There is indeed a mounting body of opinion that those parks should be rid of grizzlies and designated for the use of people, free of that menace.

Others blame park management, saying that bear-man contacts should be reduced (1) by control of the garbage problem; (2) by killing known killers; and (3) by shooting with tranquilizer guns other grizzlies and moving them to remote areas with fewer people.

The Park Service is tackling the garbage problem with bear-proof garbage cans. It instructs hikers to use plastic litter bags in which to pack out their unburned garbage. It cautions against carrying in foods with strong odors such as ham or bacon.

The Park Service has a directive from Congress in its basic statute to preserve all wild life in the parks "under natural conditions"; and if the grizzly cannot be preserved there, he is gone.

The deaths of Julie and Michele were the first attributed to grizzlies in Glacier since it was established in 1910. Yellowstone has had only three such fatalities since 1872. But each has more than three deaths each season from automobiles. The grizzly, however, has few friends, certainly not in Detroit or its satellites. ❧

The world, the flesh and Father McCabe

A PRIEST AND A GIRL. By Robert Daley. World. 448 pp. \$6.95.

By Robert J. Shea

The Roman Catholic Church lately has shown cracks in its massive face. While no great fissure appears likely, through these small breaches have popped many individual defectors among laity and priests alike.

Robert Daley's defecting priest, Father Frank McCabe, begins as a liberal cleric, unhappy because both his superiors and his parishioners prefer the comfortable, well-worn letter of Catholicism to the meanings which, he thinks, represent its spirit. Father McCabe lives in a rectory at the north end of Manhattan Island with a priestly "family" consisting of intellectually arthritic Monsignor Scanlon; Father Foley, darling of the middle-aged ladies' Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; and Father Littlefield, a Movement priest, leader of Harlem blacks and practitioner of clerical *realpolitik*. The conflict between McCabe's sensibilities and the sterile, pointless routine forced upon him drives him to seek a kind of rebirth through what for him is the very essence of religion — love.

Father McCabe encounters sex while vacationing in France and makes the discovery that the celibate sacrifices something far more valuable than simple physical pleasure: that complex intimate human relating called love, for which sex is the necessary catalyst. The brief experiment becomes a way of life, one built around

Robert J. Shea is a free-lance critic living in Chicago.

McCabe's new conviction of the supreme value of physical life on this earth. Catholic concerns with a supernatural world come to seem more and more illusory, though McCabe finds it easier to make the formal break with Catholicism than to reject its emotional hold. He is thirty-three, the same age as the crucified Christ, when he begins his ordeal as an ordinary man again.

In the course of McCabe's exodus from the Egypt of Roman Catholicism we are led to examine as many elements of this oppressive, hierocratic society as have been touched upon in any of the more informed recent non-fiction critiques of the Church: birth control and abortion, parochial schools, nuns, the building mania, fiscal policies, the commercialization of famous shrines, the Catholic family, the role of the Irish, attitudes toward non-Catholics, and more. McCabe would like to dismantle most of the Church's structure. But strip away dogma, tradition, complex and rigid moral rules and Byzantine organization, and how much would the Church retain of its identity? Perhaps, though, the very distinctness of today's Roman Catholic Church is the main obstacle to its aspiration to universality. How can a religion be catholic when like some Progressive Labor zealot it perpetually demands "correctness"? Frank McCabe's wife discovers how extensively the passion for precise conformity to detailed rules permeates the character produced by Catholic upbringing during an argument over slicing bread. McCabe asserts, "There's a right and wrong way to do everything."

"There is not," she cried. "In a very few cases in this world there may be a right way and a wrong

way, but most of the time the right way is whatever way you feel like doing something. . . ."

When the anxiety of living in a world of suffering and mortality has paralyzed the creative powers that breed deviation and revision, man will defend received certitudes to the death. Correctness, not pie in the sky, is the true opiate of the people, including some of the best-educated and most intelligent people. The religious reformer who would succeed must not abolish the old pieties but must draw a simpler and more universal system around them. The great religious advances do not kill God; they re-identify him.

As a source of dramatized information about what troubles the Catholic Church today, *A Priest and a Girl* has an exhaustive authority. Daley is particularly good at portraying the everyday reality of the confessional, the counting of the Sunday collection, the petty tyrannies of the seminary and the intricate political life of the Chancery Office. To be appreciated, though, the book has to be read as an entertaining topical novel. It aspires neither to complexity in its psychology nor to artfulness in fictional technique. It is fictionalized documentary, representational painting rather than true creation.

But Daley deserves marks for realism and objectivity. The book will disturb and anger many of the 45 million Catholics who (Daley tells us) attend Mass in America every Sunday, but it is honest, accurate and fair. It breaks no new ground in fiction, but for many of its readers the sympathetic portrayal of a Catholic priest's lust as a noble, rather than shameful, thing will be remarkable enough. ❧

[Continued from page 67]

nervous, treacherous and above all, unpredictable. Its normal reaction when surprised is not to run. It may attack. A big grizzly can knock over a grown elk with one swing of its paw and it can run four times as fast as a man. Once the animal lived in the plains, linked to buffalo and elk herds. Now the buffalo herds are gone and elk are found only in high country and the grizzly population has shrunk, too. Grizzlies don't adapt to man. They move about the open high country as they always have, rumbling and muttering to themselves, unwilling to hide, and sooner or later they come into direct conflict with man. Now there are only about 800 U.S. grizzlies left, of which most are in Yellowstone and the other national parks. A few are at large in open, unprotected country. In 1966 they were declared an endangered species but recently, since their population has stabilized, they were removed from the endangered list.

One of the chief problems is that people do not really understand that bears are dangerous. They see the black bears by the road looking rather charming, a little surly but playful too, often with a natural comic sense. Too many tourists see things only from their own point of view. They think of "wild" as meaning skittish, frightened of man, impossible to approach. Actually, "wild" means only that the animal lives in a free state in nature independent of man.

One day on a main Yellowstone road I stopped to watch a 300-pound black bear sitting in the middle of a road. Cars were creeping around it. There were showers of cookies in the air. After a while, bored with the attention, the bear ambled over to the ditch and lay down with one elbow propped on the pavement. The animal scratched its rear. It ate a cookie. A California car stopped and a man got out. He opened a back door and helped out an old lady. She stood tottering against her cane, eight feet from the bear, watching it. The bear looked at her.

Two cars had a near collision when a third stopped abruptly and the occupants threw bread at the bear. A camper truck from Miami stopped. A lanky woman in shorts with red hair jumped out with a camera and ran around the front of the truck to look at the bear. "Make him sit up," she yelled at her husband. He put down his window. "Sit up, boy!" he shouted, and hurled a cookie. The bear got up and put its head in the truck window. A little boy in the middle of the seat who had more sense than his parents began to cry. The woman photographed the bear leaning in the truck.

Then the bear extracted its head, dropped on all fours and started for her. She gave a frightened squawk and ran back to her side of the truck. They drove away. The bear saw a marshmallow on the other side of the road and went after it while traffic in both directions stopped. Then the bear went back to the ditch, sat on its rump while resting its back on the far side of the ditch and scratched its belly as it watched the cars. After a while the bear put its nose on the edge of the warm pavement and dozed.

It is not hard to see why people are amused, pleased and not very frightened by roadside black bears in the park. But sometimes it is less fun. A man urged his little boy to offer a bear a bite of his hot dog; the bear also took the first joint of the child's index finger. Ranger Dick Guilmette tells of catching a man holding two toddlers' hands as he kicked a big grizzly in the rump for having tried to steal a fish. There were 50 people watching when Guilmette arrived. The bear looked amazed that anyone would treat it in such a manner.

Guilmette, knowing that at any instant the bear might react and that his shotgun was useless in such close quarters, snatched the man away by his shirt. Then the man bawled out Guilmette.

There have been many maulings by park bears. Two years ago a couple hitchhiking camped in the Yellowstone woods. A grizzly stumbled over the camp, entangled itself in mosquito netting and

attacked the man. The man's arm was almost severed and he was near death by morning. In one of the regular camps a bear attacked five people in sleeping bags. It picked up a 14-year-old boy and carried him into the woods.

The women in the camp ran along behind in their underwear. One beat the bear on the head with a frying pan and the animal eventually dropped the boy. When Guilmette arrived the men of the camp emerged from hiding. "Did you get him, Mabel?" one yelled. The women realized they were dressed only in underwear and fled to their tents.

Last year an Air Force major was foolish enough to open fire on a visiting grizzly with a heavy pistol. He hit the bear's shoulder and the bear dropped and turned away. Normally, the rangers said later, the grizzly would have attacked, in which case the major probably would have been dead. The major fired five more shots, hitting the bear from head to tail and, somewhat surprisingly, killed it. An autopsy showed the bear had only grass in its stomach and was hungry. The bear was standing, which indicated it was curious (bears attack on all fours; they have a funny little sideways shuffle, grunting and snorting, and when they come it's fast as a bull and slightly sideways). The major, who conceived of himself as a hero, pleaded defense of his family when he was taken to court by rangers who felt the killing of the bear was unnecessary. Although visitors may not shoot in the park, the acquittal disturbed the rangers, who fear a tide of people coming into the park with guns and shooting bears.

