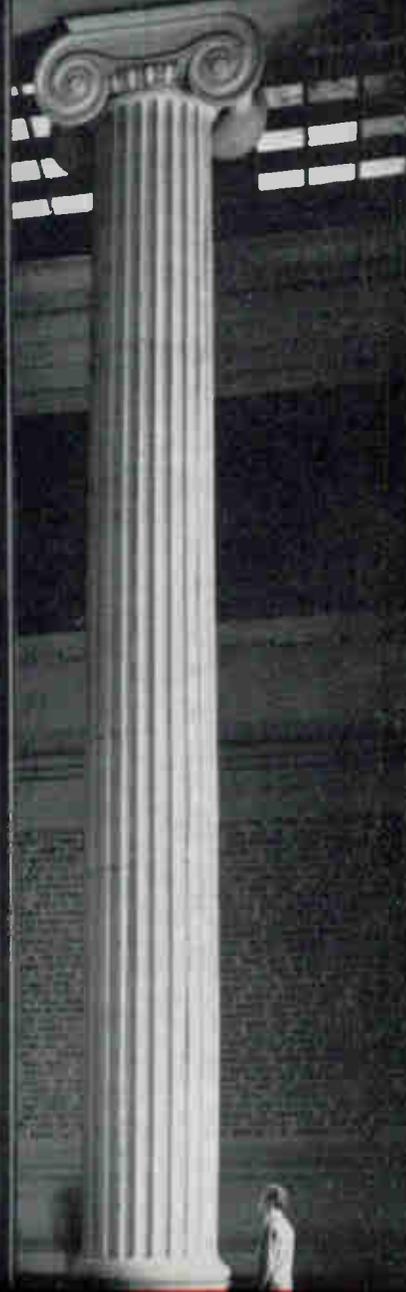


COULD BATTERY

FEBRUARY
1953

News



Big Game Hunting in South America

By Wm. T. Cox

Consulting Forester and Biologist

“**W**HEN far away the hills look green” as the old saying goes. Sportsmen often go far afield to hunt when they might find as good shooting much nearer home.

A farmer friend of mine in central Minnesota recently drove three hundred miles north to hunt deer and came home empty handed to find that his wife, during his absence, had shot a deer, four grouse and a pheasant within eighty rods of the house. She told her husband, good naturedly, that if he would look after the children the next day she would take a hike down through the swamp and see if she couldn't get a bear. And who knows but what she might have done just that?

It has been my good fortune in connection with my forestry and wildlife work to see a good deal of the wilder parts of the United States and Canada and, more recently, to explore and study the forests of South and Central America. On these lengthy journeys it was not always feasible to pack along heavy or perishable supplies such as meat. So we shot and ate game such as it was and lived on the country as we went along. The hunting was incidental but fairly extensive. I managed to bring out of the

wilderness many skins, skulls and various specimens of the rare species I was able to shoot, especially of big game. These were presented to the National Museum in Washington and to other museums.

Because of these experiences I am often asked what opportunities there are for big game hunting in South America. Comparatively few Americans have hunted in that continent. It has been more popular with European sportsmen and with Englishmen especially who seem to hunt most everywhere. In recent years air lines are making accessible to hunters vast areas that formerly were too remote and difficult to reach. Months of time and thousands of dollars were required to get into hunting territory that can now be reached in a few days in the Guianas, Honduras and the upper Amazon country as well as in northern Canada.

Before going into details about the big game of South America let me say that there are fewer kinds and less attractive big animals on that continent than in North America. Nevertheless the number and variety of big game animals in Latin America are quite sufficient to attract

Mr. Cox listening to hounds following a jaguar. Border of Goyaz and Matto Grosso.



hunters from afar and to test their courage, endurance and skill. Because so much of that tropical country is densely wooded, part of it with jungle types of forest, hunting is not as easy or as pleasant as in the United States or Canada. The warm climate, except in the higher Andes and the southern parts of Argentina and Chile, adds to the difficulty. No matter what time of the year it may be one always feels as if he were hunting in midsummer. And one finds difficulty in preserving trophies obtained.

Of all the big game in Latin America I found the deer most plentiful. There are about twenty species (as compared with twenty-five in N. America). The deer are of two general types. Most of the species resemble our white-tailed group but a few of larger size and with the tines on their antlers divided resemble our mule deer and black-tailed deer. This latter type is known in Brazil as "cervu". In the states of Matto Grosso and Goyaz I have measured some of these big deer which were nearly as large as medium sized elk. They live in open or partly open country and sometimes will attack man without provocation. On one occasion I saw a deer of this kind chase a pack horse into camp and nearly chase my Indian guide out. The cook was the hero of the day. He grabbed the frying pan and beat it with a machete. The noise he made was terrific and the deer fled. It must have thought it had run into a war party. A Bororo Indian once told me that these big deer of the campo are sometimes driven crazy by insects and will then attack most anything.

The smaller kinds of deer in tropical America vary in size from that of a Virginia deer to that of a good big Jackrabbit. They are widely distributed and abundant in some places but usually are kept down to moderate numbers by their natural enemies the big cats and other predators. It is good sport hunting these smaller deer either with or without dogs and the venison from them is excellent if well cared for and properly cooked. Many Indians are expert at stalking and shooting the deer with bow and arrow. The arrows used are four to five feet long. I have seen an Indian shoot such an arrow entirely through a 100-pound deer.

Sometimes drives are made through fringes of timber bordering streams in the more open country. In such places

when I did not have my own rifle or shotgun along I found it not too difficult to shoot deer with my pistol and even with old muzzle loading guns borrowed from the "caboclos" (back woodsmen).

There are no animals in South America comparable to the North American moose, bison, elk, caribou, muskox, mountain sheep, mountain goat or the larger bears.

