

## Life & Death of a Grizzly Lover

2

Tanyo Ravicz

“Well, I see that you’re not a pile of bones from those bears yet,” Bill said, shaking my hand heartily.

“Not yet, but Hulk paid me a visit last night and it did get a little scary!”

*Among Grizzlies: Living With Wild Bears In Alaska*

What a rush! Timothy Treadwell lost his life when he got himself killed by a brown bear recently, but he didn’t lose in the living of it. He’s still a hero. He was wrong about the bears but he was right about the way he lived his life. To Timothy Treadwell, Timothy Treadwell was a savior. He set himself up as a Christ figure and the bears killed him not knowing what they did. He loved them, unconditionally. Done with dope, he was filled with hope: lived with bears in the summer and preached their gospel in the winter. *Be good to bears* was his mission and his born-again hug-the-world enthusiasm is positively catching. His courage is astounding. His achievements on behalf of bears are arguable, but it’s impossible not to admire what Timothy Treadwell did for Timothy Treadwell in his quest for emotional peace and spiritual belonging. Read *Among Grizzlies* (co-author Jewel Palovak) and you’ll see how bears were the supporting cast in Timothy Treadwell’s psychodrama. As he says to his ursine friend Mr. Chocolate, “I’m ashamed to be human! I want to be like you, wild and free, liberated from the wicked ways of people.” This tells us nothing about bears. It tells us nothing about human beings. But it tells us a great deal about Timothy Treadwell.

Poor Senator Stevens! Alaska Senator Ted Stevens was up to his ears in brown bears. The whole thing made him bilious at breakfast. First the Coast Guard took him bear viewing in Katmai National Park on the mainland and at Frazer Lake on Kodiak Island. Then he had to give a business speech at the Kodiak Inn. At breakfast before the speech he met with community leaders scrambling to devise a brown bear management plan for Kodiak. Ecotourism, air taxi operators, hunting interests — they all wanted a piece of the bears. “Fly-in bear-viewing at Frazer Lake is doomed if the feds give it Wild and Scenic River designation,” somebody bitched in his ear. Senator Stevens bit into his toast. *Crunch*. What he hated was not their jockeying for an audience with him — frankly, he loved this — it was their goddamned petty self-interestedness. What thrilled Ted Stevens was the grand game, the sublimated fracas of politics, the banners flung out in the wind; when they actually threw at him their bogus statistics, their fiscal projections and winking bear yarns, it irritated him.

August 2000. A presidential election loomed. Senator Stevens hated Bill Clinton’s guts, and if for no other reason than this, no petitioner should have wondered how he would vote on an issue.

The Senator glumly ate his bacon while they chattered around him. Like a dominant beast among lesser creatures, he was the only one eating. He didn’t have a giant drumstick in his hand or a gold chain around his neck, but there was a bit of the royal personage in him, and he would have liked to be able to say it and not just to think it: Off with their heads!

Decapitation occurs quite often in the universe of Timothy Treadwell. Bears are endlessly decapitating salmon when they catch them, and bears are always capable of decapitating *you* if they want. Treadwell knew this. Intellectually he recognized the bears' capacity to kill, but he couldn't stand to say in as many words that it's in their *nature* to kill because this would besmirch the Idea which bears as exemplars of "perfect" harmony and bearers of "the truth" had come to represent for him.

There is one context where Timothy Treadwell never underplays the danger posed by brown bears, and that's when he strides forth to confront it. Yes, sir. He is repeatedly a hairsbreadth from being killed by bears. One bear zone he describes as being packed with dangerous antisocial bears ready to prey on anything that moves. Excuse me? Is this Timothy Treadwell talking — or is it maybe his editor setting us up? *No way, Tim, don't go in there, come back!*

None of which subtracts from his ballsiness. Damn! Can't you see him out there hunkering and gutturalizing, then standing tall and charging the bears? It's some of the best stuff in his book. Foolhardy or not, for sheer raw guts Tim takes the prize. Give him the girl, too. Only, whatever you do, Tim, don't take her out there with you. He knew better than to take anybody out there with him, but he took her anyway. Amie Huguenard was killed right there beside him in Katmai. But more on that later.

