

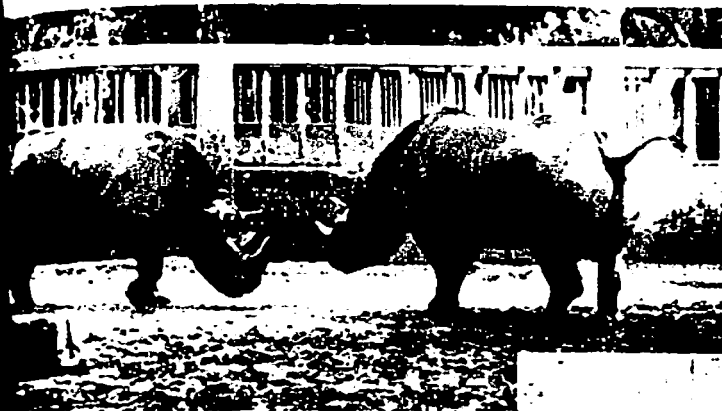
IT HAPPENED AT THE ZOO

Romping Rhinos

RICHARD VAN NOSTRAND, our staff photographer, heard a commotion recently as he walked around the Elephant Mesa right after a hard rain. Going to the Rhino enclosure and peering over the guard rail he saw Barney and Sally, our young rhinos, playfully battering themselves head-on. It was a case of an irresistible force meeting an equally irresistible force — amid flying, soupy mud.

Van captured the scene in the series of four photographs reproduced below.

Of course, the dialogue with each picture is strictly fictitious; but have you ever tried to translate Rhino?



"Let's play battering ram, Sally," says Barney, at left. "Okay," says Sally. "Take your place at 20 paces." Both animals move back to the prescribed distance.



"Ready?" Barney asks Sally. "Ready! And here I come!" calls out Sally. With heads lowered they both plunge toward each other at a speed unbelievable for their bulk and weight.



With the female's habit to acknowledge the male's superiority, Sally slows down and braces herself for the impact. Watery mud flies in every direction, landing on walls, rhinos and spectators.

Wham! Bang! Pow! Their compacted hairy horns take the brunt of the impact. "Here's mud in your eye!" says Sally, backing away. "You have one leg up on me. Three out of five is the winner." And they both drop back for another lunge at each other. (This "game" continues until one or the other tires and retreats. And, despite the terrific impacts, their horns and noses are none the worse for wear.)

