



This cow elephant charged the photographer and was shot and brought down by his attendants at a distance of some forty yards. While one is filled with amazement at the steadiness of the photographer in standing up to a charging elephant, waiting for a good focus, it requires even more nerve perhaps on the part of the man behind the gun behind the camera, who must steady his aim and hold back his shot until the click of the camera shutter tells him that the picture is made.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN BEHIND THE CAMERA

PROTECTING THE BIG GAME PHOTOGRAPHER IN ACTION—EXCITING MOVEMENTS IN THE DAY'S WORK OF THE CAMERA HUNTER—CLOSE RANGE PICTURES OF AFRICA'S MOST DANGEROUS GAME

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Photographs by James L. Clark

PHOTOGRAPHY as a profession will hardly be found listed under the head of hazardous occupations, nor is the camera generally regarded as an implement calculated to lead its enthusiastic devotee to an untimely or violent end. Its fascinations are to the average lay mind of a character no more suggest than might be attached to any healthful out-of-doors diversion. Let it be carried, however, into the wilds of Africa's dark continent, there to take the place of the high-powered rifle in the securing of great game trophies registered on sensitive plates, and not in the form of lifeless heads and horns which are chiefly distinguished as havens for dust and feeding grounds for moths, then surely the gentle art becomes recast in truly heroic mold.

To stand on open plain, calmly focusing your camera on a charging rhinoceros that is best upon obliterating from the landscape the object that has so rarely disturbed its noon-day slumbers, and to release

your shutter when but a short fifteen paces separate you from the brute's desire, savors a bit of the impossible. The sensation must be slightly akin to strolling along the center of the course during a Vanderbilt Cup Race. The result certainly would be the same, were it not for the fact that a few yards from the camera stands a man, sure of aim, and to kill when the occasion demands. He is the "man behind the gun," the man who makes the game possible. It is not within his power to do more; safety is out of the question. The chances for serious accident are increased, depending largely upon the temperament and ambition of the man who holds the camera. In the case of the individual with which our story deals they were multiplied in plenty.

When A. Radcliffe Dagnose, one of the best equipped and most skillful exponents of modern wildlife photography now living, decided to



A CONFERENCE WITH THE NATIVES

Seated on the left are Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Alaley, of the American Museum of Natural History. They are securing information from the Kavirondi, concerning elephants in the neighborhood. The black with the white turban is the chief, who is passing the information around the circle through an interpreter. Such a conference is known as "Shawee".

make a special camera expedition into British East Africa, he realized that he must secure a companion fitted by experience in the field to assist him. Since he planned to take close-range pictures of the most dangerous game in that region, including buffalo, elephants, rhinoceros and lion, he fully appreciated the risks which must accompany such work. To accomplish his purpose, he knew that the man he would select must be a cool-headed sportsman, possessed of undoubted courage, and able to meet firearms when circumstances required. It was only for food or to prevent accident, than any animals were to be killed during the trip. James L. Clark of New York was then attaining to some prominence as a sculptor-taxidermist, being associated with Carl E. Alaley of the American Museum of Natural History. He had had much experience hunting big game in America, and was very anxious to pursue his studies further by actual field work in Africa. He offered his services to Dagnore, agreeing to pay his own expenses, if allowed to accompany him in the capacity mentioned. His offer was accepted.

The photographic results of the trip are well known, and are represented by as fine a series of still pictures, both daylight and flashlight, of the big game of Africa, as have ever been made, and up until that time (1909) nothing in this line was known which was even comparable to them. Few there are, however, who realize when shown these pictures, that apart from the great skill and courage necessarily possessed

