

# HUNTING AHEAD OF ROOSEVELT IN EAST AFRICA

## Elephant Ivory and How It Is Obtained

By Captain Fritz Duquesne

Capt. Fritz Duquesne was born of Boer parents in South Africa, educated in Europe (where he won considerable distinction as a swordsman), and has been a professional hunter of big game most of his life. At the age of 17 he was a veteran of the Kaffir wars. He served in the Boer war and also in the Congo. In the recent events of South Africa's kaleidoscopic history Capt. Duquesne took a conspicuous part. He acted in many capacities during the hostilities between the Boers and the British, being in turn spy, military detective, engineer, censor, dispatch-carrier and propagandist. He was wounded twice in the fighting around Colenso. When the British succeeded in cutting cable communication between the Boer republic and the rest of the world, Duquesne carried the news of the Boer victories over the Mozambique border, and from there he wrote his dispatches to the Petit Bleu, the official European organ of the Boer government. He was once captured by the Portuguese and thrown into prison at Lorenzo Marques. Later he was taken as a prisoner to Europe at the request of the British government. When the ship that conveyed him and his guard touched at Naples he was suffering from a fever and in consequence was placed in an Italian hospital. On his recovery he was allowed to go free. He went to Brussels and was sent back to the front by Dr. Leyds, with plans for the seizure of Cape Town by the Boer commanders then mobilized in Cape Colony. Everything was ready for the taking of the city when a traitor having revealed the plot, Duquesne and a number of others were captured in Cape Town inside the British defenses. This was the climax of what has come to be known as the "Cape Town Plot." Some of the prisoners were sentenced to death who later had their sentence changed to life imprisonment. Capt. Duquesne was among the latter. Ten months later he escaped from the Bermuda prisons, got aboard the American yacht Margaret of New York while she was coaling at the dock, and was conveyed to Baltimore. Back to Europe he went again, as war correspondent and military writer on the Petit Bleu; thence to Africa, where he took a commission on the Congo. In East Africa he hunted big game for sport and profit, and finally he came to New York to do newspaper and magazine work.



HE experience President Roosevelt has gained hunting game on the North American continent will be of little use to him on his expedition into the wilds of East Africa.

Hunting in America is a sport, something to be played at; hunting in Africa is a trade, almost a profession. In America one merely takes a rifle and goes out to shoot. In Africa, to hunt a la mode, one takes a battery of arms, usually three and sometimes four, high power rifles of different caliber, ranging from a six and five-tenths millimeter to a 600 cordite express. The cartridges for these rifles are charged with various bullets, solid nickel, steel, soft nose long, soft nose short and split.

Each of these bullets was designed by experts for a special use, and on the way they are used depends the success of one's shot. Often the use of the unsuitable bullet ends in the hunter's death. On small game the light caliber arm, six five-tenths millimeter, is used, and on large and dangerous game the nine millimeter Mauser and 600 caliber cordite express give the best results. The last-named rifle strikes the enormous blow of 8,700 pounds, and has a recoil of close on a hundred weight. That the man whose hunting experiences has been confined to bird shooting with shot-guns, or small game, with, say, a 32-caliber rifle, may understand the meaning of these figures, let me state that the ordinary 32-caliber rifle has a recoil of perhaps ten to twelve pounds. The double-barreled shot-gun, which to the ordinary hunter seems to have all the "kicking" capacity any weapon needs, has a recoil of from 25 to 30 pounds.

The 600 caliber cordite express is the most deadly hand arm made. Notwithstanding the terrific force of this 600 express bullet it must be placed in the correct part of an elephant's or a rhinoceros' anatomy to bring him down. The hunter must put the shot into the animal's head or heart, or he must face a charge that will probably end in his destruction.

Rifles of various caliber are carried for economy. It is cheaper to use a small six five-tenths millimeter rifle on small game, a nine millimeter on medium game, and a 600 express on big game, than to carry one weapon for all-round work, which would have to be big enough at least for the largest game. Nothing smaller than a 450 express would do for that, and it would be distinctly uneconomical, not to say foolish, to shoot a small antelope, the size of a goat, with a 600 express. It would be like using a pile driver to kill a mosquito. Again, cartridges become very costly by the time they reach the interior of Africa. A cartridge for a 600 express rifle, for instance, costing sixpence (12 cents) in London, reaches an enormous price by the time it gets into the hunting grounds of Africa. I have seen them bring five shillings (\$1.25) each, and very scarce at that. Nor is this such an extravagant price when one takes into consideration that every ounce has to be carried by porters who plod for months through swamps, across rivers, over mountains, traversing the parched veld and penetrating the dismal forest, often fighting their way foot by foot before they reach their destination. It is easy to see that weight is an important factor in cartridge economies. Four six five-tenths millimeter cartridges are equal in weight to one 600 express. That is, it is four deaths against one, for the same weight.

