

so far few have been there to tell what kind of country is located within the millions of acres of land which must be around the Pole. Nansen marched across Greenland; Byrd and Amundsen flew over the Pole; Peary went to a certain spot, but all of them made hurried trips and did not linger to do much investigating. The flights of Wilkins and Nobile, however, have recently added to the world's knowledge of the Polar regions.

Twenty-five years ago Captain Andree, the intrepid Swedish explorer, went forth to map the lands of the North Pole. The

last seen of him was when his balloon disappeared from Bjornoen. Others, hundreds of them, unknown names except to the natives of Northern Norway, have gone forth to discover or hunt—and never returned, but the people of Northern Norway still look to some one to bring back information which will enable them to know what became of the many brave men who sacrificed their lives in the Northland, from which no news ever came until recently, when aircraft and radio began to play a part in exploration, and raise new hopes of solving problems long baffling to human effort.

Hunting Big Game by Train and Auto

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

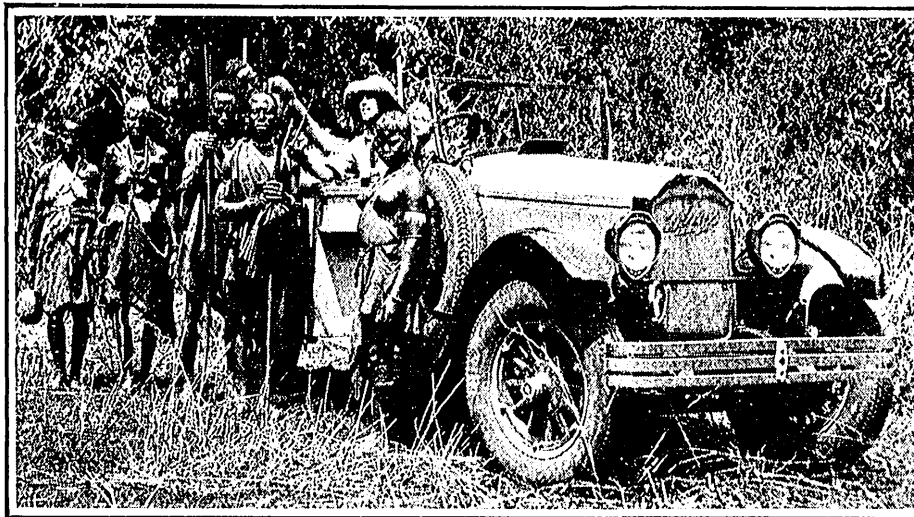
NEW human settlements, and the network of roads and railways which go with these, together with the increasing use of high-velocity rifles on the part of tourists and even the native blacks, all tend to diminish the vast herds and troops of the larger wild beasts which once roamed throughout Africa, from Somaliland to Cape Colony, and from the Indian Ocean to the great Atlas Mountains that run down to the Atlantic in Morocco. The Uganda Railway has just recently been prolonged to the source of the Nile at Ripon Falls. "Grand Hotels" in the towns; rest houses along the jungle trails; a system of licenses and organized "safari" caravans, with motor-Pullman coaches, trackers and guides, gunbearers, tentmen and interpreters—all these facilities bring the lion, leopard and wild elephant; the rhino, hippo, zebra, giraffe and all the antelopes, from the huge eland and kudu down to the gazelles, literally within the reach of any rich and leisured traveler who chooses to sit in a reserved armchair with a .303 or a .450 express rifle between his languid legs.

Shipping and tourist companies now advertise lion and elephant shoots as mildly exciting holidays in which even ladies may take part without any danger or fatigue. Indeed, so commonplace an event has the chase of the King of Beasts become, that

the heavy bore gun has largely given place to the cinema camera, and thrilling photos of formidable beasts are now thought worthier trophies of African "shikar" than a mass of skins and maned or horned heads to hang on the walls at home, or adorn the floors as rugs "with a history."

