

A LION IS DANGEROUS.

Roosevelt wrote: "The hunter should never go near a lion until it is dead; and even when it is on the point of death, he should not stand near, nor approach its head from in front." I agree; but Osa and I went near many lions, and in only a few instances did they charge us.



Into the African Blue

Part Two—Up the Victoria Nile

(Continued From Last Month)

ON the second day Ed and I took the truck up the road and spent the day looking for rhino, while Osa remained in camp to do some writing. About four o'clock we started back and about five miles from Rhino Camp, we saw a mother white rhino and a week-old baby near the road. Now, I had no license to shoot white rhinos, and I did not wish to get into trouble with a mother that had such a small baby. She might be cranky about having its picture taken, so I was very careful about going very close. As she grazed along, Ed and I followed at about a hundred yards. Every time I would move forward, Ed would assure me that I was in the ideal spot to photograph, but I kept moving up. Finally, Ed remembered that he had left his motor car in the middle of the road and that he had better get back to it . . . although not half a dozen cars used this road during a week . . . but off he went and did not return. Ed is a mighty fine motor car mechanic and a nice fellow, but he doesn't like white rhino.

I got some good pictures, but nothing to rave about, as I was not close enough. However, it gave me something to boast about when I returned to camp . . . I had seen and photographed the rare white rhino. Next day the blacks reported a couple of cow rhino with small horns, but we didn't go after them.

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

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Nothing happened that day. Osa and I were getting restless, sitting all day in the Rhino Camp rest house, so on the fourth day we went out about ten o'clock, taking a few boys to carry cameras and got out into the bush. We saw numbers of cob, kongoni and waterbuck and about eleven o'clock we almost ran over a huge, very black, white rhino asleep under a tree. Gosh! he looked big. We were only about fifty yards from him when we saw him. I don't think we

would have gone so close had we discovered him when we were farther away. But he was asleep, so we set up the cameras and when everything was ready, we whistled, just loudly enough to disturb his slumbers, but not loudly enough to frighten him. We had to get him from the shade of that tree in order to get a picture.

Well, he trotted out from the tree and looked all around. On his back were about a dozen beautiful egrets which flew in the air a few feet and then down on his back again a couple of times, while he was turning around and around trying to find the point of danger, but we had some bushes behind us and were well camouflaged. For ten minutes he remained there, while we photographed him, the egrets helping the picture a lot. He even moved a few feet towards us, then decided the place was not



PHOTOGRAPHING A WHITE RHINO.

The author setting up his camera for a close-up of a white rhino on the White Nile River in Uganda. Notice the rhino visible behind the right leg of the camera tripod.

safe and trotted off. We followed and when he stopped, got some more fine pictures. For thirty minutes we got him in different positions and in different scenery. Then he went off into dense bush and we did not follow. At last, we had some good pictures of this rare animal!

EARLY next morning I developed film. Then Ed left to return to Aba. We were sorry to say good-bye to him as he is a fine chap and a very good worker and he had been of great help to us.

We now had three days to kill before we could catch the boat for Lake Albert and the Victoria Nile and we intended spending them in hard work looking for more white rhino.

While at my developing, I had sent for the local chief and explained that I wanted half a dozen porters to help my boys carry cameras back into the bush on our search for rhino. He agreed to send them to me and while I was eating breakfast, he brought in a dozen naked girls—girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age. He told me to take my pick as they were all good porters.

Osa then started in to lecture this chief. She told him he and all his people were lazy and good-for-nothing, and that he should be ashamed of himself to even allow the girls to work. He said there were no men available and Osa pointed to a tree under which thirty or forty or more were squatting, but the chief said they were not porters, they were all chiefs. Then Osa really blew up and gave the chief such a raking over the coals that he won't forget it for a while. And he did send out and get us men porters and three trackers. The trackers were sent off at once, while we were to go to a hill about four miles from camp where they were to meet us after first looking over the country.

Then the girls told Osa after the chief and his people had departed, that they could have done the portering as well as the men; that they wanted work for they were hungry, so Osa ordered the cook to make up a pot of posho for them. Then, when it was ready, all the so-called chiefs came crowding around. They said the girls were their wives and daughters and, therefore, they were in on the posho. I called my boys and we cleaned up the bunch. When the last one had disappeared in the bush we gave the girls the posho and they ate like hungry dogs.

While they were eating, we set out. It

was about ten o'clock when we came to the hill, and found one of the guides waiting. They had found a rhino just half a mile from the hill. He was quite delighted as I had promised five shillings for every rhino they found for me which I was able to photograph. The other two guides were watching the rhino.

We went with our guide to the spot, and there was a fine big fellow in a perfect setting. The sun and wind were right so I set to work. I then crept up a little closer and saw a baby lying in the grass . . . a wee little thing only a week or so old. I got busy again with the camera and then something warned the mother, for she whirled; the baby jumped up and off they trotted. Two hundred yards away they were joined by another mother and baby and they all started to graze. Again, we crept up on them and made some more fine pictures until they became restless and slowly moved away. We followed and were just about to get another picture when something disturbed the two baby rhino who had snuggled in under a bush, for out they came squealing loudly, followed by a big male. The babies ran to their mothers and all turned toward the big fellow who stopped and snorted ferociously. They were seemingly just ready to rush at each other, when the tension relaxed for some unknown reason, and all five meandered off, grazing as they went.

It was a sight I shall never forget—that tension—apparently a matter of life and death. Then in a second—less than a second, all five relaxed at the same moment as if they were all attached to an electric wire from which the current was suddenly shut off.



A WHITE RHINO. ENLARGEMENT OF A MOVIE FILM.

The white rhino is not white at all—probably named white, because he was first found on the banks of the White Nile, or because he likes to wallow in alkali dust, giving him a whitish appearance. He is a third larger than the black rhino, and becoming very scarce.

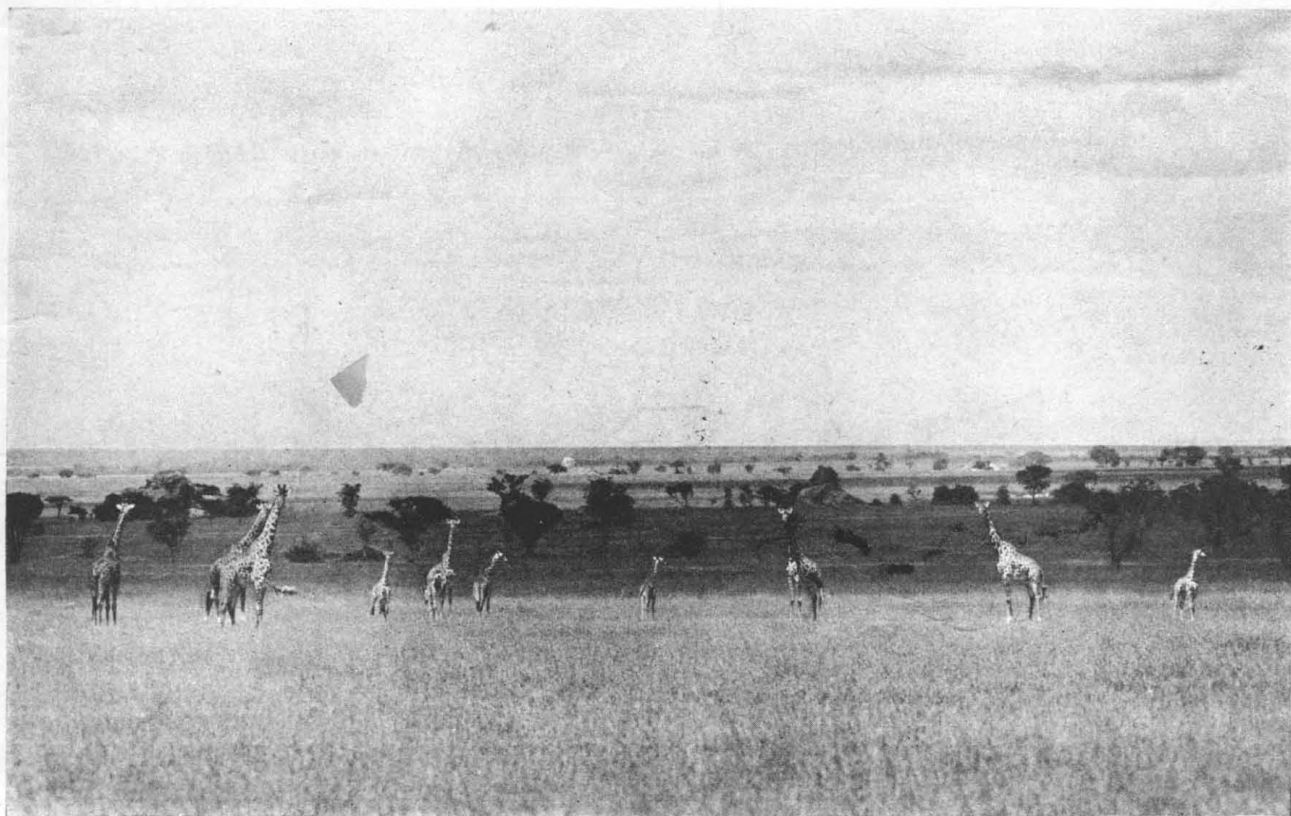
OF course I should have turned the crank on those five tense rhino, but I was so fascinated by the scene in front of me that I didn't even think of the camera until they started moving away. Osa was as wrought up over the situation as I was, for she hadn't noticed that I wasn't turning the crank. And the marvelous luck of seeing five of the rare white rhino together was so exciting that she turned to me and grinned.