The "anta" or tapir is widely distributed in Central and South America. It is an ungainly, unintelligent, long nosed beast which has managed to survive in spite of its slowness and stupidity. Some things that have helped to protect it down through the years have been its large bulk (up to 500 pounds weight), its thick hide and its ability and readiness to plunge over high banks and into quagmires where carnivorous animals hesitate to go even for a quarter of a ton of good meat. A tapir steak, roast or stew goes well around the camp fire. The animal, having a small brain and thick hide and skull, is hard to kill and I found out that a hunter should be sure before firing that the tapir is not headed in his direction. Its first impulse when struck is to charge straight ahead no matter what may be in front of it. I learned this by being nearly run over by a tapir that I shot. Bleeding from two head wounds the big brute rushed by me, plunged over a 30-foot bank and died in a muddy pool from which we had a tough time pulling the carcass. Later I found out that a side shot with either rifle ball or shotgun slug aimed for heart, shoulder or base of ear were very effective. But it is hard to get side shots. The tapir is usually in a jungle trail and so are you, so you see the animal either "going" or "coming". The snow tapir of the Andes is quite light colored.

Peccaries, often called "wild hogs" are fairly common throughout most of Latin America. There are two kinds. The white-lipped is nearly black all over while the collared species is dark gray with a white band across its chest. The peccaries are not large, weighing from 45 to 60 or 80 pounds. They travel in small herds or bands and are sometimes pugnacious. Their sharp tusks are capable of slashing and even killing powerful dogs. Natives with primi-

(Continued on page 13)

The author and his assistant, Dr. Souza, present a wild hog to a settler's family.



"Anta" or tapir, showing head and large dew claws.

(Courtesy Ynes Mexia)



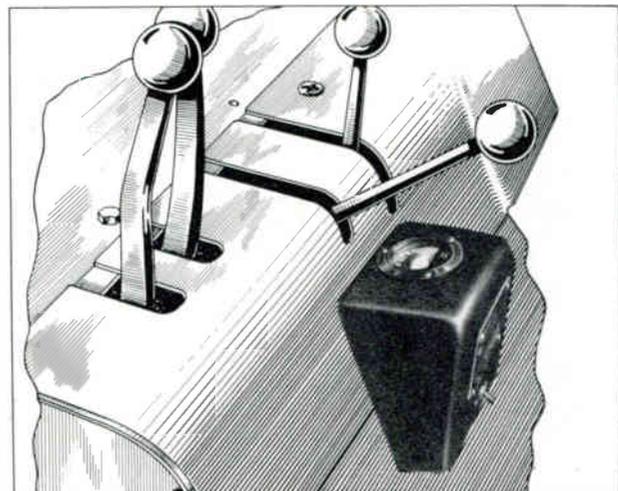
Gould Discharge Indicator shows state of charge while truck is in operation

The new improved Gould Battery Discharge Indicator is a "Plus-Performance" accessory that will help obtain greater production efficiency and maximum economy from your electric industrial trucks by indicating at all times, while in operation, the actual state of battery charge.

The elimination of guess work will add more ton-miles to your battery service by extending battery life.

1. Quick, positive information.
2. Easy to read — colored dial.
3. Shows the true state of charge — "Full", "1/2", "Empty", or "Danger".
4. Can be read while truck is in operation.
5. High-quality, specially designed, ruggedized meter. Balanced in all positions.
6. Completely enclosed in metal case finished in black, crackle enamel.
7. Easy to install.
8. Inexpensive.
9. Available.

The Wheatstone Bridge type instrument can be used with 3, 6, 12, 15, 16, 18 and 24 cell batteries, a series of resistors and taps being arranged to permit the desired adjustment. A toggle switch disconnects the instrument from the battery during charge.



DISCHARGE INDICATOR INSTRUCTIONS

INSTALLATION

Read the instructions on the Discharge Indicator nameplate carefully before attempting to install. Mount the unit permanently on the vehicle in a position that will permit the operator to observe the Discharge Indicator meter reading easily at all times. It must not protrude to the extent that the unit will be damaged from collision. The unit is constructed for various size batteries, and terminal studs are provided for Battery voltages of 6, 12, 24, 30, 32, 36 and 48 volts, so that it can be used for 3, 6, 12, 15, 16, 18 and 24 cell lead-acid type batteries. The terminals are marked to correspond to nominal battery volts.

The flexible terminal inside the Indicator must be connected to the proper battery voltage terminal.

To make this adjustment, remove the cover of the Indicator by taking out the bottom screw of the cover. Pull the bottom of the cover out slightly and push upwards.

When replacing the cover, be sure that all flexible wires are in the clear so that they will not be pinched.

Additional mounting holes are provided so that the meter in the unit may be adjusted to any desired position within 60 degree steps. **NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, MAKE ANY OTHER ADJUSTMENTS IN THE INDICATOR OR IT WILL BE THROWN OUT OF CALIBRATION.**

Make permanent connections from the Discharge Indicator to the battery power circuit, connect the red lead to the positive side of the circuit and the other lead to the negative side of the circuit. If battery and truck are equipped with Charging Receptacle and Plug, make these connections to the truck side of the Receptacle. Flexible wire of a size not less than 16 is

recommended. Wiring must be so located and protected that excessive wear and damage will not result in normal operation. After installing, place Discharge Indicator switch in "ON" position and note readings. If battery is well charged, gauge should read "FULL." If gauge reads in reverse, it indicates that positive and negative leads are connected in reverse. It is normal, however, for the instrument to show a momentary deflection to reverse when the switch is first turned on.

OPERATION

The GOULD DISCHARGE INDICATOR is designed to indicate the state of charge of the battery as "FULL"—"1/2"—"EMPTY"—"DANGER" when the vehicle is moving under normal load.

Meter readings observed when truck is stationary or when power is not applied are of no value and in general the meter hand under no power applied condition will always indicate a well charged condition.

To obtain longer battery life, recharge the battery when the discharge indicator needle first enters the "EMPTY" or red section of the meter.