The natural result is a notable shrinkage in the magnificent fauna of Africa. Time was when the professional ivory hunter, F. C. Selous, could lay low 190 giant bull elephants in six weeks, and when a troop of fifty lions, hunting zebras and buffaloes together, was no uncommon sight to Dutch immigrant farmers journeying south of the Zambesi over the limitless veldt, with the usual ox wagons of less civilized days.

Already in Bechuanaland the elephant and rhinoceros are extinct. High plateaux of the Transvaal are now dreary, lifeless wastes, and the larger game tend to retreat in all directions before the creep and spread of African progress in this post-war day. Barely sixty-five years have elapsed since Speke and Grant discovered the spot where the infant Nile pours foaming out of the vast Victoria Nyanza lake. That was "Darkest Africa," indeed, haunted with lions and cannibal savages. Today the pampered tourist lands at Mombasa—the old centre of Arab slave-trade—from a palace liner, to find luxurious motors (with



Mrs. Martin Johnson, the explorer, with her automobile in Tanganyika

toilet and tea rooms!) awaiting him bound for the Mountains of the Moon or the mysterious peaks of Kilima Njaro, in whose 19,000-foot tropic snows legend has it that fabulous treasures of gold were hidden ages ago by the Abyssinians.

On the Uganda Railway are sleeping and restaurant cars; there will soon be another branch line to the Belgian Congo itself. And although even now one may shoot zebras and antelopes—even an occasional lion or giraffe—from the car windows, this is only a passing phase. Further and further afield each year must the hunter travel in quest of impressive trophies, which in any case are mainly the result of the mechanism and ballistics of a gun rather than physical prowess on the part of the sportsman.

Lords and ladies visit East Africa today to shoot great game on a honeymoon trip from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza; and what was once a four-month march of grave danger, is now only a pleasure trip of a day or two. Bankers, industrial leaders and business men of many nations take to African "safari" as a novel outing. "Conducted parties," with all the paraphernalia of tents, interpreters and guides now pass clear through the Dark Continent from Cape Town to Cairo, using comfortable steamers on the Great Lakes, and at Rejaf changing into Nile houseboats which have sumptuous suites of rooms, private baths, electric fans, a first-class cuisine and all the comforts

of a modern hotel, until Khartoum and Luxor are reached, and the Ritz or Carlton Palace again appear to show that the African tour is over. It is startling to learn that there is far more unexplored territory today in South America than is left in Africa or Central Asia.

THE PROFESSIONAL HUNTER

Africa is greatly tamed. No longer do all the tribes war upon one another—as did the fierce Masai upon the Wa-Kikuyu. The vanquished people were then left as outlaws and vagabonds, roaming at large—with a troop of lions prowling after them to seize and devour human prey every night. To shoot great game today one must take out a \$250 license. This allows the hunter to kill two elephants, one buffalo, two rhinos, two hippos, two zebras and about thirty antelopes of various kinds. But there is a good deal of poaching on or near the frontiers of the various Powers and their Protectorates. Professional hunters collect skins and heads for the natural history museums; they also secure elephant tusks, of which a good pair may be worth \$600. Then there are the trappers—both black and white—who catch wild beasts for the zoos and circuses of the world. No restriction is put upon lion slaying, since the King of Beasts is a terror to all, especially to the savage African villager, whose cattle are constantly destroyed and whose life is threatened by pounces in the night when

human beings are dragged off into the lonely bush. Warrior tribesmen like the Masai and Kavirondo think little of attacking such a marauder with their iron hoes, hoping he will drop his screaming victim. They even hunt the lion on foot with spears and shields, and engage in a terrible battle, which has actually been filmed by American expeditions, and recorded for the screen of men being mauled and torn by the King of Beasts at bay.

The lion may go four or five days without food. He then sets out after meat, and all Africa seems to recognize his right to it. He hunts in couples, in families or in troops up to a dozen or more, according to the quarry pursued. Easiest of all is the zebra, which roams the plains in herds of hundreds. The most difficult prey is the buffalo bull, himself a brute of vast strength and cunning, which will always hunt the human hunter until one or the other of them is killed.