by the man who held the camera, the biggest side of the business fell upon the shoulders of the man who held the gun. When dangerous work is being attempted, the photographer is wholly occupied with the camera, and relying upon his confidence in his companion's aim, is free to concentrate all his faculties on the exacting details of picture making, while the nerve-racking side of the job is left to the man behind the gun. He never knows whether the quarry will elect to vent its fury upon him or the man with the camera. He therefore faces all the consequences which every man must face who pits his skill with the rifle against dangerous game, and also must assume responsibility for the safety of the man who is shooting with dry plates instead of bullets. It is "no place for a nervous woman," as they do not say in Africa. In either event, the slightest error in aim or judgment may spell disaster, and this was certainly true in several instances while Dagnore was making his close-ups of rhinoceros. In one of the illustrations will be seen one of these doughy beasts, which hit the dust within a few paces of Dagnore, and this time had the bullet not reached its snout, the expedition would have then and there come to a tragic close. It was one of their first experiences with rhinos. They were stalking two of these huge pachyderms on the open rolling plains. The animals had caught the scent of the hunters, and were charging wildly this way and that, snorting their defiance. These strange creatures possess very de-

fective vision, and it is doubtful if they can distinguish objects at a greater distance than a hundred yards. This impediment probably arises from the fact that their only enemy is man. They depend upon a highly developed sense of smell and fair hearing to warn them of danger.

The commotion they were making evidently disturbed another of their tribe, as a third rhino rose from the long sun-withered grass, and joined in the game. As Clark was armed with a gun with only two shots, and Dagnore only with the camera, the entry of the third into the field of action was very disturbing. After much senseless rushing, all three rhinos came to a sudden stop, and swung in abreast facing the camera at about forty yards, apparently awaiting the next move on the part of the intruders. That next move was hard to decide. Fearing lest even the slight noise of the shutter might bring the angry trio thundering down on them, Dagnore refrained from making the picture, although they had courted the danger for this very purpose. It was another case

of where number three constituted a crowd. Dagnore stood motionless, holding the camera ready, while Clark never allowed the white head of his sight to leave the head of the largest. The situation was critical, and they both stood with bated breath and nerves a-tingle, wondering what was to be their fate.

At last one of the beasts wheeled about and made off across the plain, the others following. The tension was momentarily removed, and Clark breathed a sigh of relief, but it was soon clapped on again, for he saw Dagnore chasing after one that had become separated from the others, and nothing remained for him to do but to be up and after him with the gun. The rhino, however, outdistanced his pursuers, and giving up the chase they returned by a short cut to where they had left the porters.

Although they did not know it, the excitement was far from over. Suddenly, as they came to the crest of a small knoll, the black form of



LANDING AT MOMBASA

Because of the dangerous reef along the coast of the Indian Ocean at Mombasa, steamers are lightered by large native boats with straw matting sails called "dhows." A group of Swahili are shown here bringing their strange craft along a large-sailed freighter.



A hippo shot by Mr. Clark in the Tana River. The natives will haul out the carcass if they are given the meat, which they eat raw.



Very often elephants break down trees like this shown above in order to get at the tender foliage at the top. The size of this tree may be judged by the boy.



These natives came into the camp begging for salt, which was refused. They started a dance and kept it up until we gave them what they wanted to get rid of them.



Mr. Clark continues to write letters and make fold notes in spite of the midday heat.

another rhino loomed up before them, standing in the yellow grass. After this one they went, and approaching to within about eighty yards, a telephoto exposure was made. They then worked slowly up about twenty more paces, all the while in plain sight of the animal. Here another picture was snapped. As the rhinos made no move and seemed unconscious of their presence, a shorter focus lens was now adjusted to the camera, and again moving forward to less than forty yards of the beast, which still apparently remained wholly unaware that he was the objective of a stalk, the camera was again brought into focus. While this was being done, the animal deliberately lay down. "Splendid," whispered Dugmore, "now we can get very close without his seeing us." Clark admits he had misgivings, and had started on such sure attractive errands, but the time now the place did not admit of argument. Forward they moved, Clark with his finger on the trigger, and the big gun poised for instant action. The intervening distance drew shorter and shorter. So did his breath. He wondered if Dugmore was ever going to stop. At last he did, but not until within less than twenty yards of the black, rock-like mass. As he halted and began to focus, the gun came slowly and carefully to the shoulder, for the ears of the beast had commenced to twitch nervously, a sign that he had discovered them, and was about



In this blurry shelter of "lions" the photographer stood while taking snapshots of the lions at night, some of which approached as close as nine feet. The camera may be seen before the opening.



