

# PHEASANT JUNGLES

BY

WILLIAM BEEBE

DIRECTOR OF TROPICAL RESEARCH OF THE  
NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY



The Dramatic Chase of the Ma-How

Popular, but the book is not only a story of the chase, which is a new and interesting  
story, but it is also a story of the life of the Ma-How, which is a new and interesting  
story.

WITH SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Press

1927

## PHEASANT JUNGLES

In a moment of curiosity I picked one up and read a chapter where the handsome hero choked a baboon, shot a murderous native and rescued the beautiful maiden, carrying her off through an underground tunnel which had been used by cave-men tens of thousands of years ago. On the walls of this cavern the two fugitives discovered prehistoric paintings of themselves, proving that they had been lovers in a former incarnation. I read on and on, stopping only to light new candles from the guttering end of the one before. Day came. I gave orders to camp here. Aladdin served breakfast and I snapped at him and cursed him when he waited for further orders. He crept fearfully forth in hurt wonderment, reporting an ill and irate Sahib. I read through the meal and on until I slept, then woke and continued. In short I lost count of the trash which I absorbed with breathless interest, and the following night I slept with hardly a dream. For two more days I read more fitfully, and at intervals even gazed without disgust at the distant line of blue mountains. When Aladdin timidly brought in the first trapped pheasant I identified it and measured it before I remembered my recently evolved hatred of them. Never again will I look wholly unmoved upon a yellow-backed novel or a penny dreadful.

At Pungatong I added silver pheasants and peacock pheasants to my note-books and collection of skins. In the jungle here brilliant wine- and chestnut-colored trogons swung from branch to

## WILD BURMA

branch, great hornbills flew overhead with a roar of wings like a rushing wind, pearl-gray monkeys watched me with never-quenched curiosity. One of my most unexpected finds came when I was stalking jungle-fowl. In the bed of a half-dried stream I saw unexpectedly a wallowing, mud-caked back and heard loud snortings. Mechanically I jumped for the nearest tree, and was just swinging myself up out of reach when the creature raised its head and instead of the low swung horns of a water buffalo I saw, to my astonishment, a long, upright unicorn—it was a huge rhinoceros, rare indeed at this latitude, and elevation of over half a mile.

During the few days of my mental convalescence at the dâk my interest gradually became transferred from heaven-sent trash to passing caravans,—unending lines of mules with tinkling bells and heavy loads, and Chinamen blue-clad, with queues twisted out of the way to give them greater freedom to cope with mule psychology. Rarely a Chinaman pompous and fat with material prosperity, rode past, sitting sideways on his mule, and looking about with that supreme condescension of one who rides while others walk.

Far more exciting were immense droves of hogs being urged along the trail—urged, but oh! how gently. One Chinaman walked in front keeping up a monotone of *Lulá! Lulá! Lulá!* Behind him came another Chinaman with a long stick persuasively pointing the way, while in the rear, others