PHOTO ZOO
NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

RED FOX CUBS
Fox cubs are born around the beginning of April. They number from four to nine in a litter. The color of the fur is a rusty-red; hence the name Red Fox. Once in a while, color variations occur in a litter. Silver and Black Fox are very rare; the common variation is the Cross Fox.

Foxes have a keen sense of smell and depend on it more than on their eyesight. Except for raiding his hen houses, foxes really help the farmer by killing off large numbers of destructive rodents, such as mice and rats.

GRAY WOLF CUBS
Wolf mothers take great care of their pups and protect them well. Litters run usually to about seven but can number anywhere from three to thirteen. Wolves used to roam all over the North American continent but now because of their destructiveness, their number is greatly depleted.
The next island is a long way off, Mike. We've got a long sail ahead of us. Suits us, Red, and Rover too. I bet, he needs a rest.

Feels like the wind is dying, doesn't it?

I don't like the way the sky looks, Mike—think I'll just have a look at that "Coast Pilot" to be sure...

Hmmm—not so good! According to this, we're having typical hurricane weather...
Clouds indicate storm and the barometer is falling rapidly... looks bad—Rover, tie your ears down, she's goin' to blow.

We'll haul down the mainsail and take the dinghy aboard while we can—this is the calm before the storm.

Let's hurry, Mike, not much time left—Rover, go below!

No time for dogs topside—We're in for it now!

Mike, you better get that sea anchor out of the cabin—I can't keep holding her like this much longer.

Thar she blows!
LET HER GO, MIKE! THAT OUGHT TO KEEP US UP INTO THE WIND.

UNDER THE STEADYING FULL OF THE SEA ANCHOR, THE LITTLE GULL SETTLES TO RIDING THE HUGE COMBERS....

OUR POOR DOGS MUST BE HAVING A ROUGH TIME DOWN IN THE CABIN.

I BET FEARLESS IS GOING TO BE SEA SICK AGAIN.

IT'S GETTING DARK. GOSH, WILL THIS STORM NEVER END......

LOOKS LIKE THE WORST IS OVER.... BY MORNING WE OUGHT TO BE ALL RIGHT.
But the worse was yet to come. Suddenly a huge mountainous wave rises before the helpless gull...

...and crashes over the deck from bow to stern...

Rover, who had just sneaked up on deck, is carried away....

...without anyone catching a glimpse of him in the excitement.

Two hours later...

Mike, come on up - it's getting light - bring along the dogs!

You mean he isn't below? He wasn't with me for hours... why... why... Rover is gone! Gone, I tell you! Overboard!

No, Red! No!
Now let's see what happened to Rover. For hours he has been swimming, his legs getting more tired until...

When they just couldn't move much longer, he spied a piece of wreckage.

With his last ounce of strength he made it and climbed aboard. Poor Rover, now what?

Retching with the brine he had swallowed, trembling with exhaustion, Rover is a bundle of misery.

The hot sun dries him but brings added discomfort... thirst...

Ominous fins circle the flimsy raft—sharks, sure of their prey, impatiently wait for Rover to fall or be washed off the raft...
But once again fate smiles kindly on Rover... The currents carry him into shallow water towards a small flyspeck of an island...

Joyfully, Rover leaps ashore. Land! Firm ground! No more salt water in your mouth and swaying boards under your paws!

Delicious fresh water in a puddle, Rover laps it up noisily, one more drink and then on to look for Red and Mike.

Up to the highest point to get a good look around, Rover's tummy makes empty noises...

There's a ship! Woof! --- It is -- no, it isn't the gull but it means people and people have food -- woof! -- at least he hopes so.

Sniff! -- Yup -- he was right -- that delicious smell is food -- woof -- a small bark might be in place to let them know he is coming!
Hey...look! -- A dog! He must have dropped out of the sky!

Woof! Woof -- Rover leaps down to meet the strange people who sound and smell friendly.

How in the world did you ever get here, doggie? There isn't a house or boat for miles.

Well, I'll be darned! Some other fishing party must have left the poor critter behind without noticing.

Well, skipper, he eats as if he hadn't had food for weeks.

Good little dog. I wish I knew your name. It would make me feel a little better -- do you like me too? I'll take care of you till we find your master.
THAT’S A TALL ORDER, MRS. HOLLIS. FINDING HIS MASTER, BUT I SURE WILL ASK ALL THE FISHING GUIDES IN OUR PORT.

HE’LL BE ALL RIGHT WITH US. HE’S A NICE LITTLE FELLOW.

PICK ME UP IN AN HOUR. I’LL TAKE A LAST LOOK AROUND THE ISLAND. MAYBE HIS PEOPLE LEFT SOMETHING THAT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE.

WE BETTER GET GOING IF WE WANT TO GET BACK TO JAMAICA.

CHEER UP FELLER; IT ISN’T THAT BAD.

YOU KNOW IT’S REALLY A MYSTERY ABOUT THIS DOG, SORT OF LIKE A ROBINSON CRUSOE STORY WITH A MYSTERY ANGLE!

YEAH AND TODAY IS FRIDAY—OLD MAN FRIDAY—OLD MAN FRIDAY, SAY THAT’S GOOD...
WE AIN'T MAKING FUN OF YOU BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A NAME. D'YOU MIND IF WE CALL YOU FRIDAY FOR AWHILE.