When trailing buffaloes, the troop of lions use massed tactics. They run mute as foxhounds on the scent, and at last arrange their forces for attack. The strongest lions station themselves down-wind, while the rest assail the formidable herd and drive them toward the fatal ambush. In this case the kill is peculiar: a pounce on the left side, a dragging down of the great horned head with one taloned paw, while another grips the shaggy shoulder, and then the

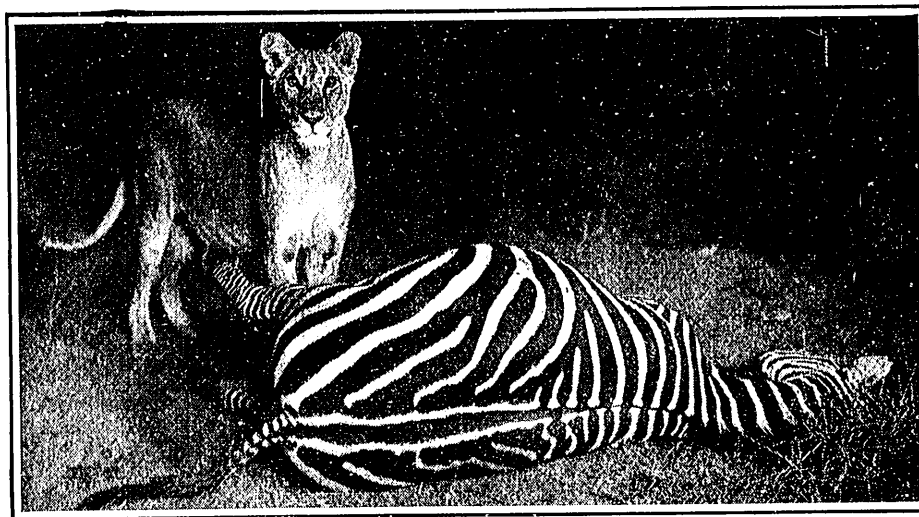
massive skull is pulled sideways to break the neck. Here, indeed, is epic vengeance of the wild, with savage growlings and belowings from both sides, sinking at last into moans of mortal agony and despair as the buffalo tumbles forward, head first.

Then quite likely the bigger lions stand aloof, while their half-grown cubs complete the kill and endeavor to carry out the skillful and systematic butchery which only these enormous cats practice. They never eat where they have killed; each carcass is dismembered and part of it hidden under grass or leaves for a second gorge.

The hapless giraffe is often the lion's prey. F. C. Selous, the greatest of all big game hunters, told me that the weirdest sight he ever beheld was that of a seventeen-foot bull giraffe galloping like mad in the moonlit dusk with a huge male lion on his back eating him alive.

LION'S METHOD OF HUNTING

In all ages, in all nations and literatures, from the Homeric poems to our own Bible, the lion is a symbol of majesty, power, and destructive ferocity when aroused. He is often eleven feet long, and may weigh 700 pounds. His maxillary fangs work like colossal shears; he has four auxiliary "mouths" in his sinewy feet in the form of razor-sharp claws; these are protected by velvety pads, and never touch the ground as these huge *felidoe* hunt their prey. And



Flashlight picture of a lioness on a zebra kill taken in Africa at night by Martin Johnson

those claws have behind them a paw stroke of sledgehammer force. A lion can make off with a zebra as easily as a retriever with a hare.

LION'S HABITS

Strangely enough, in spite of all the hunters and natural history writers, we know but little of the lion's domestic life. He has never been known to fight for a mate in the troop—even where one lioness only accompanies half a score of males. No one can say why adult lions suddenly forsake their usual antelope or other meat, and take to human beings exclusively. When the Uganda Railway was being built a pair of maneaters appeared at Tsavo Station to inaugurate a reign of terror which eventually suspended all construction on that important line.

