

Jungle Hunting with a Camera



Unique Collection of Flashlight Snapshots Made by Mr. C. G. Schillings of His Wild Animal Friends.

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Mr. C. G. Schillings

MR. C. G. SCHILLINGS' "Flashlight and Rifle in Africa" is attracting wide attention in Europe, and the snapshots which he took in the jungle are pronounced to be the most extraordinary ever produced by the camera.

Mr. Schillings is indeed a huntsman of a unique type. He has a passionate love for animals. One can discern that their souls—or, if you prefer, their minds—are much more interesting to him than their skins. With infinite pains he has collected many extraordinary instances of the acuteness and

it was the victim who was to take his own snapshot.

Armed with this apparatus he made four visits to equatorial Africa. His last was the only thoroughly successful one. But its success was amazing. Here was his modus operandi. Having discovered a spring or other bit of water which gave evidence of nightly visitations from deer or lion or tiger he drove a stake beside it whereto he tied his bait, a kid or a calf.

In front of the bait the camera is connected by a stout cord with the stake, in such a manner that when touched the instrument will do the rest.

At nightfall the hunter ambushed himself in waiting for his subject. The



A lion prowling in the jungle at night



Herd of Zebras at drinking pool



The Apparatus



A Lioness about to spring upon her prey

the variety of the emotions which the wildest of the wild animals is capable of experiencing and exhibiting.

For nearly twenty years no explorer had ever succeeded in bringing back to Europe a live baby rhinoceros. Separated from its mother, the cub died very soon. Mr. Schillings, having captured one, conceived the idea of giving him a goat as a companion. At the end of some days the little one developed an extraordinary affection for the goat, though the latter did not give him suck. He slept beside her and followed her everywhere. The rhinoceros grew up. Mr. Schillings brought him to Europe and placed him in the Zoological Gardens in Berlin. As to the goat, she gave birth to a young one, and the three animals now live together, the rhinoceros showing as great a liking for the kid as for its mother. Mr. Schillings remains a valued friend of the family. Whenever he comes to the Berlin Zoo the rhinoceros recognizes him from among all the curious who surround the cage and comes up to welcome him like a faithful dog.

Mr. Schillings has met other friends in the desert—an elephant who "adored him," as he tells us, "with an infantile complicity"; a small baboon which he tended so carefully that whenever after a long excursion the hunter returned to camp the animal seemed to go crazy with joy, and a number of marabout storks, a bird of great affection and good sense.

These storks gave him great trouble. They were old birds when captured. They refused all nourishment. It was necessary to force them to eat—this for several weeks! At last they began to realize that no one wished them any harm, and the time came when they not only accepted the food that was given them but even developed an affectionate gratitude for the master who had been so good to them. Today these storks are fellow boarders of Mr. Schillings' other pets in Berlin, and like them they testify their joy at seeing him in a manner which affords immense amusement to the featherless bipeds in the vicinity.

But these are only episodes. Mr. Schillings' main intention in visiting Africa was to photograph wild animals in their lair. He began with deer. Now deer, like most other inhabitants of the desert, are afraid of man. It is in the glimpses of the moon, when man is asleep, that the deer leaves its hiding places and roams around in search of food. So the photographer had a double difficulty to face. His task was not merely to catch snapshots at passing animals, but to do it in the dark. For this purpose he enlisted the aid of a photographer friend to prepare a camera which should emit a flashlight simultaneously with the pressing of the button. But it was not the hunter,

animal scents the bait from afar. He arrives. He makes a spring. In springing he pulls the cord. There is a clicking sound, a dazzling flare of light and the thing is done. The animal has photographed himself.

Mr. Schillings tells us how he photographed his first lion. It was on his fourth voyage. Disembarking at Tanga, on the eastern coast of Africa, he organized a caravan of a hundred and seventy negroes and starts out toward Lake Njiri, in the interior. He passes by great flocks of storks making ready for their annual flight to Europe, troops of buffaloes, hundreds of gazelles, several gigantic serpents and other fauna of the desert and jungle. He cares nothing for them. He is in search of a lion. He does not have long to seek. He arrives at a stream of water which, zigzagging for miles amid steep rocks, at last loses itself in the sand and forms an oasis. In this oasis he makes his camp. Everywhere around him he sees the tracks of lions and rhinoceros.

enormous number of these royal animals are every year sacrificed to our commercial cupidity—just for a little ivory.

For the rhinoceros also he has a great respect. During the year he passed in the district of Masai Nyika he met with some 500 rhinoceroses. Interesting but perilous meetings!