We trailed the rhino for a few hundred yards, getting a few pictures when they stopped to graze and finally when they all disappeared under a big bush, we stopped also, undecided as to what should be the next move. We suspected that they might intend retiring for the



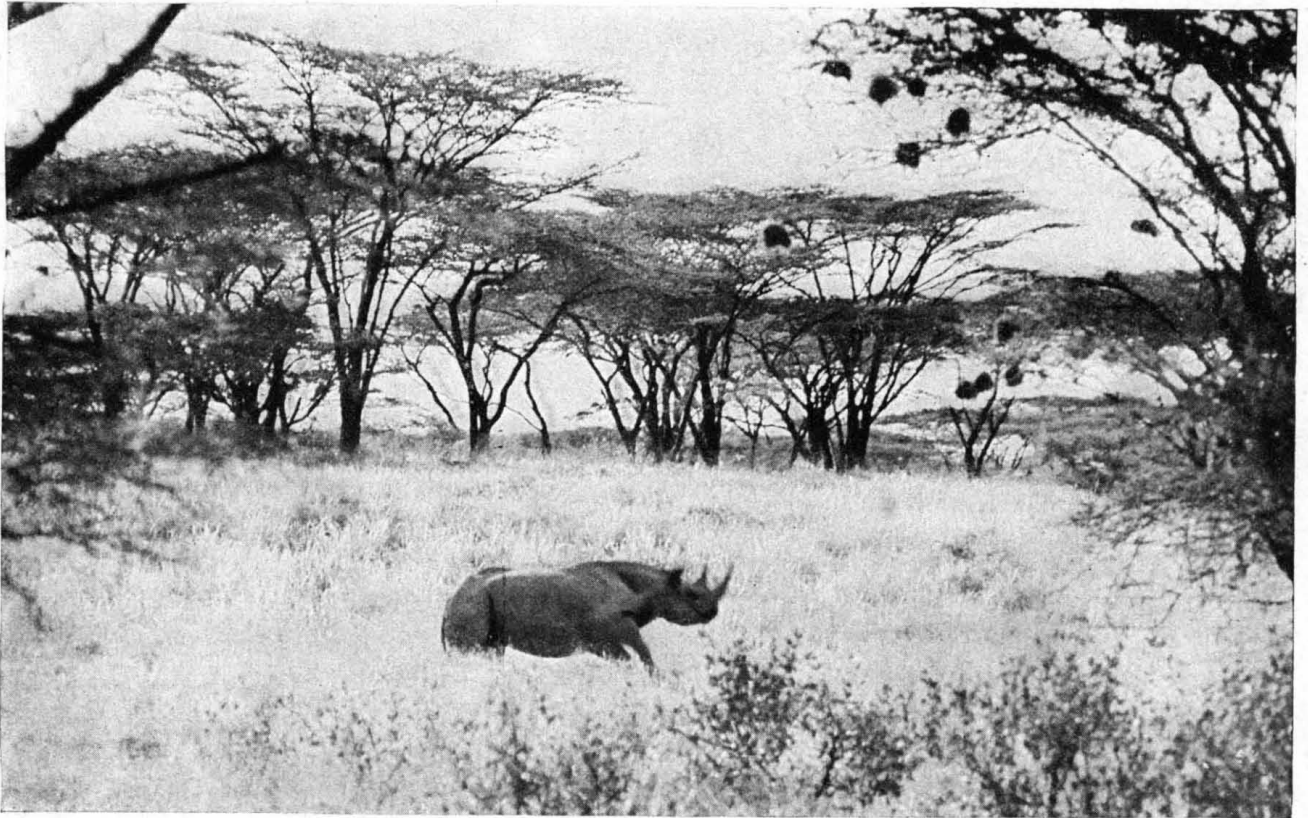
THIS STUNT SOMETIMES WORKED WELL.

We were quite often able to get close to plains game by Osa driving. I had my camera ready, and while the animals stood for a minute in surprise, I was able to get a picture—sometimes.



LUSCIOUS SIGHT FOR A LION.

Giraffe on the Serengeti Plains. At the right in the distance, just barely visible, can be seen our tents, collected around a group of rocks. The rocks that abound in this district are the homes of leopards; in fact, this is the best leopard country of which I know.



A FOREST RHINO ON THE PLAINS OUTSIDE LAKE PARADISE.

He has just been informed by the flight of the tick birds that there is danger about, and is whirling around trying to get the scent. A minute later he got our wind and charged; but we went up trees, and he passed under us and went off into the forest.



BEFORE THE CHARGE.

There were fifteen elephants in this sleepy herd, although only one—a big female—was aware of us. We had our cameras set up on a trail and she came up three times ready to charge. Each time she lost her nerve and turned back. The rest of the herd was not aware of us until she charged, and we had to shoot, just as my film ran out. The others then stampeded.



ELEPHANTS ON SAFARI.

They had been out in the grass country during the rains and were slowly making their way back to the forest now that the rains had stopped. Osa made this picture, and she says it is better than any elephant picture I ever made.



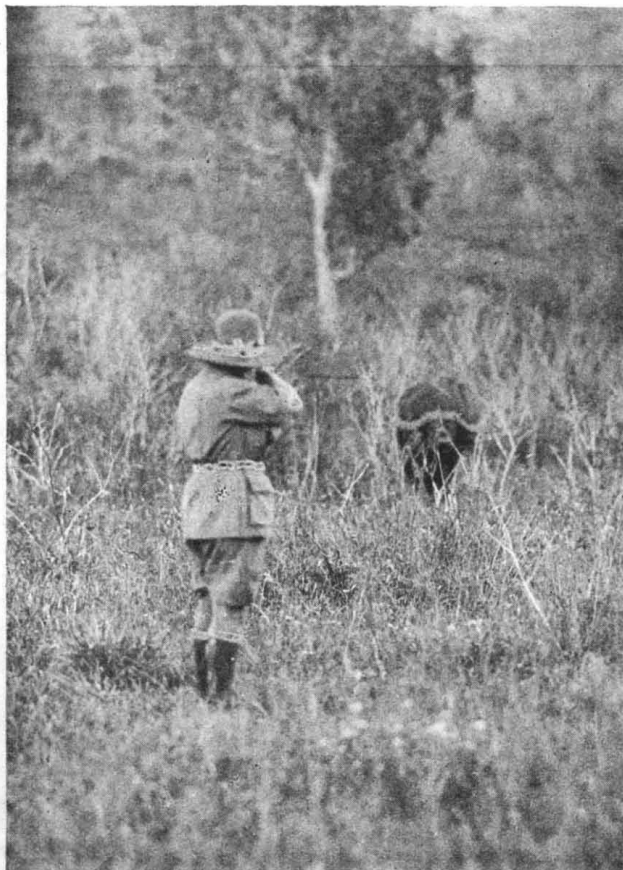
"DARKEST AFRICA."