Over the years, considering the number of visitors to Yellowstone and other parks frequented by grizzlies, there have not been a great many injuries caused by bears. The situation has become dangerous since the grizzlies have invaded the actual camps, thus driving out the less volatile black bears, but nevertheless, there were no serious injuries in Yellowstone camps last year.

The rangers keep bear traps in the camp, though the bears are increasingly wary. When a bear becomes obviously aggressive, and thus even more dangerous, rangers tranquilize it with a dart gun and set it free in a remote area. Occasionally they find it necessary to destroy a particularly troublesome bear. But the danger is not so much from obviously troublesome bears as from the unexpected—as, for example, what happened on the night of August 13, 1967, in the backcountry of Glacier National Park in northern Montana. In two separate incidents that night, bears mauled and killed two 19-year-old girls who were summer employees of the park.

In the first incident, a boy and a girl were camping near a park facility at which bears often were fed table scraps. The bear appeared at 12:45 a.m. and slapped them out of their sleeping bags. They lay inert, pretending to be dead. The bear sank its teeth into the boy's shoulder. He did not move or cry out. The bear turned to the girl and bit her. It bit the boy in the back and buttocks. It bit the girl again. She moaned, "It hurts." Then she screamed. The bear picked her up and dragged her away. Though seriously injured, the boy went for help. The



"Shaw, you're a nut!"

*Some night this summer, hungry
grizzlies may kill a few campers in
Yellowstone Park. Then we'll
have to face a cruel question*

IS IT GOING TO BE THE BEARS OR US?

BY DAVID NEVIN

■ The green Park Service pickup crawled steadily up the gravel road, past Steamboat Point and Grizzly Peak and over Sylvan Pass at 8,541 feet. The air was cool. I could see Avalanche Peak, more than 10,000 feet, its flanks still white with snow, though this was summer in Yellowstone National Park. Ed Wessel said, "Have you ever used a riot gun?" He was holding a sawed-off shotgun, a 12-gauge pump model loaded alternately with buck and solid slugs. I said I had and he handed me the gun. Herschel Reeves was driving. He and Wessel strapped on .357 Magnum revolvers. The truck was pulling a bear trap. It was a section of steel culvert pipe four feet in diameter and eight feet long mounted on wheels with a trailer hitch in front. The back was closed with a steel door. The front was covered with strong mesh through which a bear looked with small, alert eyes. It was a 450-pound grizzly sow, captured the night before in the campground at Canyon, in the center of the park, and it was very angry. We were slipping down the other side of the pass and suddenly I realized that both men were nervous. They were seasonal park rangers, schoolteachers in the winter, and this was out of their line. It was out of mine, too. "You always want to look out for bears," Reeves said. "This is a little tricky, dropping a bear off on the road. Ed will drive and you and I will be in the back. We'll be doing about 10 miles an hour and I'll pull that back door up and the bear will drop out. That's when you want to be ready with that scatter-gun. One day they were [Continued on page 67]

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER

girl was found 342 feet from the campsite a few minutes before she died.

Four hours later and nine miles away, a different bear attacked five campers: three boys and two girls. The youngsters had been fishing and the bear had harassed them through the evening, invading their camp and taking their food. It appeared again at 4:30 a.m. and awakened one of the boys with a bite. The boy jumped up and ran for a tree. The bear was startled. The others awakened and began to shout. Everyone made for a tree except a girl whom the bear attacked and carried off. One of the boys called to her to unzip her sleeping bag and she shouted back that the bear had the zipper in its mouth. Then she cried, "He's got my arm off," and a moment later, "Oh, God, I'm dead." Her body was found in the morning, 107 feet away.

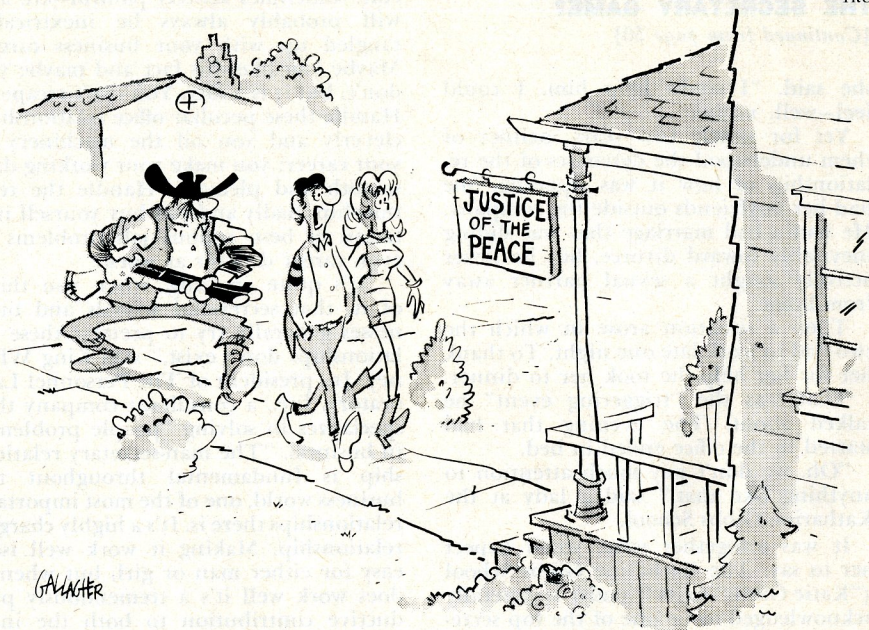
The bears believed to be the killers were shot. They had bits of tin cans embedded in their gums, showing that they were used to foraging in camps and dumps, and they were hungry. There was a lightning storm that night, but it is doubtful that this caused the double attack, and the matter finally was put down to coincidence and the fact that these bears are totally unpredictable.

Thus the sight of the big grizzlies prowling casually, four or five a night, through crowded campgrounds in which hundreds of people are asleep—and a few are awake, using toilets, tending babies, walking in the night—is particularly awesome. It leads you directly to the conclusion that the bears should not be there—or the people should not be there. . . .

Yellowstone National Park is a magnificent achievement. It maintains a wild environment for its extraordinary animal display despite the endless stream of visitors. On any afternoon in Yellowstone you are likely to see more animals than you have in the rest of your life. The animals *look* tame because they are not afraid of people who are mostly in cars, but in fact they are entirely wild. This is only possible, however, as people keep their distance, for as people press closer, the wild recedes and ultimately will vanish.

And yet, the wild is precious to man. We are not talking about wild for the sake of wild, which appeals to some purists, but wild for the sake of people. It has to do with man's spirit, with his heritage and culture. It is that from which he came and this is true in the immediate sense of his forefathers chopping a civilization out of the wilderness, and in the more remote and atavistic but no less important sense that man himself emerged from the wild. This has a fundamental value, for man cannot hope to know himself fully if he does not know his heritage.

At Yellowstone, however, people may be about to overwhelm the wild. The problem is not the visitors, but rather the facilities that have sprung up to serve them. There are multimillion-dollar concessionaire-operated shopping centers to rival those in any suburb. They have motels, apartments, restaurants, groceries, general stores, camera shops, parking lots, traffic jams and even smog. Each new facility demands people to run it and they add to the increasing problems of



"Your father has some very old-fashioned ideas on courtship, marriage, gun laws. . . ."

garbage, sewage and pollution.

But the camps are most offensive of all. Only about 10 percent of Yellowstone's visitors camp there, but it is mostly for the campers that the troublesome facilities arise. Walking a backcountry trail with a 60-pound pack and camping is part of the wild experience—but camping in a trailer on a tiny lot cheek by jowl with other campers has nothing to do with the wild. It is merely a convenience, an inexpensive, comfortable place to stay while vacationing or fishing (which is what draws many of the campers).

Such people have a right to enjoy the park too, but it is not necessary to serve their camping convenience in a way that is dangerous to them and—ultimately—dangerous to the bears. For as things now stand, eventually there will be multiple killings in a Yellowstone campground and then there will be a violent outcry to get rid of the bears.

The alternative solution is as simple to state as it will be difficult to bring about. Yellowstone and other wilderness parks should be limited to day use, with the possible exception of people who walk or take pack horses on backcountry trails.

There should be more roads and people should be required to view the animals from their cars. This is done in the great parks in Africa, where parkland is considered the home of the animals which the people visit. If this was followed in Yellowstone, game biologists say that the animals would graze still closer to the roads and one could count on seeing them within a quarter mile.

People who were willing to wait to study might see a grizzly pull down a weakened elk. They might see the coyotes gather and the ravens begin to circle. They would know what the mountain men saw 150 years ago, and what, centuries before that, men whose tools were made of stone faced when they went out for food.

The elaborate camps in the middle of

the park should be closed. This would not work any hardship on those who want to camp in Yellowstone because new camps would be set up on the edges of the park or on Forest Service lands just outside the park. Half the people who come to Yellowstone camps are turned away because the camps are full by 3 p.m. The overflow is sent to nearby Forest Service camps which are on public land that is not set aside for park use, is regularly hunted and on which bears are not likely to be a problem.

