Chimpanzee Stories

J. L. Buch, Veteran Animal Hunter, Tells Interesting Tales of Our Animal Cousins

EASY TO TEACH

Many tales are told of the ferocity of the chimpanzee, but I am convinced that non of the great apes—not even the gorilla—will attack unless he feels in danger. He may attack when not in danger; then it is merely a difference of opinion between man and ape.

The "outlaw" chimpanzee is an amazingly interesting individual. He is a great male who roams the woods alone. Some authorities say such an outlaw is the deposed leader of a troop, cast out by a younger rival. Others believe these exiles have been sent forth for feeble-mindedness or other eccentricity. At any rate they roam the forests, repeatedly repulsed when they try to join a new band. Like Ishmael of old, their hand soon is against every man and every man's is against them. Such outlaws often reduce a native village to the extreme of terror and hysteria. Once, when I was on a snake hunt in the Kono country of Sierra Leone, runners from Kanjama, a native village, came begging me to "kill the ghost."

"What ghost?" I asked mystified.

"The ghost of bug babboo (chimpanzee) we kill and chop (eat)." They told the story.

"He go humbug (attack) the women working in gardens. He kill pikin (baby). He tramp down, dancing in middle of the rice patch. He make swear. Massa, make you kill him for good, one time."

It sounded like an outlaw chimpanzee. And when I reached Kanjama other tremblers told how he had come tramp, tramp, tramping through the village. One old woman left behind when all had fled went shaking up a ladder to a rice loft. The old villain pursued and killed her. I decided to try this chap with a pit, since he impressed me as to wary for nets. I selected a likely approach to the village and set my snare. We dug the pit twenty feet deep and five feet square, covering it with light limbs and carefully leaving it to look as we had found it. The chimpanzee would come along his usual path, tread upon the slight barricade, fall far within, and then my watchers would finish him.

I spent more time than I could afford with the watchers, as I was interested in this chimpanzee. But we planned with vain things. He never came within ten feet of our pit. Once we spied him loping along his forest path. Within twelve feet he stopped short. Then he turned about and trotted away. Truly a sagacious chimpanzee.

After a week of waiting I was about ready to acknowledge defeat when I remembered a story told beside a night fire in a trading village by a drowsy Frenchman. A Swiss by the name of Penderson was said to have kept a pet chimpanzee tethered in his back yard at Freetown, on the coast. One day he was surprised to see a large ape trying to make friends with his little captive. It seemed the interloper was an outlaw driven into civilization by his loneliness for ape companionship. Once I had laughed at his story. But now, as I tossed sleeplessly, I wondered. And conceived a plan.

Next morning I tethered a young chimpanzee near the spot where, we believed, our outlaw came out of the woods. I set watchers in a hut within sight. And soon I found that idea, hatched in insomnia, as a last resort had succeeded where all the old methods failed. The same afternoon I had hardly laid down when my boy Hector stood over me. He pointed toward the peep hole cut in the mud side of our hut. I understood his gestures, which are always expressive in the moment when a coveted animal is yielding. I made for the peephole. What I beheld in the drone of the hot afternoon was epic in its elemental drama.

The old outlaw, a big chap, heavy haired and solemn faced, was stretching one arm out to our little captive, as his morose countenance expressed what to me seemed like an almost human tragedy. His attitude, his quiet gloom, his stark supplication were as if he were saying:

"Here we are, you and I. You are a captive on a chain. I am an outlaw scorned by all other chimpanzees. Come, let us comfort each other!"

The stern scientists of the textbooks may say that I am sentimentalizing. But I am merely trying to put the interpretation that appealed to me upon the acts of this murdering exile. As I watched I was fascinated. But at last reality brought me back. I stepped to the door. I raised my weapon. In two seconds the great chimpanzee had passed out of the land where villages are terrorized by such as he.

Battling bands of chimpanzees have always filled me with interest, but I have never once seen a band battle near enough to watch its minute happenings. I have heard such battling, more than once, and my boys have told me marvelous tales of such encounters.

