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Cleveland Armory
Fund for Animals

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Just writing a few letters yourself is *not* enough. If you really want to help, you should put pressure on your local and other society officers to circulate their mailing lists with such appeals. Only by a united effort such as this can humanitarians hope to obtain passage of controversial legislation such as the Rogers-Javits bill.

You say you have written in the past? That makes no difference — nobody is going to check the files.

You claim you are too busy rescuing stray animals or conducting rummage sales for your local animal shelter? You could engage in such activities for 50 years and never accomplish as much in preventing the suffering of animals in such great numbers as by writing a few letters which turned out to be the straw that broke the camel's back of opposition to laboratory legislation.

You say you have heard so much on both sides of this question that you are confused and don't know what you should do? Then get the recent excellent special bulletin of The HSUS dealing with this subject, and Reports to Humanitarians Nos. 7, 8 and 9 of Humane Information Services, and take enough time to really read and understand them.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse in the eyes of a judge. And ignorance will be no excuse in the eyes of your own conscience if you do not, now, do everything in your power to become informed and to act intelligently and vigorously.

Cruelty for Fun

By Cleveland Amory

President, Fund for Animals

New York, New York

Just before I came up here I was handed a letter from Mrs. David Crosland of the Montgomery Humane Society, Montgomery, Alabama. "I hope this will reach you in time," she said. "Last Saturday, in a clearing near a pond well off the main road south of Andalusia, Alabama, men, women, and children gathered to enjoy the spectacle of 50 dogs tear to pieces 3 raccoons. From across the state they came, over 100 strong, with chairs, food and beer, to watch and participate in the Alabama State Championship Field Trials and Water Races, and to the delight of all but a little girl, the coons were torn to pieces. The little girl buried her head in her mother's dress and cried softly.

"One of these euphemistically called 'special events' was the coon-on-a-log. The cooners anchored a box in a pond about 20 feet from shore with the open end facing the bank. Wearing large protective gloves, two cooners took a coon from its cage, tossed it by its tail into the water, and then two others put it in the box. All the spectators gathered along the bank, some sitting in chairs, others standing, most drinking. The air was pregnant with talk and excitement.

"Holding their dogs on the shore, the cooners worked them into a frenzy. The dogs, foaming at the mouth, strained to break free and attack the coon. When the signal was given, a dog leaped into the water and paddled toward the coon. As the dog neared the box, the coon stood up on its hind feet, making cat-like screams. The dog grabbed the coon, tearing it from its box and into the water. 'A coon can drown a dog in 3 cups of whiskey,' said one of the cooners. Two cooners near the box tried to break the dog's hold. The coon tried to swim away but the cooners grabbed its tail and slung it back into the box. Over 10 dogs got their chance. By the fifth dog the coon no

longer tried to swim away; he merely clawed at the box, trying to keep from drowning."

They tied the coon to a pole, they did all kinds of events down there. I won't detail them all. I'll just read the last paragraph of the newspaper dispatch. "After the long day, the coons were given, what was left of them, the sanctuary of their cages until Sunday when the entire contest was to be waged again. Alabama has a state law exempting raccoon baiting from the general cruelty to animals statutes. Every fourth Saturday and Sunday, however, the cooners meet ten miles south of Andalusia. All that is needed is a permit from the Alabama Department of Conservation."

You know, I don't like the way the word "conservation" is used much of the time. Also I don't like the fact that we, all of us in this movement, run away so often from things we could do something about. There are approximately 300 of us in this room; there were 100 at that event. I can't remember when The HSUS has ever had a conference in the south and, yet, that is where we need it most. I would very much like to be there one day at one of these coon things. You know, I really would, very much, because it would not take very many of us to stop this thing.