LOOK, HE'S STARING BACK AT THE ISLAND! BETTER WATCH HIM, HE MIGHT JUMP OVERBOARD.

MAYBE HE SEES SOMETHING—NOPE—NOTHING THERE—OH WELL.

DOGS ARE FUNNY, THOUGH, THEY HAVE SENSES WHICH WE HAVEN'T GOT....

WHAT IS IN ROVER'S MIND?—DOES HE FEEL OR SENSE SOMETHING? FOR INSTANCE THAT THE GULL WITH RED AND MIKE IS APPROACHING THE LEEWARD SHORE OF THE ISLAND HE JUST LEFT?

ANOTHER LITTLE ISLAND, MIKE. IT'S HOPING TOO MUCH. BUT ROVER MIGHT HAVE MADE THIS ONE.
It's going to be a tough job jumping from island to island all over the Caribbean, but if there's a chance in a million Rover survived, we'll do it.

MIKE! MIKE!

Dog tracks! They are Rover's! We have found him!

But how can you be sure, Red?

See that mark of a scar? That's where Rover once got hurt! It's Rover, I tell you! It's Rover!

I can't understand it, we've been over the whole island and yelled our lungs out... where is he?

Red: I found a spot where people had a picnic a little while ago, do you think?

You're right! They are Rover's tracks... whoever was here didn't leave more than an hour ago, the tide is still coming in...
AND THERE ARE MARKS OF THE KEEL OF A ROW BOAT. ROVER HAS BEEN TAKEN ALONG BY WHOEVER IT WAS WHO CAME HERE.

GOSH, THEY STOLE ROVER, RED, THAT'S A MEAN THING TO DO.

WHAT COULD THEY DO, MIKE? LEAVE ROVER TO STARVE? HOW'D THEY KNOW WHO HE BELONGED TO? ROVER COULDN'T TELL THEM, COULD HE?

MIKE, WHAT COUNTS IS ROVER IS ALIVE. HE DIDN'T DROWN, BUT SOMEBODY TOOK HIM AWAY.

CHEER UP, BOY!

BUT, RED, WHAT'RE WE GON'T TO DO? WHAT'S ROVER GON'T TO DO? HE--HE LOVES US!

BUCK UP, MIKE. I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL. I FEEL LIKE HAVING A GOOD CRY MYSELF, BUT THAT WOULD NOT HELP ROVER--I SAY WILL IT, MIKE?

WILL WHAT? N--NOTHIN' WILL HELP ROVER NOW!

I KNOW SOMETHING THAT WILL AND THAT IS TO START LOOKING FOR HIM RIGHT NOW IF WE HAVE TO COMB THE WHOLE WORLD FOR HIM! NOW STOP SNIVELING.

WE'LL START WITH THE NEAREST PLACES. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LOCAL BOAT. LET'S SEE NOW, WE'RE HALF WAY BETWEEN HAITI AND THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA--WHICH?--I WISH I KNEW--LET'S LEAVE IT TO THE WIND! ALL RIGHT JAMAICA IT IS!
JIGGER

by Biff

ARE YOU GONNA SPEND TH' WHOLE DAY LAYIN' AROUND LIKE THAT, MOOCH?

SURE, WHY NOT?

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO?

IT'S A FINE DAY FOR A ROMP IN THE COUNTRY. HOW ABOUT IT?

ZZZZ

MOOCH!

HUH? WUZZAT?

I SAID LET'S GO OUT TO TH' COUNTRY!

WHAT'S IN TH' COUNTRY? NOTHIN' BUT BIRDS AN' TREES AN' FLOWERS AN' STUFF!

IT'LL BE GOOD FOR YA! YOU CN LAY IN TH' SUN...

LOOK! WHAT DO YA THINK I'M DOIN' NOW?

BUT IT'S DIFFERENT OUT IN TH' COUNTRY!

I LEARN SOMETHIN' EVERY DAY... I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WUZ ONLY ONE SUN... ZZZ

ALL RIGHT... I'LL GO ALONE!
FZZZZ

Well, I guess I'm gonna have all those good eats for myself!!

Hey! Wait for me will ya, jigg?

Changed your mind, eh?

Yeh... I guess you're right about a day in th' country doin' me good.

Sure!

By th' way, Jigger, what's this I hear about food in th' country?

Oh, there's always plenty of things to eat in th' country.

There's plenty to eat in the city too... but we don't get it.

Listen, in th' country it jus' lays around on the ground.

What? People throw it out?

Naw... boy, are you ignorant!
ALL RIGHT, I'M IGNORANT... BUT TELL ME ABOUT THE FOOD!

WELL, FOR ONE THING, THERE'S APPLES. THEY JUS' FALL OFF TH' TREES.

HMM---

STRAWBERRIES, CHERRIES, MUSHROOMS....

OBOY! MUSHROOMS? I LOVE MUSHROOMS 'CAUSE THEY ALWAYS GO WITH A STEAK!

THE WOODS ARE FULL OF 'EM.

STEAKS?

ER... YEH'... ON THE HOOF, THOUGH.

I DON'T CARE WHAT IT'S ON AS LONG AS IT'S A STEAK.

