Chapter Three

Life in Harmony

Farley Mowat is a serious and committed writer whose main objective as a writer is to draw the attention of the humanity to care and protect the environment. With a view to instituting harmony with nature and wildlife he enters into the juvenile world of literature. He motivates youngsters with his social concepts and values through presenting the pleasant memories of his childhood. His juvenile books not only establish his close attachment with the wildlife and nature but also they reflect man’s true position in nature. Mowat assumes the role of a spokesperson for the other creatures which are meek and passive and do not show any kind of protest against ill-treatment. It seems as if his innate spirit coincides with the pulse of static as well as the moving attributes of Nature. This is evident from his Rescue the Earth! Conversations with the Green Crusaders in which he addresses to David Suzuki who is called Mister Environment:

. . . Birds gave me the entree into the natural world.
I undoubtedly would have become a biologist if it hadn’t been for the interruption of the war, which took four years out of my life and changed my attitudes. When I came back from overseas I tried science but could no longer think like a scientist. What I felt for the animals around me was so intense that I couldn’t see them simply
as subject matter to be used to advance a career or to increase the body of scientific knowledge. The ‘other’ animals had been transmuted for me by the war experience. I saw them as co-inhabiters of our planet.

(RE 170)

The above quote brings to light Mowat's commitment for protecting wildlife and his mission as a writer. He performs noble works associated with wildlife and nature. He skillfully disguises his moral intention under motifs and themes. He fulfills his ecocentric wish looking for affection and security for animals as a way of gratifying a child's wish to love and be loved. These motifs and themes are found in his juvenile and adult books. Brian Davies an environmentalist and champion of animal welfare share his views with Mowat, “I never met anyone who was genuinely kind to animals who also wasn’t genuinely kind to people. Similarly, I never met anyone who was genuinely kind to people who wasn’t also kind to animals" (146). It is, no doubt, a concrete opinion regarding the reality of the activities of Mowat.

Grass-Roots Crusader and the well reputed environmentalist Elizabeth May goes a step ahead in her conversation with Mowat. She finds similarities in her thought and ideology with that of Mowat in perceiving nature and environment. Like Mowat, she too had always animals such as ponies, sheep, dogs, cats around her. She was much more interested in the natural environment than in anything man-made. Elizabeth May was instrumental in
organizing the Canadian Environmental Defence Fund which provided legal assistance to groups all over Canada fighting to protect and preserve the natural world. Joining her voice with Mowat she says that she felt proud to declare that "for Gaia people the umbilical cord between self and Mother Earth remained intact forever"(180). Gaia is the name of the movement organized by her in Canada which is named after the pagan goddess of earth.

Like Mowat’s motifs and themes, his subjects are the old time-tested children's story standbys of pets and family life, Eskimos, Indians, and pirates, but in his books they take new life. Dogs and owls go beyond the classification of animals and birds. As Lucas puts it,

Mowat's Eskimos may be friendly, but they are far from the fat-cheeked and jolly creatures of the general run of children's books about them, and his Indians live as Indians, not as noble savages, or as blood-thirsty warriors, or as sentimentalized vanishing Americans. Vanishing they may be, but Mowat is indignant rather than sentimental about their plight. Mowat's "pirates" are boys, and their booty, far from the usual, is a treasure-trove of bootleg whiskey! (42)

His books of humour as well as the juvenile books like The Dog Who Wouldn't Be, Never Cry Wolf, and The Boat Who Wouldn't Float are all autobiographical in origin though the plots seem to be farfetched. And about them hovers a strangely elegiac quality, similar to the motif of the loss of
innocence which is a natural element in the war books. Again it is found that *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be, Owls in the Family* and *Lost in the Barrens* offer stories which can be enjoyed by adults too. Sheila Egoff regards Mowat as "a natural writer for children" (15). She makes a meticulous observation of Mowat's juvenile writing which is fit to be quoted.

He writes from his own experience, both childhood and adult. With his direct, simple, and lively style he can reveal aspects of life that are necessary in good children's literature if it is to have any enduring value. Qualities such as cruelty, irony, satire--gentled of course--give life and depth to children's literature and they are present in all Mowat's animal stories. They are implied in the style and confronted squarely in the realistic details. (15)

Mowat had a close and intimate relationship with animals, birds and even insects down from his childhood which is evident in his juvenile writings. In this chapter, juvenile narratives such as *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be, Owls in the Family* and *Lost in the Barrens* have been taken for analysis from the ecocritical viewpoint.

*The Dog Who Wouldn't Be* is a humorous recollection of an odd family pet. This is the story of a boy and his dog. The boy is none other than the author. The dog is Mutt, not only a canine of indeterminate breed and eccentric habits, but also of quite remarkable character and personality. He is, in fact, a dedicated creature which shared extraordinary features. His whole existence is
an effort, pursued with surprising energy and determination, to be something more than nature had decreed. Mowat describes the adventures of Mutt very interestingly. He outshines other dogs in tree and ladder climbing and desires for riding in the family's open car wearing driving goggles which he would adjust with a casual motion of his paw. The reader is inescapably led to the conclusion that Mutt is meant for other things. As a dog, he was only making the best of it but his best was extraordinary.

Thus, for Mutt, with his inauspicious beginnings, to make himself one of the most celebrated hunting dogs in Canada was little short of genius. A hard schooling in neighbourhood dog fights taught him a new and revolutionary means of escaping over the heads of his rivals. What cats could do, Mutt proved, he could do better. Seemingly he could adapt himself to anything even in the fullness of time, to accomplish by life.

Mutt's family circle includes Mowat, his parents, several owls and others and the whole family is almost as interesting as he is. Woven into the fabric of their rollicking story is the love of nature which the author so eloquently demonstrated in his previous book, *People of the Deer*. Outdoor life on the great plains of Canada, whether in the hunting season or during summer attempts at sailing on the unpredictable Saskatchewan River, is the core of the book. The reader is left with the heartwarming feeling of how wonderful it is for a boy to grow up in this way, with just these parents and this dog.
Even the coming of Mutt into Mowats’ family is an interesting episode. Mowat’s father wanted to shift his family from Ontario to Saskatoon as he had decided to take his position as Saskatoon’s librarian. So he built a caravan that was like a houseboat on the wheels of an old Model T Chassis. Mowat enjoyed the journey as the caravan carried him to a private world he longed for. When the family reached Saskatoon, there was a scene of utter desolation. Future seemed very bleak to the entire family which experienced nothing but ‘death of hopes’. Even Mowat’s father was a little depressed. But Mowat started building a world of hope with his own speculation of living with wildlife and nature that provided him with absolute harmony. Even the innumerable little gophers aroused his interest.

