

BOYS' LIFE

The Magazine for All Boys. Published by the Boy Scouts of America.

Rhino!

TRUE ADVENTURES OF CARL AKELEY

Illustrated by Lynn Bogue Hunt

BIG game hunters, when they indulge in their favorite pastime of capturing or killing one of the most dangerous wild animals, almost invariably put the rhino near the top of the list, but it is a safe bet that very few of them have wished to see what would happen if they did not interrupt a rhino's charge with a volley of shots. It would take a lot more than curiosity regarding a rhino's habits and character to keep a man who is in his right mind from shooting when one of these ungainly creatures of appalling size and diabolical aspect makes a rush in his direction. The rhino wears the grimmest expression of any of the jungle beasts. The lines of his jaw suggest determination, his sharply pointed ears cock indignantly, and two horny spikes surmount his nose at an angle that sets one to imagining just how it would feel to be tossed from them and whirled violently through space. Moreover, whenever he smells man, he starts to charge about in a manner so terrifying that he has succeeded almost as well in getting himself shot up as in establishing a reputation for ferocity.

I should have gone on accepting the traditional view of the rhino and shooting to save myself every time one got wind of me and came snorting and puffing in my direction, had I not been caught one day on the high banks of the Tana with one of these threatening beasts of open ground separated me from the scrubby forest through which he was plotting. There was nothing at hand to climb and he could travel much faster than I could. My only hope for escape seemed to lie in an overhanging bush growing over the brink of a cliff that made a sheer drop to the crocodile-infested river thirty feet below. The bush might or might not hold my weight, but I decided to try it, trusting that the rhino would rush past me into the river and that by some lucky chance I would not join him there.

The bushes parted. The rhino plunged headlong into the open space where for the first time he could see me. Trembling, I backed toward my bush. Then the unexpected happened. The rhino stopped short, dropped his head and almost closed his little pig-like eyes. His whole attitude indicated that he was going to sleep. He became so safely oblivious to my presence that only my sense of humor kept me from retorting indignantly to his folly. My gun-boy by this time was aware that my career studies had been interrupted and was poking me in the back with my gun, but I hadn't the heart to shoot at the great drowsing bulk before me. A stupider, more harmless, more ludicrous object I never beheld.

With my gun half aimed, I talked to him to arouse him from his lethargy, but he stood there motionless, totally ignoring me, until my rifle, coming through the bushes, provoked another charge. I could hear the thump-thump of the leads dragging to the ground as the black boys took to the trees or scurried out of his way, but he drove silently through them and sauntered off into the bush. The stage had been set for a tragedy, but the play proved to be a farce.

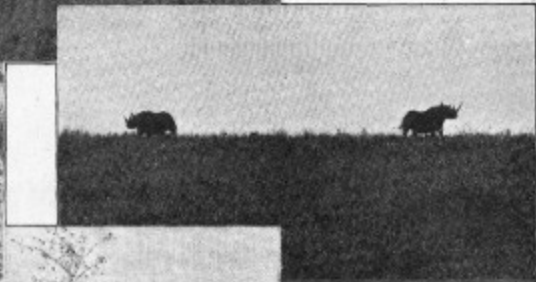
After you discover that the rhino is the most colossal bluffer in all Africa and that his bluff succeeds because of his

mischievous aspect rather than because of any cunningly contrived plan on his part, you will find that the old chap furnishes most of the comedy for the drama of jungle life. If by accident you once get close enough to him to study his physiognomy, you will see that he really looks more stolid and dull than dangerous. His narrowing forehead rises in a peak that would resemble a dice-cap if its outline were not broken by his peppy ears, and his close-lidded eyes seem closed on at the wrong place so that folds of thick, wrinkled hide nearly bury them and so that his two horns are always in the way when he wants to set in front of him. Should he happen to run over you, that would be dangerous, of course. It would probably also be fatal. But I am convinced that the rhino is much too "big" to have an accurate objective or a fixed purpose and that, if he does run you down, it is a happen-so.

Not an I arguing from a single instance when I insist that the rhino's claim to be one of the four most dangerous African animals is all a bluff and that in reality he is as stupid as the elephant is wise.