Sunset on the Kaisoot Desert in the Northern Frontier district of British East Africa.



MY MOVEMENTS INTERESTED HIM.

We got pretty close to this old fellow, and he watched every move we made.



OSA IS READY FOR A CHARGE.

Buffaloes are considered among the most dangerous of African big game, although we have been able to handle the few who did get nasty.

rest of the day. But almost while this thought was passing through our minds, there was a noisy rush out of the bush, and there came *seven* rhino—two more fully grown bulls had now joined the herd. They moved leisurely away with us following, grinning at each other like fools—suddenly we were brought up with a jolt as three more bulls joined the party. **TEN** white rhino—it was unbelievable. Now, my photographic instinct came to the fore. I left Osa with her 9 mm. Mannlicher rifle under a tree which she could easily climb if necessary, and taking my Eyemo camera, I slowly walked up to the rhino, keeping bushes and small trees between us, not to mention carefully watching the wind. I came to a small tree in which a crotch made a good tripod, and also afforded me a method of escape in case the rhino came my way.

NOTHING much happened and I took some splendid film as the rhino grazed and browsed. Once, one of the big bulls came within twenty feet of me, and I placed my foot in the crotch, ready to hoist myself up out of reach, if need be, but he moved away without catching the scent.

Then I heard a low, frantic whistling, the signal of danger that Osa and I had prepared; and turning, I saw Osa up in her tree. The boys had deserted her when four more rhino had approached her—two big bulls and another mother and toto. Quickly, I went up my tree, the newcomers passing fifty feet from me, and joining the others. Fourteen white rhino standing in front of me—a record so far as I knew. I wanted to shout the news to the world. I made pictures as fast as I could, using up roll after roll of film. My photographic sense left me in a way, as the wonder of the situation made me forget photographic values, for I was getting rear-end views instead of front end. A slight noise below attracted my attention, and there was Osa. She handed her gun up to me, and in a moment was beside me.

In the next half hour, I moved several times, from tree to tree, Osa following with the gun; the only gun we had, by the way, and not loaded as heavily as we would have liked, but it was such a wonderful opportunity that we would have gone ahead without any gun.

The afternoon was waning, so I decided to take a chance and get a very close up, but in doing so, I frightened the herd and they clumsily struck out through the brush, but fortunately, they bunched together as they ran, and I got the fourteen in one bunch—a great movie, far beyond any of my wildest dreams, and it was probably only because all our film had been used up, that we turned towards camp—all grins.

WHEN we reached camp, our three guides had fourteen times five shillings all figured out—all having reached a different answer and all wrong; then it dawned upon me that I had made a bargain with them that was beyond all reason. When I promised them five shillings, I knew it was too much, but I wanted to get them keen on the job, as time was so short. Ten shillings is considered a good salary for a month's pay to laborers in this section. I also had intended the five shillings as *basheesh* to the one who found and saw the rhino first, but they had it figured differently. They decided it should be five shillings to each of them. So we compromised. We decided that we had seen five of the rhino before they did, and that they had seen nine before we did. This amounted to forty-five shillings, so I gave each one fifteen shillings and they were satisfied.

But, then, along came the chief with his demands. He figured he should have forty-five shillings. I gave him ten and kicked him out of camp. Not far away were the thirty so-called chiefs. I think they had it figured out that I owed them money, too, but I had been treating them

roughly and they couldn't muster up the courage to come along and make their demands, although they stood off and muttered.

Now came more trouble—the porters, who should receive a salary of twenty Uganda cents a day, which is equal to five cents in American money, demanded five shillings each. As I had overpaid everyone else, I kicked the entire bunch out of camp after giving the porters a shilling each. These fellows were hangers on at the boat landing and were wiser than the usual run of natives. We found the girls had a bit of spirit of their own, and we hired twenty at twenty cents each a day to bring us wood and water. The men tried to prevent them, but the girls laughed at them and went on about their business.

Having located the rhino, we no longer needed the guides or porters. Our own boys were enough, so after a late lunch, we hurried back with fresh film and found the rhino were scattered, the light was poor and we didn't get much more that day in the line of pictures.

Next day gave us a perfect light, but the rhino were scattered, although we accounted for the fourteen and found they were drinking at a swamp each night about five miles beyond, and were returning to this same place each day to graze and sleep. We got some good pictures of single rhino, and of mothers and babies, but we contented ourselves otherwise, by lying in the shade of big mimosa trees and watching them, the cameras always in readiness in case of anything unusual.

THE babies tired easily, whenever the mothers stopped even for a minute the young ones would lie down. They were ugly little things, looking like deformed pigs.

On the morning of the third day, we easily found them again, but as we had all the pictures we wanted taken in that spot, we went on over to the swamp where they drank. It is a big swamp coming down to the Nile banks, and I judge, about five miles in width. In the tall reeds we could see the backs of elephants surmounted by white egrets. We counted over fifty elephants, and there were probably more that we could not see.

Philip Percival had known of this herd for years. He said he had spent many a day on different safaris, waiting for them to come out, but he never had been able to get close to one of them, and had finally given it up. They appeared to be mostly females and toots anyway.

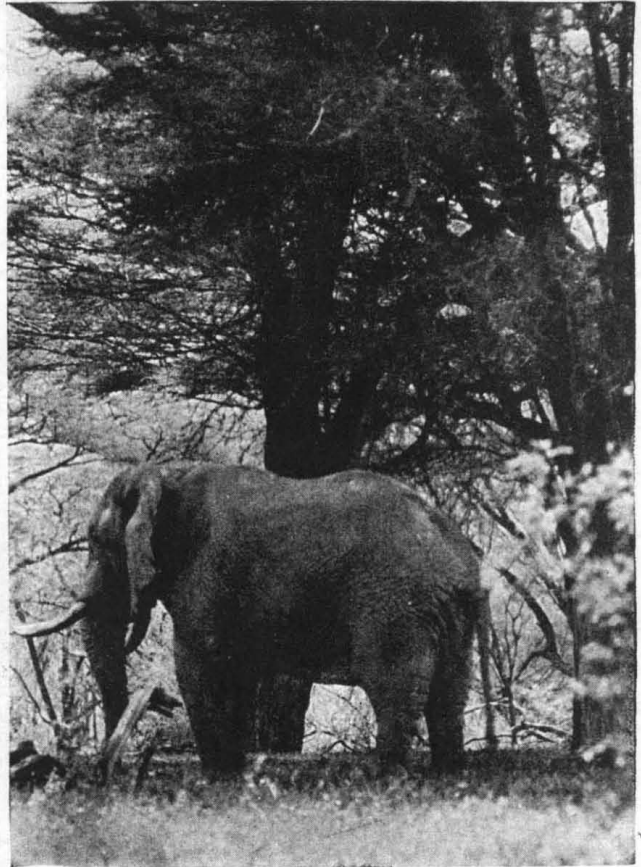
We also saw a small herd of buffalo, but they, too, were far back in the reeds.

We returned to where the rhino were and found them in a bunch again, so took some more pictures which were merely duplicates of the day before.

Next morning at daybreak, we found the Lugard tied up alongside the rest house, and spent the day going up the Nile through very uninteresting country. At sundown we tied up at a small village of four or five grass huts, and spent the night on board. This was the end of the Lugard's run. As we were dressing next morning the Samuel Baker steamed in and made fast alongside the Lugard.

For a couple of hours everything was confusion as native cotton was being transferred. In the meantime, we had seen all of our goods removed to the Samuel Baker and we left about nine o'clock and without a stop steamed on up the Nile, which now became many miles wide, and on into Lake Albert where it got very rough. The Samuel Baker did a choice bit of pitching and tossing as it is a very old boat, with only four cabins, which, fortunately, we did not wish to use anyway, as it was too hot to go inside.