These are the things President Roosevelt must learn before he can consider himself up on the ways of safari.\* If the president hunts like an African and not like the average European that visits the dark continent, he will certainly find danger; danger that tries a hunter's nerve, that requires an alert intelligence and a quick eye to pass through it and live.

Mr. Cunningham, who is organizing the Roosevelt expedition, is one of the most experienced and clever of

African hunters. He will have complete charge of everything from the largest to the smallest detail. With him at the head of things the president can depend on having a successful hunt. That is, if he is going for sport and not merely as a scribe looking for local atmosphere for his book. Many great African hunters have killed all their game in the narrow and dark confines of an ink bottle.

Africa is a menagerie 11,500,000 miles in area, with the greatest combination of lakes, rivers, mountains and veld imaginable, a veritable paradise for wild animals. Notwithstanding the destruction of big game, there are still thousands of herds of everything Africa possesses for the hunter, roaming over the veld only a few days' travel afoot from the coast. There are hundreds of rivers that have rarely been visited by the white man. On the banks of these streams

safari accompanied by natives who do all the work, even to carrying the sportsman in a hammock up to the game, selecting the correct rifle, loading with the proper ammunition, pointing out the place to shoot at and handing the hunter the weapon. The hunter merely pulls the trigger, after seeing that there are a number of shikarees (native hunters) in readiness to protect him should he miss his mark and the game charge. As often as not he misses, a shikaree shoots the game, and his employer gets the credit. It is the dangerous side only of African hunting that has any attractions for the man with any sporting instincts in him, and it is only that side of the hunt that is of interest to the

lally. According to present intentions, Mr. Cunningham will take the Roosevelt party over the route I have covered

now that the merciless white-hot sun was directly overhead. I called a halt. Each member of the caravan threw himself down in the shade excepting my shikaree Nick, a "boy" from the other side of the continent, a native of Senegal. He never rested, and as he got a percentage of the ivory he secured, he never let the soles of his feet grow soft for want of exercise. About an hour passed before Nick came swinging into camp with his white teeth gleaming like new swords. I knew by his smile that there was something afoot. He walked straight to my elephant guns and beckoned me. I knew he had struck a fresh spoor (trail). Seizing my arms, I signaled my gun bearer and struck out, Nick leading.

If there are any elephants about at midday, the hunter is pretty sure to make a good bag, for at that time they rest out of the direct rays of

their enemies and holding out their enormous ears to catch the slightest sound. At last an old bull worked into the right position. I aimed at his weakest point, between the eye and ear, and gave him the solid shot. My aim was bad; a piece of his tusk flew into the air. With a roar he charged down on me like an avalanche.

I leveled my express for a second shot and the natives stood ready. Down he came, the grass waving before him in billows. I waited 50, 40, 30, 20 yards, another second's suspense and—bang! I gave him the soft bullet full in the chest. It failed to stop him. A screeching roar of pain burst from the charging monster and blood gushed from his trunk. I snatched my Mauser and jumped aside as he passed. My hat and coat, which were a few yards behind, attracted his attention. With a short

keep up his fagged spirits, and the sun rays danced in misty vibrations from the parched earth. Suddenly the jungle ceased and we broke into the open veld. Four hundred yards away, coming in the opposite direction, was a herd of at least twenty elephants. They had evidently made a long journey and were suffering from the intense heat. Some of them were occupied in thrusting their trunks into their mouths and drawing water from their stomachs. With this water they were sprinkling their sunburned backs. This is a habit that elephants always practice when they are overheated and cannot find the shade of a friendly forest.

To me the sight of the approaching herd was welcome. I saw ivory which meant thousands of dollars to us if we could get in a few good shots. I ordered my caravan back into the undergrowth, and, bringing up the shikarees, prepared for the slaughter. I loaded my nine millimeter Mauser with solid bullets for long shots. At 200 yards I opened fire and the leader, a fine bull, dropped in his tracks. The crack of my rifle threw the herd into consternation. They were not sure where the noise came from, and they as yet had not caught sight of us. After a little indecision they kept on the old route and marched toward us.