SMELL THAT FRESH AIR.

I'D RATHER SMELL CITY AIR... THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHIN' COOKIN'!

WE'RE GETTING PAST TH' CITY LIMITS NOW.

THERE'S PLENTY COOKIN' OUT HERE.

I'M TRYIN' TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND.

HMM... THIS LOOKS LIKE AN ORCHARD.
DANG FENCE!  

LET'S GO, MOOCH!

LOOK! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

AN APPLE?

SURE! GO AHEAD, MOOCH... TAKE A BITE!

NOPE! I'M GONNA SAVE MY APPETITE FOR THAT STEAK!

BUT, MOOCH... LISTEN!

I GOT WILL POWER!

B- BUT WE MAY NOT RUN ACROSS A STEAK!

WHAT? LISTEN. YOU PROMISED!

NO I DIDN'T! I... HEY, LOOK!

MUSHROOMS!

WOW! THAT STEAK CAN'T BE VERY FAR AWAY!

C'MON! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, JIGGER? LET'S HUNT UP THAT STEAK!

WUH?
Hey, look! What's that?

What's what?

Mo!

Moo! Oh, that! That's a cow!

A cow? Somethin' new eh? I never saw one before!

Er... they give milk!

Aw, who cares about milk... I'm interested in steak!

Y'know, I got a sneaking suspicion that whatchamacallit is mad at us!

Go get 'im, Mouch!

Are you crazy? I'm not gonna tackle anything that size!

Well, you had your chance.

I had a chance to get killed.

But what about th' steak?

We'll look around some more... it must be close by.

It was, pal... you just saw it!
I DID? WHERE?
A MINUTE AGO... IT WAS CHASING YOU!
HUUH? WHA-?
THAT COW! THAT'S WHERE STEAKS COME FROM!

THAT'S A STEAK? WITH LEGS? AN' HORNS?
YEP!
WHERE'S THAT DANG APPLE?
FOLLOW ME!

THERE YOU ARE, PAL

SO LONG, JIGGER! HEY, WHERE'RE YOU GOIN', MOOCH?

TO THE CITY! WHERE TH' FOOD DOESN'T FIGHT BACK!
Albert and Pogo

by Walt Kelly

FUM TUSSOCK TO HILLOCK THROUGH DE SWAMP—THROUGH DE FLAME—NUFFIN' STOP DISH APPOINTED MESSENGER FUM HIS ROUNDS.

DE UNITETY STATES MAILS GITS DERE DE FUSTEST WIF DE—DOP—AH IS COTCH!

AH AIN'T NEITHER A TUSSOCK—WATCH YOU LANGWIDGE!

BLOOB!

YOU IS INNERFERIN' WIF DE FEDERAL GUMMINT!

IS YO' A REVINNO MAN?

NOPE—AH IS DE POSTAL MAN, WIF LETTUHS AN' GREETIN'S AN' ALL KINES OF COMMUNICATIONS.

HOT DOGIES! MEBBE YO' IS GOT A LETTUH FO' ME?

WHO GONE WRITE AT YO'?
OH, AH KNOWS COUPLE FOLKS WHUT KIN WRITE GOOD

BUT DOES YO' KNOW ANYBUDDY ELSE?

HE SHO' NUFF DOES KNOW SOMEBUDDY - NAMELY PUSSON NAME OF ME - POGO DE NATURAL BORN POSSUM.

AW RIGHT, MISTUH SILVER SERVICE EMPLOYEE, CHONK OUT A LETTUH FO' US AN' LET'S US READ HER UP

POOF!

DON'T THINK AH DIN'T HAVE NO MAILS FO' YO' FOLKS NOWAYS - BUT LEMME SEE...

DISH YERE DOAN SEE TO HAVE ANY WRITIN' ON HER.

FUNNY LOOKIN' LETTUH HOO.

AH ISN'T A MAIL, AH IS A PLAIN CATFISH!

NO STAMPS! GIT BACK DERE! YO' CAIN'T CHEAP DE GUMMINT!

FAUGH!

DAT ALL DE MAIL US GITS?

MAYBE DISH YERE BEAT UP OL' FRAZZLE IS FO' YO' ALL
WHY, SHO' NUFF, DISH YERE IS FO' US FOLKS—IT SAY, "TO DE SWAMPAN' CRITTURS."

IT FUM MAN GO BY NAME WALLET KELLY...SOUN' LIKE A RICH BOY—HE OFFERIN' ADVICE FREE—DASH WHAT FOLKS GIVES AWAY EASY—ADVICE.

WHO DIS YERE POCKETBOOK KELLY THINK HE IS? AH'LL WHOP DAT BOY DOWN TO PAN SIZE!

HE SEN' US HIS PITCHER—HMMM.

AH GOOD AT READIN' PITCHERS—FOOY!

MA SAKES! HE SORT OF SIMPLE SEEMIN'!

GUESS WHO BACK YERE.

UM—IS IT GEORGE WASHINGTON?

DE MAN ADVISE US TO ACK MO' REE-FINED SO FOLKS WOULD WRITE LETTUHS AT US.

NOPE. BILLY BONES? DAN NOONAN? EAST RIVER PETE? HEY SAY LOTS OF FOLKS JES' ACHIN' TO WRITE LETTUHS PROBABLY BUT DEY GOT DE IDEE US CRAZY IN DE HAI'D.