About three o'clock, we tied up at the dock at Butiaba where Commander Hemsted came aboard and informed



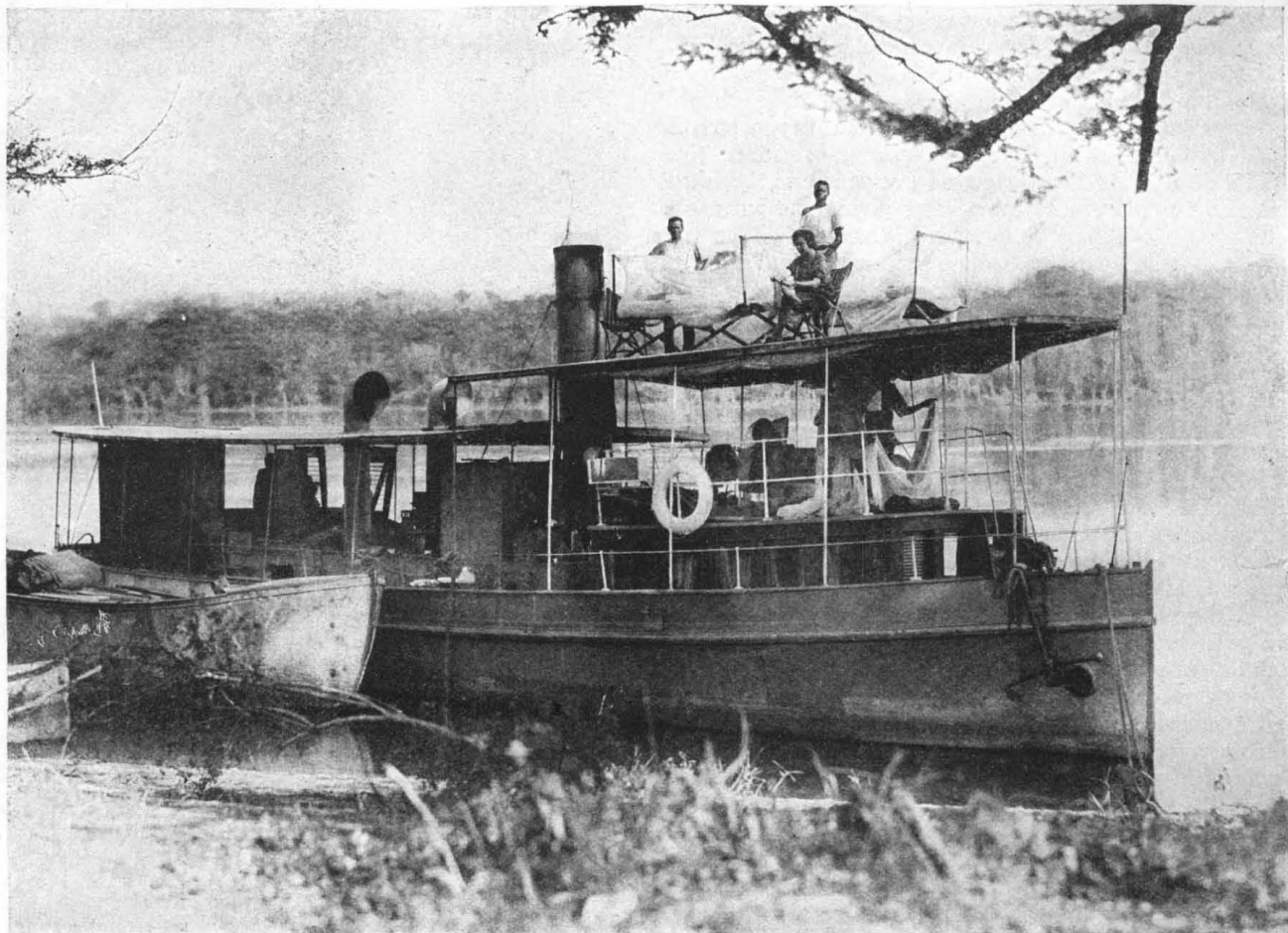
A NOONDAY REST IN THE SHADE.

This elephant's tusks probably weighed about eighty pounds each, which explains the reason why ivory hunting is popular.



AN ACCOMPLISHED SNEAK.

A striped hyena comes to our kill. After an animal is photographed by flashlight, he is blinded for about three minutes.



THE "LIVINGSTON."

Our little wood-burning steamer on the Victoria Nile was fairly comfortable, but it was so hot below decks that we slept on the roof.

us that he had reserved the little steamer Livingston for us, and that we could put off the following day. The captain of the Samuel Baker kindly gave us his house to move into for the night and to store the goods we did not wish to take up the Victoria Nile. And to top off his hospitality, he brought in a nice mess of ducks later in the evening. We had dinner with the captain and Commander Hemsted.

THE Livingston is perhaps seventy feet in length, with a ten-foot beam. She draws little water, burns lots of wood and looks like an old tug on the Hudson river, except that she has a small cabin forward with a deck over it. This is topped by another deck which may be stood upon if one is careful to stand on the beams and not on the wood between them.

She had been a fast boat in her day, but now does five knots and thinks she is speeding. But for us two, with our small bunch of boys, we found her quite comfortable and were very grateful to Commander Hemsted for holding her for us, more especially, as we knew several government parties wanted her.

Our crew consisted of an Indian engineer, and about ten so-called sailors and firemen. We had to bring our own bedding and cook, personal boys and food.

It was late in the morning when we got away from Butiaba. We hugged the Lake Albert shore until we came into the White Nile, and after a couple of hours turned off into the Victoria Nile, just at sundown.

Here, some natives boarded us from dug-out canoes. The chief was sent for and he came aboard bringing us burnt milk which we promptly gave to our boys. We

asked him for two big dug-out canoes and six boys to paddle them. We wished to lash them together when we got up the Nile further and place our cameras in them. He agreed to send them and went away. Next morning the two canoes were alongside with some natives in them. I did not count them, but afterwards found there were only four. We realized later that instead of six natives, we actually needed a dozen or more.

We set off up the Victoria Nile. It was a beautiful day and I was all primed for pictures—I had heard so much about this wonderful game place, but until noon I was disappointed as we passed through nothing but Sud grass. However, about noon, dry ground made its appearance, with plains on one side and scrub forest on the other. Over the plains were scattered Mimosa trees . . . it looked like fine game country.

Then, we saw a small herd of elephants dozing under some trees near the river which furnished material for some fair pictures. Then, we came upon one big bull with fine tusks grazing right at the water's edge, with his feet in the mud. Back of him were eight-foot reeds. I signalled to the engineer to throw off the propeller, and motioned the pilot to steer straight for the elephant. As we were making absolutely no noise, he did not see us, and all the time I was making fine movies of him with a two-inch lens, while we drew closer and closer. We were within a few feet of him and it looked as if the bow of the boat would touch him.

OSA had her gun all ready—then he saw us. The bow of the boat was not four feet from his legs. He could have reached aboard and touched my camera with his trunk if he had been inclined, but instead, he



HIPPO ON THE VICTORIA NILE.

We were never out of sight of them on this river. Occasionally they would even come up and bump the bottom of our boat.

whirled and took a few steps backward and stood watching—angry and not knowing just what to do. I thought for a moment he would charge, for by this time the boat had touched and grounded in the mud, but again he whirled and ran back a few feet; turned to take another look, and then ran away into the woods, making a ridiculous sight. I'll bet he went back later, and wondered what in the devil that big monster was that gave him such a scare.

A few hundred yards farther, we came upon more elephants along the river bank, but they ran off.

We were now among hippo—hundreds and hundreds of them. They splashed into the water from the shore. They would be sleeping on a sand bank and go floundering with much splashing and noise into deeper water. There were bunches of them, a couple of hundred in a bunch. Often they would dive and come up alongside the boat and dive again. They snorted all about us, and they blew water when they came up. Many of them were not in the least alarmed at our presence and remained with their heads above water as we passed, forty or fifty feet from them.