A group of Maasi women. The Maasi, like the Kafes, were formerly one of the most powerful tribes in all Africa.

to mix things up. He did, for almost the next instant there came a snort, and out of a cloud of dust emerged the huge fellow rushing straight for them, his tail held high and nostrils dilated. All of Clark's misgivings had vanished. He knew what was demanded of him and he was ready. He now waited for the sound of the shutter. Dugmore allowed the rhino to get well under way, and then came the "click" of the camera, followed in quick succession by the roar of the express rifle. Dugmore had scored a photographic triumph, and the rhino lay a lifeless heap, not more than fifteen paces from his feet. It was then decided that there had been enough of that sort of thing for one day. There is a limit to everything in any twenty-four hours, and that limit had been reached. Such an incident speaks eloquently for the daring and disregard of danger displayed by Dugmore, and it was this quality that brought him such unequalled success, but without the utmost confidence in the coolness and deadly aim of his companion, he certainly would never have attempted such pictures.



The cheetah, or hunting leopard, is the fastest animal known. These animals are trained to hunt deer and other game in India and Africa.



Maasi warriors indulging in a war dance. The Maasi are a pastoral, nomadic tribe now under British rule.



A Cape buffalo killed by Mr. Clark. Many natives consider these animals the most dangerous of all big game. Hunters of "The Jungle Book" will recall how the wares buffalo disposed of the man-eating tiger.



A village of the Kavirondi. This local tribe, which is largely of Maasi origin, goes without clothing by custom. They shave their heads completely, and a native barber is here seen at work with a piece of broken glass.



THE QUICK-TEMPERED RHINO

Rhinoceros depend upon a keen sense of smell and hearing to warn them of danger as they are extremely near-sighted and cannot distinguish objects at a greater distance than a hundred yards. This one was within a few paces of Mr. Dugmore when he was shot. The Masai, standing behind the carcass, speared the beast after two shots had failed. This man also killed a lion, single-handed, with his spear.

In speaking of his part of the work, Clark says that before and after each encounter, he suffered more or less from a case of nerves, but when the critical time came this feeling never failed to leave him. At these times he was always perfectly cool and collected, and had absolute confidence in himself. This seems to fit in with the testimony of most men, when they have been under fire.

On a later occasion, a man behind a spear shared honors with the man behind the gun, playing his part in a thriller that would bring tears to the eyes of any movie producer, if such a thing be possible. It all came about during an encounter with another truculent and murderously inclined rhinoceros, who evidently failed to appreciate that his prehistoric face and form were about to be made immortal.

Photographing his kind was not the order of this particular day, for less dangerous game was receiving the attention of the camera. For this reason Clark was armed only with a revolver and twelve-bore shotgun, one barrel loaded with buckshot, the other with ball. Not the proper weapons at all for close dealings with a tough old rhino on mischief bent. The party was moving across the Yata Plains, with the tall Masai guide, carrying his long spear, taking the lead. Suddenly he stopped, and out of some tall grass arose a huge rhino. Like a flash and without the slightest warning he made a furious charge for Clark, the Masai

and two of the porters. Dugmore, ever on the alert had focussed his camera and the shutter clicked. Clark's gun spoke, but the animal never hesitated, coming straight on. Clark had attempted to turn him with a charge of buckshot, which made not the slightest impression. Realizing that his shot had failed, Clark then fired the twelve-bore ball from his left barrel, and immediately drawing his revolver, began emptying it into the beast's head, as it passed him within less than six feet of him. Straight for the Masai he went, who coolly waited his rush, leaping to one side at just the proper moment. He then wheeled and started for Dugmore, who was struggling to get another plate adjusted in his camera. It was here that the Masai saved the day for Dugmore, for rushing up, he sent his long cruel spear hurtling into the body of the enraged beast. This turned him just in time, and he again charged Clark, who, with an accurately placed revolver shot to his head, again changed his course. At this juncture the rhino made for the now thoroughly demoralized porters, who threw down their loads and bolted for friendly thorn bushes. After him went the brave Masai, and made it so warm for him that the animal galloped off, a very badly scarred old ruffian.

It was while attempting photographs of cape buffaloes, that one of the

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