

# R H I N O P H I L I G H T S

Gerry Anderson

It all started when I was a mere child of five. My parents took me to see the John Wayne movie "Hatari," which centered on the lives of a bunch of men who spent their off-season in Africa catching wild game for zoos. The movie starts with scenes of them chasing and trying to lasso a rhino. I was in awe watching this animal I had never seen before, running alongside the catching truck battering and ramming the side of the truck with its horn. Even then I thought to myself, "What is that?...it drives just like my mother! Always leaning on the horn!"

When my parents explained to me that it was a rhinoceros I was hooked...a rhinophile for life. My dad used to say to my mother, "Dear...there's something wrong with our son. Every other kid in the neighborhood wants a dog and our kid wants a rhino! Do you think we can take him somewhere and trade him in for a normal kid?"

Well, my parents never traded me in and in fact, they bought me my first rhino shortly thereafter. Now, some 26 years and 600 plus rhinos later, my entire family has that strange affliction that causes

them to seek rhinos whenever they are out shopping. It has made my quest much easier other than the continual battle to finance my rhino habit.

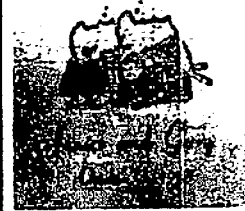
Some of my more prized items, other than my very first rhino include a rhino liquor bottle complete with contents and sealed cork, a rhino necklace charm, a print of a charging rhino entitled: "I may have my faults but being wrong isn't one of them!" and two hand carved and painted seashells



with African grassland scenes including rhinos.

I am proud to say that the rhinoceros has truly become a

symbol of my existence. Even my wife has been subjected to the rhino "trademark." At our wedding, our favors included napkins and matchbooks displaying two rhinos (male



and female), in full wedding dress, walking hand-in-hand (or should I say hoof-in-hoof) complete with raised toast glasses. Needless to say, my wife is now also addicted to the habit. As a wedding present to her husband she gave me a crystal rhino, which also happens to be one of my favorite pieces in the collection.

A special note to Jane Kenney Norberg (subject of the last rhinophilights): I was also fortunate enough to visit the San Francisco Zoo while on business in February, 1988. At that time the zoo had two white rhinos one being a male named Stonewall who was purported to be the oldest living rhino (over 40 years old) in captivity. I obtained this information from one of the zookeepers who happened to come by while I was climbing back over the fence after my unauthorized up close and personal visit with Stonewall for a "photo session." I was also informed how easily Stonewall could have broken