

Death Shot Stops a Mad Gorilla at Three Yards When Big Beast Charges Royal Hunter in Africa

Swedish Prince Tells of Tracking Monster Apes Along the Mountainside, and Finally Finding Himself in Centre of a Hidden Flock—A Search for Specimens

Prince William, second son of King Gustaf V. of Sweden and leader of the Swedish zoological expedition into the heart of Central Africa, told last week in the first of the present series of three articles how the members of his party came upon the strange race of pygmies which inhabit the wilderness in the region of the great Birunga volcanoes. In the following instalment, narrating his encounters with gorillas, Prince William is especially careful to point out that his party was licensed by the Belgian government to shoot fourteen specimens. Otherwise these illustrations and remarkably interesting creatures are under protection.

By PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN

MY first humiliating meeting with the mountain gorillas took place on the southern slope of Sabino, one of the great Birunga volcanoes.

A member of the party had discovered fresh tracks when he had gone out to shoot buffaloes, and he sent immediately for me. He had unawares run straight into the flock, which of course had fled up into the mountains. They were eight or ten in number and had been lying on the top of a low and dense thicket of bamboo.

We followed their tracks. The gorillas were evidently not seriously frightened, for now and then they had sat down and one could distinctly see the marks of their bodies in the grass. On the spot there always lay fresh manure as well as broken tree branches, the bark of which had been peeled off and evidently eaten. The largest foot-print was considerably bigger than my hand.

During eight hours we crept, crawled, clambered, slipped and rolled forward over the most absurdly difficult ground I have ever traversed. Up and down, over wet ground and dry ground, over precipices and across torrents. In a word, we had to proceed like the gorillas themselves.

Our feet slipped, branches beat our

faces, thorny climbers tore holes in our khaki and scratched us till we bled; we had not a dry thread on our bodies, which were bathed in perspiration. With hearts that beat audibly from our exertions we obstinately continued our pursuit, but we were always baffled.

Our backs ached, our knee muscles grew weary, fatigue began to overpower us. Should we stop and give up? Never! A gorilla was worth more than that. On and on we obstinately pursued the track, at any cost. Only no turning back.

Suddenly the tracks ceased. You could not see an arm's length in front of you on the ground. But overhead in the foliage we perceived a movement in some low tree-tops. The gorillas must be there. Within fair range but completely invisible. Then we could also distinctly hear the animals breaking off twigs and also making a sound as if they were beating their stomachs.

After having waited in vain for them to climb up some tree or at least to stand up, we decided to creep round them in a wide circle, and in that way to come above them. Which we also did—but the flock still remained invisible.

The sun was already low on the horizon, so we had no other choice but to chance it and go straight on. Carefully we slid down towards the waving bamboo tops. Then a scream suddenly cut through the stillness of the forest. Then another, then several. It is a sound that most resembles the grunt of an infuriated sow or the trumpeting of an angry

elephant. The flock must have heard us or scented us.

Gorilla Tears Shirt

NOW things began to move in the bushes round about us. The vegetation is so dense that you can scarcely see further than the barrel of the gun, which automatically follows the sound. If the gorillas had attacked at that spot these lines would certainly not have been written. In sheer self-defense we are ready to shoot at the first suspicious movement among the nearest leaves. At last there is a crash among the bamboo. I only see a glimpse of a shadow during a fractional part of a second—and the flock takes to its heels, invisible as before, without the slightest possibility of our letting off a chance shot.

Then we finally gave up the chase and returned disappointed.

To shoot gorillas on such ground is believe to be absolutely impossible for any European; he makes too much noise as he tramps along, and his clothes become too easily entangled in the thorns. It is another matter with the negroes. They walk barefoot, wear fewer clothes, and have, besides, considerably better trained sight and hearing than we.

Early the next morning the Congo Askaris were therefore sent to follow up the tracks in the hope that they would be more successful than we.

And such was in fact the case. Late that night the four first mountain gorillas (Gorilla beringei) lay in our camp. That our joy was great and that the Askaris were duly made much of I need scarcely say, though Carr and I would quite naturally prefer to have had the good fortune to be the object of so much attention.