His father had rented a house in the northern part of Saskatoon. The absence of a dog was another drawback, for Mowat’s family had owned a steady succession of dogs. There had been dogs during his first years until they moved westward and became dogless. Mother realized that a dog was inevitable. So, when chance brought the ‘duck boy’ to the door, she bought a pup, paying one cent. By the very gesture of the pup, Mowat guessed that they would get along. But Mowat’s father who had a plan of buying a hunting dog was not happy with the deal. He was even outraged by the uncertainty of its ancestry. But his mother without caring its ancestry, kept on telling that it was impossible to predict what the pup might grow up to be. Thus the dog entered Mowat’s family and grew up with Mowat who named it Mutt. Mowat too grew up with Mutt and the whole situation supported his inner passion, though all
happened coincidentally. Mutt stands as a character and a person with all human attributes.

Mutt astonished the Mowats including Farley Mowat, his father, mother and his uncle by his maturity of outlook. He was never a puppy for he was really adult in mind. He avoided the usual funny antics of puppyhood like mangling of slippers, tearing of upholstery and staining upon the rugs. He maintained his dignity. He looked life seriously and expected the same treatment from Mowats. He cared for his character all through his life. “Subconsciously, he no longer believed that he was a dog at all, yet he did not feel that he was human” (DWB 17). He was unique in both appearance and attitude. Being somewhat cross-eyed he gave least clue to the gophers and cats to decide where and what he was aiming at. “He was not really handsome, yet he possessed the same sort of dignified grotesquerie which so distinguished Abraham Lincoln and the Duke of Wellington” (18).

As Mutt grew older he became more vocal and argumentative. When he did not want to do something he pretended not to hear it. He wanted to prove that he was a dog of different nature that demanded understanding and right recognition. Mutt ruled the atmosphere of the family of Mowats. Mowat states, Mutt was not an easy dog to live with. His stubbornness marked him out for a tragicomic role throughout his life. Wherever Mutt went he left deep-etched memories. He carried with him the aura
of a Don Quixote and it was in that atmosphere that my family
and I lived for more than a decade. (23)

Mutt’s transformation had taken place the day Mowat left for Manitou.
He was offended and annoyed that he had been left behind. When the due
sympathy was not given to him, he left the house and did not return home until
evening. Also, it had been his unvarying schedule to spend hours between
dawn and breakfast to go rounds through the back lanes of the neighbourhood.
He seldom deviated from his regular route. There were a number of important
telephone poles that he had to attend.

Mutt’s lack of interest in guns and hunting clothes worried Mowat’s
father much. When Mowat and his father were making preparation for the
hunting season in the West, father was disgusted over that they had to hunt
without a dog. But mother protested as they had Mutt already with them and
said that they had just to train him. But father argued that they needed
“a bird dog not a bird brain” (39). Stung by this comment on Mutt’s
intelligence Mowat said that Mutt must have bird dog in him somewhere and
marked his feathers that made him look like a real English setter. But his father
did not care all these and did not intend to train Mutt.

During the first hunting season, they badly felt the need of a bird dog, at
least a retriever. Mowat’s mother had extreme faith on Mutt and she was rather
stubborn about it. She said that Mutt could do anything, once he made up his
mind. When the next hunting season drew near, it was understood that Mutt
would have his chance to prove his skill. He became really curious on something approaching. He even started to forgo his nightly routine. Mother drew everybody’s attention towards Mutt and said that Mutt had started making up his mind. When they left Saskatoon for next hunting, Mutt entered the car without anybody’s instruction.

Mowat was surprised to see the attitude of Mutt entirely changed. Mutt was filled with acute interest. They saw the whole sky throbbing with the wings of ducks. Mowat and his father fired at the receding flocks in vain. They dropped the guns blaming their dog. But, to their wonder, Mutt flew straight over the fields, went far and vanished. It was a sad spectacle when he came back after two hours. Though he had failed to catch a duck, father’s idea about Mutt changed. When they returned home, father reported to mother that her “hunting dog” had attempted to retrieve.

Mowat’s father believed Mutt could become the best of bird dogs. Mutt accompanied them throughout the rest of the hunting seasons. He preferred cows to birds. But father trained him to bring back the carcasses of birds to the car which was the role of a retriever. Once they shot down snow geese that struck the water a hundred yard from shore. They were frantic and did not want to lose the goose and they had no boat either. They saw the goose swimming strongly toward the outer limit of their vision. They had quite forgotten Mutt. In the mean time, Mutt suddenly appeared beside them and cast a glance at the disappearing bird. Next moment, Mutt was in the bitter waters.
Nobody knew what prompted him to do that. Possibly because, the goose was very large and more challenging than any duck or it was of his unreadable ancestry. May be, Mutt wanted to prove the prophecy of Mowat’s mother. Both Mutt and the goose vanished from their view. In fact, they were frightened by the sudden act of Mutt. The result was overwhelming as Mowat saw Mutt returning with the goose that was fighting fiercely. Mutt’s grip upon the goose was strong though the wind and the waters were against him. Paul, friend of Mowat’s father was surprised and said, “By God! You shot the big gray goose! And dat dam’ dog – he bring him back? By god, I don’t believe!” (64). It was an honest praise. Mutt must have recognized it. Mutt forgot cows, gophers and even cats. Thus, once Mutt made up his mind to be a bird dog, no further training was required. The real nature of the new Mutt became apparent. Mutt became an efficient retriever. Father and Mowat were 'humbled penitent man and boy' in the presence of Mutt and at the same time they were extremely proud of the dog.

Once Mutt became a dedicated retriever, his anticipation of the season of flocks surpassed that of Mowat. Cats were not of his mind at all. He cast his eyes on Eardlie, the car that would carry him to the plains. There was no limit to his capacity for self-improvement as a hunting dog. Each season brought some new refinement and perfection in him. Astonished, a friend from Ontario said, “What the devil … I never fired my gun. Don’t tell me this paragon of yours doesn’t even need a gunner’s help? . . . Mutt gets more birds, of course,
if he has a gun to help him – but he does pretty well without. He runs them down, you know” (75).

Mutt’s abilities as a retriever were not to be treated lightly. There was no place where a wounded bird was safe from him. Whenever he was congratulated for his excellent retrieve, he accepted it calmly. He took such occasions as high-level retrieve. He had perfected his diving technique too. He was quite untiring.

