

# Neighbors *in the* ZOO

By FLETCHER A.  
REYNOLDS



*Jan 1950*  
In the life of any institution as well as in the life of men, there are significant high points, as well as times when things move along in routine fashion.

One outstanding high point in the history of the Cleveland Zoo, was the appointment of the late Fletcher A. Reynolds as Director, in February 1942.

Mr. Reynolds was a man of many talents.

He was a violinist with a sincere understanding of the pleasure to be derived from music.

He was a warm, entertaining public speaker, and did a great deal to win friends for Cleveland Zoo.

He was a capable Zoologist, combining the qualities of a scientist and businessman, with a natural affection for the animals in his care.

He was also a writer, with the ability to tell a factual story with charm and good humor.

The twelve stories in this booklet, "Neighbors In The Zoo", were written by Mr. Reynolds for children, and originally appeared in The Cleveland Press. These stories are dedicated to them and to their continued enjoyment of Cleveland Zoo.

*Harold T. Clark.*

President Emeritus, The Cleveland Museum of Natural History. Formerly Chairman, Board of Control, The Cleveland Zoological Park (October 1, 1940 to April 1, 1957)

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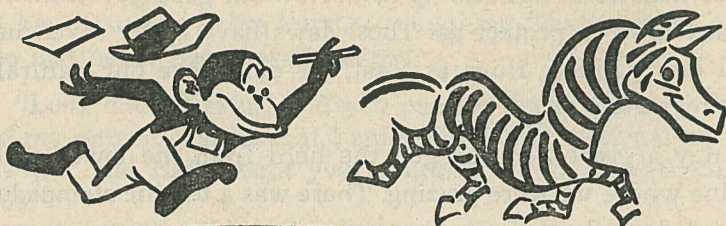
## NEIGHBORS IN THE ZOO

By Fletcher A. Reynolds

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## Rastus and the Zebra



Rastus Chimpanzee, The Zoo's Great Ape Reporter, waved a cheery greeting to the keeper as he entered the Equine House in the Zoo. Now the Equine House is the home of the great family of wild horselike animals. All zebras, asses and horses belong to the equine family. After a quick glance at the row of large box stalls, Rastus walked over to the compartment where the rare and beautiful Mountain Zebra lived. He had been friendly with Mr. Mountain Zebra for several years. For once there was no necessity for strategy or tricks; Rastus Chimpanzee was about to interview a friend.

Mr. Mountain Zebra strolled over to the front of his cage. "Hello Rastus," he called to his friend.

"Hello yourself, you old 'hillbilly'. I've come for a story from you this time, retorted Rastus.

"All right Rastus, tell me what you want to know and I'll do my best to give you a good story. I'm always ready to do my friends a favor."

"Just tell me all about yourself," said Rastus Chimpanzee, "and I'll jot down your tale on my notebook as we go along."

"Here we go," began the Mountain Zebra. "My family lived in the hilly districts of Northern Cape Colony of Africa. The Mountain Zebras were once more plentiful than they are today and we roamed over a much greater territory. We had too many enemies. Nearly all of us have been killed. Our most feared enemy is the lion."

"That's what I've heard," replied the Chimpanzee.

"That's right, Rastus. Not only were we killed by the lions and other wild beast but also by men. Now our good government has passed laws to protect us. Those laws have really saved us from all being killed. Now, at least, we only have our natural enemies to watch.

"One day a great lion charged the herd from the lower end of a ravine where we were grazing. There was a terrific stampede—the herd dashed madly up the ravine but a lioness was there to meet them. Mother didn't get away as quickly as the others. She held back to protect me. With one great leap that lion sprung to mother's back. In the flash of an eye he had broken her neck with one stroke of his powerful paw!

"At the upper end of the ravine the lioness had made her kill. I stood trembling in my tracks! Just then there was the deafening roar of a rifle—and then another! Both lions rolled to the ground, shot dead!

"It all happened so quickly. Before I knew it two men on fast horses had thrown ropes about my neck and I was a prisoner. It was really a good thing for me the men happened along right when they did or I guess I would have been killed too.

"My captors were very good to me and I quickly became tame. I remember how they would pet and feed me tid-bits from their hands. I was safe from those terrible lions that had killed my mother.

"One day a man came to our camp and after much talking, I was sold. A few days later I was put in a crate and shipped to this wonderful Zoo. Really, Rastus, I am just as happy as any zebra could be. I get my oats and sweet timothy hay every day. Often my keepers give me juicy apples and other nice things to eat. I never have to worry about anything. In the summer I just gallop around my paddock or pasture, and eat the tender green grass. When I have nothing else to do, I go over near the fence and watch people standing there looking at me. They often

say nice things about me, too. I have heard them say that I am the rarest animal in this Zoo. I guess that's just about right."

"Now, Mr. Equus zebra, tell me this—are you a black animal with white stripes or are you white with black stripes?"

Mr. Mountain Zebra burst out laughing. That was one question he had never been asked before.

"Look close, Rastus, and you can see from the way the hairs of my striped coat lie that I am really a white animal with black stripes. Ha! Ha! I want you to notice my small graceful hoofs, too."

"Say," replied Rastus Chimpanzee, "you really do have small feet. I hadn't noticed that before. I believe you have smaller feet than any of the other equine animals. Now I want to ask you another question. What is your universal or scientific name?"

"My universal name is 'Equus zebra,'" was the reply. "Sounds sort of queer, I guess, but all horses, zebras and asses belong to our great family. That is why our family name is Equus."

"What are those little bumps that protrude from your legs just above your hoofs?" asked Rastus Chimpanzee.

"Those are what are left of our other toes," replied Mr. Mountain Zebra. "The truth is, Rastus, once upon a time we had five toes. That was many, many years ago. Gradually we lost all of our toes but one and that is now our hoof. In other words, Rastus, we Zebras are always on our toes!"

"Well do tell!" said Rastus, with a broad smile across his comical little face.

"I am the smallest of the Zebras but I don't mind that. Look at my beautiful thick, heavy neck and my nice long ears. I really look more like the Wild Ass than any of my cousins. I would rather be small and beautiful."

"Guess I had better get back to the office and get this in before the Editor leaves," said Rastus. "I'm glad you didn't try to fool me into believing you got all those beautiful stripes serving a prison sentence! . . . Goodbye, 'Hillbilly!'"

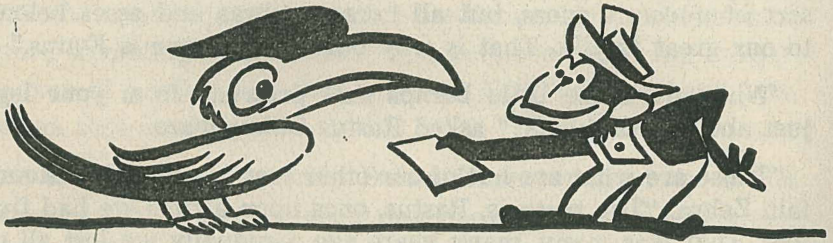
"Goodbye, my friend!" shouted Mr. Mountain Zebra.

## Rastus visits the Pied Hornbill

Rastus Chimpanzee, the Zoo's Newspaper Reporter, stuck his little, red pencil behind his ear and started for the door. I bet I have forgotten something, he thought to himself. Sure enough, Rastus had forgotten his note-book, so he picked it up and tucked it under his arm as he left the office.

Anyone could tell by the expression on his little face that Rastus was worried. Why shouldn't he be worried? He had been assigned a most difficult interview. Rastus was on his way to the Bird Building to get a story from the Great Pied Hornbill.

Mr. Pied Hornbill was a queer looking bird with a very, very large bill. Then, right on top of his bill was a tremendous horny



sort of growth called a "Casque" which made Mr. Hornbill look like a pretty tough fellow.

The Reporter reached the Bird Building and slowly opened the door. He waved a greeting to "Pete", the Penguin as he passed his cage.

At last the Great Ape Reporter stood in front of Mr. Hornbill's cage! "How do you do, Sir?" inquired Rastus.