Every night native laborers were dragged off shrieking for aid, only to be devoured by these fierce monsters in the nearby bush. The climax came when white hunters were actually seized in the coach where they lay in wait for these lions with express rifles beside them, and were hauled through the car windows to the same appalling fate. At last the natives refused to work even at treble pay, and the British Government had to send a famous *shikari* in the person of Colonel Paterson, who eventually laid low the Uganda Railway's man-eating nightmare and enabled this great national project to proceed.

Every year this King of Beasts takes toll of the white man, despite his modern armory of weapons. As for his depredations among the African natives, these are everyday affairs. Among all wild beasts the lion ranks first as an "enemy" because of his daring and his savagery of attack, even when at the point of death. The African buffalo is a dangerous foe, often following the hunter by scent, as will the elephant and the rhinoceros. The buffalo is especially dangerous in the

charge, holding his huge head low and thus making a brain shot very difficult to bring off.

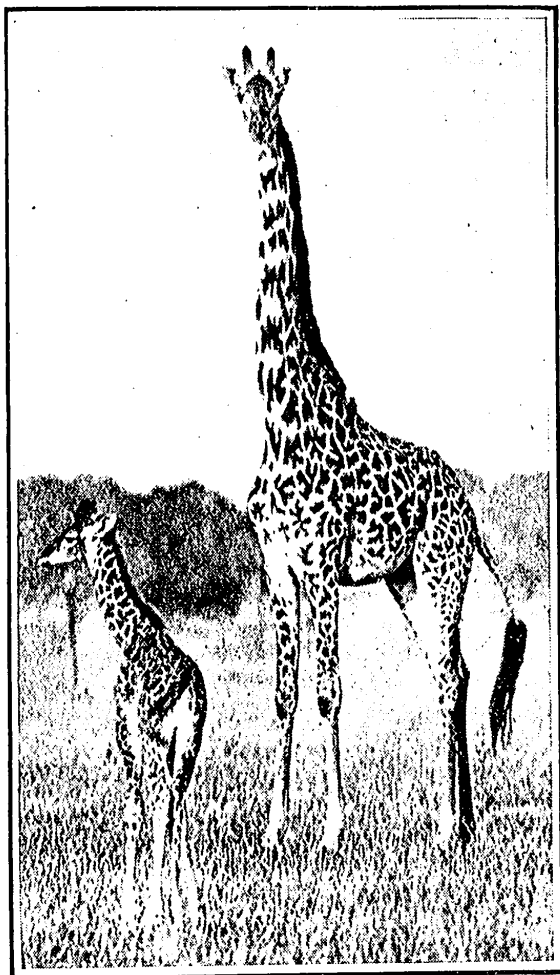
The leopard also is a terror in his final pounce; it comes with a thunderbolt swiftness and the target offered is small. But neither the buffalo bull nor the wounded leopard will enter camp in the dark and drag off men or animals as the lion commonly does. Nor are there any set rules for his attack. The lion, suddenly sighted by a white hunter, will give a growl and scuttle away—never with the majestic, maned head held high, as mistaken artists so often portray him, but with a supple slouch like that of a startled cat in the garden, with a wicked head below the level of the spine. A feeding lion, or a female with cubs may attack at once, fixing evil eyes on the human intruder, switching the black-tipped tail from side to side with ominous intent and lifting it at right angles to the back at the moment of the first leap.

The pace of a charging lion equals that of a fast horse, though the brute cannot keep it up for long. And nothing in all wild nature equals this onslaught for awe-



Times Wide World

Filming big game in Africa, with a gun-bearer at the photographer's side in case of trouble



Times Wide World

An unusual photograph of a female giraffe and her young one taken in Africa

some terror. The monster's progress is in great bounds of twenty or even thirty feet. The dense, tawny mane is bristling erect all round the vengeful face. The huge jaws are open, the eyes emit flame, and hoarse growls and roars precede the last jump, with all the fearsome claws unsheathed for terrible mauling and rending of flesh.

It was in such a manner as this that Mr. George Grey, the brother of Lord Grey of Fallodon, was assailed in East Africa, and not all the efforts of Sir Alfred Pease and his sons could save this hapless hunter from a frightful ordeal. Yet Mr. Grey, still alive, though horribly mauled by talons and fangs, could calmly instruct his friends how to handle his lacerated and bleeding body. It is a well known, though inexplicable fact, that the larger *felidoe* inflict no physical pain upon their victims during the kill.