To emphasize his daring while continuing to raise big bucks, Treadwell has to have it both ways about the brown bears. Peaceful at heart, they will kill you for the slightest mistake. This contradiction is central to Treadwell's work. He is never so

proud of being human as when he nominates himself First Human to venture into one of these danger zones. But if you're the first human going in there, how can you tell us you're going in to protect the bears from poachers? There was a deep crack in his motivations. The two projects that occupied Timothy Treadwell — what he was doing for himself as a man, and what he was doing for the wild bears of Katmai — were never completely in harmony.

Breakfast with the Senator is over. In the lobby, two of the participants, local men, are talking about brown bears. I happen to be present, and it's the first I've heard the name of Timothy Treadwell. One of these locals, Pete, a bush pilot, has flown Treadwell to a remote spot in Katmai National Park and Preserve. The other man sells sporting goods in Kodiak. Both are mildly contemptuous of Treadwell, who is said to appear on talk shows. Treadwell is trying to be "the Dian Fossey of brown bears." He has some "very strange mannerisms" and looks "like a California surfer guy" and is "very effeminate."

Most of this is run-of-the-mill insularity, it seems to me. But I am curious about Treadwell. A Californian myself, I have never held a surfer's appearance against anyone. Like Treadwell I spent much of the 1990s doing countermainstream stuff in the Alaska wilderness. Their criticism that Treadwell is "only in it to generate publicity, and sees an opportunity to make some money" is more troubling than the personal slanders. Their most serious criticism is that he misrepresents the nature of bears.

Somehow a distortion of the facts, even for a good reason, irritates the hell out

of me. When Robin Williams complains in one of his pictures that human beings are the only animal that kills their own kind — an often-heard canard — he’s just plain wrong. Brown bears do it, among other species, and to Timothy Treadwell’s credit, he admits it, though with terse reluctance.

Pete the bush pilot has flown bear viewers into Katmai for years. Pete’s the kind of staid conservative you are glad to have at the throttle of your single-engine plane. Unflamboyant, unlike Treadwell, Pete will never be asked to take his bows on Letterman. But he has had extensive opportunities to watch brown bear behavior. Mother bears will leave their cubs by Pete’s planeload of ecotourists knowing that the big boars won’t go near the people. Pete has seen the big males kill the cubs and not necessarily for the purpose of eating them. He has seen them actively go after the weak-looking cubs. The big males don’t like cubs, they like young sows. Ask Pete about the big boar that stomped on a cub who wouldn’t let him mount its mother in peace. When the cub started squealing again, in the middle of the copulation, a second big boar ran over and stomped on it to shut it up. Now there’s genuine cooperative behavior for you!

What am I saying? Was Timothy Treadwell wrong in his depiction of benevolent male bears who “peacefully ruled the land”? Well, the truth is manifold, and Treadwell’s vision being a moral vision is all of a piece, the opposite of manifold. It’s a vision born in his heart and soul, in the domain of his childhood — of his wish kingdom. Only secondarily does it emerge from experience, his experiences in a controlled setting, a sanctuary where hunting hasn’t been permitted in decades. For other people’s experiences in other locales, Treadwell displayed a good deal of contempt. Re-

searchers who rely on electric fences for security, or those of us who go armed in bear country, he thought fools. No doubt some of his enemies saw him as (in his own words) “just another eco-faggot Yankee from the lower forty-eight trying to take away their god-given right to shoot wildlife for fun and profit.” But when it comes to “evil humans” and “greedy developers,” nobody is more cartoonish in his prejudices than Timothy Treadwell. There are good guys and bad guys, and Treadwell and the bears are the good guys. No wonder law-abiding gun owners breathed a sigh of relief, and Treadwell aficionados a sigh of disappointment, when they read in the newspaper that the evidence was conclusive: in October 2003 Timothy Treadwell and Amie Huguenard were killed by bears, not poachers or anti-bear-huggers. Bears. This was a tragedy, not a martyrdom.

## 5

Two months before the Senator’s breakfast, I heard an amusing thing. I was alone at my cabin on Kodiak Island listening to Alaska news on the one radio station I receive there. A government scientist studying brown bears in Katmai National Park had come to the conclusion that the chiming of bells doesn’t necessarily frighten brown bears or even alert them to a human presence. The scientist hid by a busy bear trail and jingled bells at them with no effect.

This report was surely an occasion for belly laughter in far-flung rustic living rooms. Alaskans love to talk bears. “I’ve got this new bear repellent,” a man tells me. “What is it,” I say, “some kind of pepper spray?” And he shows me a picture of his mother-in-law.