Then we commenced to see crocodiles . . . enormous fellows sleeping on the sand banks and we would glide up to them while I made pictures, then they would awkwardly scramble into the water. Many swam alongside of us.

NEXT, along the banks, appeared cob and water-buck and kongoni. Rounding a curve we came upon fifty elephants right out in the water with only their backs showing, but they scrambled out and away before

I could get close enough to take a picture. Across the river (now only about five hundred feet wide) we saw another big herd among the trees, but located so that I could not photograph them. A little farther on, we came upon a mother and a little toto. The boat frightened them and the baby nearly got bogged in the mud as it tried to get away. The mother came back and stood by until it extricated itself. Then we saw five feeding from a tree that they had just pulled down. I got a splendid picture of them struggling through the mud to higher ground.

AND always there were hippo—everywhere—their heads in the water all about us—lying half out of the water in submerged sand banks, out on dry sand banks, in the reeds, everywhere. It was a regular hippo paradise. I doubt if there is another place in Africa with so many hippo to the square inch.

About four o'clock Murchison Falls came into view . . . a beautiful sight to see . . . the water rushing down between two enormous walls of rock. We turned into shore and tied up, and the Livingston boys all clambered out with axes and knives to chop wood.

The south banks of the Nile at this place are game preserve. Across the river on the other bank is sleeping sickness area. Commander Hemsted had cautioned me not to land on either bank, as it was prohibited. We were to sleep aboard the boat and do our photographing from the water. I, therefore, remonstrated with the engineer about landing on this spot. He was very much surprised and said he had been up here several times; twice with the Governor of Uganda, and that they had

(Continued on page 61)

run was made on Lake Rosseau, Ontario, and was of 12 hours duration. In that time *Rainbow* covered 723.9 miles, an average of 60.325 miles an hour. Deducting the time lost in stops to take on gasoline and oil, 32 minutes and 32 seconds, the average running speed goes up to 63.21 miles with a fast lap of 68.59 m. h. p. The course was 19½ miles in

circuit and the record was timed and checked by an official timer of the American Power Boat Association. The new record holder won the Championship of North America at Detroit in September, 1928. She is a big powerful looking craft with a seating capacity of eleven and is a good sea boat into the bargain, not merely a lightly built racing machine.

Into the African Blue

(Continued from page 13)

always tied up at this point and cut wood, and that once, some people had even put up tents. He pointed to the dead tree stumps, showing where he had cut wood in the past. He said it was impossible for the Livingston to carry enough wood for the round trip, and at this time he had only enough wood for a few more miles steaming.

When we had reached this landing, we had frightened about fifty huge crocodiles into the water. They had now come up and were swimming about the boat. When I say huge, I mean huge. I'll wager some of them would weigh five or six hundred pounds each. Many were eighteen and twenty feet long, and before leaving the spot, I saw one which I am sure, would measure thirty feet.

Across the river, the crocodiles were so thick on the banks that they were actually lying on top of one another. There were thousands of them! It was literally a river alive with crocodiles!

Well, we landed. We decided we had a right to if the boys did, but we didn't go more than fifty feet from the bank. We wanted to obey the law as nearly as possible, and it was good to stretch our legs. We walked up the bank a few

hundred feet, but there was no fun in it. Crocodiles nearly the exact color of the mud slid away into the river from almost under our feet. They slid through the grass and any moment we expected to supply a meal for them. Then we encountered a sick buffalo, almost ready to die. We couldn't tell what was the matter with him. He was skin and bones. We were within thirty feet of him when he got up and staggered away.

And the Tsetse flies were awful. They nearly set us crazy, lighting on us in swarms. At last, we returned to the Livingston in self-defense, but the flies followed us, so we were forced to get out our fly nets—nets that fitted over our hats and tied around the neck, for the protection of our faces. A small flap in front allowed me to smoke. We also had nets to tie on our hands and arms.

It was extremely hot here—one of the hottest places we have ever visited. Practically no breeze was stirring, so we had the boys make our beds on the roof of the forward deck, each one of course, completely surrounded by mosquito netting.

A dining room of mosquito netting was erected on the deck in order to have our



A black rhino near Voi in B. E. Africa. He is conscious of our presence and is sniffing the wind. A few minutes later he charged. Osa got him in the front horn and he ran away.



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meals with any degree of comfort. However, at sundown, millions of little gnats began exercising their wings and our food was mostly gnats before it reached us in the mosquito dining room. To add to the delights of the meal, the boys let in droves of mosquitos as they brought in the food. We ate in haste and hurried to the roof to get in bed under the mosquito netting, as a haven of refuge, but the little pests got quite a feed as we were undressing, and many of them retired right along with us, but we soon disposed of them.

Just before dark, pigeons—flocks of them—had flown into the tree limbs protruding over the boat and during the night pigeon droppings came down on the tops of our mosquito nets so profusely that I had to get up and frighten them away. All night long the hippos blew and snorted, and bellowed, and grunted like big pigs and kept us awake for hours. About four in the morning, it started to rain and we had to arouse the boys and have them take our beds below. This of course, created open season for the mosquitos and every one for miles around insisted on getting in bed with us. We were slow getting below; our bedding got wet, and we had to cover our heads and arms with blankets to keep out the mosquitos.

It was a regular HE night. In the morning we were a mass of bumps and felt like the devil. Our boys had had no sleep either and two of the Livingston crew came down with fever.

But we could not enjoy our suffering for long . . . we had work to do. We had the local boys lash the two canoes together, for two reasons; one reason was that one canoe would rock too much, and the other reason was, because we had been told that hippo could overturn one canoe but would have a more difficult time overturning two. The canoes were about forty feet long and capable

of holding fifteen or sixteen people, each.

We could do no shooting here, so we had brought along a dozen chickens for food. These we turned loose on shore, for no matter how badly chickens are treated, they will not run away.

While the boys were lashing the canoes, we saw a bunch of about two hundred buffalo coming toward us, walking along slowly and grazing. They were headed direct for the place we were tied up. We could see that much game had been using this place for drinking purposes. I set up my cameras in a camouflaged position only a few feet from the water; made all the boys hide on the boat, and waited for developments. The buffalo were only about a hundred feet from me when I started to turn the crank of the cinema. Then one of those darn roosters had to crow! Of course, it aroused the buffalo. They stopped dead still, with their noses in the air, facing us. Then they whirled and ran away. I did get some good pictures but would have done far better had it not been for the rooster. I had the boys catch him—but I wrung his neck . . . we wanted fried chicken for supper anyway.

I should judge we were tied up about two miles below the Falls, but even here the current ran very swiftly. When the canoes were ready, I found I had only four paddlers and the same number of paddles. The four boys had a strenuous time paddling against the stream. My big movie camera was tied down so it could not be rolled overboard, and I stood a good chance of getting some fine pictures, but we moved very slowly. For one thing, my four paddlers proved to be the four laziest fellows I had ever seen. However, we managed to make a mile upstream, but then the paddlers could make no further headway.

Once a hippo tried to come up under our canoes and nearly rocked us all out, but we manoeuvred around until we

finally got to a rock where we made fast, and I got some good pictures of crocodiles as they crawled out on a sand bank a short distance away. Hippo came out of the water and watched us . . . the water literally boiled with fish, which leaped up in scores all about us, and fell back in the river with a splash. Crocodiles swam within twenty feet of us, while others crawled up on a nearby rock and went to sleep with their mouths wide open, invitingly for the birds which walked in confidently and picked their teeth. Birds all about us were doing this, and I didn't see a single crocodile snap his mouth shut on the birds. Evidently, the crocs enjoyed having their teeth cleaned.

We remained in this spot all day and I made some fine pictures. About four o'clock we turned back, keeping along the banks as closely as possible. At one place, we had to duck as we slid under some overhanging bushes that scraped the canoes. And then we nearly went crazy—anyone watching us would surely have thought so. We had brushed hundreds of nasty red ants down on ourselves and they bit like the devil. The paddlers forgot their work to fight ants, and Osa and I had them down our shirts and up our trouser legs. It seemed surprising that they could torture us so badly in such a short time. . . every ant felt he had to bite . . . and how they could bite . . . they were as bad as hornets.