Every African authority, from David Livingstone to Frederick Selous, has confirmed this strange phenomenon.

As a rule, the adult lion will avoid man and prefers hunting big game to feeding on dead cattle and antelopes in those "tsetse fly" belts, which the African insect so often denudes of all animal population. Yet once a lion has taken to man-eating, he will accept no other prey. And, again, many adult lions do become carrion feeders, staring up at the sky to see where a flock of soaring vultures mark the spot where draft or domestic oxen or mules have fallen, or where big antelopes, like the eland, kudu or impala, have sickened and laid down to die. A notable case is recorded where a troop of lions followed an emigrant caravan in the "fly belt," devouring dead oxen and even disinterring the human corpses from shallow graves, afterward entering camp to sniff inquisitively at sick and helpless men in their cot-beds and then trot off without harming them at all!

As for the elephant, his existence can never accord with human settlement and agriculture, whatever may be said about his preservation on sentimental or natural history grounds. Even in Cape Colony itself a small herd of about 100 wild ele-

phants was for many years protected, even in the face of all the farmers' protests. Fences and sheds would be carried away, crops trampled and devoured by these prowling "steam rollers"—some of them old bull tuskers of six tons or more. Finally the South African Government had to yield to protests, and the herd was exterminated by both Dutch and British landowners, who had suffered much from the last elephant survivors in the far South.

LARGER ANIMALS DISAPPEARING

Both elephants and rhinos have long since disappeared from Bechuanaland, where a few hartebeests, blesboks and gemsboks are all that remain of the countless herds of antelopes that once swarmed the plains. The high veldt of the Transvaal is likewise a wilderness in regard to animal life; in

Mashonaland the black and square-mouthed rhinoceros still lingers precariously. But there is little great game to the south of the great Zambesi River.

East Africa was the last stronghold of all types, and now the new development of railroads and steamers which followed the creation of Kenya Colony is menacing even this huge animal preserve with total extinction in our own day.

Up to 150 pounds of fine ivory can be chopped from the head of a fallen elephant, so the inducement to slay these monsters is obvious enough. In out-of-the-way regions savage chiefs will hail the advent of a white hunter with his double-express rifles of .450 calibre. They guide him and his gun-bearers to the recent spoor of a browsing herd—no longer a thousand strong, as in Selous's day, but possibly numbering two hundred giants or more. A big tusker is picked out, and a brain-shot tried, for this will topple over the vast brute at once. If the first shot fails, there is trouble in store. Up goes the sensitive trunk with a vengeful scream to sense where the hunters lurk. Then come a headlong, racing charge. If a tree can be climbed by the hunted man, well and good; if not an awful tragedy may result, for an enraged elephant can travel as fast as any horse over a short distance.

On one fateful occasion, the famous ivory-hunter Selous fled for his life, and so did his two gun-bearers, flinging away their heavy weapons as they ran. But the furious monster caught one of these unlucky savages. Round his nude body curled the avenging trunk. High in the air the terrified man was swung, then hurled at a distant tree, as a boy might fling a stone. Every bone in the victim's body was broken. Yet the wounded elephant did not stop in his plunging course. Arrived at the tree, he flattened out his dead foe's body with a trampling leg that had tons of weight above it. Then the monster plucked off all four limbs, and looked around for his other two assailants.

DANGERS OF HUNTING

Elephant hunting is a pretty serious business. Apart from the terrible risks of a charge, it is a most exhausting thing to tramp many miles after the herd in fierce-tropic heat, carrying a heavy rifle—floun-

dering through swamps, swimming across rivers full of crocodiles and hippos, braving sunstroke and the onslaught of poisonous insects whose bite may mean malaria, fever or even death itself.

