

A DIGNIFIED OLD BULL.

He was not angry, nor was he afraid. He had probably never been fired at. Had he charged, we would have been in a bad fix, as we were out in the open with no cover or refuge.



Into the African Blue

High Spots in the Life of a Big Game Photographer

THE elephant herd was ideally placed for still pictures, but we wanted action, so leaving Osa at the camera, I walked forward to stir things up a bit. I succeeded beyond my fondest expectations. As I approached, the big bull, sensing danger, goose-stepped forward a few paces. Then he saw me. Instantly his trunk went up and his ears spread. For the space of five seconds we gazed at each other silently. Then his feet stamped angrily and he snorted with rage. I knew what was coming and gathered myself as, with a furious grunt, he lowered his trunk and charged. I turned and ran for my life while Osa cranked away with a will. . . .

This was on one of our early safaris. Bocu, our elephant guide, had come running into camp greatly excited. He was out of breath and raised and lowered his hands, exclaiming jerkily in Swahili:

"Big elephants — big elephants— All together — very quiet — come quickly!"

In a few moments we had our gun bearers and camera boys with their heavy loads under way. Shortly after we came up with the herd. There were seven animals quietly feeding on the

By MARTIN JOHNSON
Author of "Safari" and "Lion."

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edge of the forest. Three were cows and two were bulls—big fellows. Two "totos" wandered about in the tall grass.

I was afraid to let Osa go forward as there was no cover in case the beasts charged, so I turned the camera over to her while I walked up to the herd to start something. It was at this moment that the big tusker charged.

It was by the use of such tactics that we sometimes obtained our best pictures but this time I had gone too close and this old bull seemed particularly vindictive. The other six elephants came tearing after him and then to my surprise and consternation a dozen more burst out from the woods behind and joined the stampede. The universe seemed suddenly filled with elephants and they were all headed in my direction.

I ran toward the camera and Osa continued turning the crank. Not that she was enjoying it, but she knew she was getting a wonderful bit of film and there was nothing she could do for me yet. As I tore up to the camera she snatched her rifle from her gun boy and fired. The big bull stumbled, nearly knocking over



IN CAMP.
Osa became quite fond of her .30-06 Springfield.



WE INTERRUPTED THIS FELLOW'S DINNER.

His face was covered with blood from a topi kill, but later he lay down and preened and washed his face much like a tame tabby.

the camera as he crashed by and fell with a mighty thud. Fortunately for us, the balance of the herd split and passed on.

WHEN it was all over, Osa sat down. And I must confess that my own knees felt a trifle wobbly. It had been a pretty close call and I would probably not have taken such foolish chances had it not been for my confidence in Osa's marksmanship. She is a better shot than I am and seldom misses her mark even under conditions that would shake the nerves of an experienced hunter. She shoots only when the need is desperate or on the rarer occasions when we collect an unusual specimen for the museum; and of course for the pot when necessary.

I like elephants. They are the fine, upstanding middle-class citizens of the jungle. They mind their own business, fight little among themselves, are intelligent with their young and have a real sense of tribal loyalty. They lead a quiet family life, and never prey on other animals.

Years of work in Africa have given me a pretty close insight into elephant character. Barring accident, I don't think they live much beyond the century mark. Age and size give them a dignity and solidity of personality. I think the old legend that elephants are blind must come from the fact that they plod along much of the time as though half asleep, paying little attention to other animals. They are so powerful that they are secure from attack and have grown careless with the centuries.

One day Osa asked Boculy how long elephants live. He could only say, "Many year." He couldn't count far enough. And of course he did not know. I think 100 years is a very old age for them.

With most game, the larger the herd, the less chance there is of getting a decent picture. They stampede too

easily. But with elephants, the opposite is true. A single elephant is always on the alert but a herd is usually more careless.

Illustrating their tribal instinct, I once had to shoot a charging elephant to save my life. He was mortally wounded and I prepared to shoot again to save him from suffering, but before I could raise my gun, two of his companions came on either side of him as if to support him and he tottered into the forest.

I've seen a mother elephant chastise her totto with her trunk, push it into line when it was staggering with weariness, and squirt mud over it when it was crying from the heat. Generally they are very tolerant with their young, but when punishment is needed, it is administered. Young elephants hold on to their mothers' tails when traveling through long grass. When she pauses in the shade of a tree, they go to nursing like calves.

We were fortunate to have employed Boculy for our elephant guide. I believe he knows more about elephants than anyone in the world.

BOCULY is quite a power in his own jungle world. Somewhere in the wilds he has a thousand cattle and two hundred and fifty camels which some of his wandering tribe tend for him when he is on safari with the white men. He knows all of the plain and desert languages and by some sort of free masonry can get aid from any of these people when we need it. There is mystery in his inscrutable, wise old face and his knowledge of the four-footed inhabitants of the wild is absolutely uncanny. And elephants are his particular forte. We call him "little half-brother of the elephants." If Boculy told me I'd find elephants in front of the N. Y. Public Library, I'd believe him, for Boculy knows. He



HE WAS NOT STARTLED.

We were photographing this old fellow, when suddenly he saw us. His trunk went up, and after getting our wind, he turned and walked away.

could find "tembo" when every other hunter, white or native, would swear every beast had migrated with the great rains. He's done it for us many times. He could see things that are invisible to the rest of us. A bit of mud dropped from a passing hoof was a printed page to him. He could tell what animal had dropped it. The bending of grass betrayed to him the kind of game that had passed, what direction it had taken and even, at times, how long ago it had left its mark on the grass.

Many of the more obvious signs can be learned by anyone who spends much time in the wilds, but the subtle differences in the angles of trodden grass, the different kinds of mud and other seeming insignificant traces left by passing jungle folk were eloquent to Boculy when to us they were almost invisible.

It fascinated me to keep up with him in the field whenever I could, for his lore was so amazing and interesting. And the way the old boy had of telling me things made it even more so. He would illustrate to me the different prints—the sharp cut of the buffalo's hoof, killing the grass he touches, the huge, soft print of tembo, which simply bruises the blades, the four-leafed-clover print of the hyena, the water-lily mark of the leopard. As for simba, the lion, he leaves little trace for all his weight. One rarely find his prints. Swiftly and silently he slips through the grass and it rises again, concealing his passage.

NO other African I have ever known approached Boculy in skill. It was enough to make one curse oneself for incompetence when Boculy would pick out an animal that I could barely find with the binoculars.

And the "little brother of the elephants" would shamble along, seemingly in a daze and muttering to himself so like the tembo for whom we named him. Then when you thought, "the idiot is half asleep," he would stoop,

pick up a bit of mud or a leaf, sniff the trail and say, "Bwana, over by the Old Lady Waterhole you find five bull tembo, four cows and three totos." And we would. That was the amazing part of it. Boculy was always right.