YOU COULDN'T GUESS IT'S ME, DE DUCK!

MAN ALIVE, SO IT IS! HOW YOU KNOW DAT?

HOW YOU SPECK FOLKS TO PAY US ANY MIND LESSEN US IS NO' DIGNIFIED?
She's a easy one! Yo' know her—try it on me now.

Oh boy! Ah bets ah knows de trick!

Who is it?

Nope. Yassuh—yo' hearn me—

Nope.

Albert?

Nope.

Nope.

Nope.

Yo' tole me de answer was de duck!

We tries it again—dish time git it right—who is it?

Ah knows! It's Albert!

Unhand me! Yo' is too Albert! De right answer was Albert.

Yo' isn't Albert—ah means ah is de duck—whut yo' wearin' fo' brains, boy?

Why, yo' gummin' man, ah'll whop yo' one!

Hesh up, ev'body! Ah gotta write a lettuuh to de man!

You innerrupps a good argument—who dish trash wallet Kelly?

Faugh!

Gotta splain us folks isn't all de witless type.
MOST DE CRITTERS IN DISH VERE SWAMP GOT A BATCH OF BISCUIT BATTER BRAINS, BUT NOT OL' POGO-OP!

WHO DAT BLUNKIN' INTO DE LEAF AH WRITIN' ON?

WHO YOU THINK? AH A CHINEE-MAN.

IS YO' A SHO'NUFF CHINA BOY?

STRAIGHT FUM DE OTHER SIDE OF DE WORLD.

LESSEE YO' PING TAIL.

AH WINGLIN' MA PING TAIL—US WEARS 'EM LOW DISH SEASON—IT ALL DE RAGE.

YO' LOOKS MORTAL LIKE A OL' GROVIN' SQUIRREL.

DE ACID TEST IS LET'S HEAR YO' SPEAK SOME CHINA.

SCUSE ME. MA EASTERN COUSIN, BUT AH GOT A LETTUH WRITE.

WHUT KIND OF CHINA YOU WANTS? MANDARIN, CASTILLIAN OR WEDGEWOOD?

SHANGHAI-HONK KONG-CANTON AND ORANGE PEKOE! HOW'S DAT?

WHY, YO' IS A NATURAL-BORN CHICKEN CHOW DOG!

BEAT IT, MISTUH WEEVIL, AH IS WRITIN' TO A CHARACTER NAME OF POCKETBOOK.

DOES YO' KNOW ANY ORIENTAL TRICKS, CHINA BOY?

EVAH HEAR OF DE WISE MONKEYS?
De wise monkey put hands over ears, mouth and eyes... He say, 'Hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil.'

Ah holds yo' hat whilst yo' does it. Hear no evil!

Heak mo' meebil!

See no evil!

Now whut? Now open yo' eyes—ol' China boy done run off wif yo' hat!

Come back!

Some trick!

See if ah do her right—see no weevil, speak no weevil...

Dish one weevil yo' kin hear good—phooey on de oriental trick!

Look like ah nevar git de lettuh sent now. De postal man run off.

So ah'll jest hoot her out: anybody wants to send us some lettuhhs, us'll spell 'em out... we jes' rarin' to hear fum all our friends—children and grown-ups!
I'm hungry enough to eat those lines right out of your hands, Charley—but I won't, if you'll tell us a story. Threatenin' me, huh? Okay, Pete!

Here's some fresh cookies I saved for self-defense—in case you kids got too carnivorous! And while you're eatin' 'em, I'll tell you about—

"Brownie, the bear cub, who never could get enough sweet things to eat—"

"And Hank Bigelow, the trapper, who never had his rifle handy when he needed it most."

Charley, how long will it be until we get to the next round-up camp? Another hour, Pat—or mebbe two. You can't make speed over this rimrock with a chuck wagon... why, you hungry?
Hank was so mad at Brownie robbing his bee tree and getting away with a bellyful of honey that he just about threw a fit.

"Hank strained the honey through a flour sack into an old molasses can.

"That was just his ornery meanness, because he got enough honey from that ol' tree to last him all winter.

"Then he left his cabin for a two-day trip around his trap line.

The next day Brownie came snooping around and found Hank's door partly open. Some other animal had got in.

"Mustel, the Wolverine, was gobbling up Hank's groceries."
NOW, ANYBODY BUT A BUMBLING BEAR CUB WOULD HAVE HAD SENSE ENOUGH NOT TO MESS AROUND WITH A WOLVERINE.

THAT GLUTTON WAS THIRTY POUNDS OF SIMON-PURE WICKEDNESS. IN TWO SHAKES HE'D HAVE RIPPIED BROWNIE TO PIECES...

BUT JUST THEN SOMETHING, LIKE A STEAM ENGINE IN FUR BUSTED INTO THE CABIN. IT WAS BROWNIE'S MOTHER, BRUINA.

ONE SWIPE OF HER BIG PAW SENT MUSTEL THE WOLVERINE SAILING THROUGH THE DOOR...

...AND HE HAD THE GOOD JUDGMENT TO KEEP GOING! TOUGH AND STRONG AS HE WAS, BRUINA WOULD HAVE TAKEN HIM APART IN A JIFFY.