"Hello!" responded Mr. Hornbill, in a cheery tone. "Will you sit down for a chat?"

Rastus was so surprised at the pleasant greeting that he just forgot to be afraid. He sat down on the guard rail in front of Mr. Hornbill's cage. Of course, he knew that he should not sit

there; no one is supposed to sit on the guard rail. The guard rail is to protect both the animals and the visitors.

"I believe the 'Curator' in charge of our building will allow you to come into my cage, Rastus Chimpanzee," said Mr. Hornbill. "I am quite sure he would object to your sitting on the guard rail. He always says, we, who live in the Zoo, should set an example for our visitors."

"You are right, Mr. Hornbill," replied Rastus. "I'll run and get permission."

The Curator of Birds was most accommodating and two minutes later Rastus was sitting comfortably in the corner of Mr. Hornbill's cage.

"Were you hatched right here in the Zoo, Mr. Hornbill?" asked the Reporter, as he noted carefully the well developed eyelashes of Mr. Hornbill. Such eyelashes are not common on most birds.

"Oh no!" replied Mr. Hornbill. "No Hornbills have been hatched in any Zoo that I know about. I believe it would be almost impossible for a Zoo to have conditions for Hornbills to nest."

"Is that so?" responded Rastus, "I've seen so many wonderful things in our fine, modern Zoos, I thought anything might be possible. Please tell me all about yourself. What part of the world did you come from?"

"Well," began Mr. Hornbill, "my species of Hornbill is found from the Indo-Chinese countries throughout Malaya to Sumatra. I, personally, came from Malaya. We are the largest of all the Hornbills. There are many kinds of us."

Rastus Chimpanzee leaned forward. He knew the beginning of a good story and he was all ears!

"Some of my relatives," continued Mr. Hornbill, "are found in Africa. I am called the Great Pied Hornbill but in some places I am known as the Consave Hornbill. I get that last name because of the shape of the 'Casque' on top of my bill. My scientific name is 'Dichoceros bicornia'. This 'Universal Name' was given to me because of the shape of my 'Casque'. You have prob-



ably noticed it divides into two horn-like growths at the base of my bill. Bicornis means two horns."

"Gee!" exclaimed Rastus, "I can see just what you mean!"

Mr. Hornbill continued, "My parents lived in a great forest almost three thousand feet high in the mountains."

"Your folks were regular 'Hillbillies' I'd say!" laughed Rastus.

"That's right," said Mr. Hornbill. "One day, my parents decided to go to housekeeping. They selected a giant tree with a large hollow in the trunk about fifty feet up from the ground. Then they smoothed up the inside walls of the hollow with their strong bills. Mother crawled inside and sat down. This was to be her nest.

"Soon my Father began bringing mud in his great bill and began to plaster up the opening as Mother sat on the nest. He kept bringing mud and Mother helped him seal it up, all except a little slit about one-half inch wide and three inches high. They left this hole so Father could poke food through to his family in the nest. Mother was beginning to molt so she plucked some of her loose feathers and worked them into the mud to make the door strong."

"Why, that was like locking her in jail," exclaimed Rastus Chimpanzee!

"That is the way we Hornbills do," retorted Mr. Hornbill. "Father knew his family would be safe from their natural enemies sealed up in their new home. He carried all sorts of food, too, and poked it through the opening. Soon there were three eggs in the nest and before long there were three young Hornbills. In the meantime, Mother had molted and had grown beautiful new feathers.

"One day, while Father was working hard bringing fruit and mice to the nest, a man saw him poke some food through the crack. The man went away but a few minutes later he returned with ropes and climbed our tree. Soon we were all captives. Later I was shipped here to this Zoo."

"You sure are a wonderful fellow," said Rastus, "thanks a lot!"

Rastus Chimpanzee tucked his red pencil behind his ear and started for the office.

## Rastus talks to the Sea-Lion



It was raining hard that morning and Rastus Chimpanzee, the Newspaper Reporter, was in for a wet job. He had been assigned an interview with Mr. California Sea-Lion.

The Reporter scratched his head; he knew he would have to use a trick of some sort to get an interview with Mr. Sea-Lion. That fellow stays in the water most of the time. Rastus Chimpanzee could not swim; in fact, he did not care for water in any way except to drink. Maybe, thought Rastus, I can get him to sit in the little house at the end of his pool; it's dry in there.

Rastus Chimpanzee stuck his little, red pencil behind his right ear, tucked his note-book under his arm and started for the Sea-Lion pool.

Sure enough, Mr. California Sea-Lion was swimming in his large pool when Rastus Chimpanzee walked up to the iron fence that protects Mr. Sea-Lion's home. He was putting on a good show for several visitors standing in the rain. Rastus had heard Sea-Lions were regular "showoffs." That's why they are used in so many circus acts.

Rastus Chimpanzee watched Mr. Sea-lion for several minutes, then he remarked, "I believe you are really the most graceful swimmer in the world, Mr. California Sea-lion. How would you like for me to write a story about you for the newspaper?"

"Oh! hello Rastus!" replied Mr. Sea-lion—He was acting like

he didn't know Rastus had been watching. "Do you really think I am graceful in the water?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Rastus Chimpanzee. "You surely swim fast, too! Now about that interview, Mr. California Sea-lion— Could we go into the house at the end of your pool? We Chimpanzees are dreadfully afraid of water, you know. I'll surely catch a cold here!"

"Newspaper stories don't mean much to me, Rastus, but I'll do it, just for you."

Rastus Chimpanzee climbed the fence and a minute later they were out of the rain and in the little house at the end of the pool.

"Do you breathe when you are under the water, Mr. Sea-lion?"

"I'm not a fish, Rastus; we don't have gills. We Sea-lions have developed very large lungs so we can hold our breath for a long time, but we can't breathe under water.

"Look at the end of my nose! Can you see my nostrils open and close? I have special muscles so that I can open and close them at will. When my nostrils are closed, no water can get into my nose."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Rastus Chimpanzee, "I had no idea you could do that! Tell me, are you Sea-lions different from seals?"

"Indeed we are, Rastus! You will notice I use my hind flippers like feet by turning them forward. They are nearly as long as my front flippers." Mr. Sea-lion waddled across the room so Rastus could see him walk. "See that?" asked Mr. California Sea-lion.

"Yes, I do," replied Rastus.

"Well, Seals can't turn their hind flippers forward under their bodies. Their hind flippers are only used to propel them through the water and to guide their bodies when swimming. Up until a few years ago," continued Mr. California Sea-lion, "we were thought to have been enemies of the fishermen. Now everyone knows we really eat very few fish. We are fond of squid and octopus. My keeper feeds me twice a day. I eat about twelve pounds of squid and fish every day. Sometimes, he gives me a few octopus, too."

"That's most interesting, Mr. California Sea-lion," said Rastus. "Now tell me how you came to our Zoo. I, of course, know you came from the coast of California."

"Well, you are right and you are wrong, Rastus. Our universal or scientific name is *Zalophus californianus*, which infers that we come from California and we are called California Sea-lions. We fellows really are found on both sides of the northern part of the Pacific Ocean.

"I was caught when I was quite young on a little island off the coast of Santa Barbara, California. You see, when we were first born into this world we are unable to swim. Our mothers have to guard us very carefully to keep us away from the water until we are two or three weeks old. Then she takes us for our first swim. Mother holds us by the loose skin on the back of our necks until we get our strength and are able to swim without danger of drowning. Soon we become experts and can actually sleep on the water."

"If I were to try to swim, I am afraid I would go to sleep and would never wake up again," said Rastus Chimpanzee. "I'd drown!"

"We Sea-lions have a peculiar habit of swallowing smooth stones. Sometimes these stones weigh as much as a pound. I really can't explain why we do it.

"My Father was a big fellow, Rastus Chimpanzee. I remember seeing him lying in the sun on the very highest part of our rock island. Mother said he was guarding us. I guess he didn't have a chance the day those men came to the island. They had nets and raw-hide ropes with which to lasso us. They caught about twenty of us youngsters and took us to Santa Barbara where we were shipped to various zoos throughout the world."

