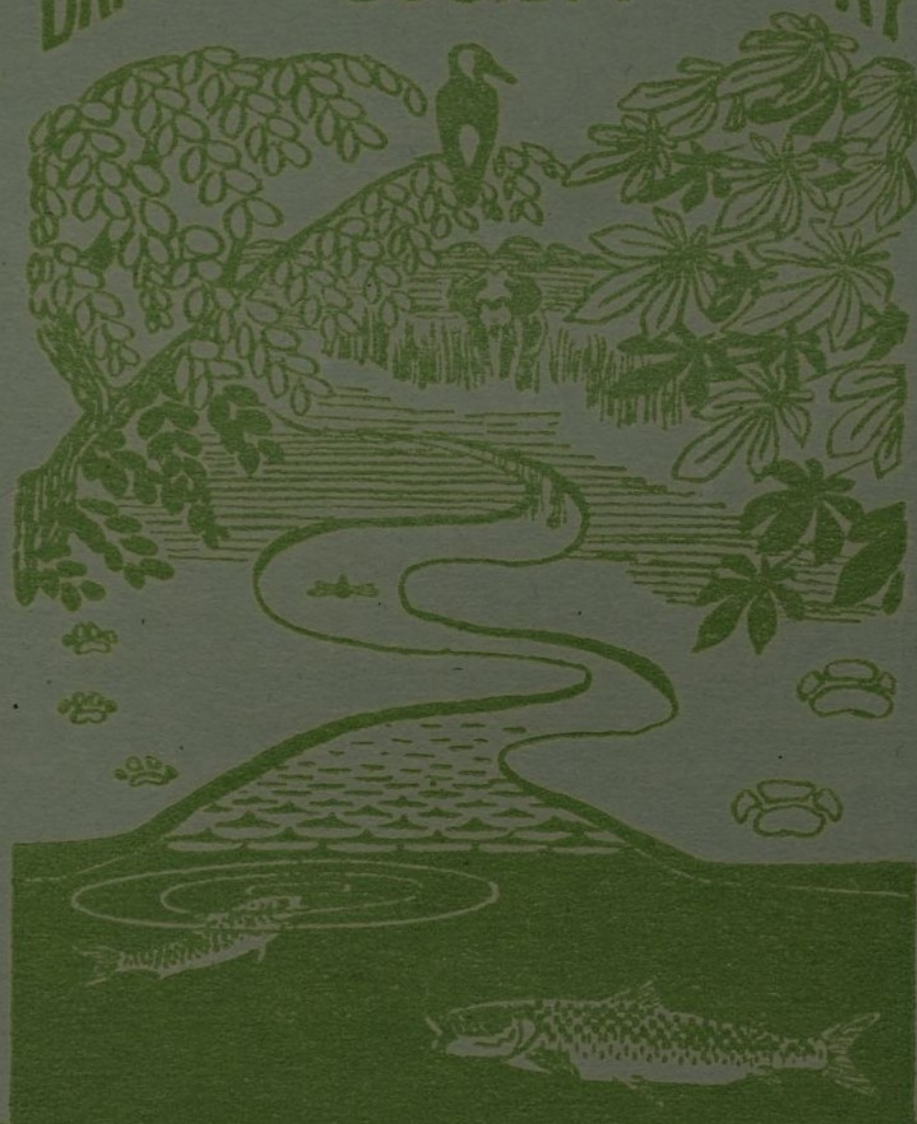


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attribute such. A Shikari friend whose opinion I asked, who looks on *Cuon* as a poacher of the worst type, said he had never had a similar experience and added "it is only congenital cussedness on the part of the rotten beast," perhaps he is right.