ONCE, when I had a lot of good elephant film finished, I gave a picture show for Boculy and the boys. We sat Boculy on a box next to us and ran off several thousand feet of film. It was a joy to watch his wrinkled old face. He'd never seen a movie and I doubt if he had understood what we'd been doing with all our crazy wanderings. All he could say when he saw the pictures—many of which showed him himself—was "Ah-h-h, Ah-h-h." Words left him. He was tense with emotion.

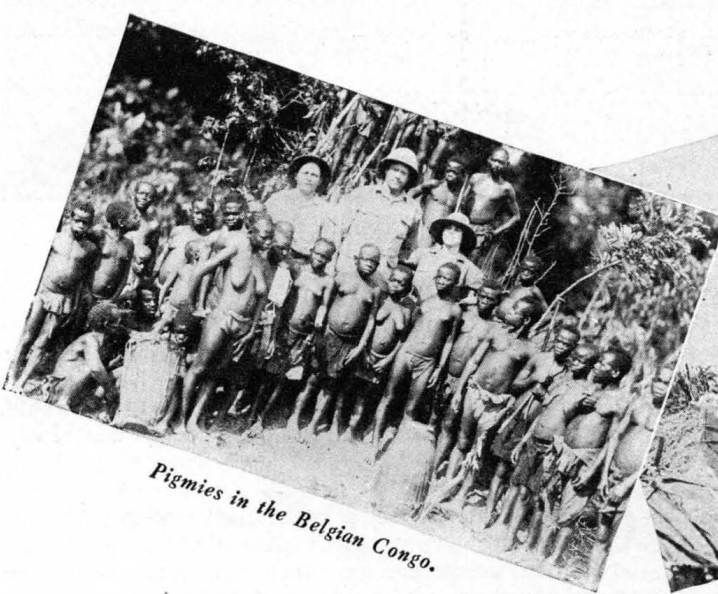
I certainly enjoyed myself that night. At last I was even with Boculy for my magic of the camera was even more incomprehensible to him than his weird knowledge was to me.

Right now I'd like to say that the motion picture is finally being recognized as the most valuable medium for recording exploration and nature study. Paul Rainey made the first real contribution with his classic African Hunt and the rest of us have been plodding along since, gradually building up the quality of our work and the public's interest in it. The thing I've striven for is not just good pictures, but an interpretation of the life I've recorded.

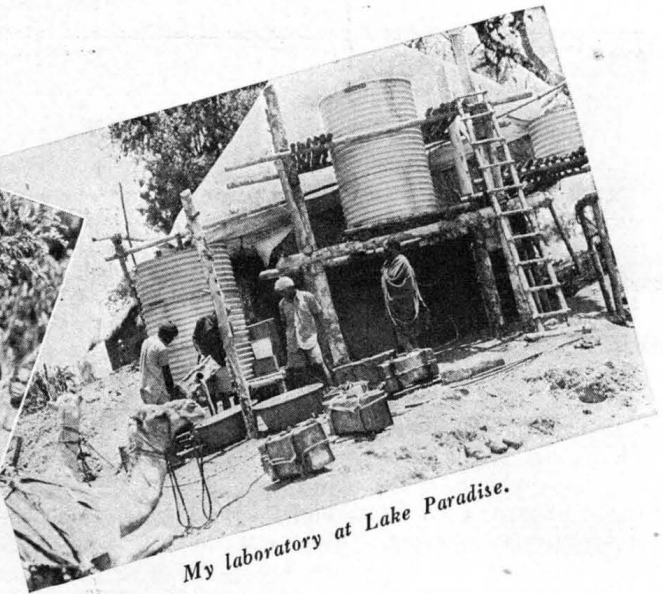
Hunting with the camera has become more important to scientific study of wild life than hunting with the rifle. Osa and I never shoot except for food or to save ourselves or our workers in a dangerous position. As I said before, Osa usually holds the gun and it's my faith in her nerve and skill that has made most of our best pictures possible.



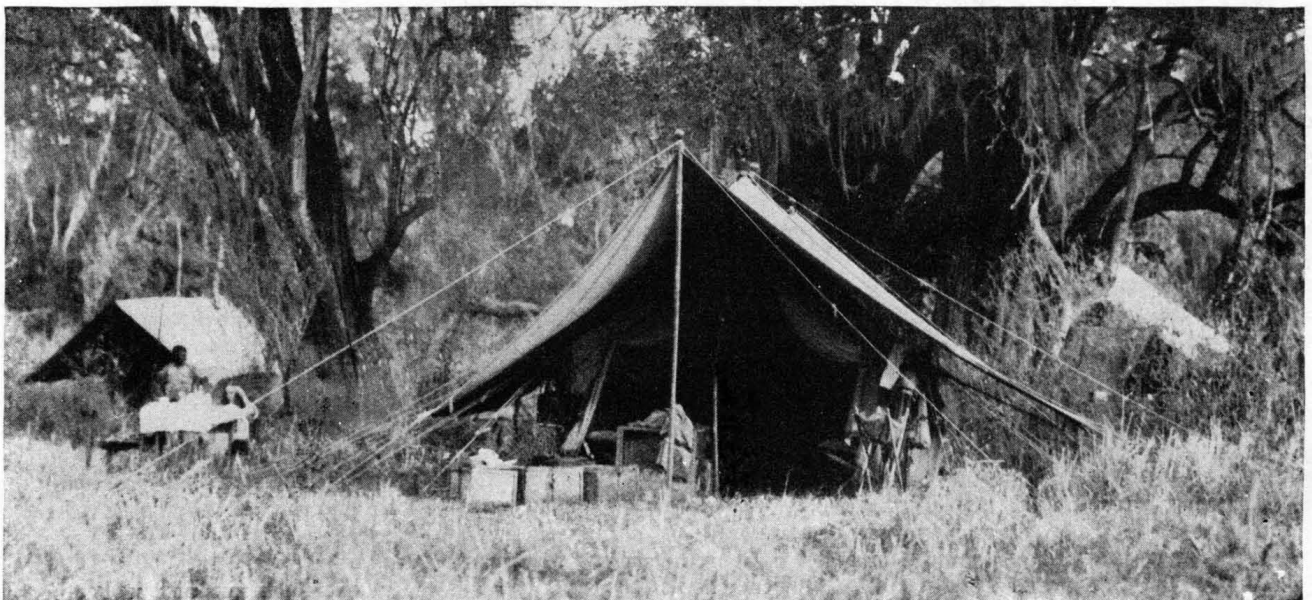
Government Road, Nairobi. Now a thriving little city in the center of the big game fields.



Pigmies in the Belgian Congo.