Mutt became very popular for his phenomenal abilities. Local hunters in Saskatchewan made Mutt’s name a byword for excellence. Once, a guest from New York came in search of best retrievers. When Mutt’s name was suggested he could not accept. But, when Mowat’s father conducted a demo, the guest was left with no words. Mutt’s name spread from coast to coast across the land.

When Mowat’s family moved into a neighbourhood, Mutt had to face many other dogs. Mutt disliked fighting and bloodshed. At the same time, he was not a coward and he never accepted intimidation. Mutt had a remarkable skill as a fence walker. He could have been the leader of the neighbourhood dogs. But, he remained a lone walker content with his own devices. He kept on practising fence walking and he was very proud of it. Earlier, Mutt used to sit in dejection, when cats escaped him by climbing the nearest fence. One day Mowat’s family members were electrified to see Mutt half way up a tree in their backyard. He proved that climbing tree was not an impossible matter for a dog. Once, a fire engine ladder was used to bring down Mutt from a tree in a
public place. Mutt had suffered no harm except that it affected his dignity when
the fireman brought him down. In addition to his tree climbing experiments, he
became interested in ladders.

Before coming to Saskatoon, Mowat’s father had lived close to the open
waters. He had a passion for water. Hence he bought a canoe and named it
Concepcion. It was a sixteen-foot sailing canoe. Mutt often accompanied
Mowat’s father and Concepcion down the river. He quickly developed the
requisite sense of balance and would stand in the bow. But, his efficiency as a
pilot was not high for he was notoriously shortsighted.

The Mowat family was a restless one because Mowat’s father was
always looking for far horizons. Mutt emerged high in all those excursions.
Mowat could recall “a string of vignettes in each of which Mutt was the center
of attention” (152). In all their journeys the only vehicle was Eardlie which was
always overloaded. Mutt enjoyed travelling by car. Being an unquiet passenger,
he suffered from the delusion that when he was looking out the right-hand side
he was probably missing something more interesting on the left-hand side. His
favourite position was to sit on the rear mudguards. Mutt had a passion for
mountaineering too. When they were once in Okanagan valley, they had only
fruits for food. To everybody’s surprise Mutt too started eating fruits and for
three days he ate nothing else.

Mowat was under the influence of his Great Uncle Frank and he became
something of a trial to his parents. Frank had laid his hands upon Mowat when
he was five years old and that shadowy grip stayed with Mowat all through his life. Frank had insisted that the only way to know animals was to live with them. Mowat recalls, “Frank impressed upon me that, if it was impossible actually to live among them in the woods and fields, then the next best thing was to bring the wild folk home to live with me” (158). Mowat proceeded to follow this idea. He brought home two black snakes. When his mother said that snakes were not ideal companions, Frank took Mowat’s side and the snakes remained with them. He kept rattle snakes in a book case. He brought cat fish home to live with them. While they were in Trenton, he had a Blanding’s tortoise. He brought a black squirrel and named it Jitters. In a few days he started living close to a band of several fleas. In one summer he made a serious effort to obey the injunctions of Great Uncle Frank. As a result, the tent became more than a bed room. Mowat asserts, “It had become a place where I could live in really close contact with nature” (165).

Mowat shared the tenancy with a dozen chipmunks, a long-eared owl, three bushy tailed wood gophers, a weasel and a dozen of garter snakes. His father encouraged and supported him in keeping those animals. In his entire search for wildlife Mutt was an inseparable part. His sniffing nose traced the nests of meadowlarks and vesper sparrows. Mowat used to carry a camera during his search but he seldom used it for he was too fascinated by the birds themselves. Once, he carried home an owlet when it was flightless, later named it Wol. He picked up another one from an oil barrel and named it Weeps. Wol and Weeps were different in character. Wol was self assured, domineering and
certain of life while Weeps was brooding over his oil-barrel ordeal. Weeps was rather nervous and reserved and convinced that fate was his enemy. They were the most fascinating ones that Mowat ever had and they gave him a lot of pleasure. At the same, they made Mutt’s life a hell on earth.

Mowat’s mother was quite optimistic about the safety of the owls. The cats and dogs were scared of them. Each day Mowat took them out for a romp on the lawn. When they were left alone in the yard, they felt abandoned and rushed into the house. Mowat was scared for the safety of the owls from the ferocity of the cats of Saskatoon. But very soon Wol became a terror to the cats. Even dogs could not pose a threat to them. Though Wol played tricks on Mutt, there was an understanding between them. Whenever Weeps was attacked, Mutt went to the rescue. But Wol did not need Mutt’s protection. Once, a German shepherd caught Wol. At the end of the fight, Wol lost a handful of feathers but the dog was taken to the veterinary.

In spite of his bravery and vigour, Wol never attacked anyone first. Mowat here stresses the fact that animals never attack for fun. They do it either to protect them or to fill their appetite. Human being alone kills the other beings for sport under the cover of the so called civilization. In this context, Mowat affirms:

The other beasts which, like man, have developed the unnatural blood lusts that go with civilization would have found Wol’s restraint rather baffling, for he used his powerful weapons only to
protect himself, or to fill his belly, and never simply for the joy of killing. There was no moral or ethical philosophy behind his restraint – there was only the indisputable fact that killing, for its own sake, gave him no pleasure. Although perhaps if he and his descendants had lived long enough in human company, he might have become as sanguinary and as cruel as we conceive all other carnivores – except ourselves – to be. (177)

Weeps ate anything placed before him. He had a feeling that each meal was his last. The future always looked black and bleak to him. On the other hand Wol was rather demanding by nature. He preferred to eat hard-boiled eggs, hamburger, cold roast beef and fig cookies.

Wol played some practical jokes for which Mutt was usually a victim. He would steal Mutt’s bones and cache them in the crotch of a tree trunk just above Mutt’s reach. Sometimes, he would join Mutt at dinner and force the hungry dog away from the dish but Wol never ate Mutt’s food. Mutt would go to his repose only after assuring himself that the owl was either asleep or at least deep in meditation. Even after repeated bitter experiences Mutt never understood that Wol seldom slept. Wol’s target was always Mutt’s long and silken tail. Mutt never reached his tormentor. The owls having no sense of smell attacked the skunks and ate them. But, Mutt after living with Mowats, stopped eating even raw meat.
Any animal or bird which was taken to Mowat’s family would never consider itself anything less than human. Wol was not an exception. Very soon, Wol realized the fact that human beings could not fly and he too accepted the earthly way of life. When Mowat went to school in September the owls were left alone. Throughout summer they had been his perfect companions. Hence they could not accept this new state of life. Mowat was late to school in three successive days for he had to conduct the owls back home.