GUARANTEE

This equipment is guaranteed against defective workmanship and material for a period of ninety (90) days from the date of purchase. All defective material must be returned transportation charges prepaid to Gould-National Batteries, Inc., Service Dept., 467 Calhoun St., Trenton 7, N. J. The equipment will be repaired on your No Charge order.

This guarantee does not cover damage resulting from neglect, misuse or accident and is in lieu of all other guarantees expressed or implied.

No equipment may be returned for credit.

CAUTION

Have Discharge Indicator switch in "Off" position if instrument is connected to battery circuit during charge.

One Final Fling

(An Addison Skink Mystery)

“WHERE in blazes is Skink?” demanded the irate Lieutenant O’Dowell of the Central City police department.

Muff Kendall, the pert blond secretary to the famous criminologist looked up from her typewriter. “Keep your shirt on, lieutenant,” she purred. “He’ll be in any minute now. You know he never comes back from lunch before 1:30.”

O’Dowell muttered several undistinguishable phrases to himself while Muff’s typewriter hummed its way through more paragraphs. “If he doesn’t get here pretty soon, I’ll solve this one without him.”

Muff jerked her head from her work; O’Dowell thought he detected a grin. “You’d better keep your thoughts to yourself,” he warned.

Just then, the slight figure of the criminologist stepped through the door. “Well, well, Lieutenant O’Dowell! This is a surprise.”

“Keep your coat on, Skink. I’d like to have you take a little trip with me.”

Skink hesitated, then shifted his overcoat back on his shoulders. “What’s up?” he wanted to know.

“I got a call this morning from the old people’s home. One of the old folks has been missing for a couple of days.” Then picking his hat from the chair, he continued, “I thought you’d like to sit in on this one.”

“Sounds to me,” grinned Skink, “like you have something pretty big. If the Bureau of Missing Persons has to call in the police, and the police asks for a little assistance from the city criminologist, it must be something more than just some old gent who has strayed from his quarters.”

“Matter of fact, Skink, it’s an old lady. We can check her records at the home. The Bureau of Missing Persons

have been doing some investigating outside, but they haven’t come up with anything. They asked me to gather a few more details to be sure that there hasn’t been some foul play.”

Addison looked through the mail on his desk. “We certainly don’t get much besides bills these days.” Then turning to Muff, he tossed a couple of envelopes in front of her. “You know what to do with these,” he told her. “If you need me, I’ll be out at the old people’s home.” Then, with O’Dowell close at his heels, he headed out of his office.

As the police car whirred its way to the city limits, Skink questioned the lieutenant for more information. “Not much to tell, other than what I’ve already said. It seems this old girl slipped away three days ago and they haven’t seen hide nor hair of her since.”

“Couldn’t the Bureau give you more information than that?”

“They keep the records of the old folks that stay there right at the home,” answered O’Dowell. “We can get all of the information that’s available when we talk to the superintendent of the place.”

The ride continued for several more miles with the two occupants of the police car listening to the calls on the radio.

At a turn in the road, O’Dowell pulled up before a huge and stately red brick edifice. Scrupulous care had been taken of the hedge and lawn that surrounded the building. “These old people certainly take wonderful care of this property,” said Skink. “Why, without good care, this place would have fallen apart years ago.”

“Yeah, and they do a lot of farming besides. They’re practically self-supporting, I understand.”

“Good for them,” added Addison. “It proves to a lot of people that the aged aren’t necessarily helpless. In fact, I think they make better workers than much younger men and women—they work more slowly, but they seem to accomplish as much as anyone who works in spurts.”

“Say,” grinned O’Dowell as he pushed his way out of the car, “this is turning into a lecture on the qualities of workmanship.”

Skink followed the lieutenant up the flight of gray stairs and into the hallway of what was once a mansion of a rural estate. An elderly lady sat sewing in a comfortable chair by a large window. “Can you tell us where we can find the superintendent?” asked O’Dowell. The little old woman kept right on with her sewing. “Probably deaf,” O’Dowell volunteered to the criminologist.

“I’m not at all deaf, young man,” the woman said as she kept right on sewing. “I would have heard the bell ring and let you in. There’s one on the outside door, you know. Didn’t your mother teach you any manners?” she wanted to know.

O’Dowell looked at Skink, and shrugged his shoulders. Addison walked over to the chair. “You’re absolutely



Keep your coat on, Skink, I'd like to have you take a little trip with me.



Where you hiding her?

right, Madam. We should have rung the bell before entering. Will you accept our apology?"

The woman folded her hands over her sewing and looked up. "I'm glad you apologized." Then she took Skink's hand in hers and looked into his eyes, "This is our home, here. That's why we ask people to observe the little formalities necessary in other homes. But you wanted to see Mrs. Adams! If you'll wait right here I'll get her."

While O'Dowell nodded his head sheepishly, the woman placed her sewing on the seat of her chair. "I'll be back in a moment," she called over her shoulder as she left the main hall.

Skink and O'Dowell didn't exchange any words while they waited for the superintendent. In a few minutes' time, a tall matronly woman appeared in the tow of the smaller and older lady. "These two gentlemen wish to talk with you, Mrs. Adams. They didn't tell me their names."

O'Dowell blushed again, and Skink introduced the two and stated their business. He explained to the matron that the Bureau had asked the lieutenant's help.

"We are very concerned about our missing friend," explained the superintendent. "We hope that you will be able to find her."

Skink assured the woman that with Lieutenant O'Dowell on the job, there was nothing to worry about.

"You bet," nodded O'Dowell, "there hasn't been a crime in Central City in three years that we haven't solved."

The matron drew back in alarm. "I'm sure, lieutenant, that no crime has been perpetrated here. Possibly Mrs. Wilks has just had a lapse of memory and wandered off. I'm sure she'll be found. Of course she has been gone for three days."

"The Bureau said that you kept records of the people that stay here. May we see them?" asked Skink.