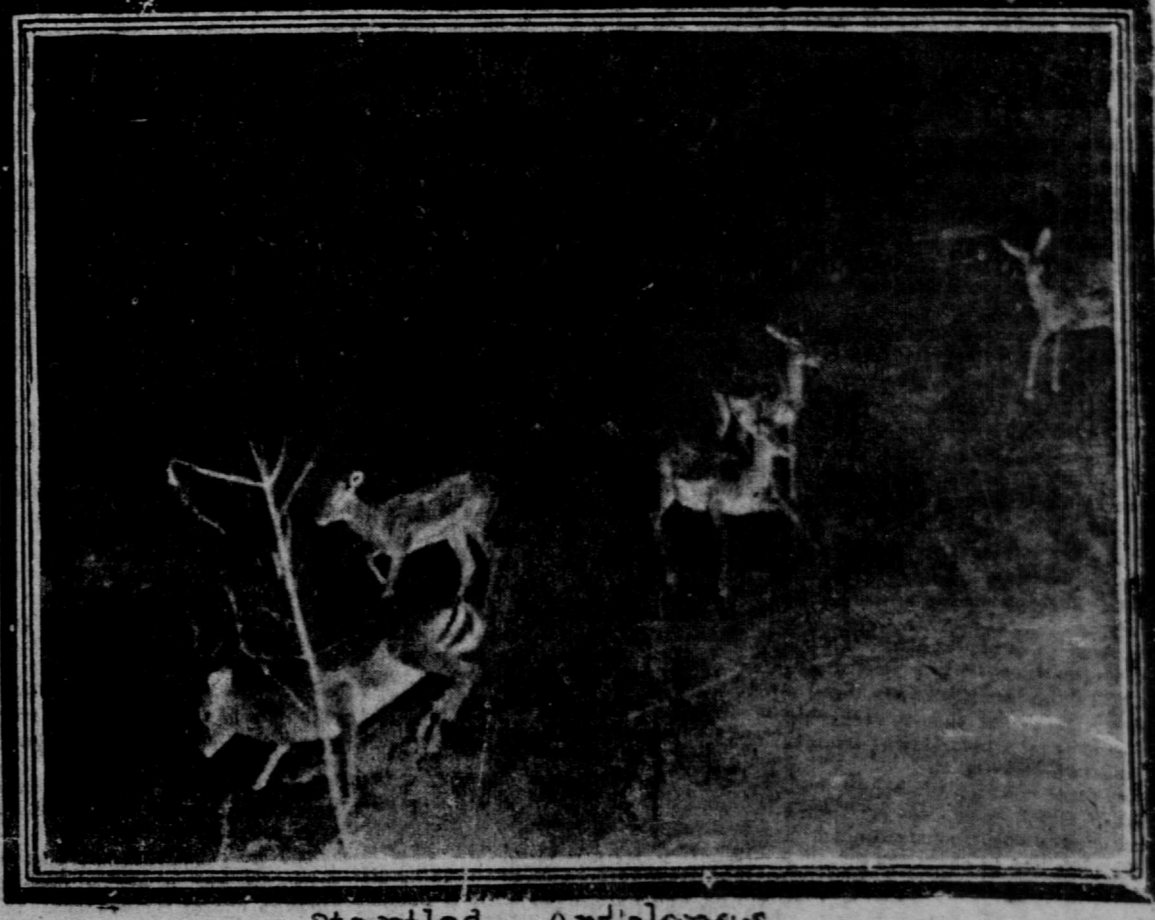
Among his photographs are several portraits of white rhinoceroses. The white rhinoceros, next to the elephant, is the largest of mammiferous animals, and, as our hunter informs us, it is without exception the most "obedient." He discovered the latter quality when one day, some miles from his camp, he came upon two of these enormous animals sleeping under a tree. He approached within a score of feet, took some photographs very tranquilly and was then starting on his homeward way when suddenly the animals rose and rushed toward him in the wildest fury.

"I thought sure enough this time that my hour had come," says Schillings. "None the less he had the presence of mind to remember that there were six balls in his rifle. He pulled the trigger four times and to his great surprise both animals fell dead."

This good hunter, however, never uselessly shed the blood of animals. When one day it became necessary for him to disembarass himself of a female



Young Rhinoceros and its mother



Startled Antelope

At sunset he hears loud roarings. Night falls. The hours pass. Nothing happens. Succeeding nights yield similar experiences. Then the idea comes to him to bait the stake in the fashion already indicated. He will fasten to it a live calf. He has to harden himself to the task. This hunter is so tender-hearted that he cannot bear to sacrifice the life of this young creature. Happily he finds an argument which appeases his conscience.

"Our donkeys and our calves," he says, "are in this country constant victims to flies and insects whose venom is often fatal. To be devoured by a lion is a comparatively easy death."

Kind heart and quick wit shall presently be rewarded. A deer is seen approaching. A lioness follows in the wake of the deer. It springs at the deer just at the psychological moment. Click! Flash! The picture is taken. Lion and deer disappear, the calf is to spare her little one and adopt it as has already been narrated.

Though Schillings loves the lion he loves the elephant more. The latter, he thinks, is the true king of the desert. He deplores the fact that such an rhinoceros whose attention threatened to become too intimate, he knew how to spare her little one and adopt it as has already been narrated.

Many pictures of giraffes were taken by Mr. Schillings in equatorial Africa, some by night and some by day.