The stories of Mowat’s family and the owls are the highlights of a great relationship that reveals an indescribable harmony one could experience in the company of nature. Even Mowat’s mother enjoyed this environment contributed by the wildlife in the family. She forgave Wol for everything he did during when he was with them. In every way possible, Mowat availed the chance of living with them. The coexistence of human beings and animals in Mowat’s family is a strong proof that this kind of understanding is possible and in fact, this is the original plea of God, the creator of the universe.

When the family left the west of Canada for good, it became impossible to take the owls with them. So they left the owls under the care of a farm owner who lived two hundred miles away from Saskatoon. Poor Weeps adapted himself to the new life. But, Wol tore the cage and escaped. Mowat had tagged both owls with aluminum bands supplied by the U.S Biological Survey. One day Mowat received painful information from the survey that a great horned owl had been shot and killed. The address of the man who killed the owl was
that of the house where Mowat’s family had once lived with Wol and Weeps. Wol had gone back to that home which he was familiar with. It had taken three years for him to be there. The bird met with a fatal end in its search for the harmonious life it had with Mowat’s family.

After returning to Ontario, Mowat’s father bought a ship. It was a big and black vessel named Scotch Bonnet. When he announced the plan to take the vessel to the Bay of Quinte, Mutt leaped up immediately to the sturdy deck of Scotch Bonnet. Mutt went on enjoying his crawfish hunting in the water. Very often he vanished from Mowat’s view and joined him later then and there. Sometimes he had to be dragged aboard the ship and rescued. On such occasions Mutt did not show any sign of gratitude.

One summer the family sailed down the lake from Niagara towards Kingston. They came to a harbour. Before they touched the shore, Mutt was away somewhere. Mowat’s father looked for Mutt and found it missing. They searched him in all directions. But they could not get any information about Mutt. Mowat’s father sought the help of the mayor’s office and police station, but in vain. Finally, Mutt was dragged out from under the dock where he had been found with a dead white fish. When father expressed his anger, Mutt did not want to understand it. Mutt never liked being shouted at.

On one April day, Mutt came behind Mowat who saw that Mutt was already old as the time had passed long. He put his hand on Mutt’s muzzle and shook it gently. When Mowat was on breakfast table, he saw Mutt going
toward the pond to see the ducks. Immediately after the meal, Mowat rushed out following the tracks of Mutt. Each paw print of Mutt was familiar to Mowat as the print of his hand. Mowat recollects, “I followed them, and I knew each thing he had done, each move that he had made, each thought that had been his; for so it is with two who live one life together” (235).

Mowat found that Mutt had left the road and turned into the unsown fields. He saw the tracks of Mutt beyond the reeds. Finally the tracks moved towards the country road. When Mowat returned to the road a truck passed him throwing a shower of muddy water. When he watched the truck angrily, it passed a curve and disappeared. Just then, Mowat heard the sudden shrilling of brakes and the roar of an accelerating motor. Then, he writes passionately, "I did not know that, in its passing, it had made an end to the best years that I had lived" (238). In the same evening a farmer fetched Mowat only to find Mutt dead in the roadside ditch beyond the bend. In uncontrollable grief Mowat writes,

The tracks I had followed ended here, nor would they ever lead my heart again. It rained that night and by the next dawn even the tracks were gone. The pact of timelessness between the two of us was ended; I went from him into the darkening tunnel of the years. (238)

Mutt, who had already been transformed from the stage of a pet animal to a close friend of Mowat with all tears and laughers finally faced a fatal end.
Eric Patterson remarks, "Mutt is really a unique symbol of faith and friendship. He proves how animals can have consciousness and conscience; a confident animal with self-conceited personality of his own. Mutt is all dog and a little more" (17). According to Keith Lawrence, *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be* is a mildly fictionalized memoir of Mowat's childhood on the Canadian prairies near Saskatoon. He opines that the book has the timeless appeal of James Herriot's works—and is much funnier. Some of the humor is derived from situations that make adult readers squeamish, but it is exactly right for adolescent males. What it says about father-son relationships affords it a human richness that few passages in Herriot achieve.

(Lawrence 1)

No doubt, the aspects of humour and fiction add to the colour of such writings. But this biographical writing exceeds the level to philosophize friendship with the dog. *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be* is an ingenious mixture of beast fable, tall tale, and satire. And, as Sheila Egoff notes in *The Republic of Childhood*,

Mutt, the puckishly eccentric dog-hero, may be seen also as a portrait of the writer as a young man. Even so, the book's humor seems forced when compared to the more sophisticated brand found in *Never Cry Wolf*. This work is vintage Mowat, uniting his talents as amateur biologist, energetic advocate of a much
slandered animal, and naturalist, with a born entertainer's sense of what makes a story interesting to readers. (37)

Some critics even reflect on Mutt as a special character. Rose Feld in her article titled *Yes, Sir, This Dog Could Do Anything* observes that

Mutt, puppy and dog, Mr. Mowat brings a tender memory, a sharp eye for observation and a gift of expression that holds both poetry and humor. The development of Mutt as a hunting dog, from the day of his first hunt when he frightened the ducks by racing and screaming at them to the high point in his career when, on a bet, he retrieved a stuffed grouse for want of the real thing, is told with a nostalgic warmth rooted in a man's devotion to a beloved childhood friend. (8)

Besides painting the portrait of an unusual dog, Mowat also creates his image as a boy. The same adjective, "unusual," may be applied to him, for his interests and his pursuits were out of the ordinary. Encouraged by teachers and parents, the boy early showed the marks of an ardent naturalist. Rose Feld rightly remarks, "*The Dog Who Wouldn’t Be* is one of reminiscence rather than fiction and is the work of an inspired nature writer" (8).

Mowat depicts his parents as people who had their own interests and needs, but also understood the needs of their son and his dog. They understood that living in a city would not work for them, after several years living in the
sparse western provinces. Mowat's imagination was so clearly nurtured that it allowed him to become a prolific writer.