A hundred yards nearer and I gave the nearest, another bull, my second shot. It went wild. He shrieked and threw his trembling head back and forth frantic with pain. I had evidently given him a bad face wound. I fired again and must have missed. He saw me, and, trumpeting loudly, charged down on us, followed by the whole herd. I emptied my magazine into them with no effect. Nearer they came, their ivory gleaming in the sun and the dust curling up in clouds behind them. The ground vibrated like a beaten drum top under their thunderous charge.

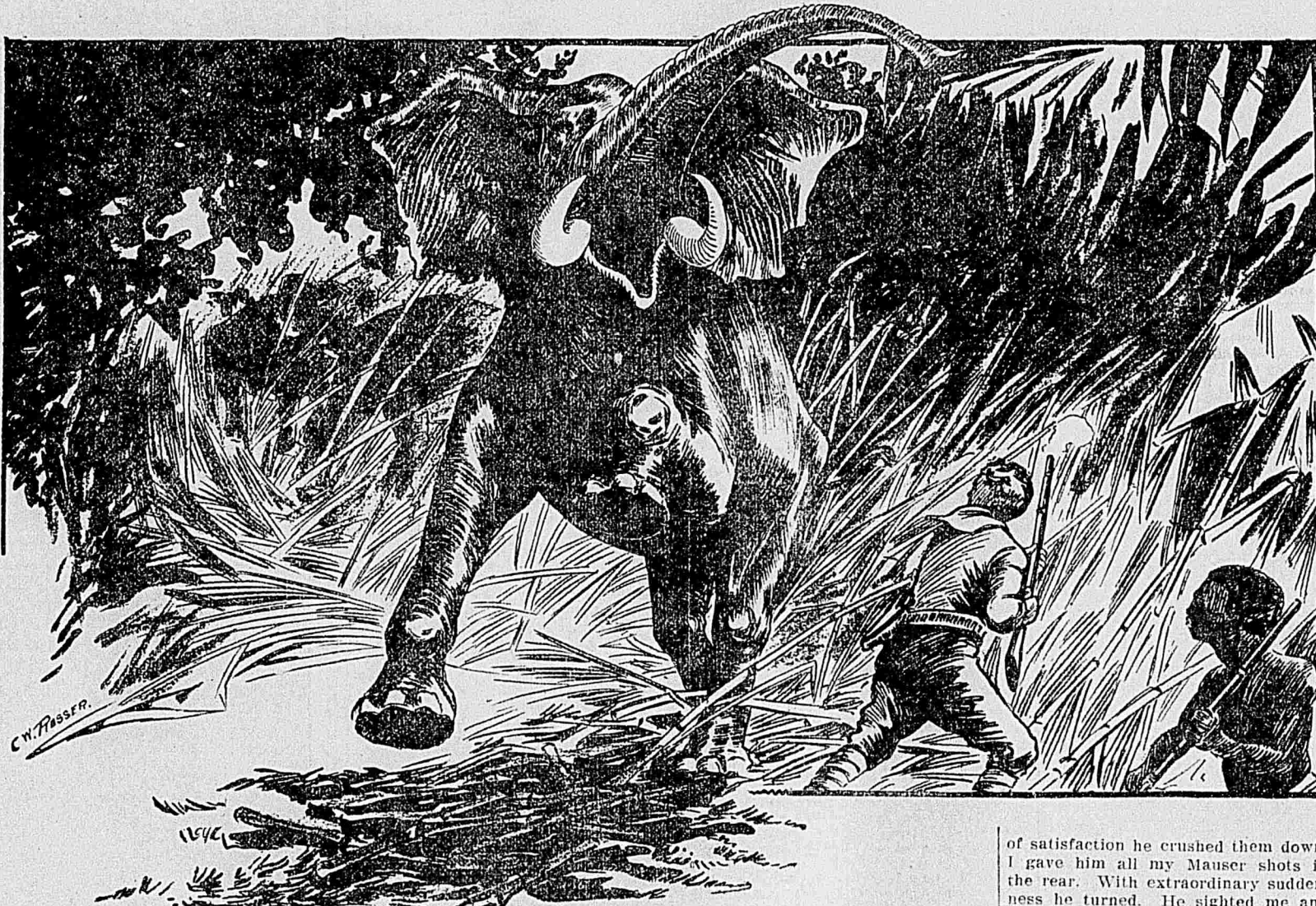
I saw a tusk-crested wave of mammoths sweeping down to destroy us. It was no time for inaction. The gun