"Yes. They are all in my office in the room next to this one. Will you follow me please?" The little lady who had welcomed the investigators smiled as they left the hall, and took up her sewing again.

In the superintendent's office. Skink and O'Dowell leafed through the files for the records and short histories of the members of the home. "Here is Mrs. Wilks' file," said Mrs. Adams, handing the papers to O'Dowell.

O'Dowell scanned the sheets momentarily, and passed them over to Skink. The criminologist studied them carefully.

When about twenty minutes had passed, Skink gathered the files together and handed them to the superintendent. "Nothing seems irregular there," he remarked. "Would you take us through the building?"

Up the winding, railed stairs and through neatly swept halls, Skink and O'Dowell followed Mrs. Adams. She bustled quickly from one door to another; if the doors were open, she introduced the occupant. "We don't invade the privacy of the rooms nor the privacy of the lives of those who remain with us. This is like their home," smiled the matron.

"We already heard about that from the little lady who was in the hall," grinned O'Dowell.

"Yes. You have met Miss Orlon. She likes to sew, and we keep her quite busy mending and making things. She came from a socially prominent family. The last few years found her inheritance completely gone, and she has come to live with us."

"All of the people here seem quite contented," said Skink. "You must be congratulated for doing such a tremendous job."

"Everyone, Mr. Skink, can do a job if they like their work. I enjoy mine, and feel I'm working with friends. I allow all of these people their complete freedom; they may do almost anything they want within our financial limits. Those who like to work in the garden are certainly welcome to. One old gentleman was a cabinet maker. We bought some equipment for him and he is very happy. About the only thing we don't allow is pets. They would cause too much difficulty."

"That's reasonable," added Skink. "Tell me, Mrs. Adams, are your guests here allowed to travel to visit relatives?"

"Certainly. We encourage them to keep their family ties wherever they have them. It is sometimes difficult for them, however, as travel from place to place is quite expensive."

"I noticed from the records of the missing Mrs. Wilks that she listed no relatives."

"That's right. Mr. Skink. I doubt if she went to visit anyone. She likes it here and has not left the premises for at least five years."

As the small group descended the stairs, a bell rang, and the old folks began to hurry from their rooms.

"What is this, a fire alarm?" asked O'Dowell.

"That's the dinner bell, lieutenant." Then, pondering the hurrying figures that rushed to the dining room, the matron asked, "Could you and Mr. Skink join us for our evening repast?"

O'Dowell waited for Skink to answer. "We'd enjoy it," smiled the criminologist. "The lieutenant here is a bachelor,

(Continued on page 14)

“The S. S. Lurline”

WHEN that beautiful white Matson liner, the “Lurline,” rounds Diamond Head about 9:30 A.M. of a Honolulu morning and at reduced speed comes abreast of the Matson Line’s magnificent Royal Hawaiian Hotel, its deep-toned horn booms out a sonorous salute, its engines begin to idle, and slowly and majestically the great ship comes to rest for a few moments in the waters of the outer harbor, attended by outrigger canoes, cruising motor boats and a colorful catamaran under sail. A fat barge, riding low, and most heavily packed with a host of up-turned spray-splashed faces, maneuvers alongside to discharge its cargo of enthusiastic welcomers. Port authorities in their official capacity, hotel representatives seeking their respective patrons, intimate friends and excited relations of incoming voyageurs—all laden with leis—come aboard and form knots of confusion on every deck. And then the big boat moves on to its mooring at the Aloha Tower. The captain appears on the bridge to take personal charge of the landing. Passengers line the rails. Brown beach boys whip the water after tossed coins. A dock side band strikes up an Hawaiian tune. A spot of professional hula girls on the pier, animated with the music and in colorful attire, draws, momentarily at least, each roving and expectant masculine eye. *This landing of the Lurline is truly an extraordinary and stirring performance!*

If you ever happen to be a “malihini” guest on this boat and are therefore new to the Islands, we recommend that you pass up the bountiful breakfast which is served at the usual late, rather lazy, hour in the Waikiki room the morning of your arrival and plan to partake instead of the coffee and doughnuts which are made available on “A” deck about break of day. We were up and out while it was still dark, shivering in the cool night air and with the excitement of the moment. A pin-point of light off the port bow, apparently a beacon on Molokai, was our first indication of land around us and our thrills and our wonder grew as the creeping dawn made shorelines visible in the hazy distance. A quick eye could catch the slanting flight of flying fish as they skipped shadow-like over the waves that were close at hand. Periodically the ship’s loud-speaker was activated to call attention to coastline points of interest as we passed in review and as the panorama unfolded . . . the light-house on Makapuu Point, the blow-hole near Koko Crater, Koko Head promontory, Maunalua Bay and then, like the drawing aside of a curtain, the rounding of Diamond Head to reveal the harbor hotels

and the gay appearing homes of Honolulu that reach so high into the hills.

To those who contemplate a vacation in Hawaii for the first time, we commend the trip over on this luxury Matson liner as a most unusual and intriguing experience. Certainly it is easy to be seduced by the colorful and romantic copy with which “Matson to Hawaii” appeals to prospective patrons . . . “Something to do every minute . . . Like to meet new and interesting people? *The S. S. Lurline attracts them.* Like to swim, sun bathe, play deck games or perhaps just dream in a deckchair? *The Lurline was designed for your pleasure.* Do you like gala dances, moonlight promenades? *Here they are.* And if you’re one for perfect meals, deft service, state-rooms of smart decor—*then this is your trip!*” How can one resist such a delightful invitation?

Yes, we commend the Lurline for your first trip to Honolulu . . . but, after being exposed to those mystic spells which only Hawaii can weave, we suspect that you will decide to “fly” back to your home port. The boat trip takes 4½ days of your vacation time, by air-ways the mainland is just an overnight hop. We believe you will prefer to add those precious extra hours to the allotted time you may originally have planned to spend in this “Pacific Paradise.” If the little pictures in prose which we have presented on previous pages have each imparted their fair share of that island charm and allure, which we found so fascinating, then you will understand why we make this suggestion.