The great males of one band, they say, fall upon the great males of another, while the females wait nearby quite passively. Though it is necessary to take all stories the natives tell with some skepticism, I still believe they have described the attitude of the females correctly. For the "weaker sex" among these great apes are never belligerent unless the young are concerned.

Ladies and leadership—these are the chief causes for which chimpanzees go to battle, as I suppose, these have been potent causes for battle between men since ever our race began. Leadership brings bands of apes to the fray. When it is a "lady" two contesting apes do battle together, while other members of the band go about their business in strict neutrality.

I can remember one terrific encounter I watched as I lay prone on my stomach looking into a leafy inclosure where a band of chimpanzees came regularly to nibble the "kratch kratch," or Christmas tree leaf, of which they are very fond. They were fairly evenly matched, these two males. Each was about five feet six, broad of shoulder, possessed of the most amazing pairs of long arms.

They fought with arms and claws and great jaws. Sometimes it was such a tangle of members that I could not tell to whom the battle was going. Along toward the end I could see they were fighting in a mist of blood, but fighting desperately still. At the beginning their cries had mingled in fierce rage. Sometimes these cries were quite treble, but as the fight thickened they became throaty.

Always they seemed to be baffled in the grand gesture. I knew very well what this was, from the boys' talk. Each was trying to wind his fierce arms about the other, to lift himself by this hold, and to tear the enemy apart with the cruel claws of his hind legs. So, also, does the leopard deal with his human enemy. But neither was successful, and still the fight went on. Finally, after many minutes, one was down. The victor stood upon his body, stamping up and down with flat-footed emphasis. Then Hector, my head boy, who had been crouching at my side, motioned for me to follow him through the underbrush. It was time to go—"Not good, massa; we be here when"——

Of course the chimpanzee battles in his family circle, as do most animals, but the battles are never of great moment. I have watched mother chimpanzees cuff their young. I have peeped upon tiny battles between little fellows fighting for the same green leaf or wild nut kernel. And, on the happier side, I have watched these little chaps, in their leafy retreats, press themselves upon the older members of the tribe, till these "took baby up."

There is nothing more nearly human among animals that what I might call the "domestic behavior" of the chimpanzees. Each band invariably has a leader. I have imagined he has been chosen at some conclave of apes, because his wisdom was most mature and his strength most protecting. Certainly it has always seemed to me that these old fellows felt the responsibility of their leadership, though I can think of one rather cowardly exception.

This happened once when I had laid a pit along a path where a certain band often passed. Though I had carefully strewn the top with leaves to make it appear as the other ground, the old leader was suspicious. He sent a weak little female ahead, to test out the ground. And when she fell into my trap, he right about wheeled and led his family in quite a different direction.

I could write a book about my experiences with chimpanzees, for each African voyage brings new adventures. Perhaps I might speak of Joe Mendez, whom I took at Cape Mount. He was a wild, scratching, spitting, fighting little brute when brought to camp. But I knew him on the spot for an unusual chimpanzee. The monkey who will bite is the monkey that learns tricks. So it is with chimpanzees.

I kept Joe Mendez without food for several days and then I approached him, eating a banana. Finally I smeared the banana on my bare forearm and held it out. He ate it off, not offering to bite me. So had hunger reduced him. It wasn't long before I let him out of his cage. Soon he did not need to be tethered. He merely dragged a rather heavy chain, to prevent distant explorations.

At the risk of seeming vanity, I must confess that Joe grew fond of me, as he showed those cool evenings in Cape Mount, when he took his courage in both hands and scrambled up upon my cot. Joe dearly loved to cover himself with a blanket, and soon the little rascal indicated that he preferred to have me to peel his pineapple rather than to prick his fingers by peeling it himself.

He quickly developed many of the tastes of civilization, including a marked liking for canned cherries. It did not take me two months to teach Joe to wear clothes. Some chimpanzees I have never been able to persuade into a regatta.

Five months after his capture Joe was the pet of my family at Camden, N.J. He could hammer a nail, when I commanded. He could shoulder a stick which I called "gun" and march like a soldier. After some coaxing I taught him to stand with one thumb in his waistcoat, in an oratorical pose. And he did this when I ordered: "Now, make your stand like William Jennings Bryan speaking against evolution." I finally sold him to some people in Dayton, who used him as a mascot at the famous opera-bouffe trial that happened there three years ago.