bearer handed me the 600 caliber express. At a hundred yards I gave the leader one barrel over the other. He fell, and those behind tumbled over him in a heap. For a moment the mad charge was broken. I thought we were out of danger, but another leader forged ahead and bore down on us. "Run!" I shrieked, and every man made for safety, excepting Nick, the coolest in the face of danger and always the last to run. I threw myself behind a tree, just escaping being crushed to death. A screech rose above the thunder of the hoofs and the next instant I saw Nick hoisted into the air with a blood-stained tusk through his body. The infuriated mass swept past, leaving a red marked trail. I immediately set out on the spoor of the herd in hope of getting the body of the shikaree. Although I searched till sundown I was unsuccessful.

That night I heard the lions roaring down toward the river. The next morning, with a few natives, I continued the search, in the direction that the lions' roars came from during the night. We soon sighted a flock of vultures, a sure sign of dead game, and, coming up with them, we found the chewed carcass of an elephant and the scattered bones of a human being, among which I found Nick's hunting knife and belt. The wounded elephant had carried him on his tusk till it fell exhausted through loss of blood, and died. It was one of the best ivory hauls I ever made at one shooting and it was the saddest. Nick was a great shikaree. He possessed every attribute of manhood. He died like many a hunter has died.

Nick was the twentieth native that I have lost on my various expeditions. It was in the same country that on a previous expedition a rhinoceros invaded our camp and killed two native porters, wounding three and giving me a close call.

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WITH A ROAR HE CHARGED DOWN ON ME LIKE AN AVALANCHE.

hippopotami, rhinoceroses, elephants, leopards, lions, gorillas and dozens of varieties of antelope, the names of which have never been heard by the majority of Europeans or Americans, gambol and frolic in gluttonous plenty undisturbed by the crack of the 600 caliber express. It is only in reachable districts that the game is killed to any great extent. The cost and danger of hunting in most of the country have protected it and will protect it for many years to come.

**Frightful Diseases of the Jungle.** Where game is most abundant the frightful diseases that nature seems to have placed as a barrier against the white man's invasion are also abundant. In Africa's wild, beautiful, mysterious forests, more to be feared than all the lions and rhinos, lurk the germs of the deadly blackwater fever, malaria, science-defying sleeping sickness and the unknown reason for the veld sores that drain one's life out in a few months. These, with the miasmal swamps, the noxious insects, the slimy, poisonous spears of the natives, make hunting in Africa no game for the chicken-hearted.

Of course, hunting as a business is one thing and hunting for pleasure is another. It is possible to kill African game to a limited extent without the slightest hardship. One can go on

twice, the last time very recently. What I have passed through Roosevelt must face. He will be lucky if he comes out alive.

Like most Boers, I have been hunting, on and off, and associating with hunters since I was ten years old. Danger and hairbreadth escapes have happened so frequently to me that most of my hunting experiences appear almost too commonplace to record. Yet some of them stand out vividly from the rest, especially those of recent occurrence. It would be impossible to hunt any length of time in Africa without having some adventures worth relating; adventures in which a steady eye, nerves of steel, and a brain as quick as lightning are life-saving essentials to a big game hunter.

Most game drops at the first shot from the rifle of an experienced hunter. "The game that makes the story is the game that's missed," as the Swahili (east coast natives) say, and there is nothing truer than that saying, as far as my experiences go, for a bad shot nearly ended my trek a little while ago in the Lake country. I was trekking between Lake Albert Edward N'Yanza and Lake Kivu, the greatest stretch of hunting ground in the world, with a caravan of a hundred men. We had marched steadily through the early part of the day and,

the sun, dozing the hot hours away, and are easily approached.

### A Terrible Battle with Elephants.

After half an hour's walk through grass that was at least 20 feet high, we came across a herd of about twenty elephants, among which were some fine bull tuskers. As I expected, they were all resting out of the sun. They were difficult to get at on account of the thickness of the undergrowth. It meant a long, patient crawl to a good shooting position, for to shoot at anything but close quarters in such country meant that the bullet would be deflected by the bush. I had a solid nickel ball in the right barrel of my 600 caliber express for a head shot, and a soft nose split in the left barrel for a body shot. With the shikaree at my side and the gun bearer at my back, we crept silently, inch by inch, foot by foot, through the huge tufts of grass till a good view of the game presented itself.