Mr. California Sea-lion opened his mouth wide and yawned. His mouth was open just long enough for Rastus to notice his sharp teeth. They were different from most animals' teeth.

"Your teeth look so different from mine," remarked Rastus.

"Yes, they are different," replied Mr. Sea-lion. "Our food is slippery and fast, too. We need sharp, curved teeth to hold our prey . . . Did you notice we have ears, too, Rastus? Not all our family have ears, you know."

"Gee! I'll just have to come back another time to talk to you, Mr. *Zalophus californianus*. I have to hurry back with my story. May I visit with you again sometime?"

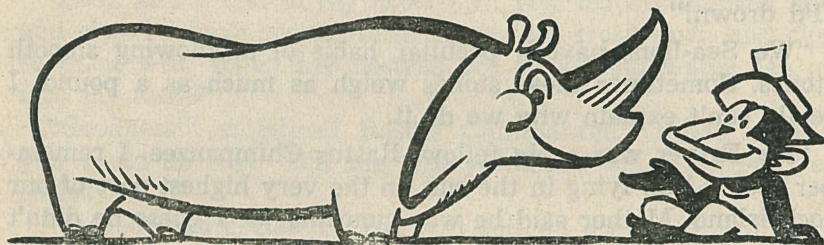
"Surely," said the Sea-lion as Rastus tucked his pencil behind his ear and started for the office.

## Rastus meets the Rhinoceros

"That's a difficult assignment," grumbled Rastus Chimpanzee, the Zoo's Great Ape Reporter, as he shuffled from the office. "I'll do the best I can. That's all any reporter can do."

Rastus Chimpanzee was to get a story from Mr. Black Rhinoceros for the next edition. Mr. Rhinoceros was known to have a very nervous disposition and a terrible temper, too, when he is annoyed. Our brave little reporter shuddered at the very thought of those long, pointed horns Mr. Rhinoceros wears on the top of his nose.

A moment later Rastus Chimpanzee entered the building where Mr. Rhinoceros lived. Without further ado he walked



over to the large cage of Mr. Black Rhinoceros from Africa. In his most polite and cheery voice he said, "Good morning, Mr. Black Rhinoceros."

Mr. Black Rhinoceros was munching a bit of alfalfa hay his keeper had just given him, but he looked up to see who had spoken.

"Nice day," said Rastus Chimpanzee with a broad smile across his little, wrinkled face.

"Humph!" replied Mr. Black Rhinoceros, "what makes you think it's a nice day? It's raining outside."

"Yes, it is raining said Rastus, "but today I have been assigned the most important task of my life. I am to interview the greatest specimen in this Zoo!"

Mr. Black Rhinoceros' eyes flashed. "Humph!" he said, "I am the greatest specimen in this Zoo."

"Well," said Rastus Chimpanzee, "what's wrong with that? You are the very one I am to interview."

Mr. Rhinoceros' chest swelled out like a balloon. He was so proud he forgot all about being irritable and nervous.

Rastus' keen little mind was working fast. He knew he had put one over on that fearful Mr. Black Rhinoceros. "Tell me the story of your life," said Rastus.

Mr. Black Rhinoceros continued munching his alfalfa hay. "My story is interesting but it is rather sad, too," he said. "About fifteen years ago I was born in that part of Africa known as the Egyptian Sudan. I can remember tagging along behind my Mother. Those were the happy days, Rastus. She was the largest and most beautiful Black Rhinoceros in all Africa. We would browse around the edges of the great plains during the morning and evening, and in the hot part of the day we would lay in the shade of the dense thorn bushes. Every evening, after Mother and I had eaten our fill, we would stroll over to the river to drink, and then roll in the nice warm mud. That was about eight miles away but we Rhinoceroses enjoy long walks.

"One late evening, when we were returning from the river, Mother and I ran right into a hunter's camp. We became excited and Mother charged right through one of the tents! There was a terrible scream. Mother came crashing from the other side of the tent. All this time I was dashing around and around!

"Suddenly, there was a deafening roar of a rifle and I saw my mother sink to her knees! Like a flash she was up again and charging straight for the man who had shot her. There was another terrible roar and Mother was stopped in her tracks—mortally wounded.

"I dashed over to where she lay and stamped my little feet. None of the men seemed a bit afraid of me; I was only about thirty inches high. They just kept throwing ropes about me and a moment later I was tied to a tree."

"Gee," said Rastus Chimpanzee, "that was a terrible experience for such a little fellow."

"Well, Rastus, I was brought here in a big box soon after being captured. The keepers have really been wonderful to me.

When I was little I had a companion here in my compartment but I was too rough so the keepers took him away. I would rather be alone anyway."

"What sort of a companion did you have?" asked Rastus Chimpanzee.

"Of all things, a goat," replied Mr. Rhinoceros. "I drank all my milk and gruel—that is what made me grow so fast. Then my horns, both of them, began to develop on my nose. Did you know my horns are nothing more than great conglomerations, or solid masses of hair that form into the shape of horns, Rastus Chimpanzee? Of course, we do have very heavy bones in our heads but our horns are not a part of these bones at all!"

"Well," said Rastus Chimpanzee, "that's the first time I ever heard of a horn being made of hair. Now tell me this—what's your scientific or universal name? I know you have one as all animals have a universal name."

"My universal name is 'Rhinoceros bicornis' and we belong to the great order of odd-toed animals. See my toes!" Mr. Black Rhinoceros raised one of his giant feet so that Rastus Chimpanzee could get a better look.

"Then you belong to the same order of animals as the horse and the tapir?" inquired Rastus Chimpanzee.

"That's right," replied Mr. Black Rhinoceros. "We have several cousins, too. There are five of us in all. Our African cousin lives just across the great White Nile River from where I was born and is called the 'White Rhinoceros.'"

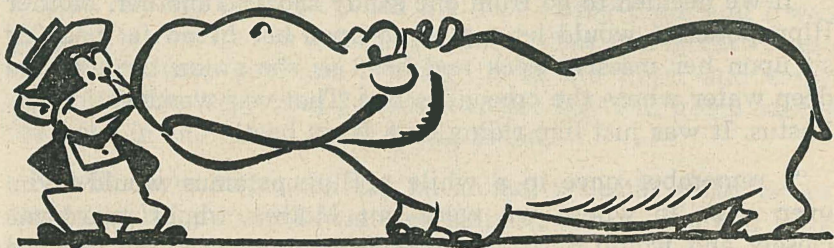
"How interesting," remarked Rastus Chimpanzee. "It looks to me like you have a little finger on your upper lip. Is that true?"

"That's right, Rastus," replied Mr. Black Rhinoceros. "My African cousin doesn't have a finger like mine. We Black Rhinoceroses are such great browsers we have developed that finger on our upper lip to help us grasp the leaves on bushes."

"Guess I had better not impose on you any longer, Mr. 'Rhinoceros bicornia.' You have been very generous with your time. Thanks a lot!"

Rastus tucked his little red pencil behind his ear and darted through the door.

## Rastus reports on the Hippopotamus



Mrs. Hippopotamus had just finished her morning bath and was stretched out for a snooze when Rastus Chimpanzee greeted her from the bars at the front of her cage.

Rastus Chimpanzee, as usual, was wearing one of his broad, friendly smiles when Mrs. Hippopotamus arose and acknowledged his greeting.

"Yes, Rastus Chimpanzee," replied Mrs. Hippopotamus, "I know you want an interview but you will have to hurry as it is now past my morning nap hour."

Rastus hurriedly took his notebook from his pocket and reached behind his ear for his little red pencil. "Now let's see," said Rastus, "first, tell me your universal or scientific name. That is always important to our readers."

"Certainly, Rastus Chimpanzee," replied Mrs. Hippopotamus. "Our universal name is 'Hippopotamus amphibius.' As our name suggests we spend a great deal of our time in the water. In fact, in our homeland, Africa, we float and swim in the warm waters of the lakes and rivers all day and come out on the banks only at night."