Rounding a little corner, we came to a beach that was actually alive with crocodiles! The sand could not be seen for them, and they all went into the water at once, with a splash that made the water boil for several minutes.

On reaching the Livingston, I had my boys make paddles from chop box boards. They broke up several boxes and made eight paddles, in preparation for the following day.



Pigholes were the bane of our safaris. We would be going along fine, then down into a pighole, and then sometimes hours in getting out.

Next morning we started out with much grumbling on the part of the lazy paddlers. They said they were sick. I knew they were lazy. I pressed five of the Livingston boys into service and armed my own boys with paddles. The going was easier than on the day before, but after a while—we had only made a quarter of a mile in a couple of hours time—I had to let the boys land to rest up. We landed on the sleeping sickness side. Hundreds of crocodiles dived into the water at the place we landed. I had the boys unload my cameras, and sent them across the river to make fast to a rock. The Tsetse fly would not bother them there and Osa and I were protected by our nets. About a hundred feet from the sandbar I set up my cameras, camouflaged them with branches of bushes and sat down to wait for the crocodiles to return. Osa had brought her fishing tackle and she went about three hundred feet from me and made herself comfortable on some rocks.

In about an hour the crocodiles started coming, but they lay in the water just off shore. In two hours they were piled on top of one another. In three hours there were a couple of hundred of the ugly brutes in front of me, and then a few crawled out on the sand and went to sleep with their mouths open. There were some monsters there too. In four hours there were perhaps a couple of dozen out of water and all the rest were asleep in the water with their mouths open. I saw the sun was going to get behind the trees, so I had to make the picture, although I would have preferred more crocodiles ashore.

I had a heavy piece of wood handy, about eight inches long and three inches in diameter. It was just heavy enough. I threw it away in the air so it would fall among the crocodiles, and began turning the camera handle while the wood was still in the air. It fell on top of one of the crocodiles. His mouth closed with the report of a rifle, and he lashed his tail ferociously, striking out for the water. Of course, all the rest of his comrades plunged in, making the water boil, and I secured a good picture. I then walked down to the beach, and there was one big twenty-footer still sound asleep. I slipped quickly back; got my camera, set it up quietly and then threw a stone at him. He awoke so suddenly and was so startled that he first dived in my direction. Consequently, I jumped back in fright, so did not get all the picture I wanted. He slid into the water only a few feet from my tripod legs.

In the meantime, Osa had been having her own troubles. Several crocodiles had wanted to come ashore where she was fishing. She had sprained her back while landing a big fish. She had slipped on a rock, and her back was causing her a lot of discomfort, but she had caught about twenty fish weighing from five to ten pounds each. It was necessary for me to make three trips in order to collect them all on the beach. Osa also had another and more unusual trophy—the largest tarantula I have ever seen, his hairy body larger than a goose egg, and his legs, at least five inches long. She had killed him with the butt of her gun when he crawled up beside her while she was fishing.

We called the boys from the other side of the river, and got back to the Livingston while the sun was still up. Osa and I took a walk to a little swamp a few hundred yards away where we saw the biggest puff adder we have ever seen. He was probably six feet long, with a body as big around as my upper arm. I

threw a rock at him and hit him but didn't kill him. Just as the rock hit him, he raised his ugly, heart-shaped head and would certainly have struck had we been close enough. One little bite from this reptile means sure death.

Upon return to camp we found one of the lazy paddlers writhing in agony; stung by a scorpion. I lanced the wound and rubbed permanganate into it, but he had a bad night with considerable fever, and during the rest of our stay he was unable to do any work. But I think most of it was put on to enable him to escape work.

Up the river a few hundred yards and directly across on the opposite shore I had noticed that more crocodiles came out on the sand than in any other place. So next morning I sat up on a rock on our side of the river, with a seventeen inch lens. Osa went out in the lashed canoes and fished, but in an hour she returned, badly scared. A big crocodile had come up right alongside of the canoe where she sat. A second before, her hand had been over the side as she played a fish. The crocodile flipped his tail and gave the boat a terrific lick and she was sure he had tried to get her. Perhaps, he had come up unexpectedly and had been frightened himself and struck the boat as he dived. A few weeks later we heard of a boy being taken out of a canoe on Lake Albert and the crocodile might have been aiming for her after all. Anyway, Osa decided she had had enough fishing, and she must have been thoroughly terrified to give up her favorite sport.

I didn't have to stay with my camera for I knew it would be hours before the sun got hot enough to bring out any great number of crocodiles, so Osa and I went back to the swamp where we had seen the puff adder. Here I set up the cameras for waterfowl which abounded. I did get some good pictures but had to give it up before very long for the Tsetse flies were so bad they bit through the nets wherever the nets touched us.

We were greeted on our return to the boat, with the news that one of the wood choppers had killed a six foot black cobra while chopping wood. And the engineer was down with fever, making four to be doctored for malaria. On top of this I had cut my foot and it was festering. This foot caused me a lot of trouble and was weeks in healing.

It was necessary to make sure that the boys washed all the dishes in boiling water, and that all the food was thoroughly cooked, as the hook worm was prevalent here; and we dared not keep any food over from one meal to the next as the big green blow flies were so thick and there was no way of protecting food.

About two in the afternoon I saw the banks of the opposite side of the river lined with thousands of crocodiles, so went off to my cameras and made a splendid film of them. Osa fired her gun in the air as I turned the crank and it was a great sight to see the thousands of crocs splash into the water at the same time. The river foamed for several minutes afterwards, and pretty soon the crocodiles came up to the surface and swam around. In a couple of hours they were all back again on the shore.

It was our habit, since our early experience with gnats and mosquitos, to have our dinner before it got dark in order to escape these pests. The rains (it rained every night, although not much) seemed to be hatching out millions more, and we now had flying ants to contend with. They would strike our mosquito net dining room and lose their wings

when they struck, and the sides of the nets were black with them. An uncomfortable number of them did manage to get into our food.

Osa complained of a bad bug bite while she was eating, but then we had been bitten so often by so many different brands of insects that I paid no attention to it. However, next morning her neck was broken out in blisters, and was red and angry looking. I washed it with Mercuracrome, but it did not seem to do much good. In fact, she was weeks getting rid of it. We afterwards found she had been bitten or stung by what is known as a blistering tarantula. They are very small, but cause a nasty blister that spreads and pains, and is hard to get rid of.

On this day we made short excursions along the banks, creeping up to crocodiles and hippo, and once getting some fair pictures of the beautiful colobus monkeys as they swung in the trees near the water edge. There is nothing in the monkey family as beautiful as the colobus monkey; especially as he jumps from tree to tree, his beautiful black and white tail streaming along like a comet. He has the most appealing old-man face too.

We landed at one place on the game preserve side to inspect some old huts that some natives had built there, but we could make nothing of them. They were probably old Ndorobo hunting huts. We sat down under a big tree near the old huts, but quickly got up and back on the boat when we found sperillum ticks crawling around. These ticks give sperillum fever if they are infected, and it is often fatal.

Something mysterious had made our chickens sick and we were afraid to eat any of them. Some of them died. Osa's neck was causing her a good deal of suffering and my foot was troubling me, so we decided to pull out next day. We had all the crocodile and hippo pictures we wanted anyway—at least for the time being. It is still possible to get much better pictures here, but it will take time to study the river properly, to build blinds and watch the seasons.

The following morning, we purposely made a late start, in order to give the sun time to get hot enough to drive the game to drink. As we slowly drifted down stream without the propeller on, we made some more hippo pictures, a few crocodile, some heron and stork pictures. We surprised one bull elephant on the preserve side who was feeding in the high grass, and made a little film of him.

Then about eleven o'clock, I had the greatest photographic thrill I have ever had. On the sleeping sickness side, we saw about a hundred elephants stretched out for half a mile along the river banks, some close to water, some several hundred yards back; some in reeds so tall, we could only see their backs. We could not see some of their backs but could see the egrets riding there. Some were among the trees and all were quietly feeding. We drifted very close to them and I was busy making pictures when I happened to glance across the river, and there, half way up the side of an almost perpendicular cliff, were two elephants; a young female and a fine big bull.