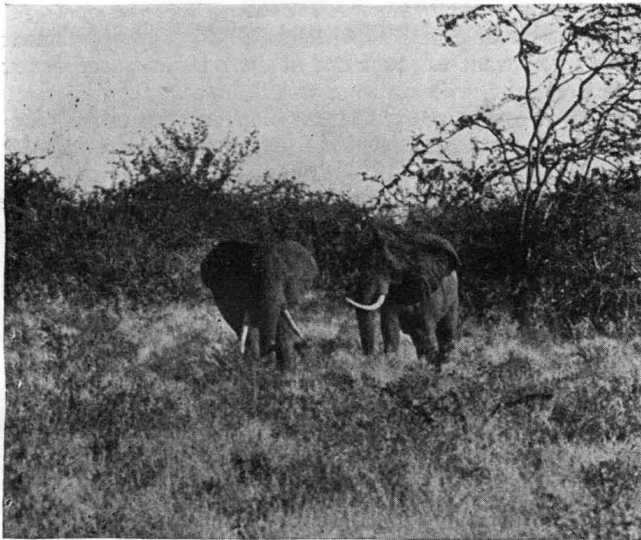
My laboratory at Lake Paradise.



Our camp in the lion country.



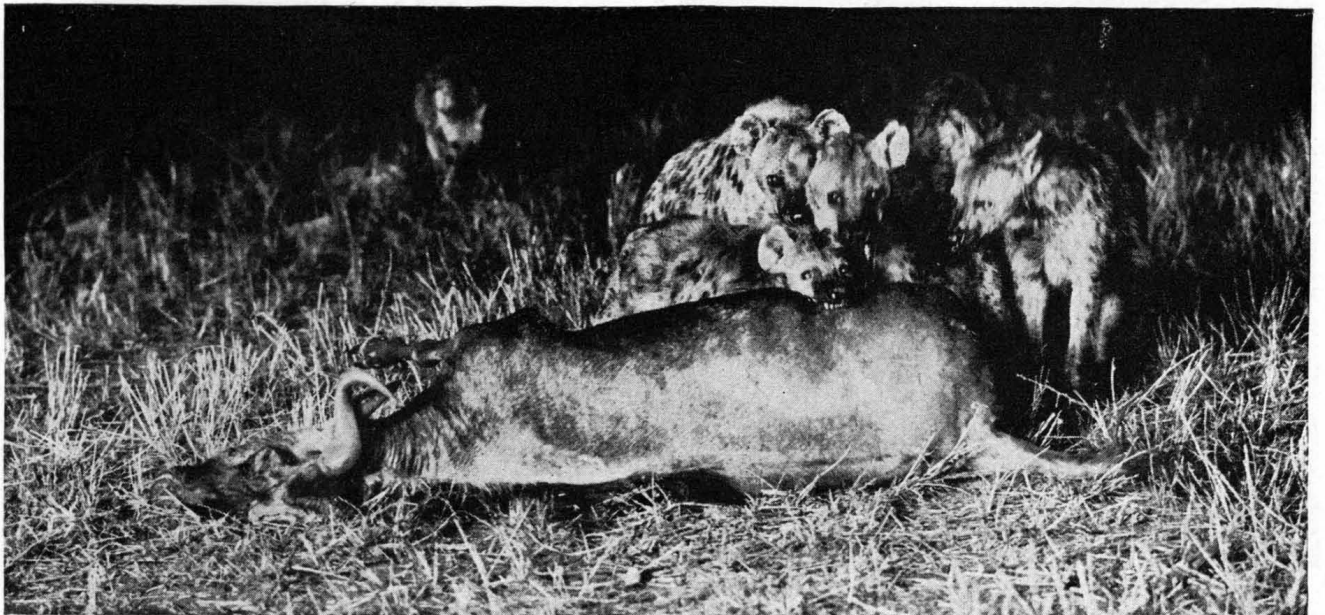
In fifteen minutes we were up to the herd.



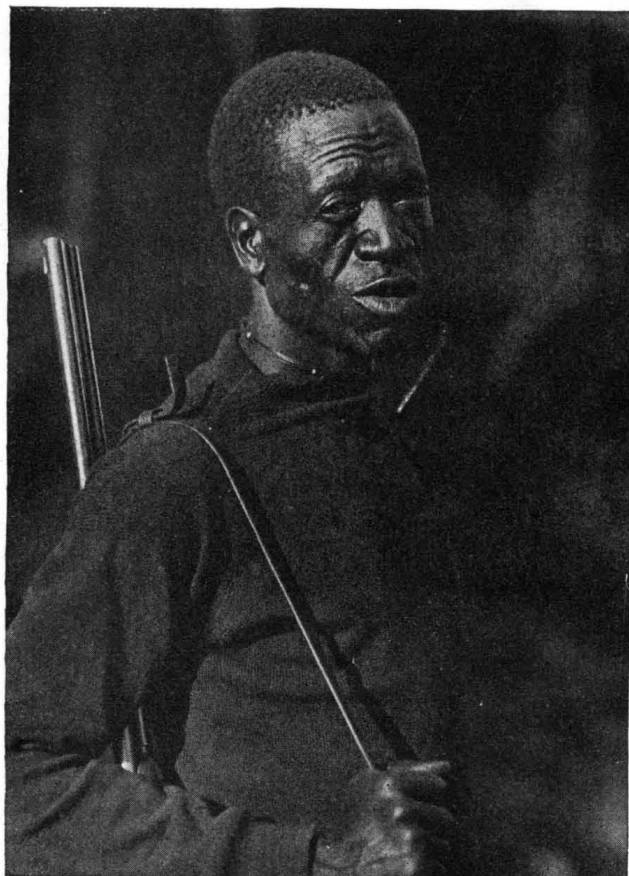
Their tusks gleamed white in the sunlight.



Two seconds after this picture was taken this old rhino charged us.

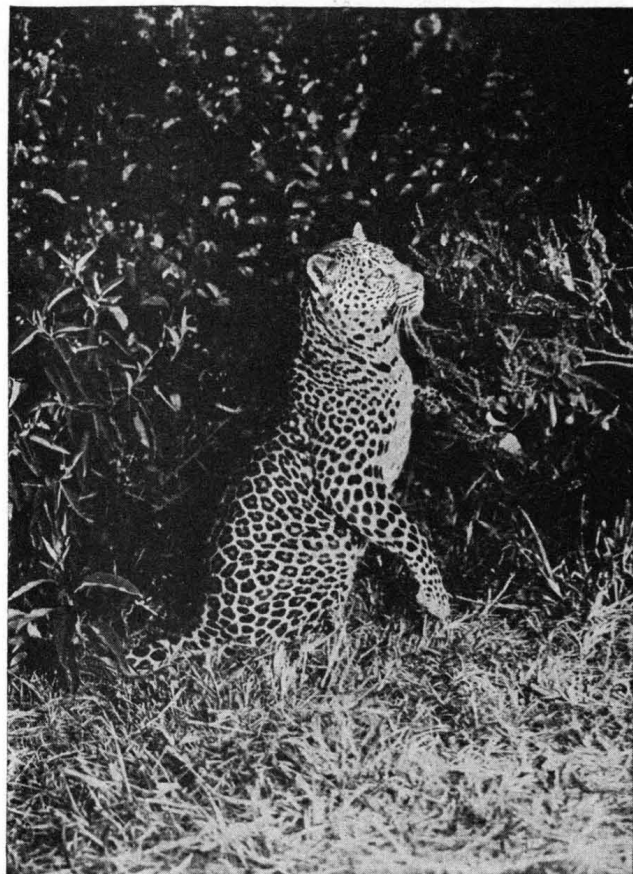


Hyenas on the bait. A flashlight photo.



