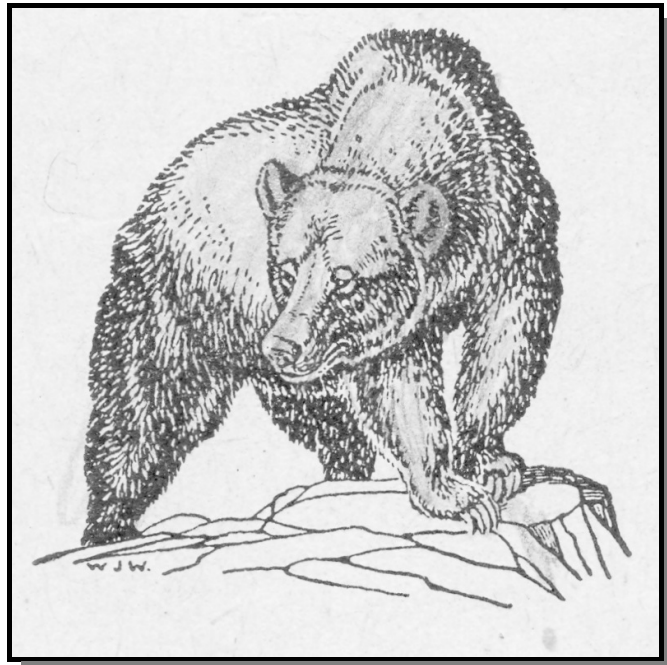


KING OF THE GRIZZLIES

By
ALFRED G. RICHARDSON

Illustrated by
WALTER J. WILWERDING



Edited by
Leon C. Stansfield

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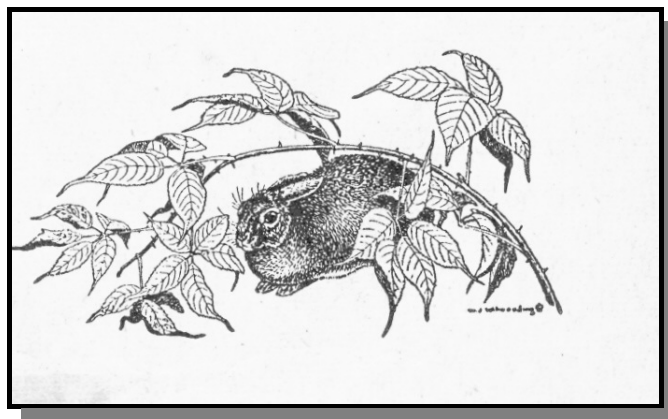
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Dedication

To Dad and Mom. They gave me all they had and more.
But most importantly, they gave me a spiritual heritage.

FOREWORD

In the attributes of the wild animals whose stories are knowledgeably and skillfully told here by Alfred G. Richardson and illustrated by Walter J. Wilwerding, we see the infinitely intelligent, wise and creative hand of God in the animals' varied and unique designs, their fascinating inborn instincts, and in the ways adult animals care for their young and train them up to be what they were created to be. Baby animals are rarely left to their own devices, but are trained by their parents until they are capable of succeeding and fulfilling their purpose in the world. May this book aid you, as a parent (or teacher), to grow in your understanding and ability to train your children (or your students), and may it contribute to a better understanding of and appreciation for the natural world and the animals which God created.

Time has a way of changing the use and meaning conveyed by words. Thus, it seems appropriate in order to retain the author's original thoughts expressed seventy years ago to substitute contemporary vocabulary for some outdated words.

In addition, this republication has been edited to more closely reflect the Christian and biblical worldview of the editor and his anticipated reading audience by replacing the few occurrences of such secular humanist expressions as *good luck*, *Jack Frost*, and *Mother Nature* with more God-glorifying expressions.

Although the editor is not an expert on wildlife the numerous details about the habits and attributes of the many animals which are so skillfully woven into the stories by the original author appear to be all based upon an intimate first-hand knowledge of the animals. Most of these things will not be found in any other children's book.

A few questions have been added at the end of each story which may be helpful for improving the comprehension and learning for all readers and hearers.

The original author: No biographical information has been located about the original author, **Alfred G. Richardson**.

The original illustrator: A charter member of the Society of Animal Artists, **Walter [Joseph] Wilwerding (1891-1966)** was born in Winona, Minnesota, and spent most of his career in Minneapolis where he was an instructor in animal drawing and then Vice President and Director of Drawing for the Public Schools. He was a member of the National Advisory Board for Art Instruction in the Schools and was an author and illustrator on several books of drawing animals and painting animals.

Source: Peter Falk, "Who Was Who in American Art" (found at: <http://www.askart.com/AskART/artists/biography.aspx?searchtype=BIO&artist=74737> Accessed 8/24/2010)

Comment: *King of The Grizzlies* was first published in 1925, at which time Mr. Wilwerding would have been 34 years old. The drawings in this book would have been done while he was quite young, and not well known as an artist. However, if one looks at his later art as shown at the Internet site above one will see highly developed skills in both drawing and painting. His enduring art work is traded at auctions, and some is held by his relatives.

MISH-E-MUK-WA, KING OF THE GRIZZLIES

The soft south wind and warm sun of early spring had melted the ice and snow, started the sap running in the trees, and brought forth the first signs of tender green buds. As if by magic the animals of the forest had responded to this first call of spring. Again the woods were filled with life and activity after the long, cold months of winter.

Old Mother Grizzly knew the time had come for her to shake herself from her long winter nap and start her wee, woolly cub on his journey in life.