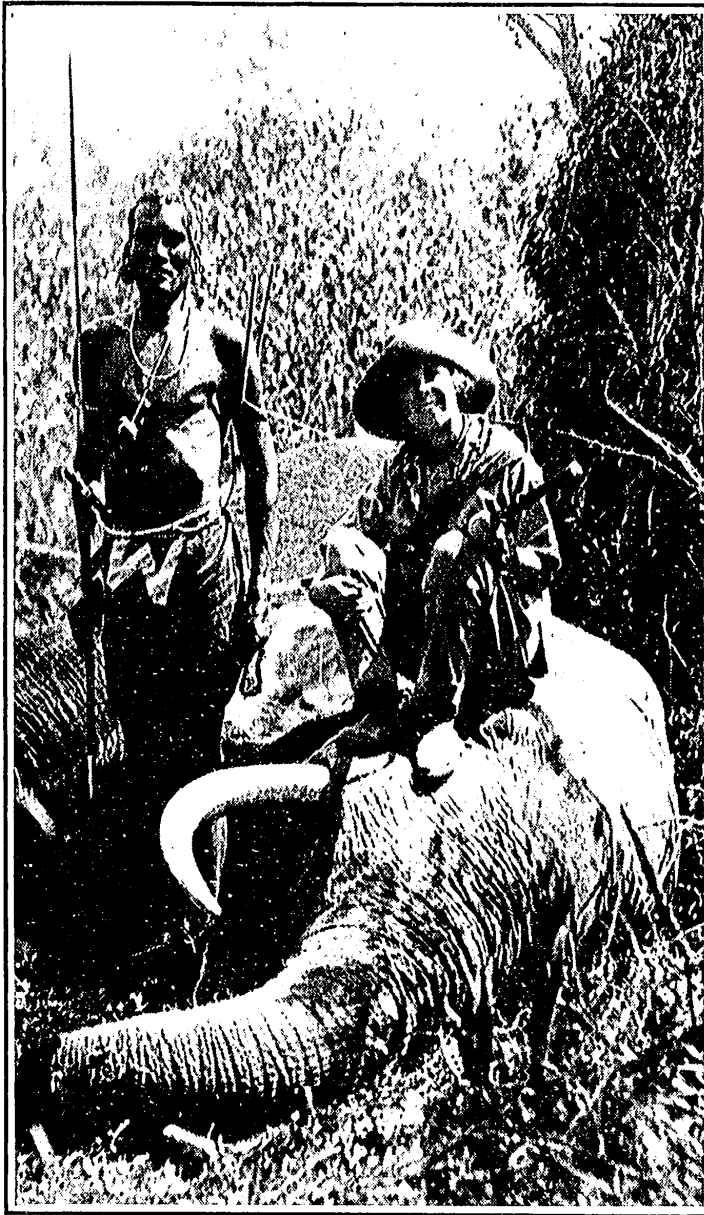
But a fallen elephant is a great prize, alike for the white hunter of ivory and his savage tribal guides. These last swarm over the colossal carcass like ants on a leaf. A hole is dug on the top side, and a naked warrior vanishes into the depths of it to pass up to expectant companions great slabs of the bleeding meat. This is eaten raw, and to such an extent that the feasters are at length rolling on the ground in agonies of repletion! But when will a white man again come this way to give them such a banquet of meat? The only part of an elephant which the white hunter will eat is the heart, roasted on twigs; this is considered a great African delicacy.

The tribes themselves can and do hunt the elephant, but this is a long and tedious affair. They hide in trees, armed with weighted harpoons and throwing-spears. The herd is then stampeded, and the huge, broad-bladed weapons hurled down between the shoulderblades of a chosen tusker. In such cases the wounded beast has to be followed for many days by bow-men and trackers, to be harried on the way and still further wounded unto death, so that at last he tumbles on his knees and is dispatched amid all confusion and shrill uproar.

Elephants live to a great age, and curiously enough retire to die in a spot known to the natives as "the elephants' cemetery." To light upon one of these is, of course, like discovering a gold mine, since "dead" ivory may be found lying here by the hundred-weight, and this valuable commodity is constantly rising in price owing to the shrinkage in supplies.