Why not send everyone there? If bear problems arose, such camps could be fenced, while in the park itself fencing is unsuited to the concept of the wild which is the basic purpose of the park.

Meanwhile, danger lurks. One night in the Canyon campground I was with a ranger who was particularly frustrated by the threat the bears represented and his inability to do anything about it. As visitors enter the park they are handed a pamphlet that describes the danger, but not very many people seem to take it seriously—until they meet a bear at close range.

A man stopped us on one of the loops. "There was a bear this high—" holding up his hand—"here a few minutes ago," he said. He cleared his throat. He looked nervous. "What do you do if one comes in the tent with you?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"I mean, is there anything you should do?"

"Well, I can't answer that," the ranger said. "I've never been in a tent with a bear so I don't know what I'd do."

"Well, thanks," said the man doubtfully.

Driving on, the ranger exploded. "What in God's name *can* I tell him? Of course it's dangerous. Nobody can say what a grizzly will do and nobody can stop one once it starts something. I'll tell you—people just don't belong in here at night, not unless we slaughter these grizzlies."

—David Nevin

BY MAX GUNTHER

Can you lose by winning the secretary game?

*Mini-skirted young swingers
who take shorthand are
adding to the career problems
of American businessmen.
What happens these days to an
executive who gets caught
making out with his secretary?*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE BUTERA

■ The three of us met in a dark corner of a small, dim restaurant in midtown Manhattan. He was a man in his middle 40's, graying at the temples, with a ruggedly pleasant face and a lined forehead that gave him an eternally worried look even when he laughed. She was a tall, dark-haired girl of about 25.

He was an executive somewhere in the \$30,000 to \$40,000 salary range. She was his secretary. They were lovers. Except in the very beginning, three years ago, they had not tried to make a secret of their affair. Most of their closer office

friends knew about it and other men and women around the company probably guessed their own quiet guesses. The two had agreed to tell me their story. "We don't want it to be a secret," the girl said. "It isn't really a dirty thing that has to be hidden in the dark."

And yet, I reflected, she and he had suggested this particular restaurant. In its dusky red light, the people sitting at the tables all looked as though they were plotting sinister intrigues.

He sipped his vodka martini. "You slide into a relationship like this without even knowing it's happening," he said. "A lot of my business friends are closer to their secretaries than they realize or admit. All it takes is one small trigger-

ing event, and suddenly you're—well—"

"In bed," said the girl, smiling. "Let's be frank." She was drinking whisky sours and drinking them rather fast.

"All right, in bed," he said. "But the point I'm making is that a man and his secretary—or any girl he works with—can go along for years teetering on the very brink of an affair without knowing it. And then, suddenly, *bang*, it hits you."

"Yes," she said. "You've heard the expression 'office wife'? People say it jokingly, but it's more than that. A secretary *can* become a kind of wife, but neither the secretary nor her boss ever stop to think about it in just exactly that way."

Their relationship had started in the usual businesslike fashion: they were simply boss and secretary. But he had a problem that was later revealed to him on an analyst's couch. He was a man with a need for applause; he had to be a hero. He was no hero at home. His wife didn't understand his job or care about it. When he came home with news about some victory he had won in the corporate jungles, she barely listened. She sometimes remarked that many of his neighbors were drawing bigger salaries than he. At home he was a little fish in a big pond.

But his secretary saw him as a big man. She was by his side every day as he fought great battles and won (or lost). He earned this girl's applause. "She made me feel alive, made me feel the struggle was worthwhile."

"And I guess it made me feel good to know he needed me so much," [Continued on page 72]

CAN YOU LOSE BY WINNING THE SECRETARY GAME?

[Continued from page 50]

she said. "I could help him. I could feel—well, *useful*."

Yet for nearly two years, neither of them understood the dynamics of the relationship or how it was ripening. She had her boyfriends outside the company. He had a bad marriage that was sliding inevitably toward divorce, but he never actively sought a sexual partner away from home.

Then a situation arose in which the two had to work late one night. To thank her for her help, he took her to dinner.

That was the "triggering event" he talked about. The evening that had started in the office ended in bed.

"Oh, we don't pay much attention to anything like that," said a lady at the Katharine Gibbs School.

It was altogether what you'd expect her to say. The Katharine Gibbs School ("Katie Gibbs" to its friends) is generally acknowledged to be one of the top secretarial schools in the country, maybe the very top. It offers to teach a girl everything she needs to know in order to become a cool, crisp, efficient, high-paid secretary. But there is an enormously important area of subject matter that it loftily chooses to ignore. It teaches next to nothing about the specific personal relationship between a man and his secretary or even, in general, about the relationships between men and women in an office.

These relationships—sometimes overtly sexual, always charged with at least a low-voltage sexual current whether ac-

knowledge or not, often fun, often difficult, sometimes acutely painful—are and will probably always be inextricably tangled up with your business career. Maybe you like this fact and maybe you don't, but it is a fact. You can't escape it. Handle these peculiar office relationships cleverly and you oil the machinery of your career; you make your working days smooth and pleasant. Handle the relationships badly and you buy yourself irritation at best, serious job problems or even career disaster at worst.

"It's quite amazing, when you think of it, that secretarial schools and businesses generally try to pretend these relationships don't exist," says King Whitney, Jr., president of The Personnel Laboratory, Inc., a consultant company that specializes in solving "people problems" in business. "The man-secretary relationship is fundamental throughout the business world, one of the most important relationships there is. It's a highly charged relationship. Making it work well isn't easy for either man or girl, but when it does work well it's a tremendously productive contribution to both the individual man and the company. There ought to be schools or training courses where young men and women could be given some guidance on the subject. Instead, we all have to learn about it by trial and error—very costly error, in some cases."

Explaining why Katie Gibbs doesn't teach any such course, the lady official said: "We feel that's an area of private life. We're here to teach the girls secretarial skills, not behavior toward the opposite sex."

Business firms echo the thought. TRUE tried to find if there was one company,

just one, that has ever given its employees any formal guidance in handling man-woman office relationships. No such company could be found, though there are a number of individual personnel men and industrial psychologists who have thought about the problems and who occasionally counsel men and women who come asking for advice.

"An employee's sex life, his or her activities after 5 o'clock, are his own business," said an IBM executive. A laudable attitude. But the trouble is, men and women don't switch off their sexuality when they arrive for work at 9 and keep the switch down until 5. Some try to, but none succeed. They are men and women all day long.

"Businessmen, or at least most older businessmen, don't like to give official recognition to this fact," says Kenneth C. Silver, the ebullient president of Gal Friday Services, Inc., an organization that each week sends hundreds of girls out on temporary office assignments. "The typical executive has this thing about neatness and order—which is one reason why he's an executive. He likes to see things arranged tidily in compartments. The day is for business, the night is for sex. That's how he wants it to be and often he kids himself into believing it actually is that way. Trouble is, life can never be that tidy."

Correct. "And the first thing a man ought to learn," says Anne Hartshorn, a secretary at Union Carbide, "is that we're different from men during the working day as well as at night and on weekends."

This seems obvious, but it is a fact many men in business try to deny. The results can be bad. Ken Silver tells of one exceptionally bright young man—"a comer, as they say"—who, at the age of 28, had been given responsibility for a small but important office in a large manufacturing corporation. He was being groomed for bigger jobs and knew it. He was determined to make his miniature empire run with machinelike efficiency. A swinger by night, he was all business during the day: a walking computer.

It wasn't that he was really a cold-hearted man; it was just that he had the peculiarly male desire to compartmentalize life and exclude human feelings from the business day. When one of the married girls became pregnant, the other girls wanted to give her a baby shower during their lunch hour. The young executive objected on the grounds that it would look unbusinesslike to have frilly, beribboned gifts stacked around the office. He habitually addressed the girls by their last names. "Smith," he'd say, "find out how Jones and Hadley are coming along with that report." He snapped out orders like an Army officer.

The men in the office made jokes about all this but didn't seriously object. In fact, being men, they liked being part of this taut ship. The office ran smoothly and work got done fast with a minimum of unproductive shuffling about.

But Smith, Jones and Hadley were not content. "The women who have been pouring into the business world over the past few decades," says Ken Silver, "have brought a quality of human warmth with



"Of course, that's just one umpire's opinion."

IS IT GOING TO BE THE BEARS OR US?

[Continued from page 49]

dropping a big grizzly and it caught hold of the side of the cage as it came out and swung up on top," Reeves told me. He added, "In one jump the bear was in the truck. The shotgun man got so excited he jacked all the shells out of the gun. The bear swung on them but missed and stove in the back of the cab. Both guys jumped out of the truck. That bear swung so hard it fell out of the truck itself but jumped right back in and was on the cab roof, trying to get the driver when the driver threw it off, swerving the truck. They're rough, these big grizzlies.