"You Hippopotamii must be accomplished swimmers," remarked Rastus Chimpanzee. "Now tell me all about yourself."

"Well, Rastus," began Mrs. Hippopotamus, "about twelve years ago I was born along the banks of a river in the central part of Africa. Mother Hippopotamus had left the rest of her family and was living alone in the great shallows of the river when I was born. It just seems as if I was always in the water. I can't remember my first swim. At night I would follow along



behind Mother while she fed upon the Lotus and Papyrus plants that grow along the banks of the rivers. All day we would lie in the shallows.

"If we decided to go from one sandy shoal to another, Mother Hippopotamus would let me climb upon her broad fat back or sit upon her massive neck and head as she swam through the deep water where the crocodiles live. That was wonderful sport, Rastus. It was just like riding on a ferry boat!

"I remember once in a while a Hippopotamus would swim over close to where we were but Mother would guard me closely and would not allow him to get too close. She told me he was my Father and that he was the chief of all Hippopotamii in the vicinity. He was more than twelve feet long. His two great incisor teeth stood out like swords on a General. He could crush a native canoe into bits with one snap of his jaws! Those terrible incisor teeth measured more than two feet in length."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Rastus Chimpanzee, "I didn't know a Hippopotamus gets to be that large."

"I was several weeks old before Mother and I were on friendly terms with the rest of the family. By that time my legs had become quite sturdy. One night we were all walking along a trail, not far from the river, when suddenly I fell head over heels into a deep pit. Everyone was so excited! I tried to climb out but it was impossible; the sides of the pit were straight up and down. Mother ran round and round the top of the pit stamping her feet and offering suggestions but it did no good. I was a prisoner!

"Early next morning the rest of the family returned to the river but my Mother stayed close to the trap into which I had fallen. About noon that day men came to the pit. Mother charged them but they finally succeeded in driving her away.

"The men dug a long, slanting ramp from the surface of the ground to the bottom of the pit. They then drove me up this ramp and into a large crate at the upper end. My crate was then placed on a large, two-wheel cart and I was hauled to their camp.

"For several weeks after I arrived at my new home I was

kept in the crate and fed milk gruel from a bottle. It was wonderful food. I learned to like it almost as well as the warm milk mother gave me.

"One day my captors opened the door of my crate and I was allowed to run free in a large paddock. That was great! There was a nice deep pool and I would lie in the water and enjoy myself. Before very long I learned to eat hay and green leaves the boys in the camp would bring to me.

"I will never forget the day an animal collector came to our camp and bought me. I was then shipped to this Zoo and have lived in this nice compartment ever since."

"Gee!" said Rastus Chimpanzee, "that's a wonderful story, but there is one thing I just can't understand, Mrs. Hippopotamus; how do you keep the water from getting in your nose and ears when you are down deep in the river?"

"We can control our nostrils—watch this!" Mrs. Hippopotamus closed the two large holes at the top of her massive snout until they looked just like two narrow little slits. "We can close our ears like that, too. Now watch this!" Mrs. Hippopotamus walked down the ramp into her pool. "Look at me now!" she said.

Mrs. Hippopotamus was completely submerged except for her nostrils and small protruding eyes.

"Say," said Rastus, "that's wonderful. Hardly anyone would notice you floating in the water but you can see everything that is going on. Tell me, what great group of animals do you belong to, Mrs. Hippopotamus?"

"We belong to the even-toed ungulates, or hoofed animals, Rastus. We have four toes on each foot. Our closest relatives are the Swine!"

"Well, I do appreciate this interview, Mrs. Hippopotamus amphibius. It is not very often we reporters have the privilege of interviewing such a great and beautiful lady."

Rastus smiled to himself as he hurried down the corridor—how could anything as big and fat as Mrs. Hippopotamus be beautiful?

## Rastus greets Prince Tiger

As Rastus Chimpanzee neared Prince Tiger's cage in the Carnivora House his whole attitude changed. He was just a natural born reporter and just could not keep from wearing that good natured smile. "Good Morning!" sang out the Chimpanzee reporter, in a cheery tone of voice—there was no reply. "Good Morning!" repeated the reporter.

Prince Tiger lay basking in the warm sunshine. He paid no heed to Rastus Chimpanzee's greeting at all.

That's royalty for you, thought the reporter to himself. Rastus turned toward the cage on the opposite side of the building and in a loud clear voice called out—"Is this the Honorable Prince Tiger?"

Prince Tiger's ears stood straight up and his eyes nearly popped out of his head. Who could mistake the ugly Hyena



across the corridor for a royal prince? "Here! Here!" shouted Prince Tiger to Rastus Chimpanzee. "I am the one you are looking for. What do you want?"

"Oh!" said Rastus Chimpanzee, I apologize for being so stupid as to make such a terrible mistake. I knew you were Prince Tiger the second I lay eyes on you. Only members of a royal family have exquisitely striped coats such as yours."

Flattery was surely doing the trick for the reporter. Rastus knew just how to handle such fellows.

"I'm Rastus Chimpanzee, the Zoo's newspaper reporter, and I have been instructed to interview you. There has been so

much talk about our Royal Bengal Tiger lately that our friends want to know your own story about your wonderful self."

"All right, I'll give you a few minutes of my valuable time, but let's hurry. I want to get all the sleep I can in this nice, warm sunshine. It is good for our bright colored coats and of course there is nothing more beneficial to our health," said the Tiger. Then Prince Tiger primped himself a bit by licking his glossy shoulder with his long, rough tongue.

"Now, Prince Tiger," said the reporter, "I want you to start in and tell me all about yourself from the beginning to end."

"I am a Royal Bengal Tiger, Rastus. I was born seven years ago in that province of India known as Bengal. We tigers are a very large family of 'felines,' or cats, as you would say. My brothers and sisters are scattered from Siberia to the hot, sultry, tropical island of Sumatra. My relatives in Siberia are the largest of us all but we Royal Bengal Tigers are the most beautiful."

"Is it true, like all other animals, you have a universal or scientific name, Prince Tiger?"

"Right you are, Rastus Chimpanzee. My first name or given name, as you say, is 'Tigris' and my family name is 'Felis'—'Felis tigris' is my real name. We just turn it around, and use our family name first. As my first name, Tigris, implies, we are the swiftest of all the feline family—we are true cats, too, 'retractile claws' and all." At that remark, Prince Tiger stretched one of his great front paws so that Rastus could see five sharp claws nearly two inches long. "How do you like those for weapons?" asked the prince. "Now watch me draw them back into the little pockets in the ends of my toes; that is why we call them 'retractile claws.' We don't climb trees often, Rastus, because we are so very heavy.

"I was born in a cave at the edge of a cane thicket. My father was a very large tiger and was feared by everything in our neighborhood. For the first few weeks of my life he did all of the hunting for the family. Mother stayed right in the lair with my two sisters and myself to see that we were well cared for and that we got all of the good, rich milk we needed. All we

did was to romp and play. That made us strong. When we were tired of playing we would crawl over beside our parents and rest. Then Father would tell us interesting stories. He was an old tiger and had many exciting stories to tell us, too.

"We were four months old before we were allowed to leave the lair. Then our parents would take us to a beautiful pool, not far from our den. There we were taught to swim. Did you know tigers were fond of bathing?"

"That's news to me, Prince Tiger. I had no idea you could swim," said the reporter, "but go on with your story."

"I will never forget our first hunt with our parents. Father led us to a cane thicket and hid us in the high reeds. Then he circled around to the opposite side of the antelope that we were to have for our meal. When Father reached the other side of the thicket he began to stalk the big 'buck' as only a tiger can stalk its prey—inch by inch. At a signal we all charged forward and a short time later we had eaten our fill. Only a few bones were left for the striped Hyenas."

"That must have been real sport, all right," remarked the reporter.