BOCULY.

Greatest of all elephant trackers. We called him "Little Half-Brother of the Elephants."



THE KILLER.

Flashlight photo of a leopard. The best picture of this elusive beast we ever succeeded in taking.

Twice she's dropped elephants at my feet. Once a lion charged me in the open. I kept on cranking because she held the gun. At fifteen feet she fired. It didn't stop him. She fired again and he dropped so close I could touch his mane with my toe.

I usually get so intent on the pictures I'm getting that I don't even realize the danger. Osa looks out for that.

PHOTOGRAPHING wild life isn't a tea party. It's a mighty dangerous business for the fellow who hasn't had a lot of experience—who doesn't know just what chances he can take with a margin of safety. After years in the jungle, one gets to sense the attitude of the animals—to have an instinct as to how far one can go. Naturally, we take every precaution. Sometimes our enthusiasm takes us beyond the dictates of common sense. And then, there's always a decided uncertainty with wild animals that can upset all one's calculations. So there have been times when Osa's marksmanship has been the only salvation for us and our films.

Camera hunting isn't a career I'd advise for many people, but it's a thrilling life if you like it. But for every thrill there may be days, perhaps weeks of dull, tiring preparation. Sometimes after endless labor of tracking, planning, lugging cameras and equipment, getting right up with the beasts you're looking for, you don't get a decent bit of film. Then again, you get a picture that makes you want to stand out in the middle of the desert and shout the tidings to the world.

With Boculy finding so many elephants for us we gradually became so accustomed to the big beasts that we hadn't as much fear of them as we should have had.

One day we nearly got into a serious situation with a herd of four. We had started down the trail after breakfast when Osa spotted a young bull and three females in a donga below us. I got some good film. After a while the elephants came out into the open, gathering grass and throwing it over themselves. Suddenly we heard the roar of a grass fire. We were on a little peninsula of land where the donga took a turn. Before we could get out, we were surrounded with burning grass. The only thing to do was to go over the little cliff almost on top of the elephants.

We scrambled down, barely escaping broken necks and cameras. As we landed, the elephants caught the scent of fire. With a wild trumpeting they rushed for the far side of the donga and we followed. It was pure accident that they didn't come our way.

I've spoken of the tribal instincts of tembo. I've often seen an elephant separated by several hundred yards from the rest of the herd, warn the others of some approaching danger. How they do it, I don't know. One can almost believe they communicate by some kind of mental signal.

ON one occasion when we were in our blind at night, a long file of elephants came down for water. As they approached our flashlight apparatus, they stopped. For several minutes, they hesitated, their trunks waving in the air. Then one left the herd. Every fifteen feet or so, he would stop and wave his trunk. He seemed puzzled. Finally he went back to the herd. They had a conference. There wasn't a sound, but they stood at a lot of old ladies whispering together. Finally they went to the water by another route. We got no pictures that night.

One old female got the habit of breaking into our vegetable garden at Lake Paradise. She particularly liked sweet potatoes. She was quite orderly about it, picking a space of about ten square feet every night, eating everything in that space and going away without damaging anything else.

We found that this old lady was entering our bomba at a hole she had made beside a great yellowwood tree. Here we set up our wires and cameras with the mechanism set so the elephant would spring the flashlight herself. We'd scarcely gone to bed when we heard the boom. We dashed out in our pajamas. She had disappeared, carrying away a considerable portion of the bomba. We were too excited to wait till morning to develop the plates so rushed to the laboratory at once. The pictures were wonderfully clear. What a thrill we got from every good picture—a greater kick than any hunter can know.

Although we doubted that she would return, we set up the apparatus again the following night. Again we heard the flashlight boom and again we rushed out in our pajamas and developed film.

THE third night we heard the crashing of branches on the edge of the forest. There was the old lady contentedly feeding. To show her independence, she strolled through the hole in the bomba and down the line of houses where my boys slept, quietly ripping off the thatched roofs as she went. In a moment the blacks came tumbling out of their huts, frightened to death. Old tembo disappeared in the forest.

It's unusual for the African elephant to consciously come near man or his habitations. The Indian elephant, on the other hand, is easily tamed. This is no reflection on his character. Rather is he a jungle philosopher who realizes the hopelessness of resisting man. He is generally treated kindly, the work is light in proportion to his strength, he eats regularly, so he simply accepts life as he finds it.

I am inclined to doubt the stories of an elephant's vindictiveness. Practically any animal will remember for a short time a person who had harmed him; but their memories are not strong and gradually they forget.

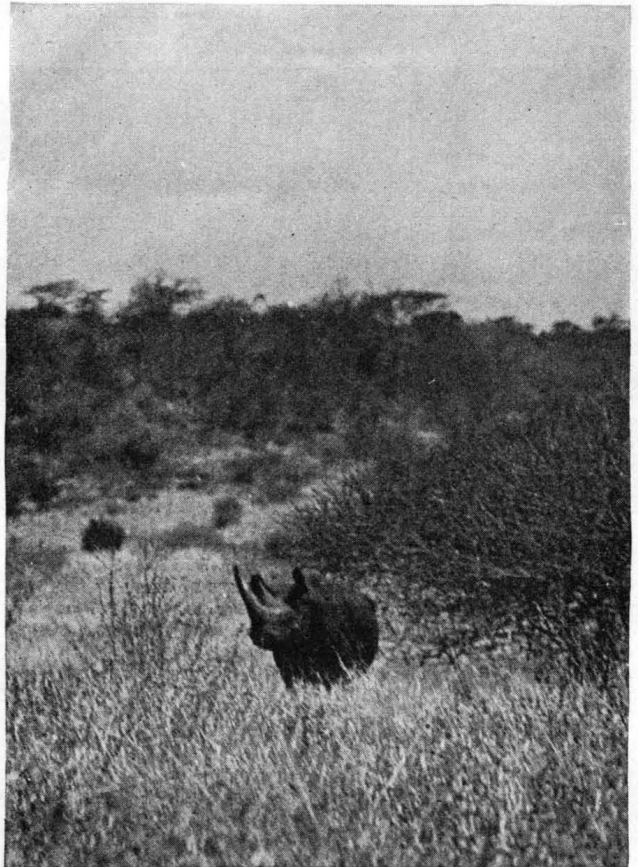
When really aroused, the elephant can be terrible and vindictive, but as far as I have observed, he only wants to kill when his indignation has been aroused by unwarranted intrusion. There is often something comic about them because of their great bulk and their usual indifference to what goes on around them.