"Have you ever seen a bear move?" Wessel asked. "They're like lightning. They can run faster than the truck'll be going. If this bear comes up, she'll be on you in an instant, so you want to watch sharp." The truck stopped and we all got out. Grizzlies are dish-faced with a flat forehead and a long muzzle like a big dog. Their little ears stand up in an alert way, and they have a ruff of grizzled hair around their heads that makes them look even bigger. They are the most dangerous and the most violent wild animals in North America. Our bear was lying with its face on its forepaws, eyes red rimmed and glaring. It was trembling.

I got in the back. I eased the action open to be sure the chamber was empty and put the safety off. One quick pump and it would be ready. I put the gun on the floor and as the truck started to roll, Reeves and I pulled the rope that lifted the heavy door. Then, while he held the rope, I snatched up the gun. All my instincts for conservation and the balance of nature fled—if that bear came over the top, I was going to blow it down.

The bear, however, did not move except to lift its massive head. Reeves, holding the rope to the door, began to yell at the grizzly. Below us, laboring up the hill, came a white station wagon. A tourist, probably with family. If the angry bear jumped out in the car's path and the driver stopped. . . .

Reeves shouted again. The bear squinted over its shoulder, saw the open door, squirmed around and stuck its head out. The grizzly leaned out and looked forward, directly at me. The white car was near and it met us and passed, still climbing, and suddenly the bear jumped out on the road.

"Go, Ed, go!" Reeves yelled, and the truck spurted forward. For an instant the bear swung toward us and then ran across the road and up the steep mountainside, over a fallen tree and into the deep woods, moving with real speed and yet obviously not extending itself.

We were 50 miles from the camp where the bear had been caught. Reeves grinned. "We've seen the last of that bear," he said with satisfaction. "She'll go down to the Forest Service campground, outside the park."

That is the crux of the matter—which campground will the grizzly invade next? There is an increasingly dangerous conflict at Yellowstone between grizzly bears

and people and it focuses on the campgrounds. . . .

Yellowstone is a wonderful place. It was the first national park in the world, founded in 1872 with 3,472 square miles of wild and incredibly beautiful high country. It has the finest and most extensive geysers in the world (more than 10,000 separate thermal items). In variety and visibility, its stunning array of wildlife is equaled only in the great African parks. There are moose, elk, deer, buffalo, antelope, bighorn sheep. There are wildcats and mountain lions, foxes and coyotes and even reports of the wolf, nearly extinct in the lower 48 states. There are scores of smaller animals, from field mice to otters to badgers to beavers. And there are the bears, the smaller blacks and some 250 proud, fearless, irritable grizzlies.

Finally, there are people. About 2.5 million visit every summer. At the season's peak, about 30,000 are sleeping in the park on any given night. Most of them are jammed into crowded, efficient campgrounds which are patrolled at night and have toilet and bathing facilities. The people bring a great deal of food and what they do not eat they put in garbage cans. This attracts the bears.

The problem is that bears like men's food. As early as 1919, park employees were feeding bears garbage to bring them close for visitors to watch. Later the bears switched to the big Yellowstone dump, where they still feed. But they also invade the camps and this is what puts them on a collision course with people. Grizzlies are afraid of neither man nor animal and they go where they please and do as they like. So they walk the camps with the people and this puts the people in great danger.

That is why Yellowstone is facing a fundamental decision. It will be under great pressure to yield to the immediate desires of people, but as we will see, to do so will eliminate its own basic reason for being.

I joined Ed Wessel one night at 11 when he had patrol duty in the Canyon campground. It is named for the magnificent Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River which is nearby and unfortunately it is in the heart of a major migrating path for bears. The campground is laid out in a series of one-way loop roads stacked up a hillside. You turn into one loop, make the circle, return to the main road, climb to the next and turn in again. Each campsite is just big enough for a car and trailer or tent. It is not camping at all in the wilderness sense but resembles a city trailer park or a movable motel. Occasionally there was an old car or a homemade trailer, but on the whole it looked rather like a camping dealer's showroom. It was a far cry from those days in 1807 when John Colter walked this country and three years later got back to St. Louis to tell of its wonders and no one would believe him.

On our first turn through the first loop we flushed a grizzly. It weighed more than 500 pounds and stood tall, flashing us a malevolent glance and then stepping easily out of the lights and into the shadows between a trailer and a tent.

Hours later that night I saw an even bigger bear move within a yard of a tiny pup tent in which a motorcyclist from Massachusetts lay asleep on the ground. We were within 20 feet of this bear as it methodically pried open the lid of a supposedly bear-proof garbage can and clawed out its contents.

"What happens if some guy wakes up and heads for the toilet and bumps into that bear?" I asked.

Wessel sighed. "I don't know. Maybe he gets hurt." Later, another ranger said, "I wouldn't sleep in a tent in this campground for anything." The car kept turning through the loops. Wessel said, "We've got a report that old sow with her two cubs is back. They're this year's cubs, cute as can be, and she's training them on garbage cans. We trapped them and set them out on the other side of the mountain, but they're back. The danger is that they wander away from her and then if you get in between her and them, she's very liable to attack."

An hour later we saw the sow, moving at an easy pace out of the light, clucking to the two cubs. They were black, furry little bundles, rocking and bounding along behind her, and she led them out of the light, past a parked car and on toward the next loop. When we got there, they were gone.

Yellowstone is famous for its bears. They sit by the road and people stop and feed them. But these are *black bears* (which often are brown colored), not grizzlies. Grizzlies dislike people and avoid the roads. The blacks are afraid of grizzlies and since the grizzlies invaded the campgrounds, the blacks no longer go there.

"There's a great big old black bear that turned up in here one night," Wessel said, "and a grizzly took him on. There was a tremendous bear fight. People said you could hear them roaring all over the camp. They said the grizzly hit the black so hard he knocked it in a flip and the black took off."

It was near dawn when we saw the biggest bear of the night, a massive grizzly well over 600 pounds, that moved with an easy, authoritative grace. It sat down to dig into a sunken garbage can. We eased the car closer and closer until we were five feet away. The grizzly glanced up at us and then returned to the can. Putting in a long arm, it snatched out clumps of garbage. When it was finished it stood up and ambled off, filled with indolent power, moving between a canvas trailer-camper and a light-green tent without a sound.

Grizzly bears are magnificent. At their biggest they may weigh 1,000 pounds and their barrel bodies are wrapped with tight layers of powerful muscles. They are solitary animals, given to prowling the high country by themselves, avoiding people. But since they are not afraid, they invade man's territory readily enough when they are hungry. Their wariness and their tendency to step out of a car's light is preference, not fear. They are omnivorous and their hunger is rarely satisfied.

At its best, a grizzly is moody, irritable,
[Continued on page 70]

Humans Encroach on Animals' Territory . . .

Wilderness Big Enough for Both

By DICK COON
Tribune Staff Writer

A new understanding of what "wilderness" is all about is necessary if future generations are able to benefit from existing resources, according to Dr. John Craighead, head of the University of Montana Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit.

Craighead, widely known authority on the grizzly bear, is an internationally known wildlife ecologist and photographer.

Interrelationship among all animals, their environments, development and structure and interaction of geographic distribution and population alterations are his specialties.

His twin brother, Frank, a professor at a Pennsylvania college, is similarly recognized, and the two have authored several books.

As a scientist, Craighead is not particularly interested in controversial subjects, but he does have firm commitments to animal life—humans included.

He is a wiry man of average height—some might call him small, but there is actually nothing small about him. A bronzed, well-tailored man, he uses his muscular build to augment his intellect.

Craighead doesn't actually

say it, but he appears to be more frustrated by the attitudes of humans toward "animals" than the attitudes of animals toward humans. What is involved here is a balance of understanding between the creatures of the forest and the creatures of city.

Craighead is an authority on the bear, and discussion of the subject with him gives credence to his knowledge of humans, and their reaction in a wilderness environment which may be foreign to them. This will become increasingly important as the human population increases and goes to the wilderness for "relaxation."

However it is expressed, what this means is an encroachment of humans on the territory of wilderness animals and how it can be managed for the benefit of both.

Craighead, who has intimately studied the grizzly for 10 years, claims that management of the endangered species leaves something to be desired. He notes that in Glacier National Park, after the killing of Julie Helgeson at Granite Park and Michele Koons at Trout Lake, Aug. 13, 1967, many theories were put out.

But, he said, to his knowledge,

no bear authorities were con-

sulted as to the cause. He indicated the report put out by the park service was basically inconclusive.

His own opinion is that the grizzlies attacked the girls simply because they were used to being fed and had lost their fear of humans.

The scientist stated there is

no credence to the theory that the attack was made because of the young women's menstrual periods. This confirmed the opinion of veteran mountain man Bruce Neal of Sun River Canyon, who stated shortly after the tragedy that the menstrual theory was "silly."

Craighead pointed out that the park service now has a "pack-in, pack-out policy" to eliminate unnatural foods from bear country.

There are more grizzlies in Yellowstone Park than in Glacier, the ecologist stated. The 200 to 225 in Yellowstone are increasing at about six bears a year, Craighead said.