A year ago, you may recall, I went down to debate at the American Legion hall about the so-called "bunny bop" in Harmony, North Carolina. It was a foregone conclusion how it was going to be decided. They were all American Legionnaires and they voted that night to hold the "bunny bop" again. But the next day there was such a lot of renewed interest in this and so many photographers and newspapermen and television cameras, and one thing and another, that even the rabbits got scared and they were not able to get their normal quota and could only find 6 rabbits. There were so many hunters that all of the rabbits were scared for miles around.

My problem this year was to try to go down there to the woods of North Carolina and write the story of how such a thing could occur. How could families — men, women, and children — enjoy surrounding a field with their dogs and driving into the center a pathetic bunch of rabbits, male, female, and even baby-rabbits, and crushing them to death with sticks and stones, with their hands, even their feet, in a blood-soaked orgy of violence? How could such a thing occur? I want to report it to you step-by-step as it happened just a couple of weeks ago, because I think you would be interested in it and as it has a bearing on that coon hunt down there in Alabama.

You are dealing with a foreign country when you go to a place like that. I had more feeling of intimacy with the people of the Middle East, even with the people of Spain, than I had with these people. I stopped at what passes as the crossroads of Harmony, North Carolina and I went into a little cafe there and I said to the

young lady in back of the counter, "What's Harmony known for?" She said, "Pretty girls." She was pretty, too. I said, "What do you think about the bunny bop?" She said, "I don't like it." And then a fellow nearby said, "If you want to know about the bunny bop, you ought to go down to Forrest Reavis' place."

Well, I went down to Forrest Reavis' place, which is a kind of combination pool hall and general store. He was sitting on the counter. I said to him, "Are you a member of the American Legion, Mr. Reavis?" He said, "Sometimes I is and sometimes I isn't." I said, "How can you tell which is which?" He said, "Mostly by tending to my own business and wishing other folks would do the same."

From there I went to the commander of the American Legion. I sat in his house and told him I was writing this story, and I was writing this story under great difficulties and that this story was going to be published in December in *Holiday*. I did not want to throw the gauntlet down so that they would have the hunt again. You see, you are dealing, as I said, with a foreign country. If you come even from the next county, you are a foreigner in Iradell County. I went to Commander Pierce Van Hoy and I said, "Commander Van Hoy, do you think it is a good thing to smash rabbits, which are probably the most defenseless animal there is?" He said, "Mr. Amory, you've had the wrong idea about this. We just go out to tell tall tales and listen to the music of the hounds baying."

We had some support here. There were some good people of the American Legion in New York and elsewhere who thought it was a terrible thing. But, you know, you are operating with people who really do not see anything wrong with using an animal for sport. It is a very difficult thing. In prior attempts a lawyer couldn't be found who would prosecute the case for cruelty. You are operating with people who have a different feeling about killing and hunting than we have.

Hunting, again like laboratory animals, brings everybody down on your neck. It brings down on your neck the Fish and Game Department. Isn't that a lovely word — "game?" Who decided they were game? It brings down on your neck the arms manufacturers. You see, guns and hunting licenses can be bought right together. Who decreed that all these people that don't like hunting shall every fall have their lands overrun by these people who have no concept whatsoever of property rights or other animals? You know that story about the man who finally wrote down on each of his animals "I am a cow," "I am a dog," "I am a cat," "I am a pig." They didn't shoot any of them; they shot the John Deere tractor.

Now I want to talk to you about two specific areas where I have had a good deal of experience in the last few weeks. One is the bullfight. It seems to me, again, we have taken the attitude that the bullfight is so strongly entrenched that nothing can be done about it.

Nothing is further from the truth. One of our directors, Alice Wagner, just got back from a trip to France. She asked me to point out that letters properly directed to France, which allows bullfighting in only two southern counties, really would be effective. I think they would pay a good deal of attention if they got a lot of letters from American tourists saying that they would not go to France as long as bullfighting was allowed in any part of France.