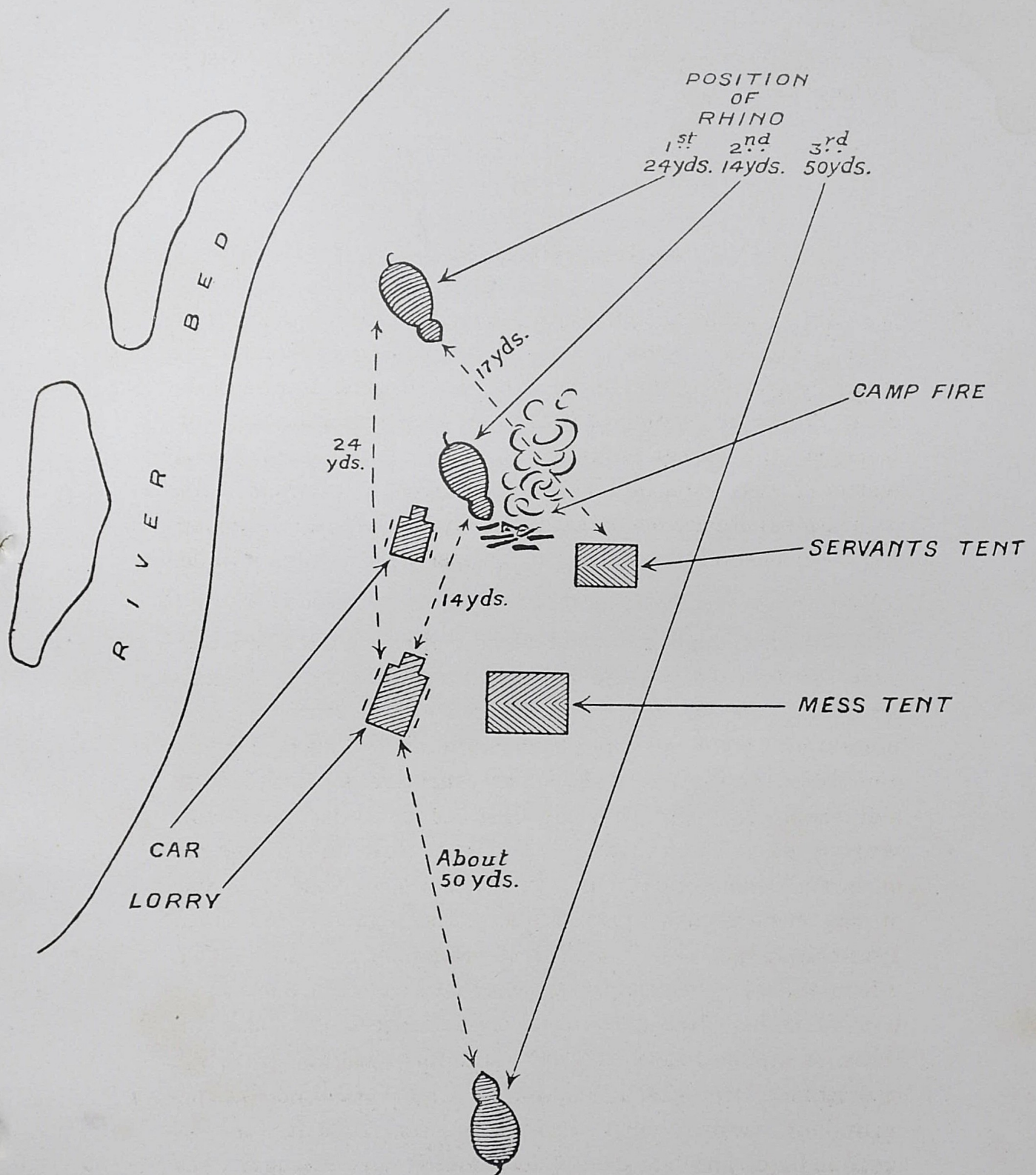
C. P.

An Inquisitive Rhino.

While camping out during one cold weather on the banks of a well-known river in the Dooars, I, and two friends, had the fortune (at the time we thought otherwise—being in pyjamas and suffering from extremely cold feet) of being in the closest proximity to a very fine Rhino for a matter of two and a half hours in brilliant moon light. As it is an experience one is hardly likely to meet again under like circumstances I thought it perhaps worth while recording.