"One morning, when I was about ten months old, I started along to the pool to bathe. I was trotting along that well-worn trail when I fell headlong into a deep pit that had been dug by some native hunters. The men had covered the pit with brush. I tried to jump out, but the pit was too deep.

"That afternoon the hunters returned to their trap and lowered a net into the pit. I was put into a large crate and taken to Calcutta. There I was sold to an American animal dealer, and then shipped here to this wonderful Zoo. I don't believe I would want to return to the jungles; my keepers are so good to me. They give me all the meat I need to keep fat and sleek. I have none of the worries of my family in the jungle."

"Well, Prince Tiger," said Rastus Chimpanzee, "you are a prince at entertaining. I know you want to continue your nap in the sunshine so I will run along now—Thank you so much for your valuable time."

## Rastus and royalty, King Lion

"Oh Mr. Lion, I would like to speak to you! Will you please come over to this side of your cage?"

"Sure thing!" replied Mr. Lion, as he stretched his majestic body and strolled over to the side of his cage nearest to Rastus Chimpanzee, the Zoo's Great Ape Reporter. "What can I do for you, my friend?"

"As usual, I am looking for a story," said Rastus Chimpanzee. "I have been instructed to interview the 'King of the Jungle' and here I am!"

This last remark pleased Mr. Lion. All royalty are vain, you know. Mr. Lion was proud that he was King of the Jungle.

"I want you to tell me your life's history, Mr. Lion," said the Chimpanzee. "I'll jot down notes as we go along."

"Well, Rastus Chimpanzee," began Mr. Lion, "we are the largest of all the great cats of the world, except the Siberian Tiger. My real name is not Lion, except in America and other English speaking countries. My given name is Leo, and my family name is Felis. 'Felis leo' is my correct scientific name."

"It most assuredly is a royal name," replied Rastus Chimpanzee, "but tell me this, where is your native country?"

"I thought you knew," said Mr. Lion. "I came from Africa. At one time my ancestors lived in India and other parts of



Asia, but now we are found only in Africa. Years ago we were a brave family and feared nothing. We lived on the open 'veldt,' or plains, but some of us have to seek the jungle for our home; we are somewhat protected there from our enemies. Of

course, we venture out on the veldt at night to hunt, and many of us still live there but it is mighty risky business. I have been told it will be but a short while until there will be none of our royal family left, except the ones that are so fortunate as to live in protected areas and these beautiful modern Zoos."

"I hope you won't think I am too fresh," said Rastus, "but how old are you, Mr. Lion?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Lion. "I was born about seven years ago in a deep cave that was hidden by thorn brush, right at the edge of the great African veldt. My parents were the rulers of the neighborhood in which they lived. My father was known to be a great hunter!

"When we cubs were first born, we were very, very small, so our mother was afraid to leave us. Our father had to do all the hunting for the family until we were more than two months old. After that, Mother would leave us in our lair, as our home was called, and assist Father on his hunting trips. We cubs were growing so fast it took an enormous amount of meat to satisfy our hunger"

"How long did you live in your first home, Mr. Lion?" asked the reporter.

"Until we were nearly four months old," was the reply. "Then our parents took us for our first hunt in the open. Our father told us that we would scout for Zebra as they are usually short winded and are not able to run far. Their juicy steaks are always sweet and tender, too.

"Mother made us lie in the tall grass near a water hole to wait for the Zebra to come close to drink. With a mighty roar from Father Lion we all rushed from our hiding to seize the prey. What a feast we had that day. I will never forget how my father sprang to the back of that Zebra, and with his great 'retractile claws' sunk deep into the neck of the beast, brought him down without a struggle. It has been said that his charge was at the rate of twenty yards a second! He was so strong he could

break the neck of a mighty buffalo with the single stroke of his powerful forepaw."

"Gee!" exclaimed Rastus Chimpanzee. "But, what did you mean by retractile claws, Mr. Lion?"

"All felines, or cats, have long, sharp curved claws that fit into little pockets right at the end of each toe. When we are not using them they stay back in those little pockets, but when we need them we can push them forward so that they extend like long, hooked knives.

"A few days after our first hunt we came upon a goat tied to a thorn tree, not very far from some men's camp. That goat was our meal for the day. On the following day our parents were busy about the lair; we youngsters were sent scouting for ourselves. We went directly to the thorn tree where we had found our previous meal, but to our surprise, found the men had built a high fence about the tree and had tied another goat to the tree inside the fence.

"How foolish we thought those crazy men to have been; they had left the gate wide open! After watching from the tall grass for a short while we decided to rush the gate. When we had at last finished our meal and turned to leave, we found the opening through which we had entered, gone. There were heavy timbers across the top of the pen, too—alas, we were prisoners.

"In a short while men came and put us in large, strong boxes, and here we are in the Zoo. My good keeper brings me twelve pounds of meat every day, except Monday. I have that day to rest my stomach so that I will stay sleek and pretty. I am very proud of my long black mane, too. My brothers in the jungle don't have a mane like mine. They keep their manes pulled short by the thorn bushes and the matting of burs."

Some story! thought Rastus Chimpanzee, as he slipped his notebook into his pocket. I've sure got to hurry to get this to the editor. He'll be going to lunch in a few minutes.



## Rastus rides the Elephant

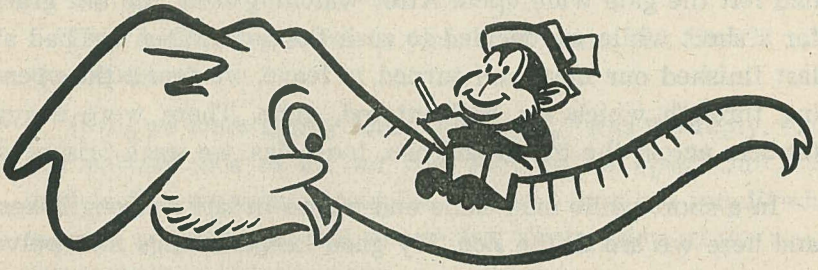
Rastus Chimpanzee, the Zoo's Great Ape Reporter, went scurrying down the corridor of the "Elephant House." By the worried expression on his wrinkled, little face, one could tell he was late again for his appointment. Rastus was fumbling in his pocket for a pencil, which was at the moment squeezed behind his left ear.

"Hello Betsy," shouted the Chimpanzee to the elephant. "Here I am to interview you—sorry I'm late!"

"I am delighted," replied Betsy, with a low curtsy. She was happy to have someone to chat with for a while.

"I'm a big girl," began the elephant. "I'm so big I have two names. My scientific name is 'Elaphas indious,' but that is too difficult to say so I am known as Betsy the elephant. As my universal name implies, I am from India. I have some sisters and brothers in Ceylon and cousins in Africa, but we won't talk about them now."

"I have heard you are all that are left of a once great family



of animals, Betsy. Is that correct?" asked Rastus Chimpanzee, as he leaned forward with interest.

"Thousands of years ago my family was much larger than it is today, Rastus Chimpanzee," replied the Elephant. "Because of certain changes our world has gone through, it is said that my family has nearly disappeared from the earth. However, in India, the government is protecting my brothers and sisters from their enemies by setting aside great areas of land for Ele-

phant reservations. In these forests we can go about in perfect safety and raise our babies to elephanthood. In return for this help we are given, the Government takes a number of young elephants each year to be used in military service. Some few of us are sold for working elephants and still fewer are shipped across the ocean for zoos and circuses.

"We elephants don't mind captivity as long as we are well fed and are kept busy."

"That's sure interesting, Betsy," said the reporter. "Now tell me something about your home life."

"Twenty years ago," began Betsy, "I was born on one of those great elephant reservations in India. My mother was a very wise old elephant; in fact, she was the favorite of the heard leader.

"Just before I was born, Mother retired to the heart of the jungle where she awaited my arrival. After I was born we remained by ourselves until I was strong enough to keep up with the herd. Mother had plenty of good, rich milk for me. I grew and developed very rapidly.