At the end of *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be* a truck kills Mutt. This brings an animal story to a sad conclusion. Symbolically it denotes the great havoc played by technology in separating men and nature. It is the technology that consumed the life of Mutt and separated him from Mowat once for all. Mowat charges the technological age that cares nothing for the coexistence of wildlife and human beings. Man is hasty in using all technological appliances that cause havoc in the harmony that may be enjoyed by human beings with wildlife and nature. As Berger says, "It is through industrialization that most animals are removed from everyday life. Once marginalized in this way, the few animals still visible to us can be family pets" (41).

His next book *Owls in the Family* is included here as an illustrated and greatly embellished version of the Wol and Weeps stories in *The Dog Who wouldn't Be*. It is one of the most hilarious juvenile books of Mowat. Here he gives an amusing account of his juvenile association with an owl with all ecstatic and romantic pleasure. His real experiences display his brilliance of portrayal. He says that one May morning, he along with his friend Bruce went for a hike on the prairie in Saskatoon when it was still cold. The prairie was flat and spacious and gophers were the commonest thing there. Mowat and Bruce were in search of the nest of owls because they wanted some young owls to keep as pets.
During their visit, they found Bluffs which were funny places in the spring. First Bruce climbed a cotton wood tree to collect the eggs of crow. He collected some eggs but they were broken by the time he got down. Then they took their lunch and by that time, they found a wood-gopher came and took a crust out of his hand. When a group of crows came rushing they could guess that those crows must be chasing owls because crows and owls hated each other. Mowat observes:

> When you see a bunch of crows all yelling their heads off at something, you can almost bet it’s an owl they’re after. Crows and owls hate each other, and when a crow spots an owl, he’ll call every other crow for miles and they all join in and mob the owl. (OF 5)

After going to the exact place of the owl, they found the owl flying down to save itself. Both of them were tired by the supper time. They went to Barney’s slough and found many mallard ducks all jumping into the air. On their way back to Haultan Corner, they happened to find the nest of an old owl. They decided to climb the tree the next day. When he spoke to his father about the owls which he wanted to keep as pet, he reacted saying that they had already gophers, white rats, garter snakes, pigeons, rabbits and a dog.

Then, Bruce and he met Mr. Miller, one of their favourite teachers. When they requested him, he agreed to accompany them to the tree they had seen on the day before. Mr. Miller climbed the tree to the nest of the owl.
He followed a strategy to catch the owls and also tried to catch them in his camera. He found that there were three young owls in the nest. However, they could not succeed in their plan to have the owls. After a week, they planned to use some firecrackers to frighten the mother owl and to drive it away. As the weather became stormy Mowat was worried about the young owls. After the rain slackened, they went near the tree and found two young owls had fallen dead at the foot of the tree. But they found the third one alive. They rescued the owl and tried to take care of it. They gave it some food since it seemed hungry. When they were going back, the owl strangely followed them like a dog. Mowat felt happy to carry it and decided to keep it in his summerhouse. When father asked Mowat what he called his owl. Mowat replied, “I hadn’t thought of any name for him up until that moment, but now one just popped into my head. I remembered Christopher Robin’s owl in Winnie – the- Pooh. His name is Wol, I said. And, Wol he was, forever after” (26).

Next day, he found the bird with the gophers. There were some rabbits too, and then there was Mutt. But Mutt was not a pet; rather, he was one of the Mowats. One day the bird followed one man. When that man came zooming at it, it tried to save itself jumping and got injured in one leg. Then, Mowat took the bird to his own bed room. Their maid Offy did not feel comfortable with the presence of the owl in the house and getting upset she left their home. With the help of his father Mowat prepared a separate wooden cage for the owl. While some of his friends tried to injure the bird by playing fun, he convinced them not to do so. Gradually, Wol became more friendly with him. After some
days he picked up another owl from an oil barrel. That also joined the company
and Mowat named it Weeps. When his school reopened, he went to school but
rushed back immediately to his home and called both the birds by their names.
Then he carried both the owls on both of his shoulders when going down the
street. The two owls were better bodyguards than tigers.

Wol and Weeps lived like human beings and they grew fast. Although
they were grown-up, neither of them seemed to know what their wings were
for. They just tried to imitate the kids around them. Mowat’s father said, “You
know, I don’t believe that owl realizes that he’s an owl. I believe he thinks he’s
a human being” (39). Wol liked being with people and he wanted to be with
them so much that Mowat’s father and mother gave up trying to keep him out
of the house. Weeps never believed that owls could fly at all. Although both
learned to fly, still then, they did not fly much. Mutt took care of them too and
carried them on his back. Once, Mowat got the news of a programme of pets’
parade sponsored by T. Eaton Departmental Store. Having decided to
participate in the parade he built a circus cage. Along with their dog Mutt,
he took six wood gophers. He planned to set the animals and birds in a wagon
dragged by him in cycle. Although that kind of show could not be successful,
still then, his group got the appreciation of the judges.

Mowat discovered that all his pet animals had developed a very close
relationship among themselves. One could never close the eyes to the harmony
that ruled them. They seemed to take care of each other. When one slept,
the other guarded. They played in different ways. Even, the animals of outside including skunks from the nearby river were attracted towards them. The author along with his friends like Bruce and Murray went to the bank of Saskatchewan River. In summer days, they used to make caves. The dogs and owls also accompanied them. They sat together to watch how chickens came hatching. When two boys came and tried to scare them, Wol screamed and attacked them. People were unnecessarily afraid of Wol who followed Mowat to school too.

Wol and Weeps became three years old when Mowat's father took a new job. So they were to leave Saskatoon for Toronto. There was no chance for taking so much of pet animals with them. So, they planned to leave them under the care of an acquaintance who owned a farm some two hundred miles from Saskatoon. After making arrangements Mowat bid them goodbye much regretfully. The memory of the owls made him pen: "if you should happen to take across the prairie, it wouldn’t surprise me in the least if you happened to meet some of us. And if it’s a big white owl and a not-so-big brown owl you meet – give them my love, will you?" (90).