FINDING HER CUB ALL RIGHT, THE OLD SHE-BEAR GOT INTERESTED IN HANK'S FIVE GALLON HONEY CAN.
"Bruina had a sweet tooth, herself. Whatever Honey Brownie couldn't get outside of went down his mother's long, red lane.

"After it was all gone they went out, leaving sticky footprints everywhere.

"When Hank Bigelow got home and saw the sad remains, he was fit to be tied.

"He blamed the whole business on the bears, and swore he'd nail their hides to his cabin wall.

"That day he set a dozen snares, heavy enough to choke a bear to death.

"And in the morning he started for the settlement to buy some more grub. This time he'd taken care to bar the door."
Of course Brownie had to find one of Hank's snares before anyone else. He got his head through the wire loop, and the loop partly shut off Brownie's breath... he was kinda surprised, but not scared, especially.

Instead of fighting it like an old bear would, and choking himself to death, he just chewed at the wire until it broke.

About that time he heard a grunting and a thrashing in the bushes down the hill.

It was his mother, Bruina, choking herself in another snare that got tighter with every tug.

But Brownie had learned how to play that game. His sharp teeth cut through the wire as neat as pliers could.
"From then on it was war between Bruina and Hank Bigelow—she found and wrecked all his murderous snares.

"Except one that a choking lynx had carried up a tree—only to hang himself.

"She filled Hank's spring plumb full of dirt.

"...and smashed his dipper flat as a pancake.

"But she cuffed Brownie away from the cabin being afraid of traps.

"A week later, when Hank came back from the settlement, hauling his supplies on a hand sledge..."
"He got a creepy feeling that something or somebody was after him."

"Less than a hundred yards back he found the tracks of a big bear, overlapping his own."

"He left his sledge and sneaked back on his own trail, ready to shoot."

"The next minute his mother found him, and sent him scooting up the nearest tree."

"While Hank was figgerin' out what to do, Brownie found the sledge load of grub... it smelled mighty good."

"The bear tracks around his sledge made Hank pretty jumpy when he came back—so jumpy that his gun went off—unintentional-like."
"That shot, right under the tree, scared Brownie so that he let go all holds and dropped—plumb onto Hank's head."

"Hank looked at his rifle—ten feet away—and saw Bruina's red little eyes looking at him, from not much farther. He took a long breath..."

"Whoa! Here we are, young 'uns, ahead of everybody."

"What, already?"

"...and lit out for the cabin, leavin' his rifle, grub and all to the two bears."

"Yup! This is where we camp... you kids get water and build me a fire, while I unhitch the horses and fix the beans."

"Do you suppose bears ever come to this place to drink, Pete?"

"We-ell—after supper let's ask Chuck-Wagon Charley, maybe he'll tell us another story, too, Pat."
An elephant never forgets

by Don Lang

Old Roger? He was what they call a bad elephant. I mean really bad, not just mischievous and full of fun as any elephant might be, but downright bad. That was his reputation and he did everything he could to live up to it.

Roger belonged to one of the old-time circuses, and the owners of the circus seemed to delight in his badness. He was advertised everywhere as the world’s largest and meanest elephant. And every time he went off on a rampage or did some damage, it was all played up in flashy billboard signs bragging about what an old rogue he was and how dangerous, just so that more people would come to the circus to see him. He was a great attraction, a real headliner for that circus.

But they had a time with Roger those circus people. There were only two men in the business who could handle him. One of them was his keeper, an old English clown. While the other one, the only other man who could handle him without trouble, was a man by the name of Tex Bell.

Now Tex was in charge of the canvas part of the circus, the tents. He didn’t have a thing to do with the menagerie, but he and Roger just happened to get acquainted accidentally and they took a shine to each other. No matter how busy Tex was, whenever he passed Roger, staked there on the picket line with the rest of the herd, he’d always find time to stop a minute or two, to pet him and talk to him; give him a lump of sugar or some peanuts or something. And that old rascal appreciated it.

Those two men, they were old Roger’s only friends. He had no use in this world for anybody else, not a soul. Why, he’d attack a person quick as a wink, if they hadn’t kept him chained and shackled. Now, there must have been a reason (of course there’s no way to be certain), but it seems likely that from the very first, ever since he was captured, people must have bullied Roger, and instead of being patient and kind to him, they probably clouted him every time they had a chance. So what could be expected? He just naturally hated the sight of people, all except those two men, his regular keeper and Tex Bell.

Then one day Tex left and went to work for another circus. That was a blow to Roger. He missed Tex, missed him plenty. He missed those lumps of sugar, those little acts of kindness and understanding. As the days went by, he grieved and grieved for Tex and things got steadily worse and worse. He got more unruly, more vicious and dangerous, till finally he was so dangerous that the circus was afraid to keep him any longer.

And so he was sold, sold to another circus, the very same circus where Tex Bell was working. They wanted a famous elephant for their own advertising purposes, so they bought Roger. They decided to take a chance on him. Of course, Tex didn’t know a thing about it, not a thing. He had no idea that Roger had been bought by his show. On his new job, he never had a chance to go through the menagerie or come in contact with the elephant herd. So, naturally, he never saw Roger again.