"Most people think Baby elephants nurse with their little trunks, Rastus, but that's all wrong. When I was first born I had to learn to control my tiny trunk—I nursed just the same as any other baby. My skin was so soft, it was just like velvet, and I was nearly covered with hair. Mother said I looked pink."

"Say, I just cannot picture you as a little pink baby, Betsy," snickered Rastus Chimpanzee.

"When I was strong enough to join the herd continued Betsy, "I saw my father for the first time. How proud he was of me. He came over to where I stood beside my mother and raised his trunk above his head and trumpeted. I guess that was his way of greeting us. After that the lady elephants of the herd came forward to look me over. From her actions, I knew my mother was very proud of me too. She was standing still and silent as a soldier on guard duty. I felt perfectly safe; I knew she was always ready to protect me. From that day I was one of the herd.

When I was about one year old a group of government men came to our reservation and decided I should be sent to

America. They chased the herd until I, still an infant was left behind with only my mother. She was soon driven away and I was left alone.

"A large elephant was driven up beside me and I was chained to him to be led to the city. Some time later I was shipped to this wonderful Zoo.

I am not an old elephant, Rastus Chimpanzee; we elephants live to the ripe old age of from seventy to one hundred years. When we do get old we are not vicious if we are given the proper care.

Did you know elephants in captivity have to have their toenails trimmed? If our nails are not trimmed, and are allowed to grow, our feet become uneven and hurt so badly we can hardly walk. Of course, in the jungle our feet are worn down evenly and smooth.

We are very sensitive; I just can't bear being teased. We quickly learn to love our keepers. We will do anything to show our appreciation for kindness.

I'll tell you a few more interesting facts, Rastus, that I doubt if you have noticed about me."

"Go ahead" exclaimed Rastus Chimpanzee.

"At the end of my trunk" said Betsy, raising her long 'proboscis' "is a little finger. I use it to grasp foliage in the trees and pick up real small objects. Watch me pick up your pencil there on the floor where you have just dropped it."

With a long, graceful swoop of her trunk, Betsy daintly picked up the pencil. She handed it to Rastus who stood standing with his eyes popping out of his head.

"You would be surprised at some things I can do," replied Betsy. "We elephants are very smart. Did you know that we Indian elephants have five toes on each foot? One can hardly ever see more than three on our hind feet. We are changing fast, adjusting ourselves to conditions that now exist on the earth. Through the ages, our toes have become imbedded in the pads of our feet."

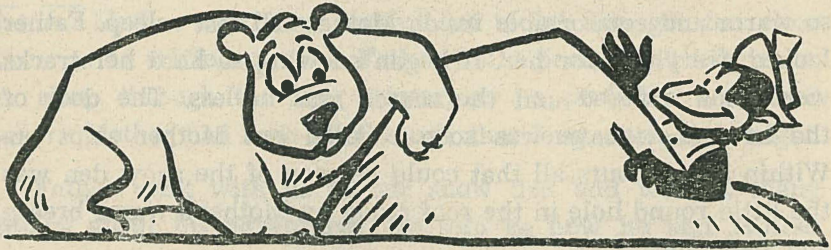
"Well, Betsy, there is just one thing I don't yet understand—where is your nose?"

At that remark Betsy nearly died laughing. "My trunk is my nose, Rastus. That's a good one on you!"

## Rastus calls on Mr. Polar Bear

"I'd better hurry", said Rastus Chimpanzee, the Zoo's Great Ape reporter, as he started for Mr. Polar Bear's home in the Zoo. "That lazy old fellow takes a swim every morning, then he basks and sleeps in the warm sunshine. I would never be able to make him talk if he should fall asleep before I get there." As Rastus Chimpanzee mumbled these words he broke into a dead run for the bear pits. He just had to get a story from Mr. Polar Bear.

Rastus Chimpanzee turned the corner of the bear dens just as Mr. Polar Bear was climbing the high cliff above his



pool for his morning nap. "Hi there" shouted Rastus, in an excited voice. "Wait a minute, Mr. Polar Bear!"

Mr. Polar Bear turned to see who had called to him. With his usual lazy air he sniffed and shook his long white coat. "What do you want?" replied Mr. Polar Bear, in a gruff voice.

The reporter thought for a second and then replied—"Our Editor wants to know if you would care for some nice, fresh fish for your lunch?"

The thought of fish made Mr. Polar Bear smile and smack his lips as he answered, "Sure would Rastus."

"Well," said Rastus Chimpanzee, "our Editor said he would send you a big box of fish if you would give him a story."

"That's a trade, Rastus," said the bear. "Well what sort of story do you want?"

"Nothing but the facts, Mr. Polar Bear. Start where you were born and tell me the story of your life."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Polar Bear. "I'll do more than that, Rastus. I'll go back to that cold, arctic waste-land, north of Alaska, where my parents were living on an ice barrier catching fish and seals—that was eight years ago.

One day, soon after the cold, dark, arctic night had come my parents were hunting on the ice, Mother wandered away from Father. She decided to dig a cave in the deep snow as she was becoming very tired. When the cave was dug it was so warm and comfortable inside Mother fell fast asleep. Father looked everywhere for her. It began snowing so hard her tracks were soon covered and the search was useless. The door of the new snow cave was soon covered but Mother slept on. Within a few hours all that could be seen of the snow den was the little round hole in the roof made by Mother's warm breath and body heat.

A few weeks later Mother stirred as a tiny, white ball of life snuggled close to her side. She dozed again and before long there were two wee cubs cuddled up to her. We looked just like little puppies five or six inches long. It was forty days before we could open our eyes."

"Gee" exclaimed Rastus Chimpanzee, "if I didn't know you liked fish I would think you were trying to fool me."

"These are facts, Rastus", replied the polar bear. "After we cubs came, Mother slept for the first few weeks. I guess we babies did too, most of the time anyway, because I don't remember much about those days. We were eight weeks old before Mother really started to awaken from her long, northern-night's nap. That was early in March.

One day Mother scratched a large hole in the roof of our house with her powerful paws, and we looked out on this

wonderful world for the first time. The great, red northern sunshine just peeping over the ice covered horizon.

"Mother told us to follow her so she could show sister and me how to fish. She led us down to the ocean. We children waited on the shore while Mother waded out into the water up to her stomach. She stood motionless for a few minutes—then, like a flash her giant forepaw struck forward and a large fish landed right at our feet! That was a new experience for us, Rastus Chimpanzee. The fish smelled wonderful but we had no idea it was really food. When we tasted it we liked it very much.

"On our way back to our snow den, we ran right into our father. Mother was very careful not to let him get too close to us as he sniffed us over. Father Polar bears don't hibernate, or sleep through the long winter, so he probably wondered where Mother had been all through that long, dark arctic night.

"Father went with us to our snow den and told us many things about his adventures. He told us how he and Mother swam for hours out into the great Arctic Ocean searching for fish and seals. Sometimes they would rest high on the towering icebergs and from their high perch would watch for seals in the water below!"

"That must be great to be able to swim like that," remarked the Chimpanzee reporter.

"Well, Rastus, all of us polar bears are good swimmers. Swimming just comes natural to us. Another thing, Rastus, we have hair growing on the bottom of our feet to keep us from slipping on the ice. What do you think of that?"

"Is that so!" exclaimed Rastus Chimpanzee.

"On our next trip to the open water, Mother led us right into the ocean. I was afraid but Father came along and splashed water all over us youngsters. It felt so good to be wet I forgot about being afraid. We were perfectly warm with our thick

wooly hair to protect us from the cold. Soon I began to try to swim like my parents.

One day Father showed us how he stalked arctic hares. He lay flat on his stomach and sneaked right up on them; his exquisite white coat a perfect match for the spotless snow. Then, with a rush and a quick stroke of his powerful paw, we had Arctic Hare for lunch. He stalked seals out on the ice in the same way.

One time, as I lay on a cliff watching for seals, a ship came into sight. It sailed right toward us. I ran and told my parents and they became very much excited. Three men started for our beach in a small boat. Mother and we children started running, but Father stood his ground. He was a magnificent sight too, Rastus, standing, teeth bared, in defiance of those intruders.