One of the things that my weeks in Spain, where I saw 42 bullfights, told me was that it is by no means as popular as you think it is. It is at least 50% supported by the tourist industry. It is almost impossible to stay at a Spanish hotel and not go to a bullfight. The concierge will call you about it, he'll tell you about it, he'll say he thinks he can get you a ticket. You get there and three quarters of the row is empty, and yet he's gotten his cut, of course, in getting you to the fight.

Every single thing about the bullfight is a phony, from the concierge selling you the ticket to what happens in the ring. It is almost unbelievable that this has been blown up to the proportions it has, and it *is* possible for us to make great inroads in the bullfight. For instance, we would believe that all of these Spanish people, and particularly their great writers, like so many of our great writers who praised the bullfight, have praised the bullfight. Nothing could be further from the truth. By far the majority of the great Spanish writers hate the bullfight just as much as the people in this room. The number of people in Spain who hate the bullfight is really extraordinary and extends up to the very highest levels of government. They can't do anything about it, unfortunately, because it has lately been promoted very cleverly as a kind of peon sport. You know, the only way you rise in Spain is to be like Cordobes and come in with a sack on your back and end up being a great rancher.

Again, nothing could be further from the truth. Bullfighting was a noble sport promoted down to the people. Only very recently were they allowed to fight the bull on foot at all. It was nobles doing it in the court and no common person was ever allowed to come anywhere near it and all the tradition of it.

As for the bull itself, we are told that the fighting bull will charge a freight train, can split a leaf with his horns. I decided the only way this could be proved one way or another was to go into a field with the bulls. There were at least 100 bulls there; all were going to be sold to the corrida the next week. They were being fed at the time, which is not the best time, I presume, to go up to them. Not a single one moved in my direction, not a single one. There is not a bull that I saw in Spain that not only is not capable of the kind of thing we have been told they do but that is literally capable of being treated like any other animal. Not as a useful pet around the house — it would be difficult in the library, you know. You will

often see the bull almost wag his tail like a dog — even with all the misery that is happening to him. It is really the most incredibly promoted nonsense and there is no reason for us to put up with it any longer.

Something you could do very much to help would be to sit down and write a post card or letter to *Holiday* about this article on bullfighting. I think that it would really help and it will mean that there will be more animal articles in the magazine.

Let's talk for a moment about some of the other areas. What can be done about hunting? Well, one thing is ridicule. Some of you will recall some time ago I formed something called the "Hunt the Hunters Hunt Club." I have tried to revive that this fall in an article and I don't know exactly where I'm going to publish it but I thought it would be a good way to do it. I start out, "The other day I picked up a magazine which on the subject of hunting I regard as sound as a nut. I refer, of course, to the magazine *Guns and Ammo*. In it there was an advertisement. Next time somebody puts the knock on hunters, it said, tell him this — tell him that hunters do more for conservation than the rest of the population combined. It is the hunter and the fisherman who ante up 140 million dollars a year for the support of state fish and game departments — all 50 of them. This money, the ad said, is used to protect all wildlife, including hundreds of non-hunted species — shore birds, song birds, owls, hawks, even mammals that your family enjoy. And that wildlife refuge he took his kids to last summer — guess who paid for the land? The truth is hunters care enough about wildlife to willingly pick up the tab. Give your friend, the ad goes on, a dose of the birds and the bees. He probably doesn't realize that doves and quails have a 75% annual mortality, whether they are hunted or not. Then, stop him cold with a hot statistic. Because of scientific game management paid for by hunters, many species such as the white-tailed deer are more numerous today than when the Indians were doing all of the hunting. In fact, hunters have actually added species. The ring-necked pheasant, for example, has been around so long that most people think he is a native. What they don't know is that hunters paid to import and propagate these birds. Now we have more than 60 million ringnecks.