But when Roger was transferred to the new show, it was the last straw. This change meant separation from his one remaining friend, the old English clown. And worse than that even, he didn’t like his new keeper. He didn’t like him a bit.
In the first place, he didn't trust the man. But he tried to behave himself because there was always a club or an elephant hook threatening him the minute he looked cross-eyed at anything. So he just made it his business to put up with his keeper and get along with him the best he could. He knew, regardless of everything, that he had to perform. He had to go through with his stunts no matter how he felt.

However, every once in a while, something would happen. Something would make him especially mad, and then he couldn't control himself. He would rampage around perfectly furious. And in return he'd be more abused than ever. And so it went on like that, day after day, year in and year out. That was Roger's life. And more and more he hated the very sight of a human being.

Then one night, it was in 1898, the circus was in winter quarters at Argentine, Kansas. It was the middle of the night, and everything around the lot was dead quiet. Just then, Roger's keeper came rushing into the elephant quarters with some of his friends, shouting and singing.

Down the picket line came the keeper. Stopping in front of an elephant, he'd slap it across the trunk, shout and swear at it a second, then pass on to the next one. Chains began to rattle and clang, big clumsy feet padded the ground as the awakened elephants swayed and tossed from side to side in fear and trembling.

Soon, the keeper came to Roger. Roger eyed him, his great trunk swinging carelessly from right to left. The man bullied and shouted at Roger, then bragged and boasted to his friends about what a bad elephant Roger was and how he was the only person who could handle him, how he could make Roger do anything he wanted him to do.

So just to prove it, just to be showing off, he shouted a command to Roger, a command to do a stunt that Roger did in the ring as part of his performance. Roger never moved, just kept his trunk switching from side to side. He'd done that stunt in the afternoon during his training hour and he wasn't going to do it again at two o'clock in the morning, not for anybody like that. He never moved. He never budged. He just stood there staring.

That keeper was furious when Roger didn't pay any attention to his command. He, the big boss, the great elephant trainer! And his friends stood there jeering at him. He was wild! But instead of reaching for an elephant hook, the hook that Roger was used to, he ran his hand in his pocket, fished out his pen knife, opened it, and jabbed it to the hilt in Roger's trunk.

Roger screamed with pain. Never before had he felt anything like it. Every ounce of hate in his huge body rose up as he reached out, wrapped his trunk around the keeper, lifted him high in the air and shook him.
grew keener and the hate in his heart more and more. And on each side of him as he traveled down that track, appeared great freight cars. Harmless they might be, yet each and every one of them was something to be destroyed. And, as more of those bullets thudded and plowed into his body, more and more of those box cars toppled over on their sides and crashed to splinters, victims of his furious onslaught.

Suddenly there came to him a different sound. His ears caught it distinctly. It was the sound of a horse’s hoofs beating a steady tattoo on the wooden railroad ties. Louder and louder that sound came. It was catching up to him. Mysteriously, the shooting and the noise of the mob had faded out. But the new enemy, the danger of those hoof beats, threatened him. They kept coming nearer, gaining on him.

Realizing he couldn’t get away, he stopped short, right there in the middle of the track. He wheeled around to face this new enemy and destroy it as he’d destroyed that man, that fence, and those freight cars. With a frightful bellow of rage, he challenged his oncoming foe.

Roger waited, his uplifted trunk ready to strike. Every muscle taut, he waited for the attack. It came! First a shadow, then the outline of a horse and rider dashing up to him. The horse wheeled to a stop, the rider slid to the ground and started toward him fearlessly. That trunk slashed wickedly down. Down! But something stopped it half way in mid-air, stopped it short. It was a gentle coaxing voice, pleading with him.

"Come on, Roger! What’s the trouble, ol’ boy? Aw, come on!"

Instantly Roger recognized that kind, sympathetic command. He hadn’t heard it for years, but he recognized it. It was the voice of a friend, the man he loved. His trunk dropped limp, then reached out to fondle his old pal, Tex Bell. Tex put his arm around that trunk which could slash so wickedly and for a long time they remained there, the man and the elephant, renewing a great friendship, while the old elephant tried to tell a story that only his friend could understand. It was a story of mobs, bullets, clubs and hooks. He had conquered them all one by one, only in turn to be conquered himself by a few soft words and a memory of love and kindness.

The next morning, very early, a tired old man could be seen slowly trudging down the railroad track. On one side of him a riderless horse with reins flung loosely over his head. On the other side, his great ears flapping backward and forward, his long powerful trunk switching lazily from right to left, was a thoroughly docile and contented elephant. It was Roger, old Roger, going back to the circus, to live the remaining years of his life and become famous once more, famous as a good elephant.
Nibble and Nubble

by Walt Kelly

Hey!

Pardon me.

Where'd he go?

Who?

A little guy in a grey suit.

Handsome?

Well, maybe.

Executive type? Refined? Distinguished, charming manners?
I'm just a brand-new cat named Nibble and I don't know what those words mean.

Those words mean me! Nibble, a gentleman of distinction.

Are you a cat, too?

Huh?!

A cat? Haw! You can't mean it, my good fellow-haw! A cat indeed!

My boy, I'm a mouse! One nibble, by name.

A mouse? Mother said something about mice—what was it?