The Askaris told us that they had followed up the track the whole morning over very dense ground. In a ravine they suddenly caught sight of a flock of ten animals just as one of the females was feeding her baby. Three fell on the spot, but the fourth, an old male, rose on his hind legs and came wounded towards them.

"Look here," said the best shot amongst them, and showed how his shirt was torn at the chest, "this is what he did before he fell."

The truth of his story is, of course, impossible to check, but I have no reason to doubt it.

It proved to be a very valuable gorilla bag, for it consisted of two males, one of which weighed 330 pounds, one full-grown female and a young one.

"Quite a Human Existence"

In contrast to their cousins in the virgin forest, the mountain gorillas are very long-haired, to protect them against the cold. The face, the extremities, and part of the breast are bare, but otherwise, the fur is thick, dark in the females, lighter in the males, which at an advanced age are often quite white-haired on their backs.

Their height is not worthy of special mention, but their breadth is all the more impressive. Arms and legs make an impression of enormous bunches of muscles which would be able to break or crush their victim with the strength of a sledge-hammer—a man would be as firmly held in such an embrace as is a nail in a vice.

The natives tell fantastic stories of how the gorillas, the Ingagi, lead quite a human existence; how they build their huts with a roof, make fires, steal women and eat negro children. It is perhaps these naive tales that have inspired the author of the wild Tarzan books.

All these stories lack, of course, any foundation. The experience of the expedition, which was in the future to be very varied, has proved that the gorilla lives in dense thickets, when it feeds on tender bamboo shoots, the bark of twigs, Umbelliferae and berries. Especially one bush, the Zingiberaceae, with red or yellow fruit, seems to constitute its favorite food. They prepare their sleeping places with heaped up twigs and leaves, both on the ground and in low branches.

Generally they congregate in flocks of ten to thirty. Whenever such a herd has for some reason or other been frightened, or is in a hurry, or has passed by, all the undergrowth is trampled down as if an avalanche had passed over the spot.

When one is confronted by a gorilla, the thought involuntarily suggests itself: Have we ourselves really ever looked like that in the far-away past? Perhaps! The animal does not, however, make any strong impression of being human. Its gibbon-like face framed in hair is too flat, its forehead too low, and its lower jaw too prominent. Its body is disproportionately broad, its extremities far too long. I will not deny, however, a certain likeness between gorillas and ourselves, though not more than the resemblance with other apes.

As already mentioned, the Belgian government had, with great courtesy and kindness, given the expedition license to shoot fourteen gorillas. After my experience on the Sabino, I greatly doubted if we should ever reach that figure—perhaps with the help of native hunters, as in this case, we might—but not ourselves and by our own endeavor. The future was to prove, however, that Mikeno and Karissimbi were easier to handle, so that the maximum number was actually reached. All the remaining ten animals were killed by the white men of the expedition.

Brush With a Hippo

WE had agreed that the larger animals should fall to my lot, and the smaller ones—especially the birds—to Gyldenstolpe. I therefore left him for a week to complete the collections and went myself a few days after the gorilla-slaughtering expedition to the plains, more precisely, to the spot where Kako (later on the Rutshuru river) runs out of Lake Mutanga. At the mouth of the Kako, the hippopotami snorted like a survival from a pre-historic world.

The first morning I met one walking along the shore. Like a great pig or a tightly packed sausage skin on four legs, he came towards me peacefully, munching grass which was still hanging out in long ribbons from his broad, gaping jaws. It was quite a pity to disturb him, and as I had already shot one the previous day, I did not want to do him any harm.

But the path was very narrow and we were approaching each other from opposite directions. Neither he nor I wanted to step aside into the stinging nettles. Then I asked him politely in Swedish to give way. He grunted something in answer that I did not understand and screwed up his kindly little pig's eyes meaningfully. But nevertheless he came stalking straight up to me. Only a few yards separated us.

Then I became annoyed and fired a shot in the ground straight under his nose with the intention of frightening the colossus. Yet he would

not, however, but rushed on instead, scared out of his wits, and so close to me that I could easily have put my hand on his round back. And the one who quickly and surely ended up in the nettles was myself.

