

# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

CHINA — BURMA — INDIA

**AUGUST  
1954**



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA



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## Ex-CBI Roundup

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## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● The new Binder which Roundup first offered in the June issue has met with overwhelming approval. The best testimonial we can give is the fact that almost every reader who ordered one has purchased another. If we published all of the complimentary letters of approval in this issue there'd be room for little else!

● Reunion time is drawing near. It looks as though predictions that it'll be the biggest CBI gathering since the war will become fact. Hope you're planning to attend!

● In reading the weekly Calcutta Statesman (from which we gather items for "CBI Dateline") we note an increasing hostile attitude of the Indian Government toward the United States. From your own daily newspaper you get a glimpse of India's position, but in the Calcutta Statesman . . . it's been a long time since we've read anything favorable about Americans or the U.S.A. We can understand India's short-sighted attitude, to a degree, since they are rather close on two sides to Communist nations. But we hope some day soon the Indians will discover we are doing something constructive toward world peace. This we cannot say for the nations India would appease.

● This month's cover subject is a Kachin Tribesman of Northern Burma. The Kachins played an important role in reopening the land route to China — The Stilwell Road — working as laborers and acting as scouts and guides for American Infantry troops. U. S. Army photo.

## Cover Subject

● In my estimation, the selection of Lt. Jack Knight, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, for the July issue cover subject makes it the best cover picture on the magazine thus far, barring none!

JAMES J. NEWTON,  
Berkeley, Calif.

## Hump Pilot Killed

● I thought the friends of Capt. Phillip C. Baker, who piloted 196 missions over the "Hump" during the war, would be interested in knowing of his death. He was a prominent businessman of Royal Oak, Mich. and was killed when his car rammed a garbage truck in Detroit June 3rd.

ARTHUR LAYZELL,  
Royal Oak, Mich.

## Myitkyina Strip

● The picture of the Myitkyina airstrip on page 2, July issue, sure brought back memories. Landed there many times in 1945 as a C-47 crewman.

JOHN H. PETERSON,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

## Crowded Calcutta

● . . . was astounded to read in the July issue about Calcutta's crowded conditions and to learn there are 90,000 people living there per square mile. And we thought it was crowded when we were there! That was long before the many refugees came.

QUENTIN WEST,  
Cleveland, Ohio

## Some Heroes

● "Heroes and Awards" (July) was excellent reading. It shows that at least some of us CBI-ers did something toward winning the war! . . .

EARL S. MAYS,  
Wichita, Kansas

# RHINO! RHINO!

HOWARD  
GLOTT



BY  
RALPH GRAHAM

Assistant Director  
Chicago Zoological Park  
Brookfield, Illinois

## A Postwar Adventure To Capture Two Rhinos For the Brookfield Zoo

I AM NOT a legitimate CBI-er but a CBI brother-in-law of sorts. To square that takes some explaining. My wife, Mary Graham, nee Camp, was a dietician with the 73rd Evacuation Hospital stationed at Ledo for one year, then moved to Shingbuiyang for 14 months. Naturally, when the Chicago Basha was formed, she was in the front row and I trailed along to the meetings. Later when the Basha found they couldn't get rid of me they made me an Honorary Member. In my acceptance speech I said that in a way I was sorry to be made an Honorary Member because that would make me ineligible to form the CBI Ladies Auxiliary. I should have known better than to open my big mouth in public—for right then I was elected to the Presidency of the Ladies Auxiliary, Chicago Basha of the CBI V. A.! Don't laugh, brother, that job has its compensations.

Other than through this shirt-tail relationship, I feel a kinship with CBI people because I spent some time in India. That was not during the war but in 1948. My army career was spent in a certain state that lies in a more southerly latitude than Illinois. As to my army career, about the only thing worth mentioning is that according to record we won the war in spite of my being in the army.

Prior to the war I had done considerable art and design work for the Chicago Zoological Park located at Brookfield, Illinois, which is popularly known as the Brookfield Zoo. Upon my discharge from the army I was offered a position on the staff of the Brookfield Zoo as artist-photographer. Later the zoo became a little short of an assistant director so I assumed that title which at the time of this writing I still hold.