I do not claim that Joe understood the significance of his position at the famous litigation, but he plainly showed that he associated oratory with the chief exponent of fundamentalism.

Another extraordinarily able chimpanzee named James I sold to the Zoological Gardens at Chicago. Three years after we had said good-bye at Camden I visited the ape quarters. Suddenly there was a scurrying and a stampeding from a far corner of the park. Then an older James, now grown nearly to my shoulder, came rushing upon me, crying, "Go—Go—Go"—the chimpanzee cry of emotion. He thrust his arms about my neck. He lavished his love upon me. After three years!

You may keep your pet cat or bird or pony or rabbit or raccoon. You may even keep your pet dog. And I say this slowly, for I have loved more than one noble dog in my day. But when my African voyages are over and I settle down at home I will find me a teachable young chimpanzee for pet and companion. Of the animals I have handled they interest me most.

They may be our cousins, or again they may not be. But they are to me unquenchably fascinating. Whimsical, jocular, mysterious, morose—supplying antics for a merry hour and meditation when the hour of play is passed and an old animal man sits quietly, pondering the riddle of life.

Oriental Business Methods

ARTISTIC SURROUNDINGS

The managers of a factory that has been turning out the same product, rugs, for 1,000 years. It is the largest rug factory in Pekin, China, where the designs and colors are wrought on looms that have changed little since the days of Confucius.

Col. Amery and Immigration

Quebec Evenement (Cons.): Once again we see this strange phenomenon occurring among some of our confreres, of a British sympathy so pronounced as to overwhelm Canadian national feeling. It may be that certain British problems are so serious in character that, in the interests of the British Commonwealth of Natons, they considered it an urgent matter to offer the assistance of the daughter nations to the mother nation of the Empire. This agrument is regularly abused for the purpose of persuading us to take a greater share in the naval defence of the Empire.

Seeing Canada First

Boston Transcript: The allure of the woods and fields and streams in the Canadian scene, the fascination of Quebec, the city, and the Quebec countryside, suggestive of a bit of the Old World, the appeal of northern latitudes in summer months, have a compelling influence with a great may people. So year by year the tide of travel increases. An international boundary is no barrier to the motor car. It is well that it is so. Good neighbors should be on visiting terms. And if some of us see Canada first, there will be enough of us left on this side of the line to crowd the roads to the scenic wonders of the United States.

A Requisite.

A line that most every salesman carries.

Candy Recipes

Successful candy making depends to a large extent on accurate measuring and cooking to a correct temperature. There are other tests which an experienced cook can use to guide her, but the only sure way to determine temperature is to use a candy thermometer and watch it closely. Candy should be cooked in a deep saucepan, where the mixture will be several inches thick, which prevents too rapid and too great evaporation.

Fudge contains more sugar than it can hold in solution, so it will crystalize out when the solution is stirred or beaten. If this crystallization takes place when the fudge is cooled sufficiently so that the bottom of the pan is just warm to the hand, the crystals will form rapidly and be very fine and velvety. This aids in eliminating the coarse, sugary fudge. The first secret in making fudge is to remember to wait until the fudge has cooled sufficiently before beating it.

Chocolate Fudge.

2 cups granulated sugar, 2 squares bitter chocolate, 1 cup cream. Grate o rshave the chocolate and put it in a saucepan with the sugar and cream. Put the ingredients over a moderate flame and stir slowly until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture commences to boil. Continue cooking, stirring frequently, until the candy thermometer registers 236 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove from the fire. Let stand until cool; then beat until thick enough to turn into a buttered tin. A teaspoon of vanilla may be added.

Orange Marmalade Fudge

2 cups granulated sugar, 1 cup thin cream, ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar, ¼ cup orange marmalade, ½ teaspoon orange flavoring. Put the sugar, cream and cream of tartar into a saucepan, stir until the sugar is dissolved, and then let the mixture boil until 238 degrees is reached or it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from the fire, let cool and then beat until thick and creamy. Toward the last of the beating add the orange marmalade and the flavoring. Pour intoo a buttered pan.