One astonishing thing is the way, for all their great size, they can vanish so noiselessly into the forest. I have seen them melt out of sight with little or no apparent movement. I say again that I like elephants. The majority of them are normally kind, conservative, know their place in life and are content to keep it.

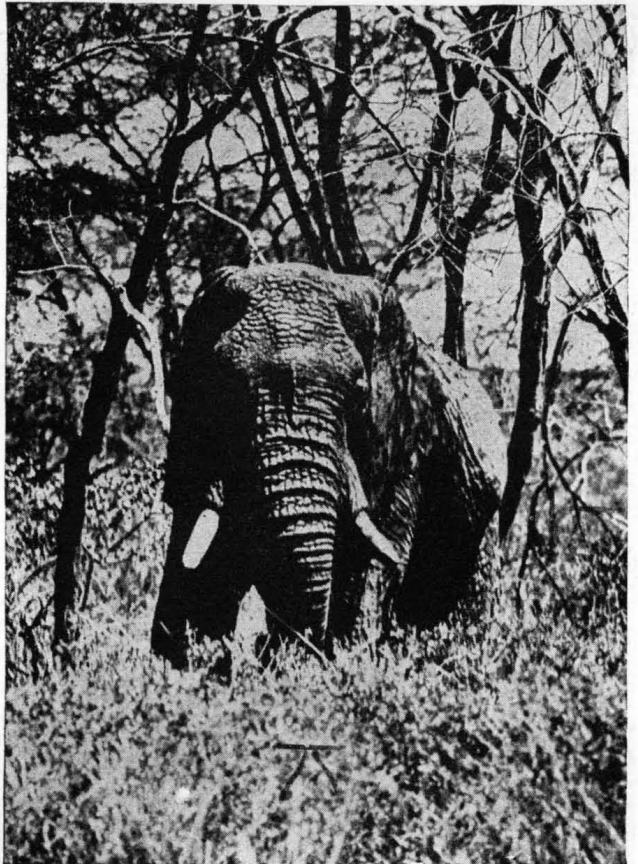
The rhinoceros, on the other hand, is a stupid old idiot. He's always in a bad humor, always grunting, looking for trouble and fighting. He hasn't a friend in the world, even among his own kind, and doesn't deserve one. They rarely travel in herds and never mix with other animals. They'll fight each other for no reason, they'll attack a person without provocation. They just seem to hate the world on principle. Many times I've been treed by an angry rhino.

Philip Percival, Africa's most noted big game hunter, tells me that the rhino's reputation for a nasty disposition comes largely from the fact that he dozes most of the day and when man disturbs him he wakes up half frightened, half angry and full of resentment. But I really feel that the rhino is just naturally a disagreeable fellow. His whole attitude when you come on him is, "Come on, I dare you to fight." And without giving you time to say you're sorry for disturbing him, he charges.

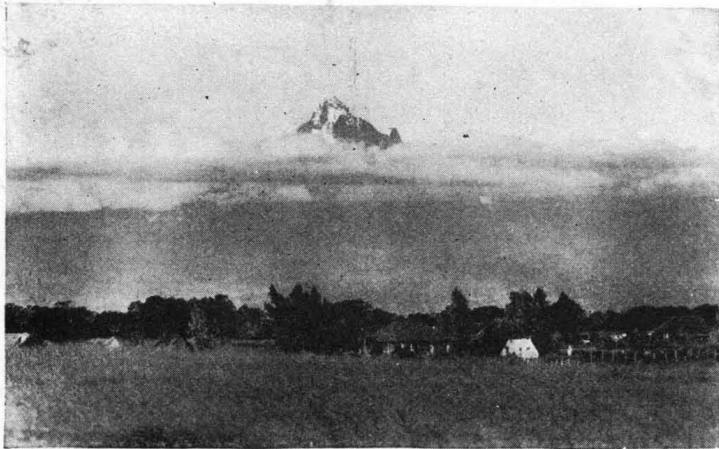
ONE day we found a big fellow. I managed to get a few pictures before he discovered us. Then he caught our scent. The only refuge near was a small thorn tree. I put Osa up as the rhino came for us in short, goose-like jumps. A little ways from us, he hesi-



AN IRRITABLE OLD RHINO.
Osa was always running into trouble with rhinos. It was no wonder she learned to hate them.

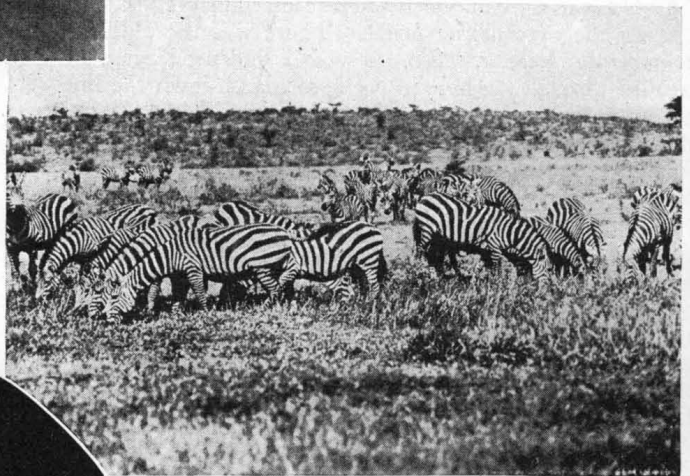


I LIKE ELEPHANTS.
They attend to their own business and do not prey on other creatures.



MT. KENYA FROM NANYUKI.

Eternally snow-capped and the headwaters of some of the finest trout streams in the world. Here the angler can take brown and rainbow trout and see elephants, rhinos and buffalos in the surrounding forest.



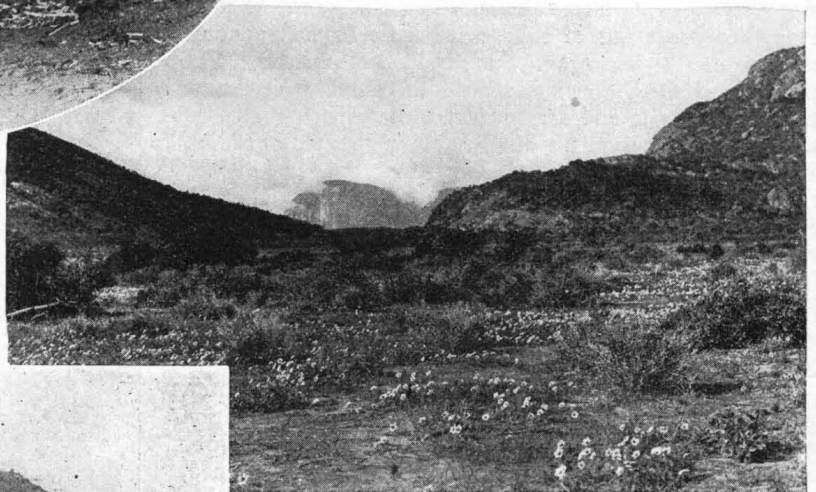
COMMON ZEBRA.