Outdoorspeople and bushrats develop their own philosophies for living with bears. Most of these are pragmatic mixes of respect for the bears and an earnest desire not to get mauled by one. I knew one man, it's true, whose position was unconscionable. Shoot 'em and keep shooting, was his philosophy. "Bears are varmint. Pests, not pets." But in my experience most people want the bears to survive and to thrive and they have no wanton interest in hurting them. In Kodiak recently when a Coast Guard MP shot a mother bear and her dumpster-diving cub in a half-witted case of "necessity," the local outrage was stupendous. Predictably, the dividing line in people's love for the bears is their own personal safety. When a rash of bears showed up in the Hillside section of Anchorage, the Hillside residents pushed for a special bear hunt and the rest of Anchorage opposed it. That's a clue for all of us. The bears' future is bright only if we're willing to preserve expanses of wilderness where the bears can live without having to cross at our crosswalks and smell our savory trash.

Wild bears *are* the wilderness. The woods are a sadly shrunken place where no bears roam, and a tundra without bears is only a barren. Once graced with wild bears, a place will never be the same without them. There is no longer that air of primal fatefulness that hangs over the life of the place, the same tautening of the senses that checks the dulling process of habituation, the same deep real fearsome context against which we joy in the finer pleasures of a flower blossom or a breezy afternoon. When I first encountered brown bears in the wild, I was awed and filled with a curious longing. No matter how alarming my bear dreams had been, my impulse was to follow them, to remain close in wonderment. My heart beats at a more exalted

pitch when I have seen a wild bear. Now every time I look at California's flag I burn with anger and heartache for what's missing. When I hike in California, I walk through a badly diminished landscape, and my body knows this and grows lazy without the wakefulness it knew. The grandeur of the grizzlies is lost, and my senses are squandered in vain regret.

6

Early in my years of homesteading, I was charged by a mother brown bear and spent a cold and tedious hour on the roof of a derelict cabin, listening to her threats while she patrolled between me and the slender spruce tree up which her cubs had climbed. I owned a shotgun, but it was out of reach, down on the ocean bluffs under a half ton of equipment. In that hour I could have decided that a gun is an unnecessary vanity, that I had the courage to live in brown bear country without one. But I didn't. Mostly I thought of my wife and the two young children I wanted to bring out to the homestead once I had built something habitable. Crouching in the deep summer twilight, hearing the bear huff and chide her little ones for not coming down from the tree, then dimly seeing them descend and her enormous outline dissolve with them in the forest gloom, I determined to do everything in my power not to cross the bears in the coming years, not to offend or taunt or tempt them, but I also determined that my shotgun would never again be locked away in a case out of reach.

Later, when I had raised a dwelling and installed a vhf radio, I was fiddling with the channels one June morning when I chanced on a memorable conversation. The voices were known to me. One speaker, my

nearest human neighbor, lived a mile away. The other lived eight miles away on a different island. I have never made a habit of eavesdropping, but in this case, hearing my name pronounced, I thought I had a right to listen in.

“ — yeah, we have lots of bears here too. Getting kind of testy.”

“You know my neighbor here, Tanyo, a bear got into his inflatable and bit it up pretty good.”

“That’s the fella that wears them bells?”

“No, Tanyo, he’s down east of me. You mean my friend Gary up here by the lake.” (Gary had retired from the Coast Guard and was camping nearby.)

“You talking sense to him?”

“Well, Gary says the bears are all friendly. I think he’s having fun with me. He says he doesn’t have to cache his food because he brings it into bed with him.”

“He better put a slice of bread on each end of it. You know what they say, when you dig in the bear poop, you’ll find them tiny bells in it — dinner bells.”

“I know what kind of bells to wear — Winchester bells.”

“I had a logging job where they gave us each a can of pepper spray. The foreman said there wasn’t guns allowed in camp, but he might look the other way if someone were to slip one in their bag, say. The only spray that works on a bear is triple-ought buckshot.”

“I hear on the news where the bears love the pepper spray. It’s just like catnip to them.”

There followed a lengthy anecdote about a bear that had swum out to somebody’s setnet and ate the salmon out of it.

“You be sure you have your bells on,” one man said in goodbye to the other.