Pecan Creams.

2 cups light brown sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup hot water, ½ cup melted butter, 1 cup pecan meats. Put the first three ingredients into a saucepan and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Let boil until 238 degrees is reached or it forms a soft ball when tested in sold water. Remove from the fire and add th butter. Beat until creamy and stir in the nut meats, which have been slightly browned in the oven. Pour into a buttered pan and cut in squares or break in irregular shaped pieces when cold.

Walnut Panoche

1½ cups granulated sugar, 1½ cups light brown sugar, 1 cup milk, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 8 drops almond extract. Put the sugar and milk in a large saucepan and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then boil without stirring until the thermometer registers 236 degrees or a soft ball is formed when the mixture is tested in cold water. Let stand until cool and then beat vigorously; when it begins to get creamy add the nuts and extract. Pour into a buttered pan and when hard cut into squares with a knife which has been dipped in boiling water.

Persian Creams

3 cups brown sugar, 1 cup strong coffee, 3 squares chocolate, melted, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 cup nut meats. Boil together, without stirring, the first four ingredients until 238 degrees is reached or the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from the fire, let cool, add the nut meats and beat until it becomes thick and creamy. Pour into a buttered pan and mark in diamonds before it becomes quite hard.

Cocoanut Cream Candy

2 cups granulated sugar, ¾ cup sweet cream, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup fresh cocoanut. Mix the sugar, cream and butter in a saucepan and let boil until it reaches 238 degrees or forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from the fire, let cool, add the cocoanut and beat until creamy. Pour into buttered pan and cut in oblong strips when partly cool or drop by spoonfuls on buttered paper.

A different candy may be made from the same ingredients by letting them boil for fifteen minutes, adding the cocoanut and pouring into the pan. This will have a somewhat sugary texture.

Disiccated cocoanut can be substituted for the fresh if it is allowed to stand in milk for a few minutes before using and the milk is drained off.

Marquise

2 cups granulated sugar, 2 cups milk, ¾ cup butter, 2 cups blanched almonds, 1 cup English walnut meats, 1 teaspoon almond extract. Boil the sugar, butter and milk together until a little of the mixture tested in cold water will form a soft ball or 238 degrees is reached. Remove from the fire, add the extract and the nuts. Beat until creamy and turn into buttered pans.

Turkish Cream.

2 cups almonds, 2 cups walnuts, ¼ pound figs, 1½ cups seedless raisins, ¼ cup candied cherries, ¼ cup candied pineapple, 2 cups granulated sugar, ½ cup water, ½ cup heavy cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Blanch and toast the almonds. Break the walnut meats into pieces; cut thhe figs in dice or strips, cherries into halves and dice the pineapple. Dissolve the sugar in the water, add the cream and boil without stirring until it reaches 238 degrees or a soft ball is formed when a little of the mixture is tested in cold water. Remove from the fire, let stand until lukewarm and then beat to a cream to a cream. Melt the cream by standing in a bowl of boiling water, stirring constantly, and add the fruit, nuts and vanilla. Turn into a buttered tin and cut like fudge or knead and mold into pieces of the size desired.

Dried fruits form the basis of several confections which, although not as rich as many candies, are none the less delicious.

Apricot Candies

¾ cup dried apricots, ½ cup nut meats, ¾ cup fresh cocoanut, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Wash the apricots and put them through a food chopper with the nut meats. Add the cocoanut, lemon juice and grated orange and lemon rinds. Mix and knead well; roll out on a sugared board to about one-fourth inch thickness; cut in squares and roll in powdered sugar.

Solicitor, at Shoreditch County Court: What are your husband's assets? Wife: All I know of is an unpaid for motor-car.

If you find it hard to forgive someone who has wronged you take a walk through the cemetery.

A Far Cry From the Old Balloon Days

LOOKS AS IF AIR TRAVEL WOULD SOON BE SAFE

Not the interior of a factory, but the future restaurant of the new gigantic air liner R1100, built for the British Air Ministry. This is just the central deck, with the crew's quarters one deck below and another deck above. The air liner is to be put on regular transatlantic mail service.