One of the members of the Chicago Zoological Society, Mr. George B. Dryden of Chicago had a long standing offer to make a gift of a pair of Great Indian Rhinoceroses to the Society if and when they were procurable. Through the years

commissions were given to three different commercial animal dealers to collect a pair of rhinos but none of them was successful.

Through a chain of circumstances we found ourselves in correspondence with the Forest Department of Assam, India, in regard to the purchase of a pair of rhinos. The Forest Department has charge of the conservation of wild life as well as the beautiful forests of Assam. Details satisfactory to both parties were completed in January 1948, and the zoo not being able to find anyone else handy at the moment sent me to India to bring back the rhinos.

I'm sure a number of you CBI-ers are thinking: "I didn't know there were any rhinoceroses in India. I thought they came from Africa." The rhinoceros with which you are probably more familiar does come from Africa. That one is called the Hook-lipped or Black African Rhinoceros. It is a two-horned job and is a much smaller animal than the Great Indian rhinoceros. It also has a comparatively smooth skin whereas the Indian rhino has the so-called armor plating with heavy studs or tubercles on the shoulders and rear quarters and it has but one horn.

I LEFT ON February 3, flying to London where I spent a week, then on to India via Rome, Athens, Istanbul, Damascus, Karachi, landing at Dum Dum airport in Calcutta.

We knew my destination was Kaziranga, Assam, but we could not locate it on any available map, so upon my arrival in Calcutta I went immediately to the Indian Map Service where I also succeeded in not finding Kaziranga. I sent a telegram to the Conservator of Forests, Mr. P. D. Stracey at Shillong, advising him of my arrival. Some time later he

called me long distance at the Great Eastern Hotel where I was staying. The Indian phone system! I've had better reception from a crystal set using a Prince Albert tobacco can for a speaker. Mr. Stracey sounded like Donald Duck with a British accent. He repeated several times that to reach Kaziranga I was to take the Bengal & Assam Railway to Pflaphlati where I would be met by a Forest Guard. In desperation I asked him to confirm my destination, Pflaphlati, by wire. It turned out to be Furkating.

Mr. Stracey also told me to hire and bring a bearer and enough food to last, but to last how long I hadn't the faintest idea. Dutifully I went out and made my purchase of food which I packed in one of those Indian tin trunks held together with a padlock. I might just as well have saved the time and money because some so-and-so broke open the trunk and stole most of the food. For that I hoped he would develop double ulcers and the hiccoughs. He did leave some tinned butter and Vienna sausages.

To offset that bad fortune I was extremely lucky in finding a wonderful bearer, or rather the Great Eastern Hotel found him for me. He was to act as bearer, interpreter (although I could barely understand his English), cook, advisor, nursemaid and what-not. Without his faithful aid I'm sure I would have

had a bad time. He was quick-witted and alert except when he had had a spot or two of bamboo juice. His name was *Kashi Ram*. He pronounced it *Kahshi Rahm*. Kashi told me that during the war he worked for an Air Corps mess sergeant in Calcutta. I believed it because he sometimes entertained me by doing an imitation of the half-plastered sergeant ranting about his C.O.

Kashi differed from most of his fellow Indians in that he was larger in stature and he carried that unmistakable badge of station—a paunch, and it was a hum-dinger! I'm sure that more than rice was used to cultivate a job like that.

After frenzied preparations Kashi and I finally found ourselves on the train. Whenever we settled down into comparative comfort the train would stop and we would gather up all our belongings—bed rolls, cameras, etc., pile out of the train and climb into another train of a different gauge rail. Then at Pandu we ferried across the Brahmaputra and climbed on another train. At Furkating, our destination by rail, we finally found the Forest Guard in bed immobilized with malaria. Since it was too late at night to start for Kaziranga we took over the rest bungalow and tried to sleep.

In the morning Kashi exhumed a Model A Ford with right-hand drive, no top, and springs that were long since sprung. Together with all our paraphernalia, including the remainder of our Vienna Sausages, we reached Kaziranga late in the afternoon of Feb. 20th. I moved into the Inspection Bungalow (built for the convenience of travelers) and Kashi took one of the little huts in the compound, both of which were comfortable for our purposes.