Something: complimentary, no doubt! When little cats are good, they grow up to be mice... Here, give me a boost.

Never was able to get up here before.

Stick around, my boy. Uh-do you like jam or dried beans?

I like milk, Nibble.
Milk? Zounds! You're a mere infant!

A cat child.

A cat child.

Now let's see...

Ouch!

Hey!

Want something?

Oh, no, thanks, just looking around.

It's bad enough living in a drafty cage—do I have to have mice too?

Sunflower seeds!

Phoo! How can you eat such grub?

I don't!

What's in the feed box, Professor?
I EAT MICE!
MICE?!
THAT FOR YOUR VILE HABIT, SIR!

LET ME AT HIM! I'LL MURDER THE BUM!

OH ME, IT'S HURRY, HURRY, HURRY ALL DAY LONG!

HEADS UP, NUB! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PARROTS?

NEVER HEARD OF 'EM... ARE THEY GOOD—WITH MILK?

WELL, MAYBE—SORT OF TOUGH THOUGH... BUT LOOK OUT—HEADS UP!

ASSASSIN!
YOU MUST BE THE PARROT!
AND YOU'RE A CAT! WHY AREN'T YOU BUSY EATING THAT MOUSE?
TUT, TUT! WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN.
I DON'T WANT TO START ANYTHING, BUT SOME CATS EAT BIRDS!

WHAT A WAY TO RUN A HOUSE—MICE ALL OVER THE PLACE—CATS LAZY AS PIGS!
WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH—WELL BE GOING, NUBBY, MY BOY.
WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS?

HIDE IN THE CLOSET, NUB—LOOK WHO'S COMING!
SO HELP ME, THESE TWO CHARACTERS... BLA-BLA
THE BOSS!
FUSS FEATHERS IS BENDING HIS EAR WITH A LOAD OF ALIBIS.
OH, KEEP QUIET, YOU OLD WINDBAG. YOU SPILLED THAT MILK, SO DON'T TRY TO BLAME SOMEONE ELSE.

IMAGINE THAT PARROT TRYING TO ACCUSE A MOUSE OF MAKING THAT MESS.

OH, HELLO THERE, KITTY! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A PESKY MOUSE AROUND, HAVE YOU?

MEOW!

CAN'T AFFORD MICE, YOU KNOW—WHO'S THAT BEHIND YOU?

NEVER SAW SUCH A SMALL CAT—ESPECIALLY IN A DERBY.

MEOW!

HE THOUGHT YOU WERE A CAT.

AH YES, SOME PEOPLE EVEN MISTAKE ME FOR A FAMOUS CINEMA PERSONALITY.

WELL, I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BASKET.

MY REGARDS TO THE MATER, OLD CHAP... HOPE TO BE SEEING HER SOON—BEFORE SHE SEES ME, OF COURSE—TOOTLE-DO!

MEEP!
Hi, there, Uncle Wiggily! Would you do me a favor?

Yes, I've been standing here ever since this corn was planted, scaring the crows away from it, and you've no idea how stiff I'm getting.

If you could take my place for just an hour, it would give me a new lease on life.

If it weren't for that old scarecrow, I couldn't eat corn all day long.

Enjoy yourself, Silas—and please don't forget to come back.

Say! Take another look at him. He's shrunk! His clothes don't fit any more.
AND TO THINK WE WERE SCARED OF HIM ALL THIS TIME—HAW, HAW!

HEH, HEH! WHAT'RE THOSE THINGS HANGING DOWN UNDER HIS HAT?

OWWW! QUIT THAT!

HAW, HAW, HAW, HAW!

HA, HA, HA! SOME SCARECROW!

CAW, CAW! PECK HIS OTHER EAR!

HMMMM!

I’LL STOP THAT FOOLISHNESS, YUP!

WHAM-OH!

AWRRK!

NOW WHAT? I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM.

WHY, HE'S JUST AN OLD RABBIT—IN MY SCARECROW'S COAT AND TROUSERS! HOW IN THE WORLD—?
Well, well, it doesn't matter; I have a much better use for him than scaring crows! Ho, ho, ho!

I'll feed you carrots till you're fat, old Longears.

...and then I'll have a fine rabbit pot-pie! Ho, ho, ho!

Dear me! Suz Dud!

A pot-pie! To think that I'd ever come to that—Oh, deary, deary me!

Now who said, "Oh, deary, deary me?" That sounded just like Wiggily Longears.

Grandfather Goosey Gander! How did you ever come here?

Wiggily! It is you! And I'm here because the farmer caught me and tied me up by the leg until I should be fat enough to roast.

Let me out quick—before he comes back!

Bless me—I'd never recognize you in those clothes, Wiggily!

Neither would I, Goosey Gander.
Oh, oh! What are you doing? Krrunch, krrunch, krrunch! Hold still, Goosey Gander.

There, we're both free! It's a good thing I have strong teeth.

Especially as I haven't any!

Quick—around the house, before he looks our way!

My crutch! I couldn't get along without it. You're getting along—puff, puff! too fast for me now.

Now we'll head for the woods—that was the place Silas Scarecrow was going with my clothes!

Really! You don't suppose he meant to keep them?

Uncle Wiggily! Uncle Wiggily! Now who do you suppose that is? It might be a robber fox or a skillywag alligator.