Hawaii is a land where no bill-boards are allowed to spoil choice views of its magnificent scenery. Hawaii is a land where no restrictions are permitted to prevent the happy intermingling of its people. Because most Hawaiians lean toward Polynesia and the Orient in their origins and because so many of their faces seem strange, Hawaii has that look we associate with foreign and faraway places . . . and yet, miraculously and so conveniently, all these good people speak excellent English! Race, color, class and creed apparently matter little or not at all . . . nowhere in this wide world *have Americans achieved a more harmonious association together!*

Ripasmoke Cary





Patriotism for the Future

February has the distinction of being the shortest month of the year. But, more than that, February can claim an equal status with July for being our most patriotic month. Because it is in the month of February that we celebrate the birthdays of the two foremost citizens of this country: George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

During this month, particularly, I like to think back to the times of George Washington and compare those days with the present. Certainly we think of today as being exceptional, what with all of the troubles that beset the world. But it wasn't much different with Washington and the early colonists.

Picture it if you can—this small section of a huge country. To the west of the colonies lay unexplored territory, savage Indians, and pioneers from unfriendly nations. To the east were the lands from which the early settlers came—lands from which they fled, whether from tyranny, persecution or jail. And within their own boundaries were peoples of many origins: English mostly, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans and other nationalities in lesser degree. Their ideas of dress, of government, of law varied. Even when part of the colonies arose to fight for their independence, there were groups who thought that independence was wrong. It is an amazing thing, actually, that from this chaos anything could survive. And yet, from it came these glorious United States, the greatest democracy in the world.

Today, the crises are over the world instead of just a corner of a country. But if the citizens of the world are made from as stern a stuff as the material from which the early colonists, our ancestors, were made, then the world has nothing to fear. For the future shall be greater than the past could ever have hoped to be. There shall be peace on a world-wide basis. There shall be cooperation between countries that will open a new path to economic security. There shall be a united scientific front to pool the knowledge of the world's best laboratories towards goals that never could be reached by a world's divided efforts. And, if this peace and achievement be our desire, we shall have it, as surely as our pioneers found the benefits of the steam engine and as certainly as our forefathers smothered the black plague.

Soap Your Dishes, Not Your Plants

Grandmother used wash water as a fertilizer for her plants with great success. Old fashioned soaps, made from lye or wood ashes, had a fair fertilizing value.

Don't try it on your plants, as modern soap, some not even soaps—many are made with plant-food chemicals like potash and phosphorous, may harm, not help, your plants.

* * *

Maybe you have been wondering if television is cutting into magazine and newspaper sales. Since writing is my business, and I write for magazines and newspapers. I wondered about it. I don't know whether to be relieved or not, but I found out that 66% of people today read magazines and that there has been an increase of 15% in the number of magazines published in 1950 over 1940. Daily newspaper circulation increased 30%. On the other hand, the average TV viewer spends 3 hours and 24 minutes viewing TV, and it is reported that that time average is also increasing.

* * *

Louisiana bull frogs often weigh 2¾ lbs. each. By the time they are skinned and the backs cut off, it takes four frog legs to make a pound. The backs aren't wasted. Dealers say that the backs have the same kind of meat as the legs, with a few more bones. The dealers sell the backs to make stew. You can tell female Louisiana frogs from the male of the species by their thumbs—the female thumbs are padded. But the males have the biggest ears.

* * *

Once you're in a taxicab you might as well relax and enjoy the ride because you can't reduce the fare by sitting rigid.—Anon.

CUTIES



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"They're COOLING my soup!"



GOULD PIX OF THE MONTH

1. Betty Lynn takes time out between rehearsals at the Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas for some sun and relaxation. (U.P.)
2. Lovely Rhonda Fleming poses beside a banana stalk for her part as a plantation owner in "Tropic Zone." (U.P.)
3. Belgian actress, Monique Van Vooren, recently made her American film debut. (International)
4. A beauty who dares to be different is Joanne Gilbert, talented young singer who refuses to pose in a bathing suit. (International)
5. KNOCHS KNOCKS CURVES—Lucille Knoch, the gal who can be seen on Red Skelton's television show, announced that she was all in favor of censoring curves out of TV. (U.P.)



Gould Guy to Know



J. B. Anderson

Forty-five years ago, July 31, 1907 to be exact, James B. Anderson made his lusty entrance into this troubled world in the city of Richmond, Virginia, where he continued to live until entering college.

Jim attended the University of Pennsylvania and immediately became actively interested in college sports. Rowing especially appealed to him and he stroked the Varsity crew and also won several single scull championships.

His interest in rowing continued after graduating from the U. of P., and later he became head coach of the Washington and Lee University crew. Incidentally, his last year at W. & L., was the finest rowing season in the school's history.

In 1951, Jim Anderson decided to come with Gould and after preliminary training at the Trenton, N.J., and Depew, N.Y. plants, was assigned to the sales department, working out of the Atlanta, Georgia, office.

The expansion and diversification of industry in the South is opening up many avenues for battery power and being a friendly native son of the South, Jim fits into the picture naturally and he is keeping in close touch with all industrial developments which include the growing citrus fruit and paper industries. In addition the Army, Air Force, and Navy are greatly enlarging their bases in this Southern territory, all of which keeps him hopping.

Jim has a family which, besides Mrs. Anderson, includes a 16 year old daughter, who along with golf and fishing, are all the hobbies any man can handle.

Pick a Color

This is a pretty colorful world we live in. For instance, many is the time I've seen red. When I lent my friend a five spot he called me true blue. Even though I'm a little green at some things, I don't want anyone to call me yellow. For me, every cloud has a silver lining; the world is never black. My creditors know I'm as good as gold. However, my wife still thinks I'm a bit colorless.

Who Says She Ain't the Boss?