In order to understand what happened I must describe the situation. A hill about six hundred feet high, protruded into the river, precipitous on the river side, and covered with young scrub which gave the place a wooded appearance. It happened to be the scrub that

(Continued on page 65)

HALIBURTON—Haliburton County, Ontario. (Haliburton Lake District.) Canadian National Railways. Motor: Toronto, east to Whitby, north to Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Cobocok, Minden, thence north 20 miles. Located about 150 miles northeast of Toronto. About 70 miles north of Lindsay. This district is the last Southern Ontario country to be exploited.

In the county are 555 named lakes. Important ones to Haliburton are Drag, Redstone, Loon, Bear, Mink, Kashagawigamog, Buck, Eagle, Hawk, Black and others, all within 10 miles or less. Small-mouth black bass and lake trout are the outstanding fish. Some brook trout streams, the trout running small. Not far south of Algonquin Park. Excellent white-tail deer hunting. Some black bear, occasional moose. Grouse, snowshoe rabbits. A few ducks.

Information and accommodations from Deer Lodge; Wig-a-mog Inn.

MARYLAND—EASTERN SHORE—(Chesapeake Bay.) Many points reached by rail from Baltimore. Annapolis Trail and connecting roads on the west; East Shore Tour Trail to points on the east. The eastern shore, southern Maryland counties and head of Chesapeake Bay furnish a mecca for practically every species of wildfowl migrating along the U. S. Atlantic coast.

Hunting on the Susquehanna Flats from sink boxes and bushwhack rigs. In other sections the waterfowl shooting is done from water-position stationary blinds, brush blinds or staked blinds. Point shooting from shore blinds. Ducks, geese and brant in thousands. So much for the waterfowl. Squirrel, dove, woodcock, quail, cottontail rabbit, raccoon and opossum are found in every county of the state. Wild turkeys, deer and grouse only in Garrett, Allegheny and Washington.

For further information and accommodation arrangements, write Russell G. Turner, Gambrills, Anne Arundel County; William F. Herbert, Dynard, St. Mary's County; Thomas I. Weems, Stoakley, Calvert County; J. Herman Stempel, Fallston, Harford County; Paul A. Barrett, Port Deposit, Cecil County; Edwin J. Watson, Chestertown, Kent County; John W. Perry, Centreville, Queen Anne's County; Walter J. Elliott, Easton, Talbot County; William T. Collins, East New Market, Dorchester County; Raymond M. Carey, Princess Anne, Somerset County.

FOLEY—Baldwin County, Alabama. L. & N. Railway, southern terminus. On Mississippi River Scenic Highway and Spanish Trail. Located in the southwestern part of the state, close to the Gulf of Mexico. Most of Baldwin county is bounded on the east by Escambia county, Florida, on the west by Mobile Bay.

The Magnolia River and many freshwater lakes are handy. Salt-water fishing is to be had a few miles south, west or east. Large-mouth bass, bream and catfish. Salt-water fish include sea-trout, redfish, sheepshead and many other varieties. Located in excellent quail country. Loads of Carolina doves. Rabbits and squirrels. Some duck hunting.

For information write New Foley Hotel; Cooper's Camp; Claude Petet, all at Foley. Perdido Beach Hotel, Perdido Beach.

CLEAR LAKE—(Lake Solitaire,) Muskoka District, Ontario. Canadian National Railways to Huntsville, motor 14 miles east to lake. Located about 150 miles north of Toronto. Seven miles west of Algonquin Park. There are 29 lakes within a radius of two miles from this lake. The predominating fish are small-mouth black bass and lake trout. Many brook trout streams in the vicinity, especially in the Park.

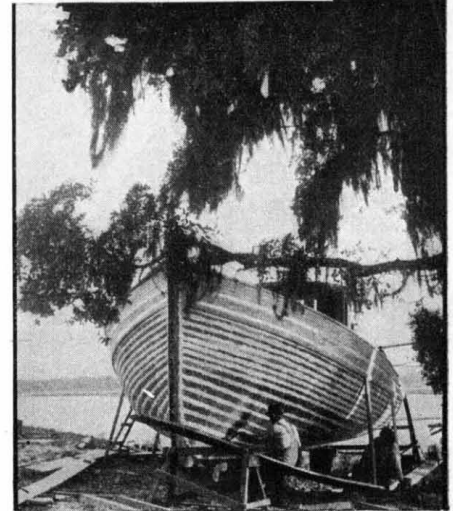
Excellent white-tail deer country; some black bear; occasional moose. Grouse, snowshoe rabbits. A few ducks. There is a permanent resort here, catering to both winter and summer sports. Main lodge, cabins, cottages and tents. Sand beach. Outpost camps near the line of Algonquin Park. Guides, boats, canoes, saddle horses. Limberlost Lodge, Huntsville, for information and accommodations. (Tally-Ho Inn, on Peninsula Lake, same management.

CAMDEN—Kershaw County, South Carolina. Southern Railway. Seaboard Air Line Railway. On Atlantic Highway, northeast of Columbia. Located in the northern part of the state, one county removed from the North Carolina line. Just north of Wateree River.

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Into the African Blue

(Continued from page 63)

we have often noticed that elephants like best, for it is always green and the buds tender. On both sides of the precipice are small swamps reaching into the water . . . a mass of water lilies. The country being dry, most of the good elephant food was dried up. These two elephants had discovered the green scrub and had followed a tiny trail along and up the cliff.

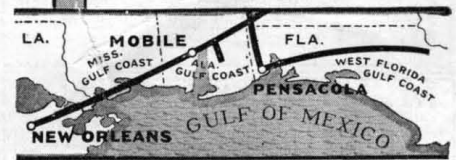
I ordered enough steam to give us a good start across the river, then had it shut off. We drifted into the water lilies where the photographing position was

ideal. I commenced to turn the crank when the elephants saw us.

Now here was a situation which demonstrated how elephants use their brains. Any other animal—a buffalo or rhino would have become panicky and in their haste to get away would have tumbled off the cliff; but not the elephants. They slowly turned around; a difficult process and dangerous, for they were on a trail which did not look two feet wide, from where we were. But by carefully placing each foot and hanging onto the scrub



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they managed it, very deliberately. The female was ahead. The bull had tusks that would easily weigh eighty pounds each, and perhaps over a hundred. They started down the trail, slowly, feeling their way with every step.

And, they had to come directly toward us to get down, but they never hesitated. Once, I saw the bull push the female with his tusks as though to hurry her. Then they came to the water. We were less than fifty feet away and still they had to come closer to us. They had to cross perhaps a hundred and fifty feet of swampy backwater before they could get on solid ground again, but still they went deliberately at it. Through the swamp they slowly felt their way, trying each step before they made it. They sank in to their bellies . . . water lilies surrounded them. They were several minutes getting across the swamp, but the minute they touched solid ground, their tails rose in the air and away they ran.

Osa said she could imagine them running a mile, then stopping with their hearts pounding like trip hammers, and saying to each other, "Gee, that was a narrow escape!"

It was so interesting to watch because they never for one instant lost their heads. They thought it all out, and even when they had to come directly toward danger, they didn't hesitate, knowing it was the only thing to do. It was a marvelous display of elephant intelligence.

No sooner had they scampered off than I directed my attention across the river again where the hundred elephants were still undisturbed, but before I could give the order to return, Osa saw more elephants beyond the cliff a short distance away where the light was better. So we steamed up once more and drifted to a small clump of trees at the river's edge. I started the camera going when Osa excitedly pointed a hundred feet farther on, and there on a small cliff of mud were four big hippos out of water, grazing. I took a panorama view from the elephants to the hippos, but before I got the lens on them, I saw the grand-daddy of the entire crocodile family coming out of the grass and awkwardly walking, or wobbling toward the river. I got his picture just as he was sliding into the water. Osa said she was sure he was the biggest crocodile that ever lived, and that he must have been thirty feet long. He certainly would have made three or four of the biggest we had ever seen before.