Little wonder that we could not locate Kaziranga on the map. All that it consisted of was a bamboo basha about 10 feet square on which hung a huge sign proclaiming it to be the post office. Across the road and down a few rods was the Forest Officer's hut. Both of these buildings were at least half a mile from the Inspection Bungalow.

**KAZIRANGA** is the jumping off place for the Kaziranga Game Sanctuary, home of the largest remaining group of Indian rhinos and is under the supervision of the Forest Department of Assam. In 1906 when the Sanctuary was established, it is said that the herd of rhinos had been reduced by poachers and so-called sportsmen to only 20 known individuals. At the last rhino census taken by an American, Dr. Dillon Ripley and an Indian, Mr. Salim Ali of Bombay,



KASHI RAM, Graham's bearer, poses beside stockade built to house captured rhinos. All photos by the author.

## Rhino! Rhino!

they estimated about 200 rhinos now live in the Sanctuary under government protection.

The Sanctuary is approximately 30 miles long and up to 10 miles wide. It is almost entirely overspread with elephant grass, sometimes called *ekra* or jungle grass which averages about 12 feet in height and grows so thickly a man can't possibly get through it on foot without chopping a trail before him. Here and there within the Sanctuary occur,



THIS TINY BASHA is the post office at Kaziranga, Assam.

for no apparent reason, open park-like areas where the rhinos go to graze. A small lake or *jhil* is often seen in these open areas.

The Sanctuary is bordered on the north by the Brahmaputra River and on the south by the Assam Trunk road which the American Army virtually built and over which I'm sure many of you have jeeped or six-by-sixed. Kaziranga is located between Jorhat and Gauhati, being about 50 miles from the former and 138 from the latter.

After I had unpacked my gear and settled in the bungalow the Forest Officer came to introduce himself and bid me welcome. The next morning we walked into the jungle about a hundred yards from the bungalow where his boys were in the process of beginning to build a stockade. The purpose of the stockade was to use it as sort of an orientation corral for the rhinos after their capture; to let the animals recover from the shock of that capture but equally important it allowed them the chance to accustom

themselves to man. An European zoo had caught a rhino some years previous and had started transporting it immediately without giving it a chance to rest. It died before it reached the railroad.

The stockade was roughly 150 by 300 feet, divided into three equal enclosures with a dirty little stream trickling through each.

The Forest Officer told me that the pits in the Sanctuary had been dug. It seemed a little strange to me that the pits should be dug before the stockade was even started but at this stage of the game my innocence and utter confidence in the Forest officer kept me from making any remarks. The next morning he came to the bungalow and a short time later two elephants came plodding into the compound with their *mahouts* guiding them from a vantage point immediately behind the elephants' ears. One elephant was an average sized job—about 8 feet high but the other was a different matter. He was the most gigantic piece of living material I had ever seen—10 feet 3 inches. He was called *Sherkhan* or King of the tigers and he was to be my mount whenever I went into the Sanctuary. After his mahout had *Sherkhan* salaam me by curling his trunk in the air he had *Sherkhan* kneel so that the Forest Officer and I could climb aboard. The *chukhidar* or caretaker of the bungalow came hustling up with a ladder but I waved it away and climbed up the back way by grabbing *Sherkhan's* tail and going up hand over hand. Try that some time with a couple of cameras hanging from your neck!

The edge of the Sanctuary was in the neighborhood of two miles from the bungalow and there was certainly no way to mistake the border. On the near side was open ground with a few rice paddies while the beginning of the Sanctuary was marked with a solid sea of elephant grass. *Sherkhan* plunged into it, threading his way carefully. At times the top of the grass swished about our knees but sometimes it towered over our heads when we would reach out and restrain it from slapping us in the face. How anyone could find his way through the miles of waving grass was beyond me but shortly we stopped and the Forest Officer pointed out one of the pits. It was dug on one of the maze of trails that the rhinos have worn throughout the Sanctuary. The pit was about 12 feet long, 4 to 5 feet wide and about 6 feet deep. It was covered daily with fresh grass by one of the Forest Guards. The reason fresh grass was put on each day was so that a rhino's suspicion would not be aroused by the odor of dried grass or by the difference in color.