These are opinionated men, yes, but they aren’t stupid men. You will never see their weathered faces on Letterman, but their years of living in bear country are not for that reason irrelevant. About the bells they already knew what the rest of us needed a government scientist to tell us. These men would consider it ignoble to get killed by brown bears and especially to have to be scraped up and flown out of the bush at taxpayer expense. They are life-hardened men, not likely to reach for words like “hubris” or even “tragedy” when discussing what happened to Timothy Treadwell. “He brought it on himself,” they’ll say.

7

Timothy Treadwell had plenty of self-knowledge. He was wise to the “reckless adventurer” in him. He referred often enough to the possibility of his death that you have to wonder if he had a death wish. Strangers in sporting goods stores and veteran park rangers warned him he was tempting fate, not because he refused to go armed, but because he insisted on mingling so intimately with the bears. In doing this he knowingly broke the park rules that form a crude ethics for our interacting with bears in public lands. Timothy Treadwell wasn’t bound by those rules. He immersed himself in the bear hierarchy to help animals and people alike: “For the animals, my presence offers a shield of protection from human displacement and poaching. For people, my studies will help in understanding the natural ways of the bears and will make a contribution toward their preservation.”

Maybe. If his studies enabled him to raise money which he devoted to the preservation and expansion of bear habitat — Yes. But observing and documenting

bear behavior is in itself an old racket played by scientists and institutions who use ugly and invasive means which degrade the bears without necessarily helping them. Understanding the biochemistry of hibernation never did a damn thing for a bear: just give them the space to hibernate in peace and they'll be fine.

Likewise, having reams of bear photos is gratifying as a virtual zoo is gratifying — to us. Treadwell was accused by park rangers of harassing the bears by his picture-hungry presence. His descriptions of the feeding, mating and social behavior of Katmai's brown bears make for fascinating reading. Their scientific value I can't judge. Treadwell never claims to be a scientist, but he shares with many scientists, as well as poets and assorted Faustians, the desire to get to the bottom of something, to possess a truth at their peril, to delve into mysteries and come out the stronger for it.

Nothing wrong with that. A man after our hearts. We're drawing nearer to Timothy Treadwell's personal quest. Again and again he tells us that wild bears are peaceful when left alone in their natural environment. *But he couldn't leave them alone.* He's relentlessly in their faces. He admits he's an "invader," but like a kinder and gentler colonialist, he figures that if he invades often and tactfully enough, he'll be taken for a guest.

"I'm here to save you and all of your subjects," he informs a skeptical bear. Obviously he considers himself purer of motive than those ditzzy ecotourists and those whipping-boy poachers. If you ask me, poaching bears for profit is despicable. However, Treadwell never actually witnesses a poaching or foils any poachers. No, the question of what Treadwell was doing in Katmai, why he kept going back, why he kept upping the stakes, won't be answered

with reference to bears and poachers alone. "Poachers" was his profitable default answer. One of the best things about reading Treadwell is he provokes you — I suspect unintentionally, through his godawful sloppy writing — to consider some of life's big questions: of fear, of the meaning of wilderness, the nature of animals, and of our own nature. And there is this question yet to be asked:

Was Timothy Treadwell the sort of person Timothy Treadwell wanted to protect the bears from?

8

What happened at Kafia Bay was a small apocalypse. For bear lovers and for Timothy Treadwell's ideals it was a disaster. At least he died doing what he loved? Give me a break. Apart from the human dead, at least two bears were destroyed. Kafia Bay is now on the radar of a billion nine hundred million twenty-six people. Countless schoolkids have heard that the nice man who said nice things about nice bears was just killed and eaten by one. Countless people privately imagine the cruel events that brought down Amie Huguenard. The screams of this nightmare are preserved forever in an audio recording. Our instinctive fears of man-killing predators are reawakened. Some schmuck in the sticks raises his gun and ices one for Amie. It's all a big fat bloody red bone tossed to the bear haters, and the one who threw it was Timothy Treadwell.