Origin of Term "Orange Pekoe"

Thousands of people every day read of and ask for "Orange Pekoe" tea, yet rarely know what this term means. Mr. Spalding Black, of the Salada Tea Co., gives the following information on the subject:

"At one time China produced practically all the tea used in the world. There the tip leaves of the tea bush looked silvery in colour and when cured were wiry in shape. These tip leaves were called by the Chinese "pak-ho" (meaning silver hair). In the latter part of the nineteenth century, when tea growing had spread extensively to Ceylon and India, tea growers discovered that the colour of the tip leaves on the Ceylon and India tea bushes was changed by the climate to a slightly more orange shade, so the Ceylon and Indian tip leaves came to be called "Orange Pak-ho." This was soon Anglicized to the term we now have—"Orange Pekoe," which should be pronounced "Peck-o."

The ordinary buyer of tea, when asking for "Orange Pekoe" expects to receive a Ceylon or Indian Black Tea. However, there are so many qualities of "Orange Pekoe" offered to the public, and frequently at bargain prices, that a word of warning is necessary.

Everyone is familiar with the merchant who has perishable fruit and who sells for very low prices the last of the shipment which has lost its freshness, which the merchant wants to be rid of to avoid loss. The same thing applies to tea, which also is very perishable if exposed to the air. When you see cheap tea, it is either very poor quality or else it has lost its freshness and most of its strength, whether this tea is called "Orange Pekoe" or not.

In this age of well-edited newspapers, radios, automobiles and fast trains,, accurate knowledge on a great host of subjects is transmitted rapidly. The advance of science has nowhere been more valuable to mankind,, except perhaps in preventive medicine, than in the means of protecting the purity and goodness of food stuffs.

To-day, in accord with enlightened knowledge, the best tea is always sold in sealed air-tight packages, preserving it from deterioration in flavour and contamination from any outside source. Canadian tea-drinkers are today getting better and purer tea than ever before. The sales of well-blended and carefully packed package teas are constantly increasing as a result of the purity and superiority of these teas being advertised to the public."

A Gorilla Haven

New York Zoological Society Asks Co-operation of France

New York.—Co-operation of the French Colonial Government in protecting the gorillas of West Africa was urged by the New York Zoological Society at its thirty-fourth meeting just held at the Waldorf.

A resolution cited the establishment of the gorilla sanctuary in the Belgian Congo, with the result that the French Congo is being invaded by hunters to the extent that the species there is in danger of extermination. Refusal to purchase young gorillas for exhibition purposes was provided for in the resolution because the animals rarely survive in captivity.

Increased attendance at both the Zoological Park and the Aquarium during 1927 was reported. A total of 5,000,000 persons visited the two institutions, which is the largest number on record.

Among the acquisitions of the zoological party during the last year were an African cape buffalo, a baby Indian elephant, a black jaguar, a wart hog, several African antelopes, a Grevy zebra, a very rare hyacinthine macaw and harpy eagle from South America and a great black cockatoo from New Guinea.

Prisons, Gallows and All, For Sale Cheap in Britain

London—English prisons, fully equipped, complete with gallows and condemned cells, graveyard, warden's house and grounds, are for sale in groups. Since the war the prison population has shown a great decrease.

Although the Home Office has advertised the jails in such alluring fashion as "the large and substantially builtp rison, with the adjoining detached villa, formerly the Governor's house," offers have been few.

Twenty prisons are now for sale, but most of them are going begging.

One can get a good prison for anything from $25 to $10!,!!!. The prison at Stornoway, in the Hebrides, was sold, everything included, for $25. The Newcastle Prison, however, brought $135,!00, and the Carlisle Prison, $80,000.

The County Down Jail at Downpatrick went for $100. Brecon Prison, in the mountains of Wales, with beautiful scenery and all the aspects of a Summer resort, received a bid of $4,000 and there was no sale.

"So many men marry for money," she said. "You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, Harry?" "No," said Harry, absently. "I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world." And he was amazed when she exclaimed: "Oh, you wretch!"

Holding down a soft job is sometimes a hard proposition.