Each year during the dry season the Forest Department burns out sections of the elephant grass. This is done so that the guards can survey the rhino population and check on its condition. It is only in the burned areas that it is possible to see a rhino. We suddenly burst into such an area with a few charred stalks of grass still standing, and there before us was the most thrilling thing I have ever seen: A big bull rhino standing and watching us, the only movement on his part to be seen was an occasional twitching of his tail and one of his ears. I was fumbling around with the cameras trying to get them focused when the Forest Officer yelled something. I looked up to see the big rhino coming at us full speed, which was considerable, with his head lowered which meant he wasn't rehearsing. Sherkhan was standing with his side toward the rhino but swung around to meet the charge head on. I was sitting immediately behind the mahout and in front of the Forest Officer. I saw the Forest Officer readying his rifle so as Sherkhan swung I flopped to one side as far as I could as the rifle exploded in my ear. The rhino stopped five or six yards away and was looking us over, then he turned and walked leisurely into a trail in the green elephant grass. The Forest Officer explained that he used a slug in the rifle that had just enough power to penetrate the rhino's hide and he assured me that no damage had been done. Photography? I was so busy watching that I forgot I even had a camera and that was my best chance to get a close-up shot of a wild rhino even though I saw over thirty during my stay at Kaziranga.

FOR THE NEXT few days my time was spent in working at the stockade, getting acquainted, trying to eat Kashi's fiery hot curried Vienna sausages, and trying to get him to boil our drinking water which he considered to be the height of nonsense; going pickaback on Sherkhan to the Sanctuary to inspect the pits, all of which was an interesting way to pass the time but I was beginning to fret because we had not caught a rhino.

Kashi woke me just before the sun popped over the Mikhir Hills each morning with a pot of hot tea and a couple of his *chapattis* (flour and water rolled out to paper thinness and fried in *ghee*, water buffalo butter). Thus it was on the morning of Feb. 29th when a little squirt came charging into the compound yelling: "Sahib, Sahib, Gonda, Gonda," a free translation of which means, "Mister, you've caught yourself a rhino!" The elephants came in a few minutes and after boosting

and pushing Kashi on board Sherkhan, I hauled myself up via the poop-deck and we were off to see our prize.

When we got to the pit the vicinity was swarming with natives, some just curious and others had come at the invitation of the Forest Officer who had sent out a call for all able-bodied men (and boys) at the rate of Rs.1/-per diem to help us with the rhino. Some were put to work with their knives chopping an open swath through the elephant grass so that a cage could be pulled in to the pit. Others were given the task of digging a ramp. The ramp was about 35 or 40 feet long, sloping so that the deep end (about 4½ feet) was at the front of the pit and finally separated from it by a barrier of earth 2½ feet thick. Other coolies were sent back to precede Sherkhan pulling the cage to chop down hummocks and fill holes so that the cage would not bump and jar itself to pieces. The running gear of the cage was simplicity itself—sections of a tree trunk with a hole burned through the center to carry the axle.

The rhino in the pit was a beauty, a big male. I had done considerable worrying about such a heavy animal tumbling down six feet into a pit but at this point saw that I might just as well have saved my worries for the usual things to worry over—receding hairline, advancing age, etc., because the bottom of the pit was



RALPH GRAHAM is dwarfed by "Sherkhan," 10-ft., 3-in. elephant, his mount at Kaziranga.

## Rhino! Rhino!

covered with a two-foot thick bed of semi-liquid mud which had been a merciful cushion for the rhino to fall on. Other than a few slight skin abrasions the rhino was not injured in any manner. Even though the animal was standing in mud up to his belly, whenever anyone approached too close to the pit, as a warning gesture, the rhino threw up his head with such force that he pulled his front legs free of the mud.