Now, perhaps he was not thirty feet long. One can, in his excitement make an animal look bigger than he really is, but I still stick to my story that he was the biggest crocodile that lived.

The five elephants now knew that we were close to them and had bunched up together—a good picture, but I went on with the panorama view to the hippos just as they tumbled into the water. Then I glanced across the river and the hundred elephants were wading into the water. If ever a camera man needed a dozen hands and cameras I did! I admit I was confused. There was such an avalanche of wonderful material to photograph and I was unable to make up my mind what to do next. We were drifting away from the elephants so I instructed the engineer to put on steam and turn back to them, but in doing so, we made a little noise which frightened them. Consequently I only got them as they were climbing back among the trees, a bunch of egrets flying over them.

We then put on full speed down the

river and during the following three hours we saw fourteen different and distinct herds of elephants—the smallest heard had ten and the largest fifty or sixty. I made some film, but not much as they were a few hundred yards from the river. The last herd we glimpsed through the tall reeds, higher than their heads, raised a terrific row as they splashed through the swamp to get away.

About four-thirty, we dropped the four lazy natives and their canoes. At five-thirty we were out in the White Nile where it was about fifteen miles wide. Just at the entrance to Lake Albert, the wind came howling from the lake; it rained like sin; our dingy broke loose and drifted away; a chair went overboard, and the little Livingston threatened to capsize. She was not built for storms but for river travel and drew so little water that she was top-heavy. The engineer was incapacitated with malaria, besides being seasick and fearful.

There was nothing to do but let the boat go with the wind and we passed uncomfortably close to some little rocky islands. All of my boys were seasick and terrified and I own up to some of that sensation on our part. It became very dark and there was no headlight, and still the waves broke over the little boat. It seemed as if at every roll that we would never right ourselves, but about eight o'clock, the water became quieter, principally because we had left the Lake behind and the river was narrower. We beheld the lights of the Lugard ahead and made for her, transferring all our kit, and next morning we boarded the Samuel Baker, reaching Butiaba again that afternoon.

There we quickly secured a motor truck to carry the luggage, and in a touring car, made Masindi that night and put up at a dandy little hotel owned and operated by the railway company. Next morning we set out again by motor for Masindi Port which we reached in a couple of hours. Masindi Port is on Lake Kioga where we boarded the "Speke" and before noon were headed down the Lake.

The Speke is a nice, flat bottomed boat about the size of the Lugard, in command of Captain Gray who was very courteous and gave our cargo special stowage.

About noon we arrived in Namasagali, the end of the Uganda and Kenya railway. Our goods were loaded in a van and early the following morning the engine backed down and coupled on our car and a passenger coach to a few box cars and about noon we were sidetracked to the through train from Jinja to Mombasa. It was the first through train ever run on the line. Hitherto, it had been necessary for passengers to make several changes.

We were given a nice electric lighted compartment in a new coach, and our meals in the restaurant car were good. We had to supply our own porter in the form of Mogo, and our own blankets, but aside from this little inconvenience, we were as comfortable as we would have been on an American or European train.

We reached Nairobi about two in the afternoon and were met by Oscar Thomason, the American Vice Consul, who was waiting for us in his car.

Everything at our delightful Nairobi home was in ship-shape order, except for trifling damage to the walls from an earthquake, which had also moved two of our water tanks.

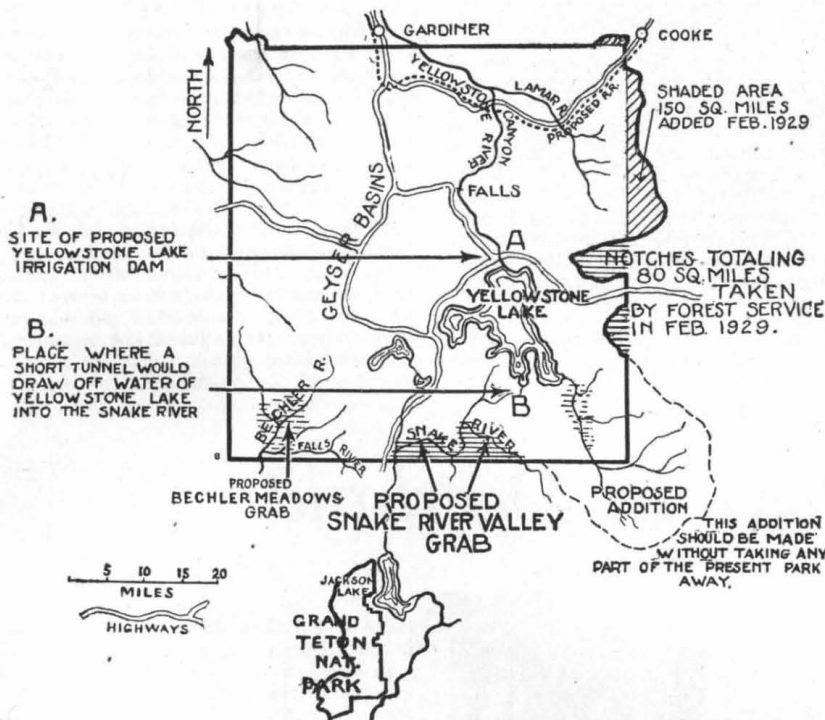
Before dark, Paul, our old Kikuku

house boy arrived, all out of breath. A little later came Orangi, my gun bearer, and Aussaine, the kitchen helper, followed by Ponda Ponda, a porter, and Yango, another of my old porters. Needless to say, I signed them up immediately

and when we retired that night, we had our old safari crew complete—probably the speediest job of recruiting ever executed.

And now—we were ready for our next Adventure!

To be continued in February



Another Raid on the Yellowstone

(Continued from page 27)

south side of that part of the Snake River valley which is within the park boundaries, an area of about forty square miles.

Very few people understand the real situation, for every effort has been made to keep as silent as possible about the Snake River region and get the public to thinking that the Bechler Meadows raid is the important question. That is an important question, but not the important one.

Some of the finest forest in the park is on the south slope of the Snake River valley and in the valleys south of the park tributary to it. Not only will the logging off of the forests on the south side of the Snake River ruin the scenery of the whole valley in the park, but it will open up to easy lumbering the tributary valleys south of the park. Thus there will be a wide belt of logged-off and permanently disfigured territory to block the extension of the park in that direction which is much needed for providing winter range for the elk.

Notice how the migration routes of the Jackson Hole herd of elk (shown on the map by heavy arrows) cross this region. The reader can easily understand the disaster to the elk herds of opening up that part of the Snake River valley to settlers and hunters, especially to those who make a business of lodging those who come to kill the park elk.

How the Elk Are Butchered

"Even this last year, the elk were driven out of the park by early snows and five

thousand hunters swarmed to the scene. Over two thousand elk were secured, and another thousand were wounded and eventually died. Now, you may ask, why should not these hunters have these elk? When a man takes his rifle, hires guides and horses, and goes off into the mountains to hunt elk, he enjoys the change of scene, enjoys matching his skill and endurance against that of his quarry, and later comes home full of renewed life and energy. But if this is the picture you have of these five thousand Yellowstone hunters, dismiss it from your minds. The picture really is a scene in the cold gray morning light when a band of elk, half-starved because the snow covers the forage in the park, starts up the mountain slopes across the park boundaries. Nothing happens until the animals have gone a mile beyond the boundary and too far readily to get back again. Then the slaughterers and the butchers that have been waiting, rush out, surround the hapless elk, and with high power weapons open warfare on the bewildered bands. At times an elk, perhaps wounded dashes out and through the encircling line. But that encircling line closes in and mercilessly fires into the remaining elk until all have fallen. Sometimes the hunters even continue shooting into the fallen bodies 'for fear one will get away.' Then all these mighty 'sportsmen' rush forward and each claims an elk, saying, 'This is the one I shot.' Naturally, each one refrains from claiming more elk than his license allows him. But often there are more elk killed than there are

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