That's more damage to the bears than your average hunter ever did. Treadwell's achievements on his own behalf are notable, but his achievements for the bears must be weighed against his destructiveness. His habit of personifying the bears, for

example, is unhelpful. We're trying to see something truly here. We're grappling with the nature of this terrific creature the coast grizzly. Personification is the same mechanism by which bears are demonized. "Good" personification shares with "bad" personification its man-centered bias. Aspiring to become more like a wild grizzly, Treadwell cheats and asks the bears to become more like people. He seems to wander through a fairy tale. He even sleeps in a bear's bed like Goldilocks. Sometimes he's Christopher Robin, looking in on his "fur-clad" friends, commiserating with one, reasoning with another, issuing greetings all around: it's beautiful. When the bears kick back and listen to him sing, the only thing missing is their corn cob pipes and straw hats.



In a sense it's difficult to write about animals without anthropomorphizing them because we use human language. You've got to be as rigorously honest as you can. You've got not to rely on the old sentimental fixes. Bears aren't "peaceful" any more than they're "dangerous." They are what they are. People try to sum them up in a word or two — shy, oafish, unpredictable, aggressive, curious, but the bears have no one true nature. Certainly their faces are expressive like a dog's or a primate's. And they learn quickly. In might and in poise they are awesome. It's a strange experience

to live in a wilderness where wild bears are more populous than people. Seeing a bear, you bristle with uncanny sensations. These frissons originate in a primal moment of recognition, of mammalian identification — bears are *big* mammals. Ancient time is suddenly pulled through into the present. In your solitude, without the props of your civilized plunder around you, you may talk to the bears, naturally, and your kinship, at first a distant intuition, becomes clearer.

I once had an inflatable boat folded inside of a blue tarp and stored on a grassy bluff over the beach. It was safe for six weeks. On the eve of my inflating the boat and launching it — my reward for weeks of labor on the homestead — the bears got to it. In the morning I found my boat a hundred yards away, riddled with punctures. For the bears, it was play, a mama bear teaching her cub how to maul, haul, bag and drag. They left two scat piles, a mama pile and a baby pile. I was furious. The boat was heavy, they had dragged it through the grass like a carcass. Malicious animals! It spooked me, peering through the tall surrounding grasses. Take the fear and wonder which the wild bears excite in you, and add a memorable coincidence like their attacking your boat on the day you meant to put it in the water — that's how superstition arises in the mind.

Again, if you flip the coin of anthropomorphism, beware the second side. I find it hard to believe that Alaska's brown bears are "concerned" about living in harmony on the earth. "Can we learn from them and make a better earth?" Treadwell asks. "I don't know," I reply. "I'm willing to consider it. Show me." I look at what Treadwell shows me in page after page of bear behavior. At first I accept their behavior for what it is, on its own terms, without judging it, satisfied to know it is purposive, has roots

deep in biologic time. But once I start thinking in normative human terms, once Treadwell gets me wondering can we found our new order on the ursine constitution, I have to admit a lot of bear behavior is unpretty and even offensive. We have *words* for such behavior. Bears waste food when they have plenty of it, they're thieves, they're bullies, they're patriarchal authoritarians — and that's apart from any charge of infanticide. If this is living in harmony on the earth, I'd say we have grounds for optimism!

9

As a child Timothy Treadwell yearned for the innocence and freedom he was sure wild animals possessed. He donned imaginary claws and fangs and pretended he was a grizzly bear. Later, after his sordid early adulthood and his near death from drugs, Treadwell, longing for escape, revives these early fantasies. He wants to be a grizzly, "roaming the great north." He travels to Alaska and emerges as an enraged defender of the faith of his childhood.

Alaska offers him the space to enact his quest. From self-loathing through obliteration and transformation to healing and wholeness, another young American strides into the country to discard and find himself, to challenge and overcome himself, to turn his back on a nation of drones and marry the virgin wilderness.

Treadwell is heartily sick of human beings, sick to death of us. After the trials of his personal life, no one is going to tell *him* what's right or possible. God love him for an outlaw and a dreamer. And he did it! Yes, he was doing it. What most people only dream of. Walt Disney gets paid good money to stimulate our Eden sensors. Young

men settle for testing themselves digitally. But Treadwell stalked the truth and changed himself in the process. He reveled in his freedom, knew moments of real joy in the company of bears. He was doing it! Delving into the secret ways of brown bears and transforming himself into a brown bear too.