The great horned rhinoceros is a clumsy, stupid, uncertain beast. He also is disappearing, together with the huge and harmless giraffe—for which any national zoo of today must pay at least \$5,000. Hunting the black, the so-called "white," or the great square-mouthed rhino is perilous sport, for this ungainly brute has a marvelous sense of smell, and will often charge with deadly intent without being wounded at all.

To shoot giraffes, of course, entails no



Times Wide World

Mrs. Martin Johnson sitting on an elephant she shot during a hunting trip in Africa

more danger than to kill cows. This curious and beautiful creature—so difficult and delicate to breed in captivity—is now the scarcest of all Africa's greater game. That mysterious brother of the giraffe, the "okapi," may be said to be extinct. Its very existence was unknown until the late Sir Harry Johnston secured a complete skin from a native villager and sent it home to the British Museum of Natural History with a drawing of the animal done from description only. Later on, the first recorded

specimen of an okapi—a cross between a zebra and a giraffe — was found living as a pet in the household of a Belgian lady, the wife of a Government official on the Congo.

The London Zoo heard of this unique survival and made an offer of £1,000 for it. But its patriotic owner sent it instead to the Antwerp Zoo. Yet despite all care and coddling on the voyage from the Congo to Europe, this queer animal died at sea on the way.

In the very heart of Africa, persistent rumors run of yet other unknown creatures whose existence may or may not be a fact. Meanwhile, all the great known beasts are receding before the construction of railways and roads with white immigration and tourist traffic of which Stanley and Burton never dreamed. Uganda has been divided, and the highlands of Kenya Colony are marked out as coffee plantations, where soil and climate rival those of famous Sao Paulo in Brazil.

Not long ago a young English aristocrat—the Hon. Denys Finch Hatton—went out stalking lions from Nairobi with a Ford car and two one-ton trucks mounting a cinema camera on a bracket with a universal joint-fitting. In open bush on the Scranget Plains, Mr. Finch Hatton came upon zebra herds and the larger antelopes. Where these feed, the lion is not far away. In a few days no less than seventy of these magnificent brutes were seen, including lionesses and cubs.

One hunting troop numbered 20 lions, and when these pulled down a zebra, the rest of the striped herd, after a moment's panic, went on grazing and gamboling as if nothing tragic had occurred. Beside the photographer in the car sat a watchful *shikari* with a .450 rifle in case of "trouble." Four lions were presently seen herded on a big bare red ant heap, and the car actually advanced to within 30 yards of them. As the camera started with its whirl of gears, one lioness climbed down and strolled away. But the rest kept Mr. Finch Hatton close company for four hours; and when the lions moved the car followed them for another series of pictures! To such a prosy pitch has lion-stalking come in these ultra-civilized days.

Stranger still, it is now thought proper to reward these majestic camera "sitters" for their "kindness." So away sped the car to kill a large antelope and drag it back over the plains by a slipknot from the rear spring. This feast was loosed to the lions at 35 yards, and they duly took possession of it, while this very modern African hunter got ready more films for the savage feast. Closer and closer crept the car.

Now and then an evil blood-smeared face was lifted to survey it with a deep suspicious growl, as the six-inch lens did its recording work. Presently the lionesses, half-sated, retired to the grateful shade of a big umbrella thorn, leaving their huge black-maned lord and master to bring along the meat to them—which he did exactly as a cat trots across the room with an insignificant mouse!

The photographer, of course, does no harm in this way; but the rich tourist in East Africa knows no peace until he can send home pictures of himself in cowboy kit with an enormous "bag" at his feet—elephants, rhinos, leopards, giraffes and so on. I know of one party of friends who left Mombasa with 30 lions, including half-grown cubs who follow the parents for instruction in the trailing and killing, and with the larger antelopes.

Unless this wanton orgy of slaughter can be stopped by drastic laws, the time is not far distant when the only place to see the great wild beasts of Africa will be the local zoo, or, stuffed, in the natural history museum, where we go to study the wonders of the animal kingdom.