No two zebra are marked alike. A close study of this picture will show a great variety of markings.



NIGHT AT LAKE PARADISE.

All kinds of wild life came to the lake at night and we got some wonderful flash-light pictures right near our home.

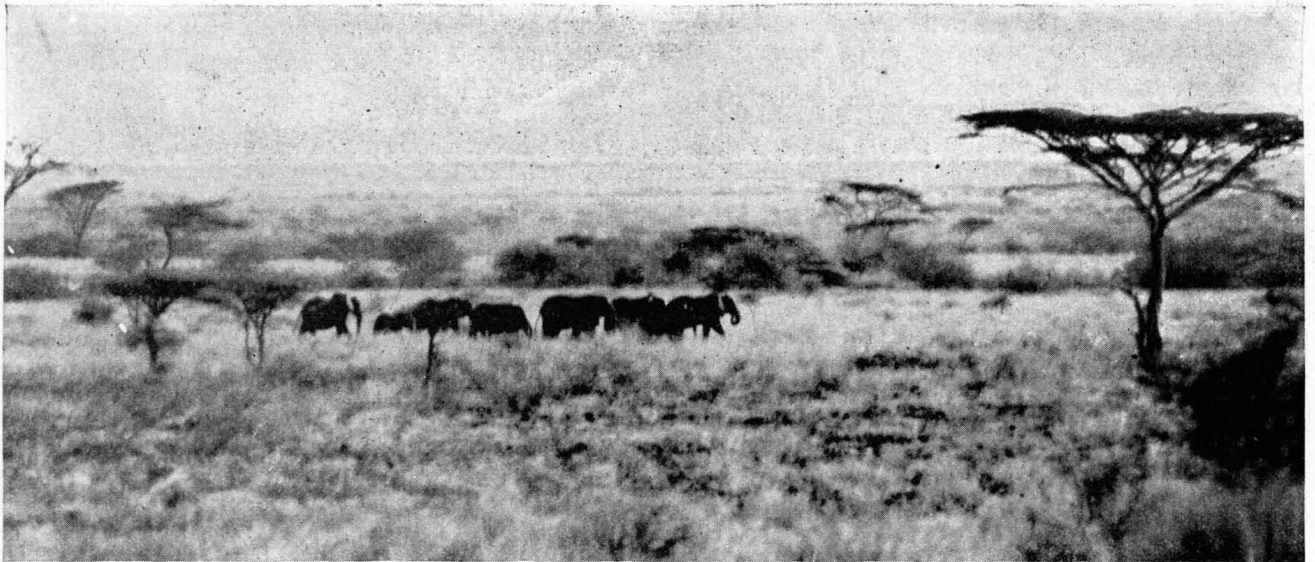


A KENYA LANDSCAPE.

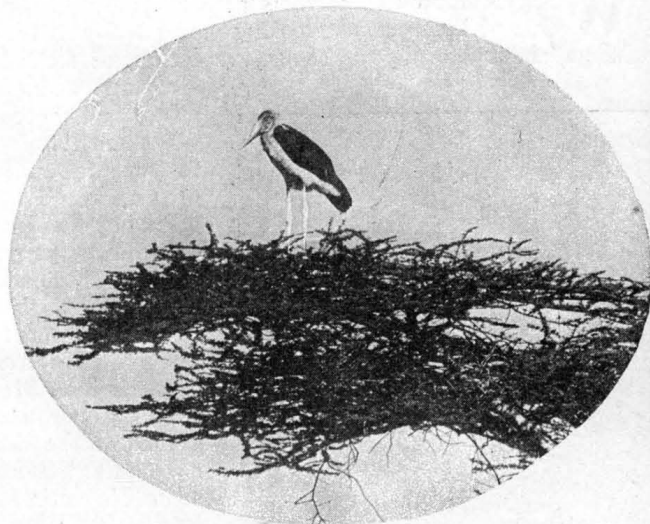
Much of the game country is flat and uninteresting, but the hill country is beautiful.



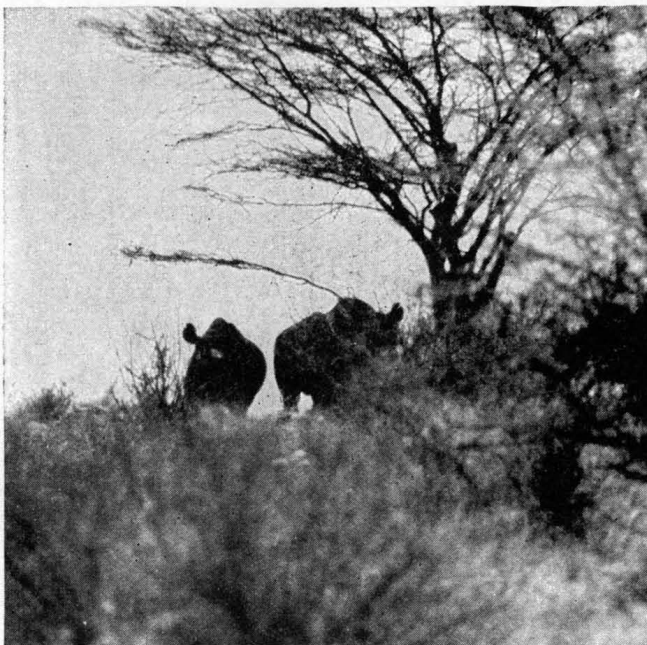
Giraffes on the Serengeti Plains.