One of the men raised his rifle to his shoulder and there was a terrible roar as Father toppled to the sand. Mother and sister were running for all they were worth but I kept lagging behind to see what was happening.

By this time the men were close to me. One of them threw a rope over my head—I was a captive! Then they hurriedly dragged me to the small boat and put me into a box. A second later we were on our way to the ship.

I was brought here to this beautiful Zoo. The keepers are good to me and give me everything my heart desires. I don't have to fight for my existence here and, would you believe it, I have acclimated myself perfectly. I don't mind the hot summer months as much as the cold winter-time. When I feel too warm, I take a swim and then bask in the sun and enjoy myself. Don't you think "*Thalarcos maritimus*" is a beautiful name?"

"It surely is a beautiful name", said Rastus Chimpanzee, as he stuck his pencil behind his ear and tucked his notebook under his arm. "You'll get your fish right away, Mr. *Thalarcos maritimus*."

## Rastus interviews Mr. Ostrich

Mr. Ostrich saw Rastus Chimpanzee coming down the walkway toward his pen. "Hello, Rastus! are you still reporting for the Zoo newspaper?" asked the Ostrich.

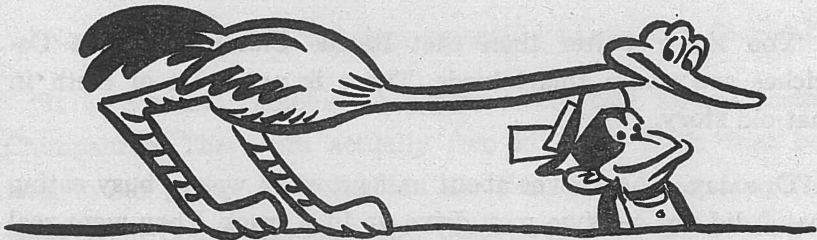
"I sure am Mr. Ostrich. I am on my way to visit you right now. Do you have time for an interview?" asked Rastus Chimpanzee.

"You caught me in a talkative mood, Rastus," replied the Ostrich.

"Your cage label says you come from North Africa, Mr. Ostrich, is that correct?"

"Yes, Rastus, I am from North Africa but Ostriches are found over most of the plains from North Africa to South Africa. I am larger than my cousins in the South. You will notice my legs and neck are red. My Southern Cousins have black legs and dark necks."

"Tell me how you happened to be in the Zoo, Mr. Ostrich, or were you born here?" I came from the Egyptian Sudan.



You see, Ostriches run in bands of ten to twenty birds. Each father bird selects three or four mother birds who lay their eggs in the same nest until they have about twenty eggs. That is when we Father Ostriches go to work. We do the housework by sitting on the eggs. Sometimes Mrs. Ostrich will sit on the eggs during the day if it is cool, but usually we just push a little sand over the nest in the morning. The sun will



keep the eggs warm all day. Then we Fathers sit on the eggs at night. In this way we can protect them from Jackals and Hyenas after dark."

"What do you do when the Jackals and the Hyenas come around Mr. Ostrich?" asked Rastus.

"Ha! I guess you haven't heard how hard we Ostriches can kick. Even the Lions seldom attack us, Rastus. We have only two toes on each foot, but look at the claw on that big toe! It is like a knife and, believe me, we know how to use it.

"After the eggs hatch we Father Ostriches are so proud of our babies we just can't turn them over to the women. We like to take care of our babies until they are large enough to look after themselves. We teach them to be careful and to run fast."

"I thought you taught them to stick their heads in the sand if they were frightened, Mr. Ostrich."

"You know better than that Rastus Chimpanzee. We Ostriches are really smart birds. There is not a bit of truth in that old story.

"One day, when I was about half grown, I was so busy eating that I did not see two men drive up in a truck. They were real close when I raised my head from the high grass. I started to run in a great circle. In a matter of seconds the men threw a rope about my neck. I was put in a box and taken in the truck to an animal farm. From there I was shipped to this Zoo."

"Why did you run in a circle, Mr. Ostrich? That, to me, looks like a foolish way to run," remarked the Chimpanzee.

"All Ostriches run in circles, I guess, Rastus. Maybe that is one of the reasons we have such a foolish reputation. However, we manage to evade most of our enemies. We stay with the herds of Wildebeest and Zebras. They give us warning of danger too.

"Did you ever hear me roar, Rastus Chimpanzee? I can make a noise almost like a lion. By the way, did you notice Mrs. Ostrich's coat? She is brown where I am black."

"You forgot to tell me how large your eggs are, Mr. Ostrich. What would one of your North African Ostrich eggs weigh?"

"Oh, about as much as a dozen chicken eggs. We are big birds, in fact, we are the largest of all birds, so naturally we lay big eggs. The natives in Africa like to eat them, Rastus. They say our eggs are delicious."

"Well," said Rastus, "you will never have to worry about me stealing any of your wife's eggs.

"Now, will you tell me your scientific name, Mr. Ostrich?"

"It is 'Struthic camelus'. A rather interesting name, Rastus Chimpanzee. There are actually five kinds of birds that belong to our group. They include the Emu from Australia, The Rhea from South America, the Cassowary from New Guinea and the very rare Kiwi from New Zealand."

"That's a lot of good information, Mr. Struthic camelus. Thanks a lot!"

Rastus tucked his little red pencil behind his ear and skipped off toward the office.

## Rastus watches Kodiak Bear bathe



Rastus Chimpanzee was watching the biggest bear he had ever seen. Mr. Kodiak Bear was taking a cool bath in his large pool. The great Ape watched in amazement for a long time before speaking.

Mr. Kodiak Bear sat up in his pool and looked over to where Rastus Chimpanzee was standing at a safe distance. He was wondering who could have spoken to him in such a cheery voice.

"Here I am Mr. Kodiak Bear," said Rastus Chimpanzee. I would like to have a little talk with you. We want a story about you for our newspaper column."

"It will take a big story to tell about me, Rastus Chimpanzee. I am a big Bear you know. I am the largest of all bears in the world. In fact, I am the largest of all meat eating or carnivorous animals in the world. I weigh more than sixteen hundred pounds—some Kodiak Bears weigh more than that."

"Whew!" said Rastus Chimpanzee. "You really are a giant! Where did you come from?"

"The Kodiak Island,' was the answer. "Where else did you expect to find a Kodiak Bear, Rastus Chimpanzee? Would you believe my sister and I only weighed about fourteen ounces each when we were born? We didn't have much hair on our bodies either. It was cool in our cave on the mountain side so our Mother had to keep us warm for a long time.

We were born early in February, but we were so tiny we could not go out of our cave until Spring.

We children had beautiful white collars when we were little. As we grew older we lost our collars and grew these heavy brown coats."

"You must eat a lot of meat, Mr. Kodak Bear," said Rastus Chimpanzee.

"Well, we do eat some small animals," said the Kodiak Bear, "but we are just crazy about fish."

"I didnt know you could fish," remarked the Chimpanzee.

"Most bears are pretty good fishermen, Rastus Chimpanzee. We wade out into the clear, swift rivers and wait for the fish to swim by. Then with a swift stroke from our front paws, we knock the fish from the water. It is really great sport, but we like berries and fruit too, when we can get them."

"I am very fond of berries and fruit too, Mr. Kodiak Bear but I am afraid I would make a poor fisherman because I can't swim. All Great Apes are afraid of the water, you know."

"Is that so," said the great Kodiak Bear.

"We kodiak Bears like to swim, Rastus Chimpanzee, but we are so heavy we can't do much at climbing like many of the other kinds of bears."

"I guess you would have trouble finding trees big enough to climb even if you should really care too," remarked the Chimpanzee.

"Do you have a scientific name as big as you, Mr. Kodiak Bear?"

"Well," said Mr. Kodiak Bear, "it is not so large as some animals. My Universal name is 'Ursus middendorffi'. I think it is a very pretty name."