At last we found ourselves in the Congo, that great and immeasurable wealthy country which has remained forgotten so long, and which has only been mentioned in association with fevers and excesses, but which now, to judge from all the signs, is advancing towards a brighter future.

The nearer one approaches Lake Kivu the greener the country becomes. It gradually reassumes its fertile character. Already at Kibati we have our first glimpse of the lake. From there on down to the shore, the road passes through an avenue of euphorbia with cultivated fields on either side. On the right rises the round forms of the Ngoma mountain.

Suddenly the path dives down into a narrow lava tunnel. In the half-light, black swallows flutter uneasily in and out. They have their nests here in the cliff. The water drips from the walls. It is cold and damp. As suddenly as it began the short tunnel ends—and you stand amazed in front of the wonderful view that spreads in front of you: Kivu, Africa's heart.

Our goal at last!

The Crystal Kivu

THERE it lies, shimmering opal, dazzling, mysterious! High and soft mountain silhouettes frame it on every side, toning from a dark-green vegetation into a violet-blue haze. A finer setting no jeweler could ever conceive for any gem. No marshes, no papyrus along the shores, where the lava reaches right down to the waters.

The wide, unbroken surface gleams in the sunshine, and on it delicately shaped canoes with long prows glide slowly along their rippled course towards the background of the faintly rose-colored mountain islands of Kivu. And you can bathe to your heart's content in the crystal waters, for they are free from crocodiles and other such water beasts.

We stayed in the place about a week, enjoying the beautiful landscape and the temperate climate. We also made the acquaintance of the violent storms which often collected in the afternoons and with thunder and noise and torrential rains burst over the place. Then the lake was foaming white and the canoes paddled as hurriedly as possible towards the nearest shore in order not to be filled with water and capsized.

At Njatonjo we went ashore. Past the deep crater lake of Ruahikali the path led upwards through dense undergrowth to the place of the eruption, which is situated between

Rushayo and Kuzaza and which is called Nzuru by the natives.

It looks like a little bit of inferno itself. Where before there was a plain and dense virgin forest there is now a fairly high mountain, and from it a river or lava about a kilometre broad, and only recently congealed, pours out towards the lake and has partly filled the Mbusi bay below. Like an enormous abscess the earth has burst and flung out its aching contents. This happened on December 21, 1912.

Fantastically shaped lava boulders have been thrown about topsyturvy or lie heaped up one upon another. Everything is reddish-brown or sooty black, sterile, dead. Like snowflakes, metallic layers gleam now and then amidst all the dark mass. The tree stumps are still standing in many places, charred with a casing of lava round them, and a few dry unburnt trunks lie in the middle of the field.

The frontier between life and death is very sharply marked. The devastation has passed like an enormous razor over the forest giants, leaving everything that was outside the edge untouched. The black ground absorbs the sun's rays so that the heat is insufferable. Sharp points tear open the shoes pitilessly if you try to walk out on to the lava, and the soles burn. In some places, especially round the top, the ashes are still yards thick. And we sank down to the knees when we had to get up to take a film.

A Night of Horror

ONE has an unpleasant sensation that this is what the earth must have looked like once in the grey, primeval time when it first became rigid. Black, lifeless, uninhabitable. And one feels happy that one has not to take possession of it as it was then.

Years have passed since Nzuru was created. But even to-day the natives speak of that terrible night when all the evil spirits came up out of hell and shook their straw mats so that the dust was whirled all over the earth and the light was so strong that the white men at Rutshuru, at a distance of three days' journey, could read in their magic books as if it had been midday.

The journey home from this earthly inferno I shall never forget. The canoes had been sent round to the mouth of the Mbusi bay, which we only reached at sunset, when followed a four hours' boat journey through the darkness of the night. It had been blowing hard at midday, so that the waves on the lake were still running high and spilling over the low gunwale of the canoe when we started, but when we had gone about half-way the breeze and the water quieted down.