Average life of the grizzly is five to six years because of the high infant mortality rate, but some live 25 or 30 years, he said, pointing out "42 per cent of all mortalities of the grown bears are from hunters."

There is a difference in distribution of the grizzlies in the two parks. In Yellowstone, the sows (females) pretty much confine themselves to several areas which they call home. In Glacier the bears roam the entire park. Further, in Glacier there is more backpacking and use of the back country.

If confronted by a grizzly, there are several courses of action, Craighead states, but the prime advice is to "leave the bears alone for less trouble."

"Most people worry about it more than they should," he said. "It is instinctive for most animals to retreat from man. The grizzly has a normal instinct to run."

"What is involved is the 'critical distance' of attack," the scientist said. "Out of the hundreds and hundreds of bears we have worked with, only one or two have ever treed us."

"Bears have poor eyesight, but excellent hearing and sense

of smell. Therefore making a noise he can hear or moving upwind so he can smell should make him move off."

The "critical distance" is the borderline in which the bear feels safer by attacking than by retreating, a distance which varies slightly under different circumstances.

As difficult as it seems to stand still, Craighead said running is a poor defense against a grizzly, which is particularly fast up a hill and can run down a horse.

"Any action of running or struggling excites the bear, just as it does any predator. There is a difference, too, with a grizzly. He is more aggressive and will not hesitate to attack if threatened, particularly if he associates it with human feeding."

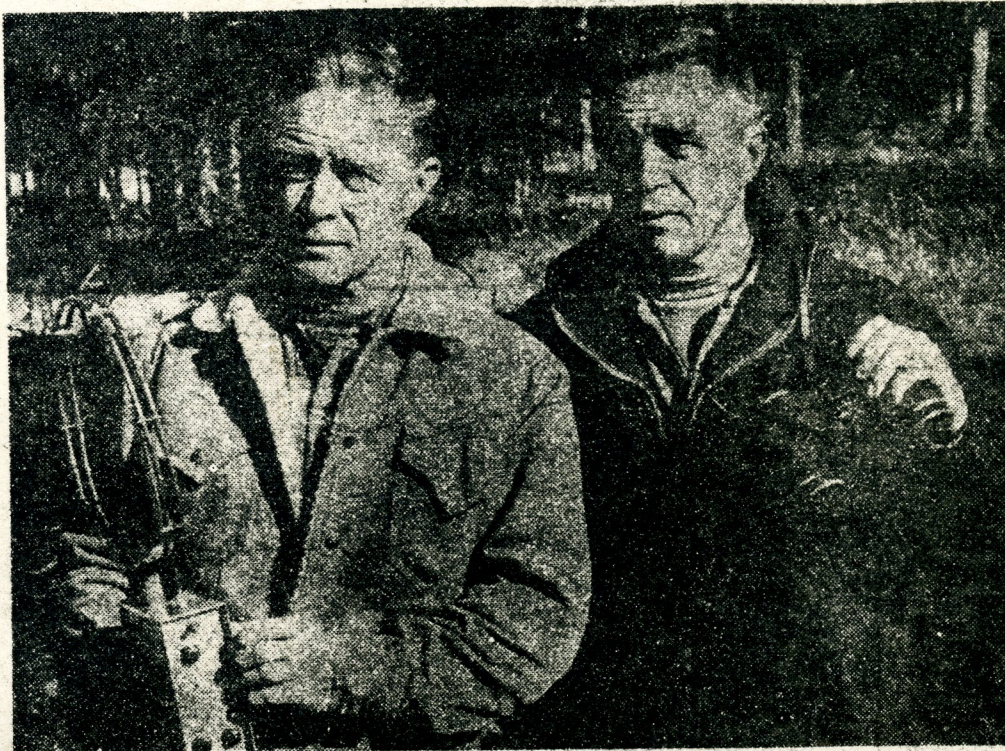
Since a grizzly cannot climb, if a hiker has time, he should get up a tree. "Fighting back with no weapon to fight with is not satisfactory," Craighead said.

"Don't confront a grizzly, if there is time, and don't, above all, feed him," he states.

"Basically, the danger is not the grizzly but the way it's being managed. The bear should be instrumented in Glacier just as we do in Yellowstone," he added.

There some of the bears are marked and radio collars are put on others so they may be followed individually and studied for information about their space requirements, number of young produced, age, home range, movement, social behavior, where they den and under what conditions and other facts.

Craighead's teams have handled 476 grizzlies during the



Drs. Frank and John Craighead



INSTRUMENT BEAR—Staff members tattoo and fit a radio collar on an immobilized grizzly for gathering information on behavior, food habits, home ranges and breeding ages. (Craighead photos)



"Well, where have you been?"

We Must Carefully Weigh Irreversible Changes

Continued from page 2

past nine years and have "instrumented" 40 of them with radio. "Boars (males) range all over the park," he said, perhaps covering as much as 700 to 800 square miles.

"The park service does have to take into consideration the techniques of behavior if grizzlies and men are to live together," he said.

The wildlife technologist is a firm believer in establishing wilderness areas. He supports making the Lincoln back country a part of the wilderness system and adds two of his own he feels should be included—the Middle Fork of the Flathead and the Missouri River drainage from Virgelle to Fort Peck.

"We have to get additional areas into wilderness and be careful of which ones, so they meet the standards."

"What many people do not realize is that these areas are not being shut up, and the resources are not being locked up," he said. "In a sense it's a conservation measure that we are passing down to future generations. Who will be better

qualified in the year 2000 to know the needs than the people at that time?"

"I think the future of Montana for outdoor recreation is tremendous. Important to remember is that outdoor sports are dependent on maintaining a supporting environment.

"We must carefully weigh irreversible changes which could wipe out recreation and animal species. Preserving such areas now simply sets them aside for a decision in the future," Craighead said. "We need to use a little common sense about it."

Craighead notes that special interests constantly put on pressure to use wilderness for other purposes. "Back in Washington, they put the pressure on to take it away."

"Montana has been doing, usually, a good job, but it must be better, if we are to hold on to these areas for high quality recreation as the pressure gets greater," he said.

Montana sportsmen's groups are well-educated in the resource problem, he said.

"I hope we're headed in the right direction," he said. "Something like building a dam

for today may turn out to cause irreversible damage for the future unless very carefully weighed."

Not only the land, but the wildlife itself is endangered by human population, he feels. Unless the future is considered,

"Ursus Horribilus" may be gone, and something called "Terra Horribilus" may take its place.



Bear measured, instrumented with radio transmitter

[Continued from page 67]

nervous, treacherous and above all, unpredictable. Its normal reaction when surprised is not to run. It may attack. A big grizzly can knock over a grown elk with one swing of its paw and it can run four times as fast as a man. Once the animal lived in the plains, linked to buffalo and elk herds. Now the buffalo herds are gone and elk are found only in high country and the grizzly population has shrunk, too. Grizzlies don't adapt to man. They move about the open high country as they always have, rumbling and muttering to themselves, unwilling to hide, and sooner or later they come into direct conflict with man. Now there are only about 800 U.S. grizzlies left, of which most are in Yellowstone and the other national parks. A few are at large in open, unprotected country. In 1966 they were declared an endangered species but recently, since their population has stabilized, they were removed from the endangered list.

One of the chief problems is that people do not really understand that bears are dangerous. They see the black bears by the road looking rather charming, a little surly but playful too, often with a natural comic sense. Too many tourists see things only from their own point of view. They think of "wild" as meaning skittish, frightened of man, impossible to approach. Actually, "wild" means only that the animal lives in a free state in nature independent of man.

One day on a main Yellowstone road I stopped to watch a 300-pound black bear sitting in the middle of a road. Cars were creeping around it. There were showers of cookies in the air. After a while, bored with the attention, the bear ambled over to the ditch and lay down with one elbow propped on the pavement. The animal scratched its rear. It ate a cookie. A California car stopped and a man got out. He opened a back door and helped out an old lady. She stood tottering against her cane, eight feet from the bear, watching it. The bear looked at her.

Two cars had a near collision when a third stopped abruptly and the occupants threw bread at the bear. A camper truck from Miami stopped. A lanky woman in shorts with red hair jumped out with a camera and ran around the front of the truck to look at the bear. "Make him sit up," she yelled at her husband. He put down his window. "Sit up, boy!" he shouted, and hurled a cookie. The bear got up and put its head in the truck window. A little boy in the middle of the seat who had more sense than his parents began to cry. The woman photographed the bear leaning in the truck.

Then the bear extracted its head, dropped on all fours and started for her. She gave a frightened squawk and ran back to her side of the truck. They drove away. The bear saw a marshmallow on the other side of the road and went after it while traffic in both directions stopped. Then the bear went back to the ditch, sat on its rump while resting its back on the far side of the ditch and scratched its belly as it watched the cars. After a while the bear put its nose on the edge of the warm pavement and dozed.