"Now I am going to let you finish your bath, Mr. Kodiak Bear, pardon me, Mr. Ursus middendorffi. I'll run along now. Thanks for the story."

Rastus Chimpanzee tucked his little red pencil behind his right ear and scampered ff toward the Ape House. He was happy to have interviewed the largest of the great meat eating animals of the world—the Kodiak Bear.

## Rastus and the Baltimore Oriole

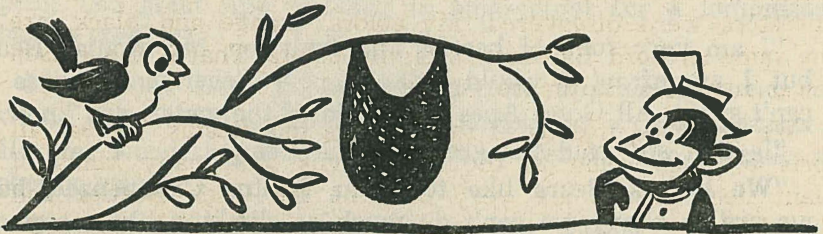
It was a bright sunny morning and Rastus Chimpanzee, the Great Ape Reporter, was very happy. His little black eyes were snapping from excitement and he was wearing a broad smile on his wrinkled, little face.

The Editor had told him to interview one of the rarest and most beautiful birds in any Zoo, the Baltimore Oriole.

The Great Ape Reporter picked up his note-book and tucked his little red pencil behind his right ear as he left the office.

A few minutes later Rastus Chimpanzee was walking down the corridor of the Bird Building.

In no time Rastus Chimpanzee found Mr. Baltimore Oriole's cage. "Hello!" said the reporter as he bowed real low. Rastus



was using his very best manners. "I'm the Zoo Reporter and I have come to interview you."

"Well, that's just fine. I have never been interviewed before, Rastus."

"You are such a beautiful bird, I guess you must have come from some tropical country," began the Reporter.

"Ha! Ha!" said Mr. Baltimore Oriole, "I was hatched right here in this city just two years ago. I fell out of our nest one day, when I was about two weeks old."

"What!" said Rastus, "I can hardly believe that."

"Well, it is true," replied Mr. Oriole. "A kind lady found me and took care of me until a few months ago, when she gave me to the Zoo. I didn't even have all my feathers when I fell out of the nest."

"Then you are not a tropical bird at all, Mr. Oriole?" said Rastus.

"No, Rastus; we are called migrants. We fly south to Central or South America every winter to get away from the cold weather. Our summer home is here in the United States anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains. Some of my family even fly as far north as Nova Scotia."

By this time, Rastus was sitting on the edge of his chair and was busy jotting down notes in his little book.

"I guess you have noticed my beautiful coat of black and orange trimmed in white, Rastus," said Mr. Oriole.

"You are certainly strikingly dressed!" replied Rastus Chimpanzee.

"I have a very cheery song too, some people say I sing beautifully. I was named for the Second Baron of Baltimore. Lord Baltimore lived in the State of Maryland at the time my ancestors were discovered. My colors, orange and black, are the same as Lord Baltimore's family colors. That is the reason I was named a Baltimore Oriole.

"We are good friends of the farmers too, Rastus. We eat all sorts of bugs, such as the Bollweevils and many kinds of plant lice. Orioles are very fond of the Click Beetles and Grasshoppers. I wish everyone knew how helpful we really are but we get blamed for some of the damage done by the Bluejays and Robins."

"That's a shame," said Rastus Chimpanzee. "Tell me more about yourself. What about your nest-building?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Oriole, "I don't have much to say about our nest-building family. I leave all that to Mrs. Oriole. I just sit in a tree and sing while she builds our nest. The women do the work in our family!"

Mr. Baltimore Oriole must have suspected his last remark failed to make a hit with Rastus Chimpanzee. He seemed a little embarrassed.

"You see, Rastus," went on Mr. Oriole, "we have become quite modern in the last few years. Once upon a time we used natural materials like grass and straw to build our nests but now we can get so many modern things such as string, bits of rags and paper we seldom use the old type of materials

these modern materials are much easier woven into our swinging nests, makes them so strong too. Sometimes our nests will hang in a tree for two or three years. Of course, we only use them one season."

"What do you mean by hanging nests, Mr. Oriole?" asked Rastus.

"Well, our nests are woven so that they are only attached to the very tip of a limb high in a large tree, very often an elm tree. Mrs. Oriole weaves them so that they hang down like a sort of sock or bag. The bottom always flares out a little so there is plenty of room for her to sit and for the babies too. She leaves a hole in the top to serve as a doorway to the nest. There she lays from four to six eggs.

"I never heard of a nest like that," remarked Rastus.

"These hanging nests, away out on the tip of a limb, give us a lot of protection from our natural enemies, such as cats and sometimes bad boys, Rastus Chimpanzee. I help take care of our babies. I hunt fat juicy bugs for them."

"I think it is nice to help with the housework," said Rastus.

"One thing we are always careful about is to make sure the outside of our nest is always brownish in color so that not too many people or animals will see it."

"I bet Mrs. Oriole is beautiful," remarked Rastus Chimpanzee.

"No," said Mr. Baltimore Oriole, "If she were brightly colored I am afraid she would be too easy to see. It would never do for Mrs. Oriole to be noticed by the cat that lives next door. Her dress is just a dull olive color with white trimmings. I love her though, just as much as if she were the most beautiful bird in the world."

"Just one more question, my friend. Will you tell me your universal or scientific name?"

"Oh, I thought you knew—it is *Icturus galbula*. Some people say it is difficult to pronounce."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. *Icturus galbula*," said Rastus Chimpanzee. "I'll have to be getting back to the office."

He placed his red pencil behind his right ear, tucked his notebook under his arm and hurried toward the office.



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**WHOSE ZOO?**  
Thru the Courtesy of Fisher Foods

A tour of the Cleveland Zoo, which shows the grounds, buildings, and many of the animals—bears, seals, tigers, monkeys, zebras, elephants, and some of the birds. It includes information on the background and development of the Zoo, the care of the animals, and preparation of the foods, as well as footage on the African Safari, which shows how the animals were captured, crated and transported halfway across the world to their new home in the Cleveland Zoo.

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When Fletcher Reynolds died, December 13, 1957, he had, in the 55 years of his life, achieved the major objectives of his ambitions as they had been revealed to people who knew him best.

As a boy in Ashville, N. C., he decided to somehow make a career that would allow him to be near and deal with the wild animals which he loved. That he certainly did, although it meant leaving a musical career that took him and his violin as far as studies in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

In the bleak depression days he found himself as curator of reptiles at the Toledo Zoo. He resolved to be a zoo director. And that he did, too, when, in 1941, he was picked by Harold T. Clark to head the newly reorganized Cleveland Zoo.

Immediately Mr. Reynolds resolved that he would transform the shabby Cleveland Zoo into one that would attract local, national and international admiration.

This took some doing. Both he and Mr. Clark labored mightily with plans, money problems, public attitude, and the care and management of various city administrations.

Two bond issues of a million dollars each had to be coaxed from the voters, and all the while more and more people had to be, and were, lured into the park.

First the zoo grounds themselves had to be prepared with a million dollar culverting job. Then the Bird Building was designed and built to specifications that startled the admiring professional zoo world.

From repeated visits to zoos in this country and Europe, Mr. Reynolds collected and sifted ideas and techniques for animal culture and display, and in so doing made himself one of the best known and best liked zoo men in the world.

The most recent building triumph at the Cleveland Zoo is the Pachyderm Building, again a trail-blazer in such structures.

Through the years Mr. Reynolds created a civic pride in the Cleveland Zoo which may be his most enduring monument.

Much more is to be done, but the mold is cast, and anything that follows will be done much as Mr. Reynolds had planned it.

And all the while, his affection for animals and his interest in sharing them with people were cultivated with devotion, as these stories will eloquently show you.



Fletcher A. Reynolds