Silas Scarecrow! Come out of those bushes and give me my clothes! I can't! You come here, Uncle Wiggily, alone.
WHY UNDER THE SUN
ARE YOU HIDING IN
THE BUSHES, SILAS?

BECAUSE OF THAT
PUDDLE! I SAW MY
REFLECTION IN IT
AND-

I LOOKED SO
AWFUL IN THESE
CLOTHES THAT I
DIDN'T DARE
COME OUT.

THERE! I FEEL MORE RESPECTABLE.
BUT I STILL HAVE A PROBLEM,
FRIENDS.

SCARECROW WITH A
PROBLEM?

YES! I SCARED CROWS
FOR THAT FARMER ALL
SUMMER LONG AND
NEVER GOT A
WORD OF THANKS
FOR IT.

I'M ONLY A STRAW MAN, I KNOW-HSUHF, HSUHF,
BUT I'VE GOT FEELINGS—I WANT A HOME
WHERE FOLKS WILL AP-PUP-PRECiate ME-
HSOB, HSOB!

DON'T CRY, SILAS, DON'T
CRY! WE'LL SEE WHAT
WE CAN DO.

WE'LL ALL GO FOR A
PICNIC BY THE RIVER
AND TRY TO
THINK OF
A PLAN.

HERE'S MY ROWBOAT-
HOP IN, FRIENDS!

HOW CAN WE HAVE A PICNIC
WITHOUT A LUNCH, WIGGILY?

HA, HA! DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT.
GOOSEY GANDER.
I always have Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy put an extra big cherry pie in my lunch, just in case I meet some friends.

We'll find some quiet little island where we won't be disturbed, and...

Yip-yip-yip!

Yowood!

Dear me—pirates! What shall we do? Ram them and sink them!

Hey! No fair attacking us!

Yi!

Let me handle these bad chaps, Uncle Wiggily.

With what?
WITH MY STIFF STRAW HANDS—\nI'LL TICKLE THEM HALF TO DEATH.

HEE, HEE, HEE—STOP! OH, HEE HEE, HA, HAH, HAH!

HA, HA, HA! HELP! HEE HEE, I GIVE UP—
HA, HA, HA!

SPLENDID, SILAS SCARECROW! THAT OUGHT TO TEACH THOSE PIRATES A LESSON THEY WON'T FORGET.

OH, OH, OH! MY POOR SIDES!

NOW WE'LL FIND A STOPPING PLACE AND HAVE OUR PICNIC IN PEACE.

MORE CROWS! I'M AFRAID SOMEBODY IS IN TROUBLE.

NOW, SILAS, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD A SCARECROW YOU REALLY ARE.

AND, SAILING NEARER, THIS IS WHAT UNCLE WIGGILY SAW.

ALL RIGHT—I'LL SHOW YOU.
BOOM! BANG! WHANG! DANG! BOOM!

AWWWK! CAW! CAW! A GUN!

THERE! NOT A CROW IN SIGHT! DO I KNOW MY JOB—OR DON'T I?

A SCARECROW—A REAL SCARECROW! WELCOME TO MUSKRAT ISLAND!

HE SAVED OUR GARDEN FROM THE BAD CROWS! YEA-A-AY!

A SCARECROW—A REAL SCARECROW! WELCOME TO MUSKRAT ISLAND!

HE SAVED OUR GARDEN FROM THE BAD CROWS! YEA-A-AY!

SEE—HERE IS OUR GARDEN—AND IF THE BAD CROWS HAD EATEN IT UP WE WOULD ALL HAVE STARVED TO DEATH!

MY, MY! I'M GLAD WE CAME!

HOW DO YOU THINK I'LL FIT IN HERE, UNCLE WIGGILY?

JUST PERFECTLY, SILAS SCARECROW, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS BE APPRECIATED!

NEVER FEAR!

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T STAY WITH US TO SUPPER, MRS. MUSKRAT? WE REALLY MUST BE GOING NOW!

NO, THANK YOU, UNCLE WIGGILY?

AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO PLACE QUITE SO PEACEFUL FOR A PICNIC AS A BOAT ON THE RIVER. ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S A GOOD DEED LIKE THAT BEHIND US, WIGGILY.

HA, HA, HA!
OTTER

Different species of otters are to be found in both the new world and the old world. There are seven species and subspecies known north of the Rio Grande.

They inhabit areas near lakes and streams where they can hunt for fish, frogs and shellfish, usually traveling in pairs and sometimes in family parties of five or six. A favorite sport of the otters is to slide, and lucky persons have reported having watched these intelligent animals perform on a high ridge of snow or high river banks. They lie on their bellies with the forefeet bent backwards and start themselves off with a push of the back feet, swiftly gliding downwards—sometimes a distance of twenty yards. This sport will continue until exhaustion or hunger forces them to stop. The otter is a beautiful animal, noted for its luxurious shining fur. Its body is a streamlined dynamo of muscle and energy and it swims with amazing speed and skill.

The general intelligence of the otter is high and it can be trained to be a most desirable pet, answering to a whistle just like any well-trained dog and it will play like a puppy. Some tribes in India train them to catch fish.
Upside down, right side up,
Bottom’s down, bottom’s on top,
If we were possums, we would find
It natural and would not mind.