I HAPPENED upon a rhino one day as he dined in the shade with the usual array of old birds on his back. A second old rhino ambled leisurely into the picture. Hardly aware of an intrusion, the first old fellow came to attention and got under way, his charge accompanied by a whirl of wings. The newcomer, moderately alert, rushed to meet him. Heading straight at each other, they gathered speed and force that produced a hair-raising collision. Had the collision occurred, I should have a story with real punch to relate; as it happened, the story is without a climax, for within twenty feet of each other both rhinos halted abruptly. Number one swerved back to his tree and the tick birds and resumed his nap. Number two proceeded on his way as if there had been no interruption.

On another occasion, I drew a charge from three rhinos when I was sitting on the ground



(Center Above) Whenever a rhino smells man, he starts to charge about. His eyesight is not good, so often his charges are not steady at the person who has excited him, but a few or more of snorting rhinos, with a nose armed with huge horns, is likely to make the hunter use his gun in an effort to save himself. Consequently the infuriated beast is being killed off rapidly.

(Left) Hippopotamuses spend their days in the water, basking lazily along the shoreline if they are undisturbed. While their beauty is hardly superior to that of the rhino, they are gifted with tempers less fiery.



(Above) When undisturbed the rhino often stands motionless with one or more "tick birds" perched on his back. Then of these can be seen on the back of the rhino in the left. If disturbed, the birds take immediate action, but occasionally steps an audacity as he started and for no apparent reason.

(Left) Two great spikes surmount the rhino's nose at an angle that sets one to wondering just how it would feel to be tossed from them and whirled violently through space.

out of reach of my gun. There being no alternative, I remained seated, watching their approach, and all three of them rushed past me at a distance of two or three feet, apparently as well satisfied with their charge as if it had resulted in my destruction.

My explanation is that the rhino's charge is merely an investigating rush. Whenever he catches a scent, he blunders off in the direction from which it comes to find out what it is. The method succeeded until the white man came to Africa with his rifle, because everything but an elephant or another rhino would get out of the way of his crash and both of these animals are large enough for even his poor eyes to see before he actually gets himself in trouble. However, since no man with a gun is likely to let a rhino come within seeing distance without shooting, the result of his clumsy attacks is that rhinos are growing scarce in Africa.

A FRIEND of mine was on a train on the Uganda Railway when a wonderful old rhino, either heading it or avoiding it, set out on his customary charge. The train was standing still in the middle of the plain when the occupants of the car were brought to the platform by a terrific jolt. The rhino, charging at full speed, had crashed into the running board of one of the coaches. The impact knocked him down, but he scrambled up and trotted off a bit gruffly, apparently satisfied that railway trains were not to be routed by the traditional method.

After all, the footpads are deductions drawn from only one man's experience with rhinos. I have met many scores and have been "charged" many times, but as I think back over my experiences I can recall but one case where possibly, the charge was in earnest. A single shot turned the beast.

Many men have been killed by rhinos. I have every reason to believe that the rhinos of some regions are more truculent than those I have met and their percentage of bluff is lower.

Rhinos begin their blundering career quite early in life. Late one afternoon at the end of a march down the Tana River from Fort Hall I sat in front of camp in my steamer

I almost thought I was still dreaming and that he was a part of my nightmare.

Stephenson, wandering a little way from camp into the thorn scrub, had discovered the baby and the boys had captured it. The commotion began at once. The mother, who was not far distant when it started, came charging in to take a hand. One shot from Stephenson's rifle hurt her only slightly, but it was sufficient to make her turn and plunge off into the jungle. The pole was cut, the deserted baby clung on it, and the noisy procession set out for camp.

Even in the heart of the jungle we did not lack diversion for the next few days after this incident. The utterly infant kept us all busy acting as nurses. An improvised nursing bottle was rigged up and filled with milk and we took turns offering it to him in a properly attempted to make friends; but we never approached beyond the limits of his touch, for the unsatisfied little witch charged madly at anyone who came near him. If there was no one about to charge at, tree to the trifles of rhinoceroses, he threw himself spitting and squealing at his tree. After a time, however, he did make friends, and before we sent him back to Fort Hall he was cared for by someone delegated by government officials, he had become entirely docile. Baby rhinos, in spite of their blustering dispositions, do become gentle and somewhat affectionate pets.