Four years after The Dog Who Wouldn't Be, Mowat published his second animal story in which Mutt, Wol, and Weeps reappear, but this time the owls are the stars of the piece. Owls in the Family is, however, more than a sequel, for not only are the characters identical, but so also are many of the scenes, probably the result of the pleasures of memory rather than a flagging
imagination. In that way, the owls are good reproduction. They play some astounding scenes - Wol contributes a dead skunk to a dinner party, frightens a visiting minister, disrupts a French class, and plays squeeze-tail with poor Mutt. Many of the bizarre events have as common denominator not only the farcical but also the satiric overtones of *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be*. The trick of breaking up the Eaton's parade with a rattlesnake hidden in a box is more than tricky. It is a joke played on a tinselly society, for until the box is opened, the "special pet in reserve" wins great praise from a successful business man as "smart merchandising" (49). Mowat assimilates himself in the magical world of wildlife and becomes a vehement critic of human society. To quote Lucas:

> Actually Mowat speaks out directly once about his conviction that man is an inferior animal, Wol killing only out of need and man out of greed and his aggressiveness, he says, though he must have had war, not hunting, in mind in making the comment. (31)

Despite Mutt's highly anthropomorphic traits, Mowat readily secures a willing suspension of disbelief because of the vigour of his narrative and humour. The whole story is a wonderful parody which discloses some inner truths about man and his little ways. *Owls in the Family* maintains the same realistic-fanciful perspective as *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be*. The owls, unlike dogs, are neither familiar pets nor common literary subjects. The remarkable antics and habits of the confident Wol and the timid Weeps seem to
add some realism to the book. At the same, they cannot reveal the outlandish imagination that enabled Mowat to make Mutt so attractive and original.

If natural history goes awry in the matter of Wol's deliberately calling crows, acting as a mother prairie chicken, or failing to remember whether he had finished his dinner or not, it certainly does not go astray in the Western setting. Here, as in the descriptions of hunting in The Dog Who Wouldn't Be, Mowat's feeling for nature comes through clearly. The search for the owl's nest, to give one example, bears witness to the fact. The world of non-human life is a sanctuary for Mowat. He is concerned about the vital importance of restoring the link between mankind and the rest of animate creation. The emotional attachment of Mowat to these wild beings has been well presented by Borland as he says, “Wol was rescued as a pathetic owlet from a storm-wrecked nest. Weeps came out of an old oil barrel in an alley. They grew up together in Mowat family and like Mutt, wanted to be people too” (30).

The combination of dramatic setting and narrative skill that makes for a compelling tale is best exemplified in the books of Roderick Haig-Brown and Farley Mowat. Both are bound within a balanced pattern between reason and passion, an ideal infused with knowledge and tempered with responsibility. These writers stand far above their Canadian contemporaries and rank high internationally. Both Haig-Brown and Mowat have come to the writing of outdoor books almost inevitably. Confirmed naturalists who have given years of their lives to exploring the Canadian wilderness, active and dogged
campaigners for conservation, they have a feeling for the Canadian land and a knowledge of it that are genuine and deep. It is said:

More important, they are thoroughly professional writers who have learned how to shape their feelings rather than just express them; they know that even in children's stories a character remains vivid long after the most ingenious contrivances of plot have been forgotten. (Egoff 65)

Mowat’s stories are somewhat more conventionally adventurous and less thoroughly realistic than Haig-Brown’s. *Lost in the Barrens* recounts the experiences of Jamie, a white boy and Awasin, an Indian boy. They encounter every test the North can impose upon them. They suffer near-starvation and snow blindness. They fight to the death with a Barren Lands grizzly and with almost unbearable suspense they miss by a hair's breadth the Indian band they were supposed to join for the return. Somehow they survive it all and grow up in the process.

Jamie Macnair, as presented in *Lost in the Barrens*, was born in Toronto. He left Toronto to take up a new life in the sub-arctic forests of northern Canada. Jamie was nine when his parents died in a car accident. His uncle Angus Macnair a fur trader and later a trapper in the broad forests of north brought him to The Pas. Jamie became fascinated by the wild face of this new world and within a year he became a part of it. The cabin home by the shore of the lake was four hundred miles away from civilization. There lived a
band of Woodland Cree Indians at the distance of twenty miles. They were the best friends of Angus Macnair for a long time. They became the friends of Jamie as well. There, Jamie met Awasin son of Alphonse Meewasin the head of the Crees. Awasin had attended the Indian school and he could read and speak English. He lived most of his life in the heart of the forests. Wilderness was as much a part of him as his own skin. Soon Jamie and Awasin took to each other. Jamie learned to feel something of the forceful love of life that belongs to those living in the high Arctic forests.

Mowat observes a practical sense of sharing among the natives who maintained environmental harmony even in scarcity. One day Angus and Alphonse undertook a journey south to The Pas. Jamie preferred to stay with Awasin. Angus was well pleased at Jamie’s willingness to stay in the forests rather than visit civilization again. Jamie looked forward to a summer of fishing, hunting and exploring with Awasin. There was a band of Idthen Eldel Chipeweyans who lived on the edge of the Barren Lands. In old days there were fights between the Crees and the Chipeweyans. Alphonse bridged the gap between them. They were called deer eaters because they were dependents on the caribou only for their lives. Denikasi, the chief of the Chipeweyans had come to the Crees for help as they had been affected by famine. Awasin’s father had never turned a hungry man away. So they were provided with food and ammunition. In the mean time, Awasin with the consent of his mother decided to go to Kasmere Lake to verify the real conditions of the Chipeweyans there. He planned to carry more ammunition and food in his
canoe to hand them over to the Chips if they were really suffering. Jamie too joined him. With thrill and joy, Jamie and Awasin raced out of the cabin.

Idthen Eldeli men were living a life that had remained unchanged for a thousand years. Though they had rifles they were not at all affected by the ways of the White man’s civilization. The Chipeweyans offered Jamie and Awasin boiled fish and deer meat they had collected from the Crees. Jamie realizing the hunger state of the Chipeweyan camp tried to refuse. Awasin whispered quickly, “Take it Jamie. They are offering the best they have to show that we are welcome. If you refuse they will be angry” (23). The boys, then, handed over the items they had carried with them.

Denikasi and his hunters wanted to depart for the mysterious land to the north to meet the deer. The two boys wanted to follow them. Denikasi warned the boys of the Eskimo danger; of which the boys were not afraid. The hunters found no sign of deer herd even after a week. Mowat claims, “The atmosphere of gloom and depression in the camp spoke louder than words” (36). When the deer changed their ways the whole condition of the people also changed. The hunters lived with everlasting hope. They believed, “It’s better for hunters to die on the trail than to wait like children in camps” (39). Thus, life in the Arctic land was a continuous search for the deer.

Mowat highlights the need for understanding and respecting the mighty power of Nature. The Kazon was the mightiest of all the great rivers of the arctic. Under its rolling surface there was a deep and unseen power that
challenged the puny strength of men. Awasin and Jamie felt no fear of the river for they had been travelling with men who know how to respect its power. They never attempted to fight against its power but they respected it all through their lives. In the shrinking twilight the great river had an awesome majesty.