Isn't it just like a woman? The male long-billed marsh hen arrives at a nesting area before his mate. As soon as he does, he, like a helping husband, searches for a likely spot and builds a nest there. But when the female arrives, she pays no attention to her mate's construction job. In typical female fashion she starts to build a new nest of her own. Of course, again like the female of the species, if she decides that she likes the site of her spouse's nest, she throws out all of the material that he has gathered and starts doing the job all over again herself.

Get Your Skis Out

Did you know that ski jumping records have been kept in the United States since 1888. This early record of 37 feet was made in Red Wing, Minnesota. It wasn't until 1907 that a jump was made of over 100 feet. Through 1913 all records were set in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and in Northern Michigan, where skiing got its start in America. The present record was made in 1951 by Ansten Samuelstuen in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. This record jump was 316 feet. A far cry from that earliest record of 37 feet. Better get out your skis, maybe you can break the record.

MISTER BREGER



"No, I didn't get his license number, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere!"

Big Game Hunting

(Continued from page 3)

tive weapons fear them but nevertheless kill many for food and for their hides which are used and sold for making sandals and other leather goods.

Gang hunting of peccaries is common and rather exciting. With modern guns it is not dangerous but with the single-shot muzzle loaders generally used by the local people a man on foot is in some danger especially from the wounded animals. In brush and cerrado country in Brazil stockmen mounted and armed with pistols, spears or carbines organize parties to drive the "porcos dos mattas" into the open and kill them. It is considered quite a compliment for a stranger to be invited to such a hunt by the hard riding cattlemen and I can vouch that it is lively sport. The meat and hides obtained in such hunts are usually given to the poor of the neighborhood or to Indians living nearby.

The tall red wolf of the "campo" or open country furnishes good sport to the rifleman. It is about the color of an Irish setter dog. A long range rifle is needed because this animal, like the grey wolf of our western plains, is scarce, shy of man and a swift runner. We seldom saw these animals less than a quarter of a mile away and then they were usually running. I managed to kill only one of them and found that it had surprisingly small teeth for an animal of its size. Apparently it feeds largely on game birds (tinamou) and the young of the rhea or South American ostrich (locally called "emu") both of which were present wherever we saw these wolves.

The rhea may well be called big game. It is not as large as the African ostrich but it is a very large flightless bird which may weigh as much as a man. We found that one rhea egg, boiled, was enough for three or four hungry men. These huge birds are swift runners and we discovered that it takes a good horse and rider to run one down. One of the famous sports of the Indians and "gouchos" (cowboys) is chasing rheas and capturing them by means of either lariats or "bolas." These bolas are unique hunting devices made of pieces of rope or rawhide with weights on the ends. They are whirled and thrown and, when successful, entangle the legs of the game thus bringing it down and rendering it helpless.

The "tatu" or armadillo is not strictly a big game animal but, in Brazil and some other countries, it is hunted persistently for both sport and food. It is considered clever to outwit the big armadillos of eastern Brazil and shoot or spear them before they are able with their powerful claws to dig themselves down out of reach. The pity of it is that these animals should not be killed at all. They are among the most beneficial animals of the tropics since they devour enormous quantities of destructive ants, being especially effective in catching queen ants at swarming time. This prevents the establishment of countless new ant colonies.

"Jacare" is the Portuguese or Brazilian name applied to the two big reptiles known as caimans and crocodiles. They are considerably alike and both are plentiful in South America. The caiman is the larger and by far the more common. In fact it is so abundant in places that much

livestock is lost through its depredations. Game too suffers. An old caiman of the lower Amazon country may be 18 or even 20 feet long and very heavy and powerful. I shot one of them that measured 17 feet and 5 inches in length. It had just broken the back and one leg of a 2-year old bull which had waded into a slough to drink. We used to shoot many jacares at the request of ranchers. The hides of these huge reptiles, since they contain bony plates, are not used for the making of leather. Crocodiles, apparently of two kinds, occur in northwestern South America. They are numerous and of large size on branches of the upper Amazon and on the Orinoco and are found also on the Pacific slope of Panama, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. Hunting these reptiles affords some thrills and occasionally a near record specimen. Most of such hunting, however, is done by natives for the hides which, unlike the caiman hides, are of value for leather.

I have seen natives go swimming in waters infested by caimans which were plainly in sight and watching the swimmers; but I prefer to bathe at beaches which have safer life guards!

Other reptiles hunted in South America include the edible turtles which in some places are abundant and are marketed with some profit. Thousands of settlers and Indians depend to a considerable extent on turtles for food. The taking of big turtles by the use of bow and arrow and spear requires great skill but has not been taken up widely by white men as a sport.

The larger snakes such as anacondas and boa constrictors are not hunted for sport but are frequently killed or captured and sold for their skins or as living specimens. I shot one large and beautiful "boa" near the Ucayali River and saw some very large anacondas and still larger anaconda skins in eastern Peru and the Acre Territory of Brazil. If ever the Roosevelt reward is to be claimed by anyone bringing in a 35-foot snake I venture the guess that the record serpent will be an anaconda from the region about Iquitos, Peru. That is where real snakes grow and keep on growing!

The hunting of guanacos, alpacas and vicunas has never developed into the sport it might have become. If these attractive and wary wild members of the camel family had not been so persistently hunted for their pelts they might well have become a great attraction for sportsmen and tourists. In a manner somewhat similar to the mountain sheep and goats of the northern Rockies they range the snowfields and the high slopes and ridges of the Andes. It is a never-to-be-forgotten sight to see them in their wild, stupendous setting. Hunting has had to be severely restricted in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. To some extent even the exportation of the skins of these animals has been forbidden in order again to build up an interesting and valuable but almost vanishing natural resource. The llama (yama) another South American camel has long been domesticated. Ever since the reign of the Incas it has furnished meat and clothing and served as a sure-footed pack animal.