It is not hard to see why people are amused, pleased and not very frightened by roadside black bears in the park. But sometimes it is less fun. A man urged his little boy to offer a bear a bite of his hot dog; the bear also took the first joint of the child's index finger. Ranger Dick Guilmette tells of catching a man holding two toddlers' hands as he kicked a big grizzly in the rump for having tried to steal a fish. There were 50 people watching when Guilmette arrived. The bear looked amazed that anyone would treat it in such a manner.

Guilmette, knowing that at any instant the bear might react and that his shotgun was useless in such close quarters, snatched the man away by his shirt. Then the man bawled out Guilmette.

There have been many mauulings by park bears. Two years ago a couple hitchhiking camped in the Yellowstone woods. A grizzly stumbled over the camp, entangled itself in mosquito netting and

attacked the man. The man's arm was almost severed and he was near death by morning. In one of the regular camps a bear attacked five people in sleeping bags. It picked up a 14-year-old boy and carried him into the woods.

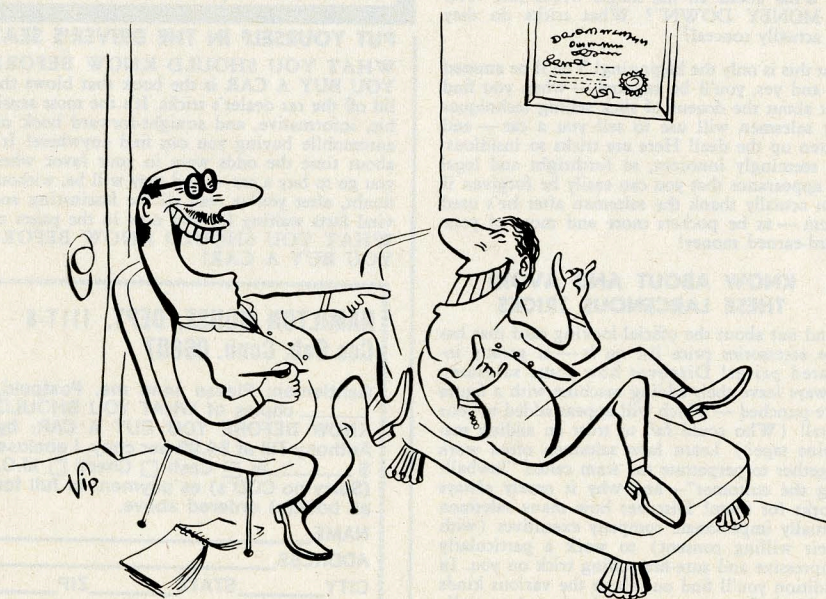
The women in the camp ran along behind in their underwear. One beat the bear on the head with a frying pan and the animal eventually dropped the boy. When Guilmette arrived the men of the camp emerged from hiding. "Did you get him, Mabel?" one yelled. The women realized they were dressed only in underwear and fled to their tents.

Last year an Air Force major was foolish enough to open fire on a visiting grizzly with a heavy pistol. He hit the bear's shoulder and the bear dropped and turned away. Normally, the rangers said later, the grizzly would have attacked, in which case the major probably would have been dead. The major fired five more shots, hitting the bear from head to tail and, somewhat surprisingly, killed it. An autopsy showed the bear had only grass in its stomach and was hungry. The bear was standing, which indicated it was curious (bears attack on all fours; they have a funny little sideways shuffle, grunting and snorting, and when they come it's fast as a bull and slightly sideways). The major, who conceived of himself as a hero, pleaded defense of his family when he was taken to court by rangers who felt the killing of the bear was unnecessary. Although visitors may not shoot in the park, the acquittal disturbed the rangers, who fear a tide of people coming into the park with guns and shooting bears.

Over the years, considering the number of visitors to Yellowstone and other parks frequented by grizzlies, there have not been a great many injuries caused by bears. The situation has become dangerous since the grizzlies have invaded the actual camps, thus driving out the less volatile black bears, but nevertheless, there were no serious injuries in Yellowstone camps last year.

The rangers keep bear traps in the camp, though the bears are increasingly wary. When a bear becomes obviously aggressive, and thus even more dangerous, rangers tranquilize it with a dart gun and set it free in a remote area. Occasionally they find it necessary to destroy a particularly troublesome bear. But the danger is not so much from obviously troublesome bears as from the unexpected—as, for example, what happened on the night of August 13, 1967, in the backcountry of Glacier National Park in northern Montana. In two separate incidents that night, bears mauled and killed two 19-year-old girls who were summer employees of the park.

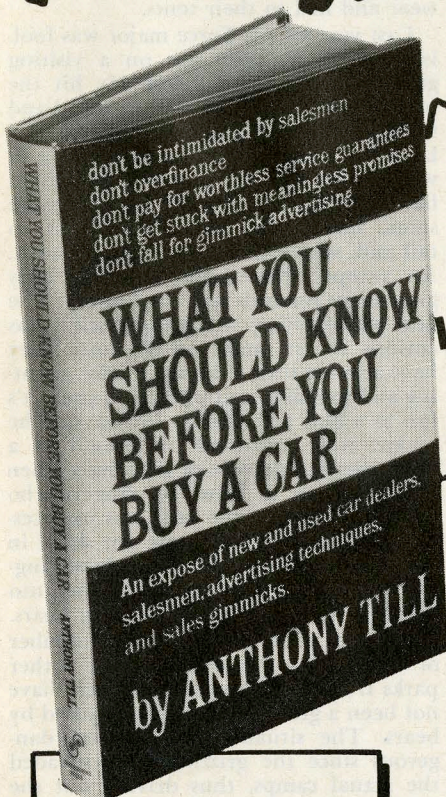
In the first incident, a boy and a girl were camping near a park facility at which bears often were fed table scraps. The bear appeared at 12:45 a.m. and slapped them out of their sleeping bags. They lay inert, pretending to be dead. The bear sank its teeth into the boy's shoulder. He did not move or cry out. The bear turned to the girl and bit her. It bit the boy in the back and buttocks. It bit the girl again. She moaned, "It hurts." Then she screamed. The bear picked her up and dragged her away. Though seriously injured, the boy went for help. The



"Shaw, you're a nut!"

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK

Anthony Till has been an auto-pro for over 25 years! He's been involved in every aspect of new and used car selling in the U.S.A., Canada and England. He's sold everything from Rolls Royce's to VW's in every kind of car agency that exists. In **WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW BEFORE YOU BUY A CAR** he explodes myths that car-buyers harbor and dealers encourage, and exposes the dozens of unethical practices used every day, even in many of the "best" agencies, to con car buyers out of millions of dollars annually.



girl was found 342 feet from the campsite a few minutes before she died.

Four hours later and nine miles away, a different bear attacked five campers: three boys and two girls. The youngsters had been fishing and the bear had harassed them through the evening, invading their camp and taking their food. It appeared again at 4:30 a.m. and awakened one of the boys with a bite. The boy jumped up and ran for a tree. The bear was startled. The others awakened and began to shout. Everyone made for a tree except a girl whom the bear attacked and carried off. One of the boys called to her to unzip her sleeping bag and she shouted back that the bear had the zipper in its mouth. Then she cried, "He's got my arm off," and a moment later, "Oh, God, I'm dead." Her body was found in the morning, 107 feet away.

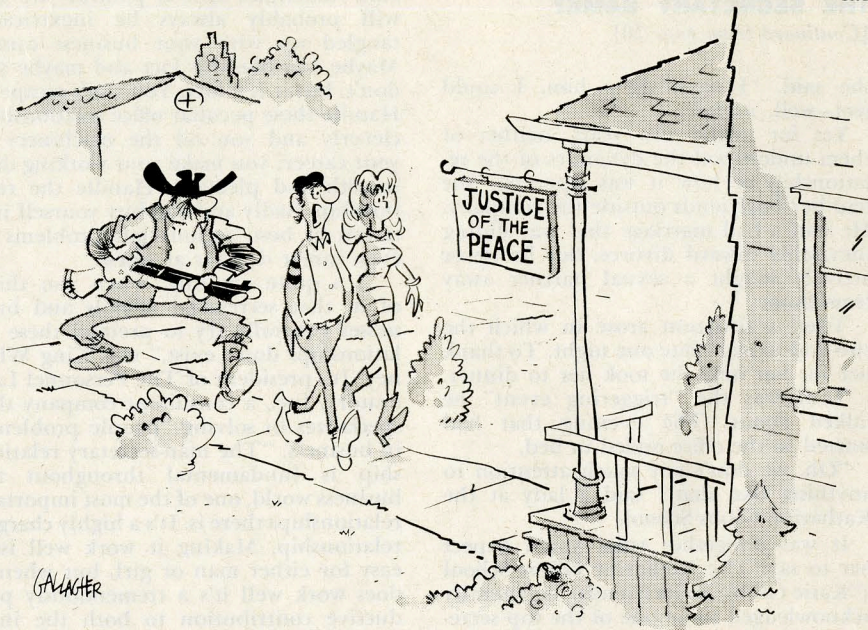
The bears believed to be the killers were shot. They had bits of tin cans embedded in their gums, showing that they were used to foraging in camps and dumps, and they were hungry. There was a lightning storm that night, but it is doubtful that this caused the double attack, and the matter finally was put down to coincidence and the fact that these bears are totally unpredictable.