Treadwell pursues his passion with such obstinacy that an inner fatality seems to be at work in him. Words like "rush" and "euphoria" serve to describe the thrilling effect on him of an early bear encounter. Rushes and euphorias are peculiar things. They are pleasant and worth probing the secrets of. Push button, stimulate brain, oh yes. Bears are Treadwell's natural high. He quits the hopeless stuff, the dope, the booze, in exchange for what the bears of Katmai give him, the uplift of a moral mission, the acceptance of a love which the odious brutal human world doesn't want or deserve, and those endless summer trips, oh yes, that neurochemical roulette of fear and relief that will spin him through the final transformation he longs for.

A high is a high is a high. Treadwell kept having it and wanting more of it, and he had to keep going back to the source to get it, to get the peak feelings and increasingly to maintain his celebrity. And so he let his fans down by lying to us. Promised he would quit playing matador with the bears, quit getting in their faces, but he didn't. Couldn't. Bears were his final addiction, and it killed him, as he knew it would, as he earnestly kept proving to himself it wouldn't. To face down the grizzlies was to face down his demons, and if grizzlies weren't the demons of popular culture, then his own demons weren't fatal or irrevocable. He would face them down, all of them — again and again and again.

Here's an early self-portrait of Timothy Treadwell: "I decided to behave like the bears, and dropped to all fours. I was transforming, going through a metamorphosis. I felt wild and free."

If only saying it made it so! Treadwell feels "at one with the grizzlies." Later, "I was honored, and really felt like a grizzly." Still later, "I moved among them at will, feeling like a bear myself." Metamorphosis turns out to be a drawn-out process, a thing of fits and starts. What he means when he says he feels like a bear is that he feels the way he believes he'd feel if he were a bear of the sort he believes bears to be. Years pass. Late in the book he's still at it: "I was beginning to feel like a real grizzly." His transformation is always under way but the hair on his toes never thickens. How stubborn the human personality!

Did he get weary, waiting? Kind of upsets your momentum when you have to keep packing up and returning to Malibu. Kind of hard to be wild when the satellite phone rings in your fanny pack and the camera batteries need swapping. Treadwell was plugged into the media machine and *that's* a monster with an appetite. He must have passed some dispiriting moments looking around at his camping gear donated by corporations some of whose executives were bad-ass hunters. Had he betrayed himself? The bears?

Why was Amie Huguenard in Katmai with him? His method was emphatically supposed to be *solitary* and *low impact*. His stated priority was to respect the wishes of the animals. Did he think they wanted *more* people around? Did he think the presence of another human, in this case a female with the particular scents of her body, the pitch of her voice, didn't radically change

the dynamics on the ground? Did he not see that in doubling the human population he was enacting in small the drama of encroachment that's been our history on this continent? Maybe he figured he was a big boar now and must act the part by having a steady around. Oh, he justified it somehow. But he knew it was wrong.

And so we always come down. We always come back to ourselves. When did the spell end? How did the charm wear off? Why did he fall? What freak mistake or failed bluff, what driving fate, reduced him in the end to what he became — not a bear, not a savior, but a provocation, a bear's prey, a meal? October can be a bitter month in bear country.

In the *Metamorphoses* Actaeon is the princely hunter who penetrates to the woodland lair of the patron goddess Diana and sees her naked. In punishment she turns him into a stag. He who presumes on divinity shall be stripped of his humanity. Actaeon's beloved hunting dogs see him only as a stag now and they attack their master and tear him to pieces. Actaeon's final agony is to know what is happening to him and be helpless to stop it. He calls out but they no longer know him.

Ovid, the poet, blames the misadventure on destiny, saying that Actaeon only "lost his way," hardly a sin deserving of such a punishment. Actually, Ovid leaves the question wide open, knowing that "losing one's way" comprehends a thousand degrees of culpability.

Timothy Treadwell showed us that with desire and courage and the gift of his love a man may do remarkable things. He believed that his finest gift to the animals

was his unconditional love for them. But this was also his gift to us. It's easy to forgive Treadwell his baloney and to disregard his inconsistencies because in the good things he yearned for, the peace, the wholeness, we know what he meant. We want what he wanted.

If, as the bears taught him, "living complete and in the moment was what mattered," then Treadwell won his victory many times over. He was keen on the notion of truth, and indeed he died for the truth. He died telling the *whole* truth. He would make himself master of the mysteries and reveal them to the world and be saved by them. In his ambition, his pride, his capacity for self-deception, Timothy Treadwell was supremely human when he thought he was being least so. He died all man.

*And what happened to him afterward I cannot tell you. But the great bears of Katmai never saw anything more of him again.*