By early afternoon Sherkhan had pulled the cage in and when the ramp was dug the cage was pushed down as far as it would go with the end doors swung out parallel with the sides of the cage and so that they were just touching the barrier of earth separating the cage and the pit. Ropes were worked around the rhino's



**MALE RHINO** is in the pit. Graham named him Kashi Ram after his faithful bearer.

neck and extended to the rear and slightly to each side of the pit where they were hitched around poles driven into the ground. These were used to check the rhino's speed as he lunged into the cage and we hoped they would keep him from continuing out through the front of the cage. Another rope ran from the animal's neck through the cage and up the ramp. As we began to work the animal forward I noticed some 60 or 350 coolies pulling on this rope with great zest but with little noticeable effect.

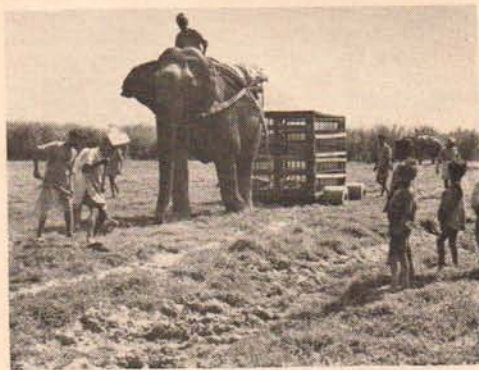
While we were sweating out preparations to transfer the rhino into the cage the Forest Officer asked me what I intended to name the huge beast. That question caught me completely flat-footed. The only Indian names I could think of at that moment were those of

Mahatma Gandhi and of my bearer, Kashi Ram. I asked Kashi if I could honor him and attest my friendship by using his name for the rhino. Kashi's answer was a grin as wide as the Brahmaputra. I learned later that naming the rhino after him made Kashi something more than a big wheel both here in the jungle of Assam and among his colleagues in Calcutta where word of this preceded our return there.

Finally, late in the afternoon when everything seemed to be in readiness, the coolies began to chop down the barrier of earth at the front of the pit. Kashi, the rhino, assisted us by slamming into the forward wall knocking down huge chunks of earth that tumbled under his feet and built up his level. When the earth had been chopped down about 4 feet he really began to make some forward progress with each successive lunge until one final super-rhino effort landed him in the cage. About 40 of us slammed the end gates shut and struggled a few minutes before we could get the bolts driven home. I know of one silent prayer at least at this point that the bolts would hold.

At 9 o'clock that night we reached the stockade with Kashi. We had to finish our work of liberating him in the enclosure by lanternlight. When he backed out of the cage he staggered over a few feet, laid himself down and went sound asleep. He was a mighty tired rhino! Come to think of it, I didn't feel so spry myself, but I'll never forget the day of Feb. 29, 1948.

I HAD MADE arrangements with a certain establishment in Calcutta which I shall refer to as SNA, and the head man whom I'll call Mr. F. U., to purchase a number of his animals that I picked out. Mr. F. U. also promised to build shipping



**COOLIES SMOOTHING** the way for Sherkhan and the rhino cage.

cages for the rhinos according to my specifications and ship them to me by river boat. He waved aside my insistence on making a down payment for these things assuring me that all financial matters could be settled upon my return to Calcutta with the rhinos.

The day after catching the rhino I sent a messenger boy by bicycle to the village of Bokakhat (10 miles) with a telegram to be sent to Mr. F. U. giving him the approximate size of the rhino and asking him to start immediate construction of the cage so that it could be shipped upon completion.

On March 8 I received a telegram in the mail from Mr. F. U. which read as follows: "It is requested that Rs 3,000/ may be paid to this office at once to enable us to pay the cost of cage, freight and transportation charges. Signed F. U." After cooling down to the point where I could do some straight thinking, I decided the only logical thing to do was to get to Calcutta as quickly as possible, straighten this matter out and get back to Kaziranga.

Kashi (the bearer) and I caught a bus—that's what the driver said it was—to Nowgong where we took a jerk train to Chaptamukh. We squatted in the station all night then rode a train on the main line to Gauhati. Here we boarded an Airways India plane which got us into Calcutta in three hours. The train took the better part of two days.