"In the years that have passed since I founded the Hunt the Hunters Hunt Club, many people have put the knock on us. I have myself, if you can believe it, been subjected to a steady barrage of pot shots from bleeding hearts and hunter lovers. You know the type. Little old men in hunting shoes, many of whom I am charitably inclined to believe may have genuinely misunderstood the Hunt the Hunters Hunt Club but far too many of whom, alas, have wilfully spread malicious gossip about it.

"It has been said, for example, that the Hunt the Hunters Hunt Club is in favor of extermination of hunters. Nothing could be further from the truth. The next time a friend tells you something like that, tell him the facts. Tell him that the HHH has never once in its history to our certain knowledge favored the extermination of a single hunting species. All we have ever sought to do each fall is trim the herd and, sure as shooting, if we did not crop the surplus each year, nature would. After all, why on earth would we want to exterminate hunters? It simply makes no sense if for no other reason than the point of view of our own self interest. If we exterminated hunters, what would we have to use for game? Really, such arguments grow tiresome.

"The next time you hear some hunter lover tell you that the Hunt the Hunters Hunt Club is exterminating hunters, tell them to cool it. Tell them about their white-tailed hunters and the ring-necked hunter. The ring-necked hunter, for example, has been around so long that most people think he is a native. What they don't know, of course, is that we helped propagate him. Now we have millions of ring-necks, all as game as they come.

"Tell your city friends, too, that the Hunt the Hunters Hunt Club not only pours money into the general economy but spends countless hours planting feed and cover, and occasionally taking to it. But let's make something perfectly plain. We are not bounty hunters. Not a single cent of bounty has ever been collected by a single member of the HHH, or any of the married ones either. We are sportsmen. We love the out of doors and — this is the thing that the hunter lover never seems to realize — we love hunters. I, myself, have seen a large, red-jacketed, well-brisketed hunter etched against the sky on a cool crisp fall day and been so moved that, even before I sighted my trusty 378 Weatherby, I will be frank to admit I took a last, long appreciative look through the binoculars.

"And, yet, again, if you can believe it, the first thing I got asked by one of those bleeding-heart hunter lovers when I got home was 'Well, if you loved him so much, why did you shoot him?' A man who asks a question like that not only doesn't even deserve an answer, he obviously doesn't know the first thing about sport. Such a person should in the interest of commonsense ask himself which was more merciful: a swift, well-placed slug from my Weatherby or a long, cruel dragged-out winter in the city, where at the very best the hunter is bound to fall prey to air pollution, traffic jams, and rotten service."

The Humane Movement and the Survival of All Living Things

By Roger Caras
Author, Lecturer
Kew Gardens, New York

It is an honor to be asked to be here to make a few pertinent, perhaps incorrect, remarks.

Judging from some recent mail that has come as a result of some television appearances, I present myself to you as a 225-pound, 6' 2", 41-year-old, little old lady. Also, as a result of some recent remarks on the *Today* show about hunting, I thought you would like to know that according to some letters from Wyoming and Montana I am impotent, homosexual, communist, capitalist, out for a quick, cheap buck. All that was in one letter.

What do I say to people like you? Do I tell you that the world is a dreadful place? Should I tell you of the cruelty that I have seen in roadside zoos? Shall I tell you of idiots that buy lions and keep them until they go bad and then have to have them put down? Shall I tell you that we are the Gestapo of the animal kingdom — that all living creatures dread us? I think not; I think perhaps you know this even better than I.

I think we might look for a moment at ourselves — not suffering animals. What are we doing? Where are we going as a nation, as a species, as a planet? Are we going to heaven, or are we going to hell? I don't mean to inflict my religious belief on anyone, but I do believe that man's heaven and hell are of his own making.

Our population is insane in its rate of growth. This was pointed out to you yesterday. I'm sure you all know it. Our air is unbreathable. Lake Erie is gone. We are told that the oceans can be gone within 10 years. There will be no fish out of the sea to eat. Our soil is disappearing. The pollutants in the air are creating a greenhouse effect. I stood at the South Pole a few years ago. The snow is 9600