Explaining the supremacy of nature Mowat writes:

> The more one attempts to control the natural world, the futile are the efforts. Survival is possible only by going with them never against them. One cannot go against the natural laws of the universe. One has to define the point at which one ceases to exercise control. Nature has her own supremacy. (RE 84)

The boys saw the flight of ravens above. Awasin informed Jamie that they were the brothers of the deer. He said that a big flock of ravens used to lead every herd and Chipeweyans called them the deer’s brothers. Watching the flight of ravens the Eskimos prepared for hunt. At times Jamie felt very much alone. The faded sky and the endless rolls of hills gave him the feeling that he was all alone on a strange planet where no other human beings lived. After some time, he found a company. A pair of horned larks came looking for scraps and very close to Jamie’s reach. Watching them Jamie felt that the sense of absolute loneliness had vanished and he was grateful to the little birds. His interest in the wild life kept him engaged mentally and physically in some way or other.
After warning the boys about Eskimos, Denikazi went away with his hunting team. The boys felt that it was possible to join him at any time. In the meantime they were in a stone house and they became curious to know about it. They found a sword and a metal helmet that showed that the ancient Vikings must have built this place. As they spent much time on the legend of the stone house, they missed the company of Denikazi and got separated from the hunting team.

As deer was the source of life in the Arctic land, searching and looking forward to the arrival of the deer became a source of consistency to the boys too. Once, Jamie at the mood of depression suggested miserably giving up the struggle. But Awasin said, “We will be fine, if only the deer will come!” (LB 85). He had been hopefully glancing out over the plains. Suddenly he shouted that the deer had come. The deer appeared like rocks from distance. The presence of the deer was a friendly thing that partially dispelled the loneliness of the Barrens. The great plain looked friendly with the presence of animals and birds. The boys managed to keep their spirits up under the influence of the herds of deer and the noisy movement of the birds. They felt they could get everything they needed from the land. The survival in northern winter was possible solely on caribou fat. Fat was burned in old fashioned lamps for light. Awasin said, “The deer will give us all three things” (105) - food, clothing and shelter. Thus the deer alone has been the source of existence in the Barrens.
The boys experienced a tempo of contentment and happiness in Nature. The change of climate in the Barrens also kept the boys engaged in so many urgent jobs that they had little time for worries. Day by day when they got accustomed with the land, they became more confident and started enjoying a life of contentment. Jamie said, "The way I feel right now I could live out here forever, and love it too!" (120).

Fish and meat were not the only foods the boys gathered. They collected leaves from the carpets of low plants and dried them in the frying pan and packed them in deer skin bags. Indians of the north had many names for these herbs, but White men called it Labrador tea. Crowberries and bearberries were also found in the low muskegs, often dried and hidden in the moss. In the broad plains, loneliness was something to fear. A caribou fawn helped the boys make the world a less lonely place. Awasin and Jamie were struck with awe and wonder when they saw a new sight of a series of mounded hills rising steadily upward. Jamie said that it looked like the end of the world. When they looked the other side, far below ran a narrow valley whose floor was a paradise. There were lakes and real trees that shone like green mirrors. It was a sight so unexpected that they could hardly believe it. There were some valleys where even the bitter blast of the Arctic winds could not reach. Mowat is delighted to write that in these valleys "trees gain a foothold, grasses and flowers follow as their seeds are carried by the birds, and so hidden sanctuaries from the blankness of the Barrens are formed" (130). When the boys stared in wonder,
the little fawn was not so awed. It was happily on its way as it was already a part of the land. The boys followed it and reached the floor of the valley.

Birds, rivers, hills, valleys, rocks, water, trees, animals, lakes and plains were the constant visions of the arctic land. In each step, the boys were guided and motivated by these visions. In fact, they were inspired by them. Mowat says that discoveries are possible to anyone who explores this land only if one works in association with the land and environment. Inspirations come only at these sights. So, the boys moved from rock to rock or lake to lake like a pair of goats. Still, the deer were the mysteries behind all these visions. There was a remarkable concept on deer meat. Wasting the deer meat was viewed a serious offence or it was murderous even. Awasin said, “If we let those deer go to waste now, we’ll be no better than murderers” (142). Preserving and treating the deer meat was regarded as a great job.

*Lost in the Barrens* presents Jamie a mimic of Mowat himself. The wearing of ‘parkas’, a dress made of deer skin was a thrilling experience to Jamie. Here again, Jamie seems to be Mowat himself as he appears in *The People of the Deer* where Mowat wears parkas prepared by Howmik, wife of Ootek. Jamie’s idea of making bow and arrow also reminds one of the spirits of Mowat who was supporting the Eskimos’ ancient way of shooting. The boys were so much excited when they found the Eskimo dogs. They coaxed the dogs with pieces of cooked meat and with gentle words. The presence of dogs dispelled the loneliness of the land. Taming of wild beings is not at all a matter
for Mowat. Awasin and Jamie got fresh interest in life and devoted themselves to the huskies that might be the means of delivering them from the winter Barrens. The fear of the Eskimos neither disturbed the boys nor reduced their pleasure they took in the dogs. The presence of the dogs Fang and Ayuskeemo developed a new atmosphere. They brought a new happiness into the hearts of the boys. All enjoyed full harmony. Whenever Jamie was depressed, he would look at the two big handsome beasts and felt a thrill of hope. He believed that someday the dogs would help them to escape the bleak winter Barrens. Next few days the boys seemed worried and they always talked about their chances of escape. Like the intelligent Mutt in *The Dog Who Wouldn’t Be*, these dogs also sensed the unhappy situation and reacted by whining in sympathy for the boys’ condition. At last they planned an attempt for an escape by making a sled. They loaded the sled with food and moved off down the valley. Ayusekeemo and Fang pulled the over laden sled. On the way, the boys were in a nightmare as they were affected by white fire, a sickness caused by sun rays. When the boys suffered the dogs too were worried. “Fang and Ayuskeemo came into the tent, worried and disturbed by the odd behavior of their masters. They whined and licked the boys” (216).