Sportsmen from Europe, the United States and Canada are attracted to South America mainly to hunt the big cats. The jaguar especially appeals to persons who like real excitement and a touch of danger in their sport. This animal as found in Mexico and inland near the coasts

of South America is not much larger than a big timber wolf. Like the tiger and leopard, however, it is a true cat. It is a terrific killer of livestock and game. In the interior of South America it attains large size and strength enough to kill horses and oxen and to drag them many rods to cover. When molested it will attack man and occasionally it has become a man eater. One of my Brazilian hunting companions was killed and eaten by a jaguar since I left that country. In Brazil the jaguar is called the "tigre pintado" or spotted tiger.

Sportsmen who hunt jaguars usually do so as guests of ranchers who lose cattle to these savage animals and who keep hounds and other "varmint dogs" for hunting them. The ranchers are likely to know, from reports of their foremen, where jaguars are operating. This information may save a week or more in actually finding one of the beasts.

With powerful modern rifles and soft-nosed bullets it is generally an easy matter to dispatch a jaguar that is treed or cornered by dogs. Under such conditions Indians will shoot the big animals with bow and arrow and settlers will risk attacking them with old and defective but still usable 44 caliber rifles. A few Indians and white men have the courage to attack a cornered jaguar and kill it with a spear. I found quite enough excitement in killing the beasts with a 30-30 carbine. One of them was a 270-pound specimen which I brought back and presented to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

The puma, mountain lion or cougar, as it is variously called in our country, is known in much of South America as the "tigre vermelho" or red tiger. In most of our western country where pumas used to be plentiful and destructive they have been killed off by sportsmen and by hired hunters and persons seeking the bounties paid by states and stockmen's associations. It is different in South America where there are millions of square miles sparsely occupied by persons other than primitive Indians. In forest and cerrado (chaparral) pumas abound and they find an abundance of food—mammals, reptiles and birds. Some of the regular food is tough and hard to kill, for it includes tapirs, big turtles and crocodiles. As a consequence the South American puma has developed larger teeth and more powerful jaws than those of his North American relative. This makes him an efficient cattle killer wherever ranches invade his domain. Stockmen keep courageous dogs and are glad to welcome hunters to help destroy these big predators which are not only more numerous but which tree more readily than jaguars. However they do not always tree. On one occasion a big puma was at bay in a patch of brush and as we approached for the kill we saw one of the dogs, a mastiff, tossed into the air and remain stuck in the forks of a scrub thorn tree about ten feet from the ground. After we shot the puma we rescued the dog which had received a terrible blow and a deep gash in its side. It was tied onto a saddle and rode home on the same horse with its dead antagonist. The "tigre" almost trailed the ground on both sides of the horse. Later I heard from the rancher that the dog had recovered and, with two other dogs, had rounded up two large pumas in half a day's hunt.

The ocelot, sometimes called the South American leopard or tiger cat, is much smaller than either the puma or the jaguar. It is not dangerous to man but kills a lot of wild game as well as calves, sheep, goats and poultry. It is hunted much as the bigger cats are with dogs. But now that roads are being extended and made more passable for cars it has become quite the thing to hunt ocelots at night along woods roads. The animals will often stare at the headlights of the car until within reasonable range. Spotlights help because they can be turned to the sides.

We found flashlights (strong ones) very effective in night hunting from dugout canoes along river banks, sand bars and beaches. For hunting savage game in wilderness regions this method is considered all right. In fact for such hunting no holds are barred in most of South America and Central America as well.

Addison Skink

(Continued from page 7)

but I'll give my wife a call and tell her I'll be late getting home. And it'll give us a chance to look around more carefully and get acquainted with the folks."

During the meal, Skink chatted amiably with the men and women who sat close to him. He found them tremendously interesting. After all had finished, Skink, O'Dowell and the superintendent sipped a cup of coffee while the kitchen help cleared away the tables.

In the midst of the conversation, O'Dowell grasped Skink's arm. "C'mon, Skink, there's something funny going on." He jumped from his chair and darted out into the hall; Skink followed closely at his heels.

"There he goes, Add," said O'Dowell as the criminologist caught a fleeting view of the shadow of a man disappearing behind a wall. "Careful, now," warned O'Dowell. "The old gent is carrying a tray of food. We follow him and he'll lead us to this Mrs. Wilks."

Silently, the two crept at a safe distance behind the fleeting figure. Down the dark back stairs and out into the shadowed evening went the suspect, stopping occasionally to glance back over his shoulder. O'Dowell sneaked forward cautiously as the old man opened the barn door and entered. Seconds later, Skink and O'Dowell watched while the suspect climbed the hay-loft ladder. "This is it," commanded O'Dowell, and he sped up the ladder after the man.

In the loft, O'Dowell seized the frightened and surprised figure. "Where you hiding her?" demanded the irate detective. "Don't tell on me," whined the old man. "She ain't doin' no harm. I want to keep her." He led the lieutenant and Skink to a corner of the loft. There, purring softly, was a small kitten. "I'm just bringing her some milk. Honest, she won't do no harm. Can't I keep her?"

O'Dowell pushed his hat to the back of his head; Skink couldn't refrain from laughing.

On their return to the main building, they met the matron who had followed them to the barn. "What was the matter?" she wanted to know.

"Nothing," answered O'Dowell. Skink smiled again.



“Don’t be angry, Mrs. Adams, I guess I’m as much at fault as Mr. Rickert.”

The superintendent frowned, and the three stood motionless in awkward silence. Momentarily, the night seemed to be completely asleep, then the soft notes of a piano drifted past. Skink cocked his head to listen. “One of the old folks?” he asked.

“Probably Mr. Rickert. He has a piano in his room; it’s his hobby.”

“Let’s call on Mr. Rickert,” Skink suggested.

As the three approached Mr. Rickert’s room at the far end of the north wing, Addison cautioned them to be silent. “We’ll have to invade his privacy, I’m afraid,” whispered Skink. Mrs. Adams looked doubtful, “I don’t know,” she hesitated.