When I took the Rs 3,000 to Mr. F. U. he said he was very sorry the telegram had been sent and said it had been done by an overzealous bookkeeper. Wasn't that just dandy? He had some new animals in that I looked over and chose the ones I wanted. He promised to save them for me until I returned and again declined a down payment.

After I got things straightened out with Mr. F. U. I found a telegram waiting for me at the hotel. It was from the Forest Officer informing me that a full grown female rhino had fallen into one of the pits. I was delighted with this news but annoyed that I couldn't be at Kaziranga. I relayed the news of the capture to Mr. F. U. with the order to proceed with building the second cage. He swore up and down that the cages would leave Calcutta not later than March 17th. If he keeps his promise that means that the cages would reach Kaziranga the latter part of March. In regard to the female rhino, I read an article in the Calcutta Statesman about some female by the name of Kamala and recalled that one of Nehru's female relatives had that moniker so I appropriated it for Kashi's girl friend.



UPPER ASSAM bus. Graham had to use this as no other transportation was available.

Not for any political connotation but for its pleasant sound by itself and with Kashi. It is pronounced Kah-mah-lah. I told an Indian friend of my intention to christen her Kamala Ram. When he got through having hysterics he explained that Ram is strictly a masculine form and that the name should be Kamala Rani so that is what it has become.

The plane got back to Gauhati in half the time it took us to fly to Calcutta. The pilot—a six-foot-three Texan, complete with cowboy boots, who had trained at Camp Wolters where I had taken my basic—told me that Lord Louis Mountbatten was due to land at Gauhati and he had to clear our plane before then and had flown across Pakistan instead of around it.

**I**T HAD RAINED a good deal in the past two weeks and we ran through a steady downpour on the return to Kaziranga. It was raining steadily the next day as Kashi and I went to Dhansirimukh to inspect its ghat. This village of two or three huts huddles on the bank of the Brahmaputra. This was the place recommended by Mr. Buckland and I was delighted to find a high bank much the same as at Jorhat. I explained to the little Indian stationmaster what I intended to do and drew pictures of how I wanted the ramp dug and reinforced. He said he understood and that it would be done.

At long last, after frenzied wires to Calcutta and the boat people, ONE cage arrived at Dhansirimukh on March 29th. About the only thing to be said in the cage's favor was that it was big. Just leaning against the upper part of it would cause it to sway dangerously, close to collapse. Nails, and small ones at that, were used to hold it together, no bolts being evident except in the bottom. After wiring Jorhat, Mr. Sohan



## Rhino! Rhino!

Singh's truck arrived at Kaziranga bringing the cage. In the mysterious way of the jungle I expressed a wish for a carpenter and within two days four of them appeared. We tore the cage apart, which wasn't much of a chore, and rebuilt it from the ground up—using bolts which one of the carpenters brought from Jorhat on his bicycle.

Each succeeding day saw more and more rain varying from a steady drizzle to rip-snorting torrents. The once little trickle of a stream that loafed through the stockade had grown in stature to a powerful current that was four feet deep in places. I knew the fence could not withstand much more pressure so I had the coolies dig a channel around the stockade and we diverted the flood water through it by building a dam of bamboo and dirt above the stockade. We repaired the dam and cave-ins throughout the days and nights and while it required much time and effort, I am convinced that it saved the stockade fence from washing away and thus freeing the rhinos. Some well-meaning soul told me at this time that at Cherrapunji (near Shillong) the average yearly rainfall ranged from 400 to 600 inches, the world's record.

To save precious time, I scrounged up some lumber and built the foundation of the second cage, assuming it would be constructed along the same quaint lines as the first. Finally on April 13 a messenger brought word from Dhansirimukh that the second cage had arrived. Kashi



**COOLIES CHOPPING** a swath thru the ekra to the pit so the cage could be pulled to the stockade.

and I slithered there through the mud the next day to see the cage. Strangely enough while the construction was even daffier than the first, it actually was sounder despite its being two feet higher than necessary. I decided it could be used without completely rebuilding it. On



**DOZENS OF coolies** were employed to build the stockade fence at Kaziranga.

the way back I sent a wire from Bokahat to Sohan Singh requesting the truck, asking him to peel off the necessary petrol coupons and give them to Mr. Singh. The following day there was still no word so I sent a Forest Guard to Jorhat with explicit instructions. After he left I got a wire from Singh which read: "Office closed, sending crane, securing petrol."