It is not a difficult matter to happen upon a baby rhino. I shall never forget a surprise one gave me one morning as I was making my way across a flat covered with dense grass as high as our heads. I was leading the staff, gazing the grass apart with my hands to make a path for my boys to follow. A little gully three or four feet deep and four or five feet wide yawned and I was right upon it, inspired my progress, but I soon discovered a convenient boulder in the middle of it to serve as a stepping stone. Pushing the grass aside to get a better view of my landing place, I was striding with my foot toward the boulder, when said boulder moved! I backed up hurriedly, wondering if the tropical sun had affected my equilibrium, but when I peeped through my grass screen again, I realized that my rock was a baby rhino. I had not alarmed it for, while I waited developments, it moved normal-

ly down the little gully and where the gully ended. My yards below, there soon emerged the great bulk of the baby's mother. She did a lot of snorting and stamping about, sending the black boys scrambling up trees and running so fast as they could to high ground, and then with her baby galloped away into the distance.

His indignance in unprovoked charges makes it particularly difficult to get close enough to a rhino to take successful photographs of him, and so, since photographic records are one of the important purposes of scientific expeditions to the field, I undertook before I left Chicago for Africa the construction of a rhino decoy. With steel tubing, wire, and a covering of burlap, I built a very realistic, although rather inefficient rhino. Two men, one inside the back legs, the other inside the front, could maneuver the dummy, the one in the front having plenty of room to manipulate a camera placed in its head and looking out the snout. The chief difficulty was to simulate the rhino's walk. To transfer the easy, swinging stride of a man to the legs of the rhino, which remind one of nothing so much as those of an old square piano, would have been a dead give-away. Finally, an arrangement of springs in the jointed appendages gave me a very fair imitation of the characteristic rhino gait. A coat of dark-ochre paint applied in camp after I reached Africa completed the job and I was ready to saunter forth in rhino disguise along the banks of the Tana.

It proved a knotty problem, however, to persuade a native of the advantages to be gained by playing the role of the rhino's rear legs, and so I never had the opportunity to give my decoy a fair trial and returned to America leaving him named with Nod and Topsy, silent witnesses, in Nairobi. I had quite forgotten about him, until one day last fall when Martin Johnson, who was about to return to Africa for his five-year photographic expedition, was in my studio talking about various sorts of rhinos. He happened to mention an idea suggested to him by "Willie," and I soon discovered that "Willie" was my poor old rhino decoy, accidentally unearthed by Taitori one day when Johnson was in the Nairobi war-house. No one remembered to whom "Willie" belonged, but Taitori, although he refused to sell it, loaned it to Johnson, who experimented with it around Nairobi. The chief thing that Johnson got out of his day with "Willie" was a good

(Continued on page 45)



choir, doing and dreaming that I heard the violent squealing of pigs. As the racket grew louder and louder, I set up like a man and came to the fact that the squealing was not a dream but a reality. The noise seemed to be just below camp and was coming nearer and nearer. Before I had time to investigate, Fred Stephenson came in view with a number of porters bending a long pole. Tucked in the middle of the pole was a black mass, kicking as violently as it was squealing, that proved to be a baby rhino—such an ugly little fellow that

The bushes parted suddenly, and the rhino glided forward toward the open space. Mr. Ashby backed up to the back of the edge of the clearing, where he waited him very few crowdable-infused waters of the river

LYNN
BROWN
HUNT

find at the top of my head that they were looking right at me. But there was a little bush in the way, and I can freeze as stiff as a frightened rabbit. (That's what they said the noise was, too, and pretty soon my scalp felt they weren't looking at me any more.)

So I made another dash, and got behind the back end of the log. After that the rest of it was easy, because I had covered all the way. I got to the knot, and they heard I was behind the log, and sure enough there was the same snuffling we had seen there have the night before. But of course, I had my get-away to make, and that was the hard part, because I had to go backward, keeping my eye on them, and every little while looking behind me, to see that I didn't snap my sticks, or make the bushes wiggle with my knees.

Right there was where Mr. Carleton got to work. I don't know what he had been doing, but just as I started to work away, he just casually stepped into their camp from up the road, as pleasant as you please. He made plenty of noise coring, too, whistling, and walking softly, so if he hadn't anything on his mind at all.