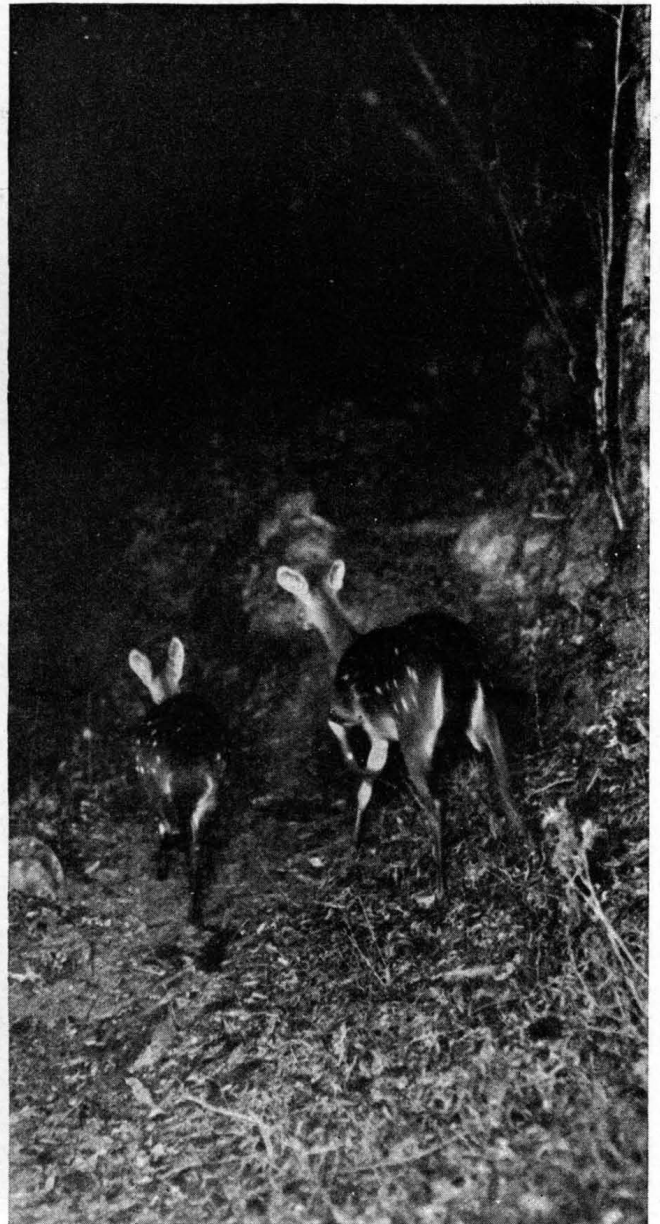
Few animals respond to leadership as does the elephant.



A maribou stork in a thorn tree.



Two rhinos we met unexpectedly.



Abyssinian bushbucks.

tated and pawed the ground angrily. Then he charged. It was amusing to see the nine boys and myself scrambling up that miserable little tree after Osa. It was hardly big enough to hold three of us. But fortunately the rhino decided he had vanquished us. He circled the tree and then dashed off.

ONE morning as I came out of our tent, I saw three rhino moving toward camp. They were fighting and running at the same time. Suddenly they all disappeared in the brush.

After breakfast Osa and Saunderson, my Scotch assistant, started out for rhinos. Saunderson and one of the boys went into the bushes. Suddenly I heard a scream. Then two shots and more screams—another shot. Osa and I dashed into the bushes. Saunderson was stretched out on the ground, his clothing torn and covered with blood. I thought for a moment he was dead, but when I lifted him, found the beast had got him in the legs. He was badly cut up.

When he was able to talk he told me he'd nearly stepped on the rhino. She charged. He got in several shots but couldn't stop her and she gored him. The next day one of my blacks was trampled by a baby rhino.

Sometimes I've been able to head off a charge by shouting and waving my arms, but when either lion, rhino or elephant was really aroused, we usually had to climb a tree or shoot.

One day we were watching a female with her young one drinking at a little pool. Suddenly Osa nudged me. I turned in time to see a big bull rhino coming for us. I started to get some fine film, calling to Osa to stop him with a shot if necessary. I thought it might be a false charge. But Osa didn't think so and as he came within thirty feet of the camera, she shot for the brain and dropped him.

The rhino does most of his drinking at night. When through he usually wallows around in the mud a while and picks a fight with one of his kind. He spends a good deal of the night wandering about, grunting and squealing.

In one way or another we came to know a good deal about the rhinoceros. They are pretty well distributed over

the whole of East Africa. But at times the rhino work got on my nerves. They're a stupid animal and there wasn't nearly the interest in photographing them that there was with elephants, lions and others of the jungle folk.

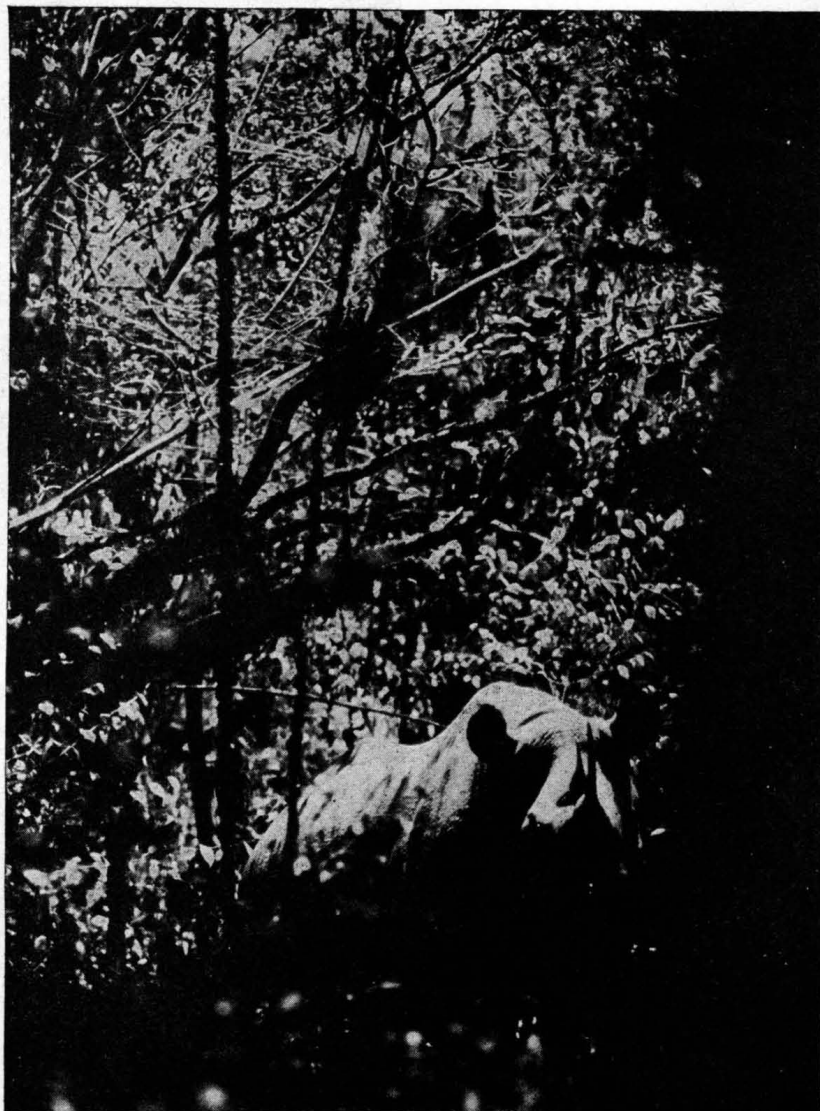
Little is known about the white rhino, and it was for the purpose of securing some good film of this rare beast that Osa and I journeyed up the White Nile with Mr. George Eastman and Albert Kaiser, his physician. Mr. Eastman was after a white rhino and an elephant, both of which he got in Uganda. He then returned to Rejaf in the Sudan, boarded his private houseboat, the "Dal," and returned to Khartoum, while Osa and I returned to the Congo where we photographed the pigmies at Gumbarie. We then safaried across to Uganda.

