CARL MARTY,  
THE  
ST. FRANCIS  
OF THE NORTHERN WOODS, WITH ORPHANS HE HAS RAISED AND RELEASED
WOODLAND SURPRISES

One fine spring day the members of The Cougars Branch Kindness Club decided to take a walk in the woods. The sun was beginning to warm the earth once more, the leaves were on the trees again, and birds were singing mating songs or singing to defend the territory where their nests had been built. It was a wonderful day for a walk to appreciate nature.

This group of boys and girls loved wild animals especially. They knew they would probably see a few animals in the woods, and that is one reason they wanted to walk through the woods. They wouldn't dream of hurting any wild creature, and they got mad every time they were reminded of the hunters they had seen last fall, walking through these very woods, during deer season.

They noticed something slightly move in the grass that was beginning to grow tall in places. They stealthily approached the place where he pointed. There, almost perfectly hidden in the tall grass, was a tiny spotted fawn.

"Don't touch it!" cried one of the girls, "Or its mother won't come back and claim it."

"No," said Anne, "I've read that's a superstitious tale. I read a book about Carl Marty, who cares for orphaned wild animals. He says a wild animal mother will never abandon her baby just because it has human scent. Of course, you're right, we shouldn't touch it, anyway, or it might run away and get lost. So long as it stays where its mother left it, she can easily find it again."

With this good advice they all stepped back slowly and gazed with reverence on the baby deer for a few minutes. Then, quietly, one by one, they turned away slowly, and, talking softly, left the little fawn in the hiding place its mother had selected.

"What an experience!" exclaimed Tom. "I'm sure glad you talked me into coming along instead of playing ball."

The group followed a distinct trail through the woods that had been used all winter long by the animals of the forest. It led to the little creek and pond, where there had been a beaver lodge last summer. They were all anxious to see if there were signs to indicate the beavers were still there. Sure enough, the dam held tightly, and the beaver lodge was in good condition. Then they found some fresh wood chips around the stump of a sapling a beaver had cut down, and knew for sure the beaver family was still there.

Leaving the pond, they headed for a clearing in the woods that always served as a perfect picnic spot. There, too, they found the grass growing tall, and they approached the spot carefully, in case another fawn were hiding there. They decided this spot had no animals hiding, and sat down on the grass to rest. Wildly digging her hands in the grass, Kim pulled some tall grass away from a hollowed out spot, and there was some animal's fur! It moved slightly, and they could see the fur wasn't attached to the animal, but was fur the mother animal had used to line the nest and cover her babies. Of course! It was a nest of rabbits!

Anne, who was the oldest, explained that the mother rabbit hid her babies in this way, and visited them only just after dusk and just before dawn to feed them. This way they were safer than if she stayed with them, because she had no way of defending herself or her brood.

Bob told about finding baby rabbits when his dad mowed the pasture. Thinking the mower had killed the mother rabbit, they had rescued them and tried to raise them by hand. It was only after they had experienced the heartache of having one baby after another die, for no apparent reason, that they learned baby wild rabbits are among the most difficult animals to raise in captivity. The advice that had been given to them at the time was to leave baby animals where they are found. Only if you know the mother has been killed should you attempt to get experienced help to save the babies.

Farther on, at the edge of the woods again, a fluttering in the grass caught their attention. They all stood still for a few moments, and the fluttering began again. It was a baby bird, obviously in trouble.

Jim's first reaction was to try to help it immediately. But Leona, whose parents kept bird feeders out, kept a bird bath with fresh water in it, and enjoyed watching the birds, pulled him back. (continued on page 4.)
"He's just learning to fly," she explained. "We must stay back so his mother won't be afraid, in case she needs to feed him again before he really gets his wings. Of course, we can help him in another way if you like. The cats that live at that barn over there like to hunt in these woods. If we all sit quietly and watch him, we can also be sure no cats get him while he learns how to fly."

Everyone thought that was a great idea, and each one found a comfortable place on the grass to sit quietly and watch the baby bird. Soon he began his trial flights. He was so comical and clumsy it was hard not to giggle or laugh out loud. Each time, though, he flew a little higher or a little farther. Sometimes he had to stop and rest awhile. Then, after a particularly long rest, a larger bird flew down to him. It was the mother bird giving him another meal--so he would have more fuel for the next take-off. He had hardly swallowed the morsel when he took off with a bound, fluttered his wings until they began to move together as they should, and he made it to the branch of a nearby tree. Everyone applauded his performance quietly.

They headed home as the warmth began to go out of the fading sun, pleased they were able to stand by to protect a baby bird against danger as he learned to fly--but far enough back that his mother wasn't afraid to come and feed him. They realized, too, that in their other encounters with wild friends of the forest, they had done the right thing while they were in the woods, taking nothing but memories, leaving nothing but footprints.

ORDER 'DON'T MAKE A PET OF ME' POSTERS TO DISTRIBUTE.
POSTERS ARE 12 for 25¢

Dear friends,

There are two fascinating books about Carl Marty, whom Anne mentioned, that you can order from KIND headquarters. They are: "Ginger and Her Woodland Orphans" and "Mother is a St. Bernard". They both tell about the marvelous dogs Carl Marty has had who have 'mothered' orphaned baby wild animals. I have met two of these dogs, and some of the orphans they have cared for. Carl Marty is often called the St. Francis of the Northern Woods, and I think it is a most fitting title for this gentle man with a heart so big that wild animals seem to realize he is their friend. The books about his orphans are $2 each.

Jim was right about wild baby rabbits. I know of very few people who have succeeded in raising an orphaned baby rabbit. I think there may be something about peace and quiet that they need to survive, that sometimes we aren't able to offer them.