Thus the sight of the big grizzlies prowling casually, four or five a night, through crowded campgrounds in which hundreds of people are asleep—and a few are awake, using toilets, tending babies, walking in the night—is particularly awesome. It leads you directly to the conclusion that the bears should not be there—or the people should not be there. . . .

Yellowstone National Park is a magnificent achievement. It maintains a wild environment for its extraordinary animal display despite the endless stream of visitors. On any afternoon in Yellowstone you are likely to see more animals than you have in the rest of your life. The animals *look* tame because they are not afraid of people who are mostly in cars, but in fact they are entirely wild. This is only possible, however, as people keep their distance, for as people press closer, the wild recedes and ultimately will vanish.

And yet, the wild is precious to man. We are not talking about wild for the sake of wild, which appeals to some purists, but wild for the sake of people. It has to do with man's spirit, with his heritage and culture. It is that from which he came and this is true in the immediate sense of his forefathers chopping a civilization out of the wilderness, and in the more remote and atavistic but no less important sense that man himself emerged from the wild. This has a fundamental value, for man cannot hope to know himself fully if he does not know his heritage.

At Yellowstone, however, people may be about to overwhelm the wild. The problem is not the visitors, but rather the facilities that have sprung up to serve them. There are multimillion-dollar concessionaire-operated shopping centers to rival those in any suburb. They have motels, apartments, restaurants, groceries, general stores, camera shops, parking lots, traffic jams and even smog. Each new facility demands people to run it and they add to the increasing problems of



"Your father has some very old-fashioned ideas on courtship, marriage, gun laws. . . ."

garbage, sewage and pollution.

But the camps are most offensive of all. Only about 10 percent of Yellowstone's visitors camp there, but it is mostly for the campers that the troublesome facilities arise. Walking a backcountry trail with a 60-pound pack and camping is part of the wild experience—but camping in a trailer on a tiny lot cheek by jowl with other campers has nothing to do with the wild. It is merely a convenience, an inexpensive, comfortable place to stay while vacationing or fishing (which is what draws many of the campers).

Such people have a right to enjoy the park too, but it is not necessary to serve their camping convenience in a way that is dangerous to them and—ultimately—dangerous to the bears. For as things now stand, eventually there will be multiple killings in a Yellowstone campground and then there will be a violent outcry to get rid of the bears.

The alternative solution is as simple to state as it will be difficult to bring about. Yellowstone and other wilderness parks should be limited to day use, with the possible exception of people who walk or take pack horses on backcountry trails.

There should be more roads and people should be required to view the animals from their cars. This is done in the great parks in Africa, where parkland is considered the home of the animals which the people visit. If this was followed in Yellowstone, game biologists say that the animals would graze still closer to the roads and one could count on seeing them within a quarter mile.

People who were willing to wait to study might see a grizzly pull down a weakened elk. They might see the coyotes gather and the ravens begin to circle. They would know what the mountain men saw 150 years ago, and what, centuries before that, men whose tools were made of stone faced when they went out for food.

The elaborate camps in the middle of

the park should be closed. This would not work any hardship on those who want to camp in Yellowstone because new camps would be set up on the edges of the park or on Forest Service lands just outside the park. Half the people who come to Yellowstone camps are turned away because the camps are full by 3 p.m. The overflow is sent to nearby Forest Service camps which are on public land that is not set aside for park use, is regularly hunted and on which bears are not likely to be a problem.

Why not send everyone there? If bear problems arose, such camps could be fenced, while in the park itself fencing is unsuited to the concept of the wild which is the basic purpose of the park.

Meanwhile, danger lurks. One night in the Canyon campground I was with a ranger who was particularly frustrated by the threat the bears represented and his inability to do anything about it. As visitors enter the park they are handed a pamphlet that describes the danger, but not very many people seem to take it seriously—until they meet a bear at close range.

A man stopped us on one of the loops. "There was a bear this high—" holding up his hand—"here a few minutes ago," he said. He cleared his throat. He looked nervous. "What do you do if one comes in the tent with you?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"I mean, is there anything you should do?"

"Well, I can't answer that," the ranger said. "I've never been in a tent with a bear so I don't know what I'd do."

"Well, thanks," said the man doubtfully.

Driving on, the ranger exploded. "What in God's name *can* I tell him? Of course it's dangerous. Nobody can say what a grizzly will do and nobody can stop one once it starts something. I'll tell you—people just don't belong in here at night, not unless we slaughter these grizzlies."

—David Nevin

CAN YOU LOSE BY WINNING THE SECRETARY GAME?

[Continued from page 50]

she said. "I could help him. I could feel—well, useful."

Yet for nearly two years, neither of them understood the dynamics of the relationship or how it was ripening. She had her boyfriends outside the company. He had a bad marriage that was sliding inevitably toward divorce, but he never actively sought a sexual partner away from home.

Then a situation arose in which the two had to work late one night. To thank her for her help, he took her to dinner.

That was the "triggering event" he talked about. The evening that had started in the office ended in bed.

"Oh, we don't pay much attention to anything like that," said a lady at the Katharine Gibbs School.

It was altogether what you'd expect her to say. The Katharine Gibbs School ("Katie Gibbs" to its friends) is generally acknowledged to be one of the top secretarial schools in the country, maybe the very top. It offers to teach a girl everything she needs to know in order to become a cool, crisp, efficient, high-paid secretary. But there is an enormously important area of subject matter that it loftily chooses to ignore. It teaches next to nothing about the specific personal relationship between a man and his secretary or even, in general, about the relationships between men and women in an office.

These relationships—sometimes overtly sexual, always charged with at least a low-voltage sexual current whether ac-

knowledge or not, often fun, often difficult, sometimes acutely painful—are and will probably always be inextricably tangled up with your business career. Maybe you like this fact and maybe you don't, but it is a fact. You can't escape it. Handle these peculiar office relationships cleverly and you oil the machinery of your career; you make your working days smooth and pleasant. Handle the relationships badly and you buy yourself irritation at best, serious job problems or even career disaster at worst.

"It's quite amazing, when you think of it, that secretarial schools and businesses generally try to pretend these relationships don't exist," says King Whitney, Jr., president of The Personnel Laboratory, Inc., a consultant company that specializes in solving "people problems" in business. "The man-secretary relationship is fundamental throughout the business world, one of the most important relationships there is. It's a highly charged relationship. Making it work well isn't easy for either man or girl, but when it does work well it's a tremendously productive contribution to both the individual man and the company. There ought to be schools or training courses where young men and women could be given some guidance on the subject. Instead, we all have to learn about it by trial and error—very costly error, in some cases."

Explaining why Katie Gibbs doesn't teach any such course, the lady official said: "We feel that's an area of private life. We're here to teach the girls secretarial skills, not behavior toward the opposite sex."

Business firms echo the thought. TRUE tried to find if there was one company,

just one, that has ever given its employees any formal guidance in handling man-woman office relationships. No such company could be found, though there are a number of individual personnel men and industrial psychologists who have thought about the problems and who occasionally counsel men and women who come asking for advice.

"An employee's sex life, his or her activities after 5 o'clock, are his own business," said an IBM executive. A laudable attitude. But the trouble is, men and women don't switch off their sexuality when they arrive for work at 9 and keep the switch down until 5. Some try to, but none succeed. They are men and women all day long.

"Businessmen, or at least most older businessmen, don't like to give official recognition to this fact," says Kenneth C. Silver, the ebullient president of Gal Friday Services, Inc., an organization that each week sends hundreds of girls out on temporary office assignments. "The typical executive has this thing about neatness and order—which is one reason why he's an executive. He likes to see things arranged tidily in compartments. The day is for business, the night is for sex. That's how he wants it to be and often he kids himself into believing it actually is that way. Trouble is, life can never be that tidy."