From among lain like a tremendous silver coin collecting to itself all the last light of the day while the rest of the world was growing dark. Kivu now looked like a single gaping emptiness which seemed to stretch into the infinite. The shores had vanished, but the fireflies that danced over them pointed the way and did duty as friendly occulting lighthouses.

In the zenith Orion's belt drew its straight line of light and over the stern of the canoe Jupiter was hanging, big as a small moon. Now and then a baboon chattered from its branch or a frog croaked in a hollow and husky voice.

The water lapped sleepily round the bows and the rowers now paddled so quietly that you scarcely heard the even rhythm of their strokes. In the stem the inevitable bundle of grass was glowing under a small cloud of greyish-black smoke. At regular intervals a bowl of water was thrown over it in order that it should not burn too fast.

Losing Oneself in Nature

IT was a strange feeling to be cradled across an unknown water in the company of a few naked savages with whom you could not even speak, but to whom you had confided your life. A blow on the head with a paddle, a tip of the canoe could have been enough—and nobody could have said how it came

to pass that the white chief had fallen overboard and been drowned one night in the deep waters of Kivu. Come on, black rower, if you dare. We shall both one day stand before the same Judge."

But one does not think such thoughts on such occasions. On the contrary, a strange feeling of safety creeps over you as you completely lose yourself in Nature, enjoy her original freshness, and the pleasures and dangers of primitive life in blind and defiant reliance on your lucky star. You feel in such a moment so infinitely small, so lonely and desolate; but you have nevertheless the feeling of being in good company. Everlasting and ever-changing the mighty vault of space lies above our heads. But the earth attracts. It is, all the same, nearest to us. And when I sit in the night listening in the darkness of Kivu, a great heavy beating seems to reach my ear. It is Africa's heart that is beating now as in the thousands of years that have passed, unchanged by the struggles of the ages, or by the vain thoughts of men. It is the heart of nature that never stops beating for her children, even though they so seldom listen to her.

Lulunga was to become our temporary base of operations from which we were to explore the northern slopes of Mount Mikeno.

The most important result of our chase at Mikeno consisted of three new mountain gorillas which were shot by members of the expedition. Two fell to Gyldenstolpe's gun and one to mine. They were the result of many vain efforts and many days' strenuous climbing in the difficult mountains, and they were consequently doubly welcome bags.

I had already begun to give up hope of ever seeing one of these furry monsters when the director of the Belgian Mission at Lulunga, Pere van Hoe, proposed to come with me one day. "Because," he said, "I usually have good luck."

Surprised, I looked at this gentleman with his kind, light-blue eyes and wondered to myself how a servant of the church would behave in a gorilla hunt. His long white coat would have been enough to frighten away all the game within a distance of miles. And, what would hands accustomed to hold a prayer book and monstrance do with a heavy, greasy and murderous weapon?

A Missionary Nimrod

BUT Africa is once for all the enchanting land of marvels. My fears proved to be entirely without foundation, and I was afterwards really annoyed that I should have entertained them. Why should not a missionary in the wilderness who is accustomed to capture the souls of the blacks also take part in adding a few apes to a zoological collection? Especially as the former are certainly much more difficult to approach than even the most enterprising gorilla.

Thus we started at daybreak with a reliable guide whom van Hoe had recommended. After the very first hour, I perceived that our missionary was, to say the least, as skilled in climbing mountains as I was and at the same time a keen shot and a lover of nature.

We stumbled over our tracker, who was lying on his stomach examining the footprints of a gorilla.

"Fresh is-day," he grinned. "We are in luck. I have a very old male, probably the oldest of our whole collection. The bullet had gone straight through the shoulder and pierced one lung, so that death had followed almost instantaneously. I have made some lucky shots in my life but never a more lucky one than this, and I acknowledge without reserve that I should not be able to repeat the performance once in a hundred times."

Judging by the cries, the natives estimated the flock at about twenty animals, among which were four old males. They also said that the male scarcely ever attack human beings, but if wounded they become aggressive and try to sell their lives as dearly as possible. On such occasions they rear up on two legs like a man; otherwise they run on all fours.