I took off my coat and hat, hung them on a low limb and crawled a few yards farther on. As I could not get a vital shot at any of the elephants in their lying position, I gave a sharp whistle. In an instant they were upon their feet thrusting their trunks up in the air to get a scent of

of satisfaction he crushed them down. I gave him all my Mauser shots in the rear. With extraordinary suddenness he turned. He sighted me and charged, his tusks level with his body. My magazine was empty. I threw my rifle down and ran, the elephant gaining on me at each step. I saw Nick ahead of me with leveled rifle.

To keep running meant that I would soon be overtaken. Instinctively I threw myself on the ground and Nick fired. With a thud that made the earth tremble the elephant dropped. The huge trunk twisted like a wounded snake for a moment, and then the gigantic body relaxed in death. It all took about two minutes to happen and was a pretty close shave, but it was worth the trouble, for the tusks we got were big, weighing close to a hundred pounds.

### The Killing of Nick, Hunter Boy.

A few months after this occurrence, on the same trip, I lost Nick, my Senegal "boy," under terrible circumstances. This brave man who had hunted everything in Africa from the Cape to Cairo, and from Zanzibar to Banana, boasted many a time that he would never be killed by anything but old age. But he was too sure. Long association with danger had made him careless, and this cost him his life.

We were trekking south toward Lake Tanganyika along a native path running parallel with the Rusizi river. It was frightfully hot, so hot that the gun barrels burned our hands. The porters staggered under their heavy loads in a long siring, mumbling songs, each in his native tongue, to

### Fight Between a Buffalo and Lions

One morning, a Kafir came in with a letter fastened in a cleft-stick, from a white man shooting on the Limpopo, three days upstream from the junction of the Marique. It was from a Maj. Frank Vardon of the Twenty-fifth Madras, N. I., who, hearing I was within a short distance, proposed to join parties and shoot together. In three days the finest fellow and best comrade a fellow ever had made his appearance. Sometimes we would take a day together after elephant or buffalo, and occasionally we met by accident, our boats cutting one another, and the sound of the guns showing our whereabouts.

Once having come together in this way, we saw the finest struggle of brute force I ever witnessed. We were making tracks back to the camp, walking our horses slowly along the bank of the river, when Frank got off to shoot a waterbuck (Aigoceros elipsymnus). A shout followed the report of his rifle. Dismounting, for the bush was thick, I soon joined him. In stalking the waterbuck he had come across buffalo, and had wounded one, which, with two others, was still in view. I started in pursuit and soon outran Vardon, for he was stout, one Kafir holding with me. Presently I was abreast of his animal, which was leaning, hard hit, against a tree. I gave it a wildish berth, not wishing to finish Frank's work, and pressed on after the others; but, just as I passed, it made a plunge forward, and began to run again; at the same instant the bush was streaked with yellow, and calling out, "Come along, there's a lion," I put on a spurt to get first shot, carrying the gun at the trail, for

one had to stoop often under the branches of the thorns.

After going 100 yards, I could distinctly hear the sharp snort of the buffalo, and muffled growl of its assailant, and knew that the latter had got hold. I still ran on, looking out for a sight of the combatants, when suddenly the man who had kept up with me put his hand on my wrist, and, pulling rather harder than he intended, stooping forward and running as I was, down I came overbalanced. "What is it?" I asked angrily. "Look!" he answered. Within 25 yards a magnificent fight was going on. Two other male lions had joined the one I had first seen, and run blood-spoor till they had overtaken and stopped the buffalo. They were now all standing rampant on him, teeth and claws both at work, the gallant old bull doing his utmost to hold his own against odds. He tried to gore them, but they hugged his side, putting their bodies parallel with his, and so escaping the thrust; he swung the lion on his right completely off his legs, as you swing a child by his arms. It was only by glimpses that you saw anything, for it was an enfolded cloud of dust, out of which came every now and again the black hide of the bull and the fulvous coats of the lions. Every muscle of the attackers and attacked was on the stretch. You felt rather than saw the terrible strain. Had the buffalo been unwounded, even with the odds of three to one against him, he would have left his mark. It did not last much more than a minute—perhaps not even that—and then the grand old "Naari" came to the ground, killed by the ball, not by the lions.

## The Ugly Rhinoceros and Smaller Game

Another hair raising article by that fearless hunter, Captain Fritz Duquesne, will appear as the next of this series. Captain Duquesne calls the rhinoceros the "hired assassin of the jungle," and says that vicious beast has killed more hunters than all other big game combined.