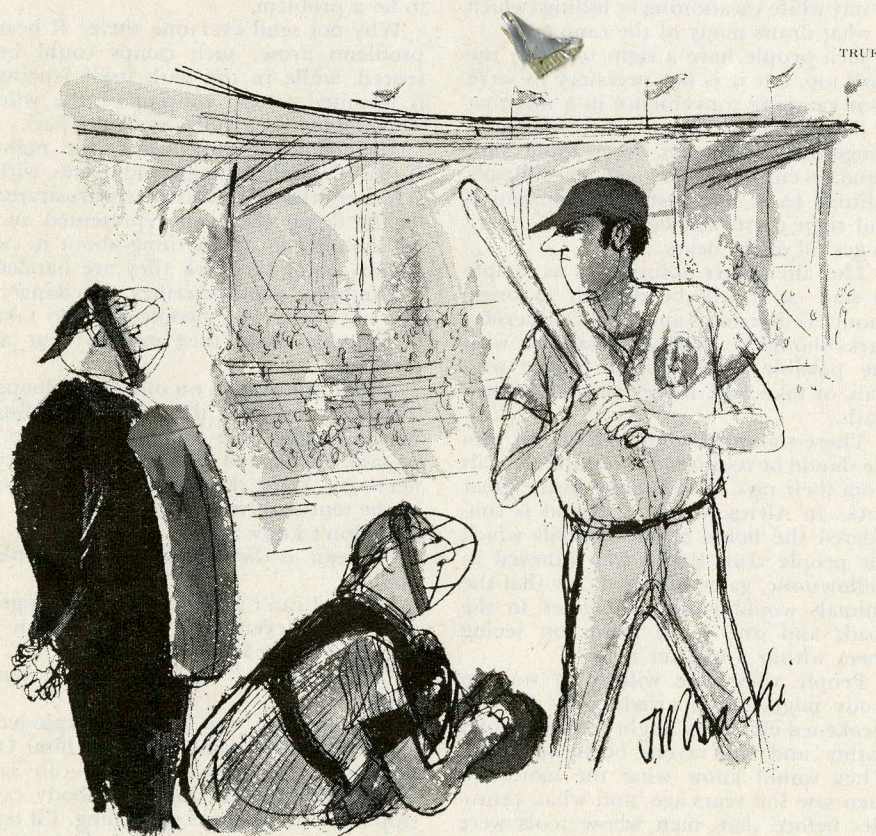
Correct. "And the first thing a man ought to learn," says Anne Hartshorn, a secretary at Union Carbide, "is that we're different from men during the working day as well as at night and on weekends."

This seems obvious, but it is a fact many men in business try to deny. The results can be bad. Ken Silver tells of one exceptionally bright young man—"a comer, as they say"—who, at the age of 28, had been given responsibility for a small but important office in a large manufacturing corporation. He was being groomed for bigger jobs and knew it. He was determined to make his miniature empire run with machinelike efficiency. A swinger by night, he was all business during the day: a walking computer.

It wasn't that he was really a cold-hearted man; it was just that he had the peculiarly male desire to compartmentalize life and exclude human feelings from the business day. When one of the married girls became pregnant, the other girls wanted to give her a baby shower during their lunch hour. The young executive objected on the grounds that it would look unbusinesslike to have frilly, berib-boned gifts stacked around the office. He habitually addressed the girls by their last names. "Smith," he'd say, "find out how Jones and Hadley are coming along with that report." He snapped out orders like an Army officer.

The men in the office made jokes about all this but didn't seriously object. In fact, being men, they liked being part of this taut ship. The office ran smoothly and work got done fast with a minimum of unproductive shuffling about.

But Smith, Jones and Hadley were not content. "The women who have been pouring into the business world over the past few decades," says Ken Silver, "have brought a quality of human warmth with



"Of course, that's just one umpire's opinion."

Humans Encroach on Animals' Territory

Wilderness Big Enough for Both

By DICK COON
Tribune Staff Writer

A new understanding of what "wilderness" is all about is necessary if future generations are able to benefit from existing resources, according to Dr. John Craighead, head of the University of Montana Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit.

Craighead, widely known authority on the grizzly bear, is an internationally known wildlife ecologist and photographer.

Interrelationship among all animals, their environments, development and structure and interaction of geographic distribution and population alterations are his specialties.

His twin brother, Frank, a professor at a Pennsylvania college, is similarly recognized, and the two have authored several books.

As a scientist, Craighead is not particularly interested in controversial subjects, but he does have firm commitments to animal life—humans included.

He is a wiry man of average height—some might call him small, but there is actually nothing small about him. A bronzed, well-tailored man, he uses his muscular build to augment his intellect.

Craighead doesn't actually

say it, but he appears to be more frustrated by the attitudes of humans toward "animals" than the attitudes of animals toward humans. What is involved here is a balance of understanding between the creatures of the forest and the creatures of city.

Craighead is an authority on the bear, and discussion of the subject with him gives credence to his knowledge of humans, and their reaction in a wilderness environment which may be foreign to them. This will become increasingly important as the human population increases and goes to the wilderness for "relaxation."

However it is expressed, what this means is an encroachment of humans on the territory of wilderness animals and how it can be managed for the benefit of both.

Craighead, who has intimately studied the grizzly for 10 years, claims that management of the endangered species leaves something to be desired. He notes that in Glacier National Park, after the killing of Julie Helgeson at Granite Park and Michele Koons at Trout Lake, Aug. 13, 1967, many theories were put out.

But, he said, to his knowledge,

no bear authorities were con-

sulted as to the cause. He indicated the report put out by the park service was basically inconclusive.

His own opinion is that the grizzlies attacked the girls simply because they were used to being fed and had lost their fear of humans.

The scientist stated there is

no credence to the theory that the attack was made because of the young women's menstrual periods. This confirmed the opinion of veteran mountain man Bruce Neal of Sun River Canyon, who stated shortly after the tragedy that the menstrual theory was "silly."

Craighead pointed out that the park service now has a "pack-in, pack-out policy" to eliminate unnatural foods from bear country.

There are more grizzlies in Yellowstone Park than in Glacier, the ecologist stated. The 200 to 225 in Yellowstone are increasing at about six bears a year, Craighead said.

Average life of the grizzly is five to six years because of the high infant mortality rate, but some live 25 or 30 years, he said, pointing out "42 per cent of all mortalities of the grown bears are from hunters."

There is a difference in distribution of the grizzlies in the two parks. In Yellowstone, the sows (females) pretty much confine themselves to several areas which they call home. In Glacier the bears roam the entire park. Further, in Glacier there is more backpacking and use of the back country.

If confronted by a grizzly, there are several courses of action, Craighead states, but the prime advice is to "leave the bears alone for less trouble."

"Most people worry about it more than they should," he said. "It is instinctive for most animals to retreat from man. The grizzly has a normal instinct to run."

"What is involved is the 'critical distance' of attack," the scientist said. "Out of the hundreds and hundreds of bears we have worked with, only one or two have ever treed us."

"Bears have poor eyesight, but excellent hearing and sense

of smell. Therefore making a noise he can hear or moving upwind so he can smell should make him move off."

The "critical distance" is the borderline in which the bear feels safer by attacking than by retreating, a distance which varies slightly under different circumstances.

As difficult as it seems to stand still, Craighead said running is a poor defense against a grizzly, which is particularly fast up a hill and can run down a horse.

"Any action of running or struggling excites the bear, just as it does any predator. There is a difference, too, with a grizzly. He is more aggressive and will not hesitate to attack if threatened, particularly if he associates it with human feeding."

Since a grizzly cannot climb, if a hiker has time, he should get up a tree. "Fighting back with no weapon to fight with is not satisfactory," Craighead said.

"Don't confront a grizzly, if there is time, and don't, above all, feed him," he states.

"Basically, the danger is not the grizzly but the way it's being managed. The bear should be instrumented in Glacier just as we do in Yellowstone," he added.

There some of the bears are marked and radio collars are put on others so they may be followed individually and studied for information about their space requirements, number of young produced, age, home range, movement, social behavior, where they den and under what conditions and other facts.

Craighead's teams have handled 476 grizzlies during the



Drs. Frank and John Craighead



INSTRUMENT BEAR—Staff members tattoo and fit a radio collar on an immobilized grizzly for gathering information on behavior, food habits, home ranges and breeding ages. (Craighead photos)

We Must Carefully Weigh Irreversible Changes

Continued from page 2

past nine years and have "instrumented" 40 of them with radio. "Boars (males) range all over the park," he said, perhaps covering as much as 700 to 800 square miles.

"The park service does have to take into consideration the techniques of behavior if grizzlies and men are to live together," he said.

The wildlife technologist is a firm believer in establishing wilderness areas. He supports making the Lincoln back country a part of the wilderness system and adds two of his own he feels should be included—the Middle Fork of the Flathead and the Missouri River drainage from Virgelle to Fort Peck.

"We have to get additional areas into wilderness and be careful of which ones, so they meet the standards."

"What many people do not realize is that these areas are not being shut up, and the resources are not being locked up," he said. "In a sense it's a conservation measure that we are passing down to future generations. Who will be better

qualified in the year 2000 to know the needs than the people at that time?"

"I think the future of Montana for outdoor recreation is tremendous. Important to remember is that outdoor sports are dependent on maintaining a supporting environment.

"We must carefully weigh irreversible changes which could wipe out recreation and animal species. Preserving such areas now simply sets them aside for a decision in the future," Craighead said. "We need to use a little common sense about it."

Craighead notes that special interests constantly put on pressure to use wilderness for other purposes. "Back in Washington, they put the pressure on to take it away."

"Montana has been doing, usually, a good job, but it must be better, if we are to hold on to these areas for high quality recreation as the pressure gets greater," he said.

Montana sportsmen's groups are well-educated in the resource problem, he said.

"I hope we're headed in the right direction," he said. "Something like building a dam

for today may turn out to cause irreversible damage for the future unless very carefully weighed."

Not only the land, but the wildlife itself is endangered by human population, he feels. Unless the future is considered,

"Ursus Horribilus" may be gone, and something called "Terra Horribilus" may take its place.



Bear measured, instrumented with radio transmitter