In the Congo we had secured the services of Ed. (We could not remember his last name—it was a jaw-breaker.) Ed was an Italian and a fine mechanic, besides being a dandy fellow. He spoke several native languages and was a good worker. With him we hired a two-ton truck, but it never had less than three tons loaded inside its big body (trunks and camping equipment—cameras and camera supplies, to say nothing of eleven black boys). Osa and I rode in the front seat with Ed.

WE picked up two servants at Aba in the Congo. One of them, a good-looking young fellow named Mogo, about sixteen years of age, we got out of the jail.

He was a bigamist, having two wives and refusing to support either of them. The other boy was just an ordinary porter who tried to do boy's duties, but Mogo was a character. He had formerly been Mr. Eastman's boy, and although he did not know much about his work, he was such a happy, good-looking kid that we liked him. He would break out laughing at anything and since he tried hard to please, he succeeded, and Mr. Eastman overlooked his shortcomings.

Rhino camp was full of natives at this time. A new village was being built and thousands of natives were bringing in grass. It was most interesting to watch the various types as they carried their loads down the street. It was over a mile long; clean as could be. In fact, if one
(Cont. on p. 913)



A FOREST RHINO.

We got very close to him by moving carefully.



HE RESENTED THE INTRUSION AND CHARGED.

This was one time we had to shoot it out. Osa's bullet stopped this rhino a few paces in front of the camera.



ELEPHANTS IN THE LAKE PARADISE REGION.

Note the bull's broken tusks. These were probably broken bending trees.

Into the African Blue

(Continued from page 882)

would overlook the natives and look only at this pretty street, he could easily imagine himself in some old New England village.

We made our headquarters at Rhino Camp on the Nile, taking possession of a government rest house, built of grass, but quite comfortable for our purpose. We arrived at this camp after dark, and had the novelty of having water and wood brought to us by a bunch of thirty or forty naked girls. Most of these natives were entirely naked, especially the men, while the dress of the women consisted of a small bunch of green leaves.

Most of the grass was carried by the women, who in addition carried babies strapped to their backs in small skin containers, like a saddle. The babies' legs hung down or gripped their mothers' waists. For the middle of the day when it was hot, there were skin caps to slip over the babies' heads. The babies seemed perfectly contented and slept most of the time. The women carried the same sized load as the men, only the men had no babies to carry.

We were amused with one woman. It was clear that she was due to have a baby within a day or two. She came along carrying her load of grass, and on top of the grass was a pack for carrying the baby when it arrived. She expected it any time and was ready. This is what one would call preparedness.

These people did not mind being photographed, especially as I always gave them a few cents worth of baksheesh. However, some of the women that we stopped didn't know what it was all about and were badly frightened. Some of them cried, but stood for their pictures nevertheless, as they were accustomed to obeying the white man.

It is strange that white rhino are only found on this side of the Nile . . . across the river are found the black rhino, but no white ones.

Another interesting thing about the white rhino is, that they are just as black as the black ones. I've tried to ascertain how they came to be known as the white rhino when they are not white and not

even light colored, but no one can give me a satisfactory answer. One theory is, that they were first called white because they are found along the White Nile. Another is, that perhaps the first people to see them had seen them right after they had been rolling in the white alkali dust. I, personally, have seen them do this, and when they get through rolling, they do look quite white. But in the early mornings when they come out of the wet grass or the swamps, they are as black as ink.

I've also heard that they are really a shade lighter in color than the black rhino, but I can't see it. I've photographed hundreds of black rhino, but I have seen more than twenty white rhino at different times, but I haven't been able to discover that there is any difference whatsoever in the color.

The principal difference between the two is in the size and shape of the head. The white rhino is much larger than the black . . . the first ones I saw looked nearly as big as elephants. Of course, they are not, but they would weigh over two tons I am sure. The black rhino has the long overhanging prehensile lip that tapers to a point, while the white rhino has a square jaw and a square lip—not prehensile.

But the first thing that struck Osa and me, was the enormous head. I think I'm safe in saying that the big head and neck is easily one-fourth of the body in weight. But in appearance, the head seems to be one-half of the body, and it is the ugliest head on anything living.

Then there are the horns, which are thicker and longer than those of the black. I think the white rhino is the most terrifying looking animal on earth.

Rhino Camp is a pretty place, if one can overlook the heat and mosquitoes. It is situated on a hard piece of ground right on the water's edge. On all sides and across the river there is nothing but sudd grass, but here there are large mimosa trees, plenty of shade, and an excellent boat landing. A Uganda Government boat plies up and down the Nile to Nimele at the north and to Lake Albert on the south, and calls here once a week.

(To be continued in January)

Christmas Eve on the Allagash

(Continued from page 885)

days of ours. If in doubt, hunt up a World War veteran and ask him . . . maybe he'll be able to translate it for you.

The little table looked pretty festive, considering our distance from the nearest corner grocery store, and I hastened to congratulate Peggy on the results she had managed to achieve with the raw materials at hand.

She was not satisfied, however, and was still seeking for new worlds to conquer.

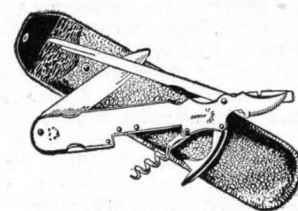
"Wish we had some nuts—or candy, or something of that sort," said Peggy disconsolately, eyeing the little table with an apprehensive gaze and noting the lack of confectioner's supplies.

"Open a couple of those packages—I have a sort of hunch that you might find something to interest you in them," was my response.

Sure enough, the first package, a small, square one, proved to be exactly what the lady had been wishing for. It was a tin box, packed cramfull of assorted nuts,

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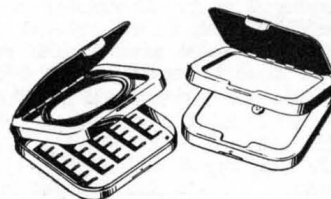
17-Tool Knife \$2.50



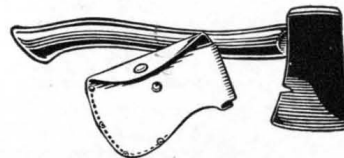
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