In this interim we had revamped the second cage and had moved them both into position at the stockade gates and put grass inside so that the rhinos would enter them to eat and we could thus snare them by dropping the end gates behind them. Both Kashi and Kamala had become so tamed by this time that they would meander up to the fence and take grass from my hand whenever I yelled at them.

**A**CCORDING TO MY calculation, optimistic that I am, I thought that it would take three days at the very most to move Kamala first and then Kashi the fifteen miles to Dhansirimukh but as it turned out, eight of the slipperiest, wettest, most gruelling days of my life were spent in getting the rhinos to the river. Any CBI-er who has spent a monsoon season in India need not be told of the downpour or of the goey mud resulting therefrom so I will not attempt to detail hauling the rhinos by truck and trailer. It will suffice to say that it was a constant repetition of getting stuck in the mud or water, working the truck loose and forward, pulling the trailer forward with the truck's cable and winch. Once the truck slid over an embankment about 8 feet high and came to rest on its side lying against an opposing bank. Luckily it was not attached to the trailer at the time. We got it upright by sheer coolie power. Another time we were delayed over eight hours by a huge tree about 5 feet in diameter which had been up-

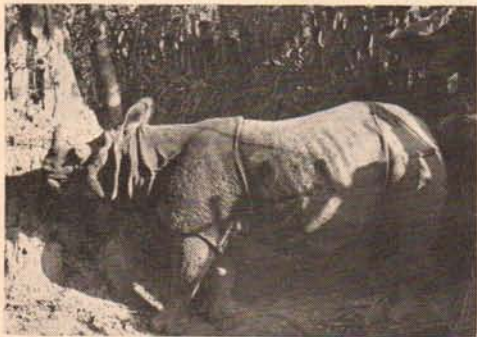
rooted and blown across the road by a savage storm. That same storm had blown one of the huts out of the compound and part of the roof off the bungalow.

Naturally, I did not have the time during my sojourn in India to go see the Taj Mahal, Mount Everest, the Kashmir lakes or the dozens of other beauty spots of the country. There was one simple little scene, however, that was the most beautiful sight of my life and it was one which I'll never forget. I saw this on April 25th—it was the river flat-boat, the Bhadar, with a rain-resisting tin roof and two fine Great Indian rhinoceroses, Kashi and Kamala, in their cages, lashed securely to its deck.

The river trip from Kaziranga to Calcutta took fifteen days. Our route took us down the Brahmaputra to the confluence of the Ganges thence southward through the Sundarbans, that primitive jungle that teems with animal life, located in the delta of those rivers. From there we sailed across the very northern most tip of the Bay of Bengal and up the Hooghly River to Calcutta.

The boat on which the rhinos were carried was called a flat-boat. It had no motive power but was towed by being lashed alongside the *Mayetta*, a side-wheeler steamer. Kashi (the bearer) and I parked ourselves on it for the trip or at least Kashi did. I spent most of my time with the rhinos.

At each stop I put out a distress call for grass for Kashi and Kamala and although we didn't have an abundance of fodder, we squeezed through.



INSIDE LOOKING out. Contented Kashi in the stockade.

When we reached Calcutta, I made arrangements with the RSN Co. to leave Kashi and Kamala on board the flat-boat in care of two of the stockade crew, Babu and Bunduah. Then I went ashore and the first thing I did was get a haircut, the first in two months.

The time, from the day of my arrival in Calcutta, May 9, until the day we sailed for home, May 21, was spent in hewing down a mountain of necessary details. Export licenses, food permits, animal purchases, bills to pay, supplies to find and purchase, 100 bales of hay to arrange for, etc., etc., to say nothing of running to the flat-boat three or four times a day to see how Kashi and Kamala



PUBLIC WORKS Department Inspection bungalow at Kaziranga, where Graham was housed.

were doing. When I went out to SNA, I asked Mr. F. U. how the animals were that I had chosen. He said: "Oh, I sold those to a man from the London Zoo." He had jacked the price of the cages way over the quoted price. I am glad to report that after a dandy argument we parted with no bloodshed and no love for each other.