Probably baby birds are the most frequent victims of someone wanting to help when they don't know when to help and when not to. Young people often try to 'rescue' a baby bird when it first begins to try to fly, thinking it must have more help to survive. The best help you can give such a bird is just what the Cougars Kindness Club members did. Of course if the baby bird isn't really feathered out, it may have fallen from the nest. In this case, if you can find the nest and return the baby, mother bird will take over from there. Even if you can't find the nest, but can place the baby up off the ground where it will be safer from cats, mother bird can still find it and feed it.

Never assume, just because the mother isn't around, that the baby you find is an orphan. Just like the deer and the rabbit, she may hide her babies while she goes off in search for food. Or, as the mother bird, she may be afraid to come near her baby if someone is too near, or there is too much noise or commotion.

I hope you will have many chances to visit the woods when spring comes, and that you will see some of the animals living there. I hope you will all remember the importance of respecting every animal, and not disturbing their homes or their way of life. As they become accustomed to you, and begin to realize you would never harm them, you'll probably see more animals than you did before, because they are curious about you, too.

Your friend,
The National Wool Growers Association wants the President to remove his ban on the use of poisons to kill coyotes. We want him to keep the ban on, and make it permanent. They are contacting their Congressmen to get the ban removed. If enough people wrote their Congressmen and urged them to make the ban on poisons permanent, Congress would have to listen to the voice of the people, not to people who claim coyotes kill their sheep. They haven't proved coyotes do the most damage, but they want us to believe that. They even have a bumper sticker to make us believe coyotes eat nothing but sheep. It says: "Eat American Lamb--10 Million Coyotes Can't Be Wrong".

You can help protect coyotes, and many other animals from being poisoned again. Write your Congressmen and the President, urging the ban on poisons be made permanent.

BROANCH CLUB NEWS

The American Eagle Kindness Club is the name of Miss Brook's class club at K.J. Murphy School in Stamford, Conn. They have just completed a bird feeder of a unique design. Made of a cardboard milk carton, it has a special cup to hold peanut butter and bird seed, with a perch for the birds to stand on while they eat.

EARTH WEEK is April 9-15. Plan your projects to help the Earth.

HELP EASTER ANIMALS

In some states baby chicks, bunnies and ducklings are sold at Easter as pets, usually for very small children. These children love the animals, but they squeeze them, poke them, and few of these baby animals are able to survive this rough handling. So many baby animals suffer at Easter that some states have passed laws forbidding their sale as pets.

You can help these animals. Visit stores that might sell them, such as dime stores, department stores, pet shops. Ask the manager not to order live Easter animals this year, because of the suffering they would endure in the hands of little children. You must talk to him soon, because they place their orders many weeks in advance.

Keep a list of the stores that agree not to sell live Easter animals. Order enough posters to give one to every store that makes this promise. Posters are 12 for 25¢. Distribute the posters to the stores. When enough people learn about cruelties to Easter animals, they will want your state to enact a law to forbid their sale as pets.

HELP PROTECT COYOTES

The Animal threatened by extinction, because it only lives in one place on Earth? His formal name is Cervus nannodes.

Once there were thousands, but when the white man went west, they escaped to wilderness areas. Some thought they were all gone until a rancher found a pitiful few hiding in the tules, a type of bulrush similar to those Moses was hidden in, in the story from the Bible. He named them Tule Elk.

Until recently California let hunters trim the herd whenever there were more than 300 elk. Now a state law has passed forbidding anyone from killing them until the herd builds back to 2000 elk. But they still need a refuge.

You can help. Write your Senator and ask him to support Senate Joint Resolution 6 to establish a Tule Elk National Wildlife Refuge in Owens Valley. Write your Representative to ask him to support House Joint Resolution 204 to do the same thing. For each copy of such letters you send us, we will send you a little Tule Elk sticker for your notebook.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT PROTECTS WOLVES

Recently the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources proposed making the eastern timber wolf a game animal, and encouraging people to hunt wolves. There are only 500 to 1,000 wolves left in the U.S., most of them in Minnesota.

The U.S. Department of Interior opposed the proposal, stating the wolf is an endangered species, and, as such, cannot be hunted. They also stated that a study of the wolf population in Minnesota should be made, to determine how many survive, and what can be done to protect them.

A MOVIE OF KILLING ANIMALS

"The American Wilderness" is the title of a movie that sounds as if it would have many delightful scenes of wild animals. It is actually a movie of wild animals being hunted and killed. We don't recommend this movie, which appears to be an excuse to justify hunting. But if you haven't seen the movies "The Vanishing Prairie" or "The Living Desert", they are excellent. Watch for these two movies to return to a local theatre. This advice has been given to us by Clio Bromley, our shelter manager. She is a graduate Animal Nurse from the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons in England.

PEN PALS

Mary Beth Sevasta, 9 Camron Court, Montvale, N.J. 07645, wants a pen pal. Mary Beth is 10.
SINCE IT TAKES SO LONG FOR YOUR NEWSLETTER TO BE DELIVERED, WE ARE PUBLISHING ANOTHER PICTURE OF FREDDIE, OUR FUN-LOVING FRIEND. IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO GUESS WHO HE IS. REMEMBER, HE'S NOT A NATIVE TO AMERICA, BUT HE HAS TWO COUSINS LIVING HERE. THIS PHOTO GIVES YOU THE SECOND CLUE: HIS SIZE, (TILES ON THE FLOOR ARE 9 INCHES SQUARE). SEND YOUR ANSWER TO KIND RIGHT AWAY.

EXTINCT SPECIES FOUND STILL ALIVE

Several Eastern Cougars have recently been found in the Appalachian Mountains. No one has seen this animal for 74 years and it was thought to have been extinct since 1899! It is not known how many Eastern Cougars still survive in these mountains.