While Bill and the other men were looking at him I got clear back to the butt-end of the log again. He began to ask them about a strayed deer, and something about having been following cover in Middle Park, and coming out over Indian Pass, and camping three or four miles up

the night before. There was a lot more, about the deer's getting away, and how he had tracked him, or thought he had, down to where the road crossed the creek, and lost the trail there, and then their camp—well, didn't get in it all—said all the while I kept making little sniffs from bush to bush. He was all fixed up, too, with trout flies stuck in his hatband. And he didn't exactly tell them any lies—he doesn't. He was kind of braggart—the sort of make them think things by the way he asked his questions.

They answered him mighty short, and then I saw him raise the other fellow, and they began to ask questions themselves, all about who he was, and what shape the Pass was in, and if he had met anybody on it. I heard him say that he had left his partner in camp, but I didn't want anybody else, and that the fellow was braggart; and by that time I was round the bush in the place, and too far off to hear any more, and too much in a hurry. For just as quick as I had real cover between me and them I bent it, where he had left the rope tied, and fixed up a scout sign with some sticks and stones, and went over the ridge. It was pretty ticklish, too, for the logs looked mighty narrow, (though it wasn't when I got there) and there was an awful drop below it. When I got down, I sat down under an overhang of rock and waited for Mr. Carleton.

(To be concluded in *Next* issue for November.)

Rhino!

(Continued from page 6)

deal of amusement, for the rhinos have completely disappeared from the region immediately about Nalindi and the plains animals that are left there proved to be much more afraid of this unfamiliar beast than they were of man. That "Willie" is now the property of Martha Johnson, who is keenly interested in the development of the deer idea and who proposes to take him along in the country where real rhinos abound. His future we may reasonably expect some interesting stories of the further adventures of "Willie."

MY safari sometimes consists of fifty black boys, sometimes of as many as a hundred and fifty, all of whom have their work in the field. There is the headman, who is supposed to be in charge of the whole show, carrying the gun-binders and tent boys, who are personal servants. There is a gun-bearer and a tent boy for each white hunter. As his name implies, the gun-bearer carries his master's gun and ammunition, and coaxes with the tracking. The tent boy keeps his tent and tracking in order and serves him at the table. Needless to say, a cook and his assistants are important members of the expedition. Selected, before, generally armed and unsundered and known as askari, guard the camp at night and look out for the porters on the march. Then there are the oxen or pony boys in charge of the horses and equipment, and finally, the milk and file of porters whose duties can hardly be enumerated. They carry the loads on the march, gather wood for the cook and the camp, bring in game, look for lions, set up the tents, or fight a grass-fire—in short, they do almost anything that the occasion demands.

CUT deep into the banks of the rivers and lakes in Africa, one comes upon parallel tracks with grass growing between them much like those of the oxen. Although the tracks are at home in the water and on the dry days there, it finds his food on shore and comes out at night to graze in the meadows beside it. It is the hippo on his midnight excursion, who leaves the water and the jungle life characteristic of the track with no restraint of civilization. The awkward old fellow's legs are too short and stiff for him to place one foot in front of the other as we humans do; hence, the parallel path.

Resolved to avoid the difficulty of rescuing a dead hippo from the water, and curious to find out what goes on inside, we started one night a bright flashlight beam from our camp at Lake Elementina to find a hippo feeding. Africa by day and Africa by night are different countries. The moonlight jungle is as ominous as well as beautiful. For one never knows when wild beasts, resentful of intrusion, may be lurking in the shadows of friendly reed-beds. For several hours we watched without interrupting every black man we saw with our flash glasses. In most cases the black spots turned out to be a bush or a boulder, but finally we discovered one that moved. My eyes had grown accustomed to the semi-

darkness and the moon was clear, so that I could see the moving object, a fine hippo, more and more distinctly as we cautiously approached. We were, perhaps, within thirty yards, when he made a movement that indicated that he, too, saw or heard us. I fired. There was a loud crack and then a tremendous splash. Whether or not my shot had told, the hippo had deflated our purpose. He was back in the lake and there was nothing further for us to do that night but to go back to camp and to bed.

At daybreak our lips were frosting in the chilly water with much the appearance of a partially submerged balloon. The boys had to wade in, he ropes around him, and the tug of war to haul him ashore began.