“That his room there?” asked the criminologist, pointing to a closed door.

“Yes.”

Skink opened it wide; Mr. Rickert was there all right. He looked up surprised. He was sitting on a chair, an old colt revolver pointed across the room. Sitting at a piano, oblivious to the commotion and playing a Brahms lullaby, sat the demure figure of Mrs. Wilks, the missing person.

“What is the meaning of this, Mr. Rickert?” blurted the surprised superintendent.

“Ah, shucks, the gun isn’t loaded,” frowned the old gentleman.

Mrs. Wilks stopped playing. “Don’t be angry, Mrs. Adams. I guess I’m as much at fault as Mr. Rickert.”

“I don’t get it,” stammered O’Dowell.

“Well, I do.” smiled Skink. Then turning to Mrs. Adams, he whispered, “Don’t be too hard on them. Remember, we’re never too young for romance.”

On the way back to town, O’Dowell wanted a few things cleared up. “Just for the records,” he added.

“If you weren’t a bachelor, you’d know the answers, O’Dowell, but since you are, I’d better put you straight.”

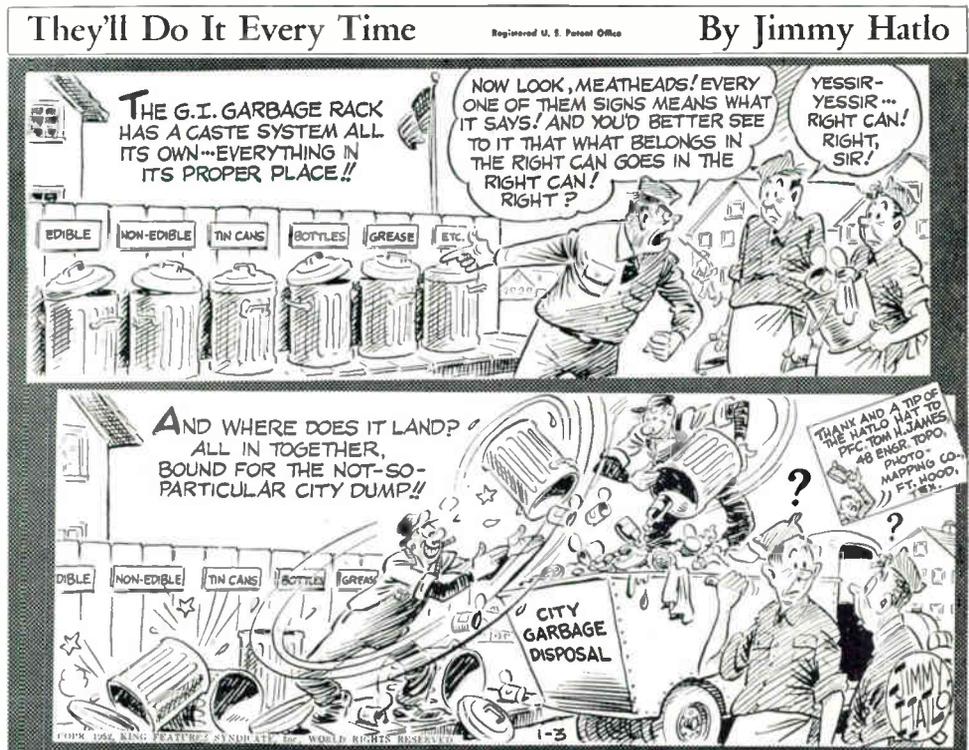
Skink lit up a cigaret. “Old Mr. Rickert loved his piano, but he wasn’t very good at playing it. But from Mrs. Wilk’s file I found out that she was once a concert pianist who gave up the stage when she no longer attracted audiences. Rickert must have read about her somewhere or had seen her at one time. So, he decided to kidnap her. That’s how he got her to his room.”

Skink took a deep drag of his cigaret, and continued, “I guess Mrs. Wilks was flattered by his attention. She knew the gun wasn’t loaded, but she wanted to stay and play the piano for an appreciative audience once again. Maybe they were both reliving their youth.”

“But don’t you think we should book them or something?”

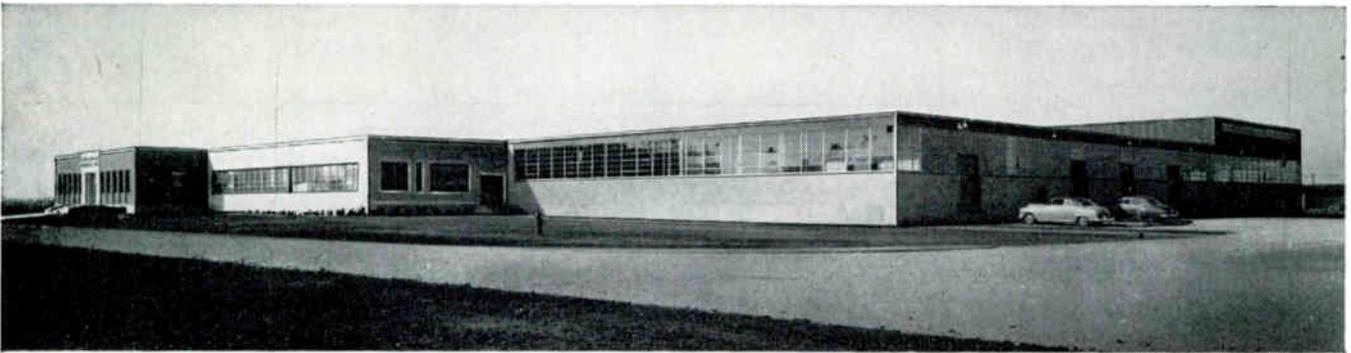
“Look, lieutenant,” Skink hissed chidingly. “Remind me to tell you the story of the birds and the bees sometime.”

The persons and events herein described are fictitious and do not refer to real persons or events.



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