I had suspected Kamala of being pregnant since the time of her capture. She could have handled the birth of a calf in fine shape while she was in the stockade but the calf would not have had a chance had it been born while Kamala was in the cage because the cage was not wide enough for her to turn around in. If she had a calf I was determined not to lose it through any neglect on my part. To carry out my program I brought Babu and Bunduah to Calcutta as mentioned and thought I had them trained to take turns in standing watch over Kamala day and night. On several middle-of-the-night inspections at the beginning of the river trip I found them both asleep. Finally after threatening to fine them Rs. 1/ each time I caught them asleep and to send a disgraceful letter concerning their conduct to the Forest Officer, they seemed to snap out of their doldrums.

It was necessary for the RSN Co. to move the Bhadar from Calcutta 14 miles down the Hooghly to Budge Budge to unload some wax and the boat was left there until we loaded on the ocean steam-

## Rhino! Rhino!

er at Kidderpore Docks at which time it was returned to Calcutta. In a way it was a nuisance and a time killer to run down to Budge Budge three or four times



FLATBOAT, BHADAR, and side-wheeler steamer, Mayetto. Rhinos were carried to Calcutta on the Bhadar.

a day but on the other hand it was much quieter and more peaceful for the rhinos and it got them out of the way of the hordes of natives that tried to swarm on the boat to see and touch them.

Arrangements were made with the Port Commission Office at Budge Budge to get in touch with me immediately should either Bapu or Bunduah so request and I told them to so request if Kamala showed any unusual activity or restlessness.

ON SUNDAY morning, May 16th, at about 6:30 Kashi (bearer) and I were working over accounts when I had a sudden and overwhelming urge to call the Port Commission at Budge Budge. I did so and the voice at the other end told me they had been trying to reach me because Kamala had calved and that the calf was dead but she seemed to be all right. Kashi and I tore out of the hotel, stopping at the Alipore Zoo just long enough to request them to send their vet to Budge Budge. Upon our arrival I found that the calf had been removed from the cage but the body bore marks which were undoubtedly done by Kamala accidentally touching it with her feet.

The death of the *bachcha* (baby) rhino was the bitterest pill I ever had to swallow and even more bitter when one of the boat crew told me that Kamala had begun to fret at 2 o'clock in the morning and that both Bapu and Bunduah had slept until the calf was being born when the crew awakened them.

The ocean voyage from Calcutta to Savanna, Georgia, took 29 days. Other than Kashi and Kamala being a bit sea-

sick the first few days out the trip was relatively uneventful. The trip from Savanna to Chicago and Brookfield was made in an express car with no mishaps.

Kashi and Kamala settled down immediately in their new habitat and since their arrival each has put on about 400 pounds. They now tip the scales at about 4,000 pounds each. As yet there has been no patter of little rhino feet around Brookfield but we have our hopes.

I have a distinct advantage over you CBI-ers. Whenever that old nostalgic feeling for India overcomes me all I have to do is go and reminisce over old times with Kashi and Kamala. If you ever visit Brookfield Zoo, be sure to call on



KASHI RAM being welcomed by Brookfield's Director, Robert Bean, as cage is lifted from ship to docks at Savanna, Ga.

them. When you do, while you may not agree with me when I say I think they are beautiful, I am sure you will find that they are 8,000 pounds of personality plus.  
—THE END.

The Chicago Zoological Society has published the story of Kashi and Kamala in a booklet called RHINO! RHINO! It contains the letters from Graham to the zoo, giving a daily account of the expedition. The margins of each page are illustrated with Graham's photos and drawings. Anyone who wishes to purchase a copy of RHINO! RHINO! may do so by writing the Chicago Zoological Park, Brookfield, Illinois, and enclosing 60 cents.—ED.