Our moonlight hippo hunt was merely disappointing. Mr. Abel Chapman and his brother, hearing of our experiment, decided to have a try at the game and had an experience that escaped disaster by a hair's breadth.

The moon was past the full and late in rising when they conged with their safari a couple of hundred yards away from us on the shore of Lake Elementina. On the right selected a hippo, they went to bed, leaving instructions to be called when the moon rose, but shortly after midnight they were awakened by an alarm with the news that a hippo was right close to camp. The whistling of a pony had given the alarm. Drawing on coats and field shoes and summoning their gun boys, Mr. Chapman and his brother hurried out of their tents. The sight was wild and noisy but they could not get out the shadowy form of a great beast among those hundred yards distant.

They had approached to within fifty yards when Mr. Chapman laid down on one knee to take aim, when with a rising roar the massive body rushed forward. Both men fired. One gun boy, failing to recognize a harmless hippo in the excitement, fired into camp. The other water down, but they could not see the hippo. Five yards farther the beast came on, then dropped, plopping up the ground with his mouth as he fell.

Boys from camp hurried out with lights that the hunters might inspect their hippo and it was then that Mr. Chapman discovered that they had killed not a hippo at all, but an unusual size of rhino and with such horns—a beautiful specimen and very rare indeed. For days I had been looking for one in this country and, inevitably enough, the prize of the whole safari had deliberately walked into the camp of our neighbors.

The shot that brought down the big trihorn was little short of miraculous. Crashing into the rock between the can, it narrowly missed the two great horns as the rhino came on headlong, and smashed into the spiral column. No bullet aimed in broad daylight ever did its work more effectively. Had the shot, however, missed Mr. Chapman's supposedly harmless hippo, being instead a wounded and infuriated rhino, might easily have done enough damage seriously to impair my theory regarding the staff of the rhino.



To-morrow's Telephones

So vital a factor has the telephone become in American life that the demand for it would undoubtedly grow even without increases in population. New businesses are founded; others expand. New homes are established in town and city, in suburban dwellings and apartment houses.

To meet the needs of America, to-day and to-morrow, with the best and cheapest telephone service, is the responsibility of the Bell System. The telephone will grow with the population and prosperity of the country, and the plans of to-day must anticipate the growth of to-morrow.

The service which is given to-day was anticipated and provision was made for it, long in advance. Money was provided, new developments were undertaken, construction work was carried through on a large scale. The Bell System, that is, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies, has continuously met these requirements. It has enlisted the genius of technical development and the savings of investors for investment in plant construction.

Over 315,000 men and women are owners of the American Company's stock and over half a million are investors in the securities of the System. With a sound financial structure, a management which is reflected in a high quality of telephone service, the Bell System is enabled to serve the increasing requirements of the American public.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Delivered to You Free
We will deliver to you free of charge a copy of our new book, "The Art of the Bicycle," which contains all the latest information on the subject of bicycling. It is a most valuable book, and one that every cyclist should have. Write to us today for your free copy.

MEAD CYCLES COMPANY
Tires, 515 CHICAGO

Learn How to WRESTLE
In Six Days
We will teach you the art of wrestling in six days. Our method is simple and easy to learn, and will enable you to become a champion wrestler in a short time. Write to us today for our free booklet, "How to Learn to Wrestle in Six Days."

Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch
Wrestling Champions

Attention—Scouts!
We are now accepting applications for the position of Scoutmaster. If you are a man of good character, and have a good knowledge of the Scout Law, we would like to hear from you. Write to us today for our free booklet, "How to Become a Scoutmaster."

Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch
Wrestling Champions

High School Course in Two Years
We will teach you the art of high school in two years. Our method is simple and easy to learn, and will enable you to become a high school graduate in a short time. Write to us today for our free booklet, "How to Learn to High School in Two Years."

30 Other Courses
We offer a wide variety of courses, including: Business Law, Salesmanship, Public Speaking, and many more. Write to us today for our free booklet, "How to Learn to High School in Two Years."

American School
300 N. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn.

Story by Sabatini in this Issue

BOYS' LIFE



The Magazine for all Boys, Published by the Boy Scouts of America

OCTOBER
1924

PRICE 20 CENTS

SAMPLE COPY

15
COLOR
ILLUSTRATIONS

Rhino!

True Adventures of
Carl E. Akeley

LYNN
BOGUE
HUNT

