



HIS mother died at the hand of the poacher five days before these pictures were taken and from the edge of the bush he watched a man hack off his mother's horn with an axe.

A National Park Warden admitted having spotted the baby rhino during these five lonely days but claimed that it was too wild for any attempts to be made to catch it so he, and his Scouts, left it defenceless and starving.

Then a White Hunter, Mr. Stan Lawrence-Brown, on safari with a party of clients, spotted the dead mother and found the helpless calf, sheltering behind the carcass.

He gave it water and stroked it for a while before going back to his vehicle to seek permission from National Parks to rescue it, but the orphan wasn't having any, and it trotted behind the departing Land-Rover for over four miles until both reached a National Park camp.

There, half a dozen Rangers ran out of their huts and screaming and shouting, chased the baby back into the bush where, despite a day long search by the White Hunter who had rescued it in the first place, it was lost.

There is a moral to this story which had best be left to the reader to discover,

THE MARK OF THE POACHER