Our first night in camp, after a good dinner and the usual quoto of chota pegs, we retired to rest at about 10 P.M. As Rhino tracks were quite fresh in the vicinity the precaution was taken of sleeping in our lorry rather than in our more comfortable tent, so we transferred our bedding and there was just room for three of us lying crossways without knees tucked up. At 1 A.M. I awoke at the sound of heavy trampling in the jungle quite near, and saw one of my friends quietly looking out at the back of the lorry. I at once asked him "what is it—Sambhur?" he replied "No—Rhino." Neither of us spoke again but got out rifles, which we had beside our beds, and crawled to the back of the lorry and gradually took up a standing position covering the Rhino. He was a magnificent sight standing in the moonlight, twenty four yards away, taking stock of his surroundings and apparently unaware of our presence. He

AN INQUISITIVE RHINO



stood in this position for about half an hour, pricking his ears from time to time in all directions. Imagining that at any moment he would charge, on scenting us or our servants, (who were housed in a shake-down seventeen yards from him), we kept him covered the whole time. After about half an hour of this I unfortunately tramped on the face of our other companion, who was fast asleep; we had been standing over him. He awoke with a roar and charged to the other end of the lorry for his rifle, the commotion causing the Rhino to turn in his tracks and disappear. The road apparantly being cleared I thought it best to get my heavy rifle from our tent, (we had been covering him with Winchesters and soft nosed bullets) and within five minutes the Rhino was back again, this time coming much closer; the fire, which by now had died out, pulling him up. He couldn't make out what it was and scraped in amongst it with his toes, and blew great clouds of wood ash all over the camp. Our servants, now wide awake, were all huddled together at the entrance to their tent intently watching the Rhino who was only nine yards from them, and one of my Shikaris had the greatest difficulty in keeping my fox-terrier quiet; he had him buried under blankets and had all he could do to keep him from going for the Rhino. Luckily the servants kept their heads and sat still, otherwise I'm afraid some of them would have been a sorry mess. Only the thoughts of an enraged forest officer constrained me from dropping the monster! several times I carefully beaded him and all but fired—a perfect neck shot at 14 yards, my first Rhino, I thought! but it was not to be. During this time the whole thought of one of my companions was for his car, for which the insurance policy had lapsed as the Rhino would certainly have made match wood of it had he tried conclusions. The Rhino did not appear to be at all in a hurry to leave and kept us standing, at his pleasure, for upwards of an hour. He at last sauntered off the way he had come, walked round the camp and took up

another position, about 50 yards off, in the jungle and kept the camp in view. It now being 3-30 A.M., and all hopes of sleep gone we had tea, the Rhino fading away as the noise of the camp increased. He appeared to be apparently quite unaware of our presence the whole time he visited us, and was a magnificent sight in the full moonlight. With nothing further to do until day break I sketched the camp and we measured the different positions he had taken up.

Since this introduction I have met Rhino (once two) on five different occasions while out shooting with a single elephant and have come to the conclusion that they are quite harmless if not molested. On each occasion they have shown a keen interest on being disturbed, but toddled off once the elephant became impatient.

J. A.

Fishing in India and in Europe

BY

COLONEL H. S. WOOD, I.M.S.

(With two half-tone plates.)

For many years, in India, I did not fish and, afterwards, when I did take it up I regretted the time and opportunities that I had lost. My advice, therefore, to all who go out to India, is to take up fishing. In conjunction with shooting it is a splendid hobby. Of Assam it may truly be said that where there is good shooting there is good fishing and *vice versa*. After a hard day's shooting it is very pleasant to take the rod "out for a walk" along the banks of some lovely river and to secure a change in sport and in one's diet. I have known people suffering from a nervous breakdown recover when they took up fishing and one can