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Montreal, Illinois

President bags live bear cub

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Press*

SMEDES, Miss. — (Nov. 14) President Theodore Roosevelt bagged a bear during his bear hunt here, but it was not what anyone expected. A cub of an unknown species of bear, which the President named a "Teddy," was last seen in a carrying case with holes, ready to be transported back to Washington D.C.

However, there is reason to believe the cub may have escaped. The hunt started today when the little cub's scent was picked up this morning by the hounds, which accompanied the President and his hunting party near Smedes. The hunters ran through the brush searching for the bruin, which they initially thought to be a bruiser weighing more than 250 pounds.

It turned out to be a small cub, weighing just a few ounces, running through the brush dressed in a cowboy hat, shirt,

trousers and cowboy boots. The dogs chased the poor little cub for about 20 minutes.

Exhausted, the cub stopped at a watering hole, then turned on the dogs, brandishing a tiny derringer. The bear shot



Schaumburg with Theodore

one of the dogs, who immediately stopped yelping and sat down for a nap. Apparently the cub's derringer was equipped with sleep darts, or some such defense. But as the cub was about to shoot another dog, one of the hunters, Holt Collier, jumped from his horse, and took out his Winchester rifle.

Instead of shooting the tiny bear, he clubbed it

over the head with the rifle butt, knocking the little fellow out. Then Collier tied the cub to a tree.

The group wanted the President to be the first of the group to bag a bear, but many questioned the wisdom of tying a little cub to a tree for the President to shoot.

Also, the hunters were puzzled by the bear wearing clothing and wondered what species the bear was.

"What in tarnation kind of bear is that?" Collier asked, a man who has hunted thousands of bears in his

time.

"Call for the President," another shouted. The cub suddenly woke up, and started to shiver with fear.

When the president arrived, he would neither shoot the cub nor allow it to be shot.

"This is no ordinary species of bear," the President said. "I shall take him back with me to the nation's capi-

tol, where we will display him at the national zoo."

"What type of bear is it?" Collier asked.

"Why, it's a teddy bear, of course," the President responded, half-joking.

President Roosevelt tenderly untied the cub and picked him up. The cub hugged Roosevelt tightly, still frightened. Back at the President's camp on the Little Sunflower, this reporter took it upon himself to examine the strange creature. While no one was around the cub, I went into the secured area where the cub was kept.

The cub was wearing a cowboy hat, red shirt, red-white- and blue scarf, had a gold star pinned to his shirt, a tiny guitar slung around his shoulder, a tiny derringer in his pocket, a red shoulder bag that contained what looked like a tiny white bunny rabbit inside, a bolo tie, a rope on a belt, a golden ring on the belt, and cowboy boots. He also had a canteen and compass.

Looking into the cub's eyes, suddenly the bruin spoke to me.

"What are you looking at?" the bear said.

"You can talk?" I asked.

"Of course I can talk," the cub said. His voice was kind of grumpy, but warm. "All teddy bears can talk. But not everyone can hear us."

"Oh," I responded, not believing my ears.

"Why are you dressed up like a cowboy?"

"Why are you dressed up like a reporter?" he retorted.

"Fair question," I said. "What were you doing in those woods?"

"I'm on a secret mission," the cub said. "I can't say any more."

"What's your name?"

"My name is Hop-A-Long Schaumburg, and I'm a rootin' tootin' cowbear, the best cow-bear this side of the Mississippi. Will you help me?"

"What sort of help do you need?"

"I need a human to help me accomplish my mission," the cub said.

"It would be easier to say 'yes' if you would tell me more about your mission," I responded.

"I'm trying to learn about the first manufacturer of a toy known as the

teddy bear," Schaumburg said.

"But you are the first known teddy bear," I said.

"No, no. I'm one of the most recent," the bear said. "The first bears are much older than me. I was made to look like the first bears."

"Now, I'm really confused," I said.

"I'll tell you more if you let me out of this cage," Schaumburg said. I agreed, and once freed, he clung to me like a small child. I placed him on top of a nearby table and asked him to tell me the entire story.

He related a fantastic and bizarre tale about how he was from the year 2002 and had traveled back in time to discover who made the first teddy bear.

Either this reporter is crazy, or truth really is stranger than fiction.

In the meantime, my editors have agreed to allow me to help this cub on his mission.

There will be future dispatches about his success in weeks to come. The next stop will be in Washington D.C. where he plans to speak to a cartoonist named Clifford Berryman.

Till next week, this is Fredrick Arctophile, reporting from Mississippi.



Reach for the sky!