What this particular old progenitor had in his mind is not easy to say, but I am inclined to believe that he had been behind as a rearguard to cover the retreat of the rest of the flock, and it was curiosity mingled with a natural wish to frighten away the intruder which caused his behavior. Probably he would not have been averse to squeeze the life out of the disturber of the peace if the latter had not cleared out quickly enough. This time, however, the roles were reversed.

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Suddenly the familiar nerve-irritating gorilla cry cuts through the silence. It is repeated from all sides. Then all is as silent as death again.

Nerves Like Violin Strings

WE have by chance run right into the flock and stop motionless as statues, expecting at any moment to see some of the beasts. But they keep still, hidden by the dense undergrowth, from which they are probably watching us without being seen themselves. One can hear the breaking of twigs and the rubbing of stomachs.

Then I made a sign to van Hoe and the negroes to wait while the tracker and I crept on. For a moment all is still; our nerves feel like tense violin strings, all my senses are sharpened to their utmost capacity; for the tenth time I make sure that the 350 lb. clear.

Then the forest comes to life. There is a roaring and shrieking, a crashing and whistling, so loud that the noise almost bursts the eardrums. The beasts cannot be more than a few yards away from me, in the undergrowth there is a crackling to right and left as they break through and evidently take flight. They are like a host of evil spirits that one can hear but not see.

The next moment our guide almost tumbles into my arms and runs away headlong. All of which is natural enough, since he has only a spear with which to defend himself against a gorilla that is snapping at his legs. In his flight he points at a bush and I follow the direction with my glance. The next second an enormous, shapeless colossus darts straight at me with lightning speed and at the same time roaring furiously.

We can only see glimpses of him like a dark shadow between the branches and leaves. There is no time for reflection or preparation, for only a few yards separate us.

There is no time to take aim. By instinct, just as when one shoots haphazard at snipe, my gun flies to the shoulder and my finger touches the trigger. The echo rumbles duly through the primeval forest. The cry ceases. An absolute silence reigns. The shadow has disappeared. "Missed, fool!" was my first thought. "To shoot at random like that. There went the one chance of your life."

A Surprising Discovery

WITH my panga I hacked a way to the place where the gorilla had just turned and found that it lay exactly three yards from the nozzle of the gun. How near does one allow such a beast to come before you know if it has honest intentions or not? Pale and sickly reflection answered that three yards ought certainly to be a minimum, and that consequently the shot had not been fired a second too soon.

Well, there remained nothing else to be done but to continue the trail and prepare for a few more hours of marching and for new disappointments.

My astonishment was therefore great when after the first few steps I already discovered spots of blood on some leaves—a shot in the trail and fifty yards away we found a big male gorilla lying stone dead with his face to the ground. He had evidently fallen suddenly during his flight. His arms were stretched out and his back shone silver-grey.

Pere van Hoe came up and patted me kindly on the shoulder saying, "What did I tell you?" His well-known luck had really brought the expedition its first Mikeno gorilla killed by a Swede, not far from the place where another compatriot, Arrhenius, had shot his specimens.

It proved to be a very old male, probably the oldest of our whole collection. The bullet had gone straight through the shoulder and pierced one lung, so that death had followed almost instantaneously. I have made some lucky shots in my life but never a more lucky one than this, and I acknowledge without reserve that I should not be able to repeat the performance once in a hundred times."

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Woman More Moral Than Man Better Despite Bobbed Hair

New York Professor Says They Are More Moral Without Being Ethical—Excuses Canes and Cigarets—Average Woman Has More Personality Than Average Man

DESPITE their short hair, short sleeves, cigarettes and canes, women are becoming more womanly every day, according to Dr. Charles Gray Shaw, professor of philosophy at New York University. Shaw says that women are more moral than men; but that they are moral without being ethical.

"One hears a great deal about the 'superwoman,'" he said, "but not much about the superwoman. In like manner, we observe cartoons of the cave man swinging his club over the head of the cave woman. But there may be something wrong with the picture. As a matter of fact, women are more highly intelligent than men. Their delicate race may not show a long list of towering personalities to compare with the line of warriors, artists and statesmen produced by their brothers. But the average woman has more personality than the average man. This fact was never truer than it is to-day in this age of flappers and bobbed hair."