Little Mish-e-muk-wa — Mish-e-muk-wa in the Cree Indian language means "the Great Grizzly"— was her only child, and he was curious out of all proportion to his small size, and most anxious to be off. He was certain the great outside world was wonderful, for he had caught glimpses of it from the crannies of their rock-bound home, and had sniffed the warm spring air that had blown in from the forest.

Finally the eventful day arrived. High upon the mountain slope among the pines and evergreens, gazing out once more upon the world, stood old Mother Grizzly. Her huge body in its shaggy coat seemed scarcely less symbolic of strength and endurance than the mountains themselves.

As she stood solemnly nodding her great head up and down, scenting the air, she surely seemed a safe guard and guide for the small, round-eyed cub at her side.

Notwithstanding her great size and strength, Mother Grizzly, like all mothers of the grizzly family, was a devoted and affectionate parent. At any risk to her own safety she would defend her young cub from danger. Of course little Mish-e-muk-wa had to nod his own small head in the air, too, just as Mother Grizzly had done, since that seemed to be the proper thing for bears to do.

He now had to learn all the things his mother could teach Him, before the time when his father would return. The early education of little bears falls entirely on Mother Grizzly. Father Grizzly has his own den away from his family, and goes off by himself to hunt. Sometimes he is gone two or even three years.

"My, what a big world it is!" Mish-e-muk-wa thought as he looked away across the valleys and plains below. And Mother Grizzly must have told him many things about it, for all the time she was grunting and singing softly away in her big, deep voice. No doubt she said it was time for them to go down to the forest below, for with little Mish-e-muk-wa at her side she waddled off down the mountain side.

How excited the little woolly creature was! How his eyes sparkled with joy as he felt the soft, mossy carpet under his feet, and saw all the places to romp and play! Mother Grizzly was talking busily all the time.

At last the little fellow could no longer restrain himself. He must have a romp!

Away he bounded, without asking his mother's permission. He had not gone far, however, when he heard such a fierce "Woof, woof!" that he rose up so hurriedly he turned over backward in a complete somersault.

Picking himself up, he fled in great alarm to his mother, never stopping until he was safely sheltered beneath her great, shaggy coat. When his heart had stopped beating so fast, he peeped cautiously out to see what had made that awful "Woof."

"That was to teach you, my son," said Mother Grizzly, "how grizzly bears warn each other when danger is near. You must not forget it."

Mish-e-muk-wa had been so badly frightened it is safe to say he did not forget. He tried to make the sound himself, but his voice was so tiny and so squeaky it sounded like a small puppy trying to manage a big "Bow-wow."

Now one might suppose Mother Grizzly would have been very hungry after going so long without food, but she was not, at least not for the first few days. In a way she had gotten out of the habit of eating. She did not herself eat, but she was very busy feeding her baby cub and teaching him the grizzly language.

In about a week, however, Mother Grizzly recovered her appetite and became as "hungry as a bear." So down she and her cub traveled into the valley, where she could dig violet roots and other choice things.

One day she found a ground squirrel's hole. Then Mish-e-muk-wa had his first lesson in digging out these little animals, which make a fine meal for a hungry bear.

As soon as Mother Grizzly had eaten her fill, she found a nice mossy place in the warm sun where she could rest and guard her small son as he tumbled and played about on the grass.

About this time Mish-e-muk-wa began his boxing lessons. Standing on his sturdy hind feet, he would go for his big, good-natured mother like a professional prize fighter. He would tug and tussle, and strike out first with one paw and then with the other, grunting and growling in a most ferocious way. Usually the lessons ended by his mother picking up the squirming ball of fur in her forepaws and holding it high in the air, then hugging it affectionately to her great body.

By this time the small prizefighter was so tired that he soon fell asleep, all curled up in a ball, while Mother Grizzly watched over him. And you may be sure, in that great forest there was neither man nor beast who dared disturb her baby's nap!

Old Mother Grizzly loved to roam through the woods in the twilight. When a dreamy stillness crept in the soft shadows, or hovered over her woodland garden, that was the time the rugged old mother liked to ramble through the highways and byways of the forest. Her keen nose and sharp eyes told her many secrets which were missed by the little animals of the forest asleep and safely tucked in their beds.

One evening as she and Mish-e-muk-wa were wandering through a shady glen, old Mother Grizzly got the scent of other bears. Thinking it a good time to give her growing son a new lesson, she turned and walked in their direction. Soon they came to an opening, where Mish-e-muk-wa saw a Mother Black Bear and her two fat little cubs.

In great delight he at once started off to play with them, just as any child would have done. "Woof, woof!" shouted his mother, and he stopped still where he stood.

But this time Mother Grizzly's "Woof, woof" frightened some one else

besides her own small son. Mother Black Bear knew from experience what a grizzly's "Woof, woof" meant, and she turned quickly and said in her black-bear way, "W-o-o-f, W-o-o-f."

Then what do you suppose those black-bear babies did? They scampered as fast as their fat little legs could carry them to the nearest tree, and they didn't stop going, either, until they had reached the very tiptop of it.



Black bear cub safe up in a tree.

Then old Mother Black Bear gave Mother Grizzly one look, as much as to say, "Now that my children are safe, I shall be going," and away she shuffled through the woods.

You see, Mother Black Bear taught her babies to climb trees when they were very, very young. They were also taught that when her "Woof, woof" sent them scurrying up a tree, there they must stay until she came back and told them they might come down. She might be away all day; but even so, when she came back there were her babies safe in the tree, all curled up in a black ball in a crotch fast asleep, or looking out, this

way and that, for their mother. Mother Black Bear was very different from Mother Grizzly, who never left her baby, day or night, for the first two years.

As each day passed, Mish-e-muk-wa learned a new lesson. All the