The author wishes for the indescribable state where humans and animals live in harmony and comfort each other. After facing a winter blizzard, the boys found an Eskimo igloo. The dogs followed them into it. “They curled up on the edge of the robes, adding their body heat to that of the boys so that in a little while the deadly chill vanished from them” (225). Thus even the body
warmth of the animals comforted the boys. One day, they saw a stranger with a long sled drawn by a team of dozen dogs. He was not much older than Jamie. He was dressed in furs. Jamie waved his empty hand to show that he had no gun and tried a smile. The stranger stood poised like a deer ready for flight. Jamie with a feeling of joy shouted that they could make friends. In the meantime Ayuskeemo started smelling noses with the dogs of the stranger and got mixed up. The unknown stranger tentatively started smiling. With over joy Jamie invited him for eating. The stranger smiled broadly and said in English, “Sure – we eat tuktu ” (229). An hour later the three boys sat in the igloo and started eating the meat brought by the stranger whose name was Peetyuk. Seventeen year old Peetyuk was born in an igloo of the inland Eskimos. His mother was an Eskimo and his father was a white man. When Peetryuk was four years, he lost his father. Peetyuk lent the boys three of his dogs. The two sleds moved and reached the snow-covered Kazon which Peetyuk called Innuit–ku, the river of men. They came upon a settlement of seven igloos. When the Eskimos surrounded them and caused curious glances at Jamie and Awasin, Peetyuk shouted, “My people, Your friends” (234). The boys were led to the largest of the snow houses. The inside of the igloo was warm though the temperature was below zero outside. A sturdy old man appeared before the boys and said, “This place is yours …. Eat with us. Sleep with us. Your home now” (235). Women rushed to treat the boys with food. They ate as much as they could. Songs and laughter followed in the camp.
Thus the great adventure came to an end. The long months of difficulty and of loneliness came to their end in the camps of the inland Eskimos. One fine day, they moved southward with Peetyuk in three sleds. The Eskimos knew very well that they must always travel with the forces of the land and never fight against them. They reached the place of Crees. Marie caught both Jamie and Awasin against her ample bosom. The whole Cree population gathered to welcome them. Awasin introduced Peetyuk as he had come to live with them. There was extreme happiness. Alphonse said, “Today my son came back from the shadow world. I know a great happiness because of this. It is the greater happiness because he has brought me yet another son” (242). This type of harmony always prevailed in the blood of Eskimos. Later that day, Angus also joined them.

Mowat's strength lies in the sense of pace and breathless suspense he gives to his tale. The boys almost reel from crisis to crisis. But, Mowat is far too good a writer. He knows the North too well, to strain credibility in the interest of narrative. Beneath the overlay of adventure there is always the solid substance of the North itself and the kind of character development it imposes on those who live there. Awasin, the son of a Cree chieftain, explains to Jamie, the city boy, that one must conform to the North rather than fight it, and so the interest of the story is fundamentally based on the way that adaptation is made rather than on the events that precipitate it.
Mowat's *Lost in the Barrens* is obviously a by-product of [his earlier] *People of the Deer*. Both are set in the Keewatin District, the barren lands west of Hudson Bay. Both aim at creating sympathy for the aborigines of the north. They contribute to a greater understanding of the north itself and the way of life appropriate to it. It could be argued that *Lost in the Barrens* represents Mowat's response to the failure of administrative system to take prompt and necessary action following his representation in *People of the Deer*. It is said:

It is an indignant book aimed at immediate remedies, it had received indignant replies in its turn. *Lost in the Barrens*, by the very nature of its genre, is a more moderate book than *People of the Deer*, and though it takes its stand on the same issues, it puts its trust in a future when its young readers, having become adults, will help bring about a changed attitude toward our native peoples. (Lucas 42)

Mowat embeds his rough-hewn anthropology and history with some nature lore. The boys Awasin and Jamie move from crisis to crisis, after the traditional fashion of boy's stories, and finally all ends happily, thanks to Peetyuk, a half-white Eskimo. The most distinguished section of the book by far, however, revolves around the boys' lives in Hidden Valley. Mowat, like Daniel Defoe, could make the most of a situation in which man and nature meet, not as rivals but as partners. Although storms blow violently in Hidden Valley, it is always cosy in the cabin, thanks to human ingenuity and to nature's
bounty in supplying food and fuel. Even the caribou fawn gives an opportunity to the boys to satisfy their ‘wish to love and to be loved’ which is the motif of so many pet animal stories. Mowat, again like Defoe, made a deep psychological realism by describing minutely all the boys’ activities in building their wilderness home, getting in their supplies, making their clothes, building their fires, and cooking their meals. Alec Lucas states:

> On the surface the central theme of the book may appear to be that of survival, but Mowat celebrates no such negative concept, not the merits of mere dogged persistency, for beneath the surface lies evidence that he has dedicated his story to positive values through which one asserts a joy in the vitality of living. (43)

Mowat, in fact, intensifies his logic of living life with Nature and wildlife in these three books. He is never guided by any mechanically planned system of bringing nature and wildlife into the context. He would rather simply reveal the series of accounts and adventures that feed his nature attributed conscious and subconscious states of mind. It is proven that his advocacy is well caused by his sense of biome that the earthly domain of ecosphere wants us to maintain.

Mowat says to David Suzuki, “Let’s consider the problems of man’s self-alienation from the rest of animate creation. How we are ever going to heal that rift? And heal it we must if either “they” or “we” are going to survive on this planet” (RE 178). Again he asks David Suzuki how they can restore unity
to the living family and bring modern man back into the fold. David Suzuki replies:

When I look at what humans do to each other on the basis of the most superficial differences, like whether your skin is black, white or yellow, I wonder if we can ever learn to treat other animals as members of one family of which we are part. And yet when we can take the heart of a baboon and transplant it into a human baby, surely that’s telling us that these animals are closely related to us. So how can we continue to treat them the way we do? Once you begin to realize that these animals are not much different from us and that there is a moral question about the way we treat them, that is the beginning of dissolving the line between “them” and “us”. (RE 179)

Having understood the above, it may be concluded like this. If all human beings die on a day, all the other beings will live forever. But if all other beings perish, man’s survival is an impossible one. Though People of the Deer and Last in the Barrens represent the same issues, the second one puts its trust in young readers who will help bring about a positive attitude toward environment.

The sequence of events in Mowat’s juvenile world bears a homely touch with flickering irony. It is observed that in such writings, there is more of enjoyment and experience expressed than giving a list of facts and figures
about wildlife extinction. So, here these pet animals and their role with human beings have been acknowledged as propinquity and complementary to a tabular ecocentric approach. This has been maintained within the architecture of a series of comments of the anecdotal details of the families of animal lovers, basically befitting the juvenile minds.