"Nature gives individuality to all organisms. There is no repetition in the exact pattern of two leaves on the same tree. Woman has taken advantage of this and has kept natural individuality. Man has elaborated a civilization which has ever tended to obliterate individuality. But such a man-made civilization has never made any great appeal to women who have done little else than tolerate and be amused by it. The result has been to allow woman to preserve and develop her natural individuality."

"The individuality of woman is found in the privacy of her life in caves or tent, harem or boudoir. The male mate who roamed abroad had little idea of the thoughts fermenting in the female brain, and may have thought more and done more, but woman has lived more and felt more deeply. Privacy has begotten personality in the woman whose thoughts were just as much a part of her own nature as the spider's web is a part of its body."

"Woman is no social creature in the sense that she, as is the case with men, loves to be organized in armies, factories, lodges, clubs and unions. It is man who is the 'joiner,' who dreads being different from his fellows."

"Woman hates to be the same as her sisters. She is enraged at discovering that some other woman has a dress of cut and pattern like her own. As a member of any organization woman is a fish out of water. She may have her women's clubs, but her heart she knows that they are ridiculous organizations. Her desire is to be free and original. This appears in the way she dresses."

"In the important matter of morals woman has always been more moral than men. But they are actually more moral than men. But they are actually more moral results instinctively, without appeal to any ethical code. Women are moral without being ethical; that is, they are individual in their habits."

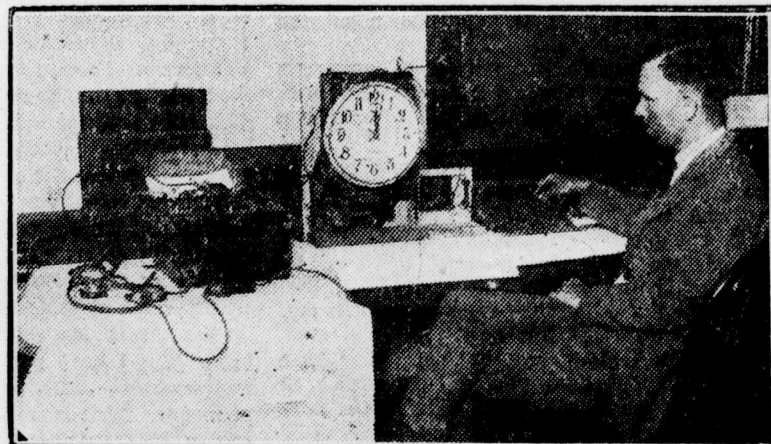
"Where morals take a matrimonial form, woman will be found more faithful than man. Nevertheless, woman is so individualistic that she reserves the right to follow the man she loves, whether it is the husband or some other man. She may not actually break forth and violate her vows, but she feels that she has the moral right to do so if she chooses. That which decides the matter for her is her feeling of love, which is her own, and which is the best expression of her personality."

"Woman's individuality appears again in her way of reasoning. Man cites the authority of great names and makes a fine show of logic. Woman says 'because,' and that settles the matter for her. The feminine 'because' is woman's reason; it arises in her sense of mental independence; her sense of individuality. 'Women may lack in the great impersonal views which are the foundation of science, law and philosophy, but they excel when it comes to questions requiring originality of idea and feeling. This may be inconsistent, but it is none the less individuality."

"Will woman change? Will the new woman, with her masculine habits, become more and more like a man? It is true that women are doing all sorts of mannish things in business and in the professions just as it is obvious that they are supplanting their brothers of yesterday. Woman has long been a problem, and now she is more of a problem than ever; that is, she is a problem for man."



"A scream suddenly cut through the stillness of the forest. . . . Now things began to move in the bushes round about us."



Clock Hands Set Accurately by Radio

YOU need no longer set your clock. Radio now can do it. By the same principle, a new invention announced by the bureau of standards, the ether wave can wake you in the morning by ringing your alarm, or it can tell you when to quit work, or even light your lights, or regulate the cooking on an electric stove while the housewife does her shopping. This is accomplished by means of a radio relay worked in conjunction with a series of retardation relays.