

CHIMPANZEE STORIES

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

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 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 baboo (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 the 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 too 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 looping 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 me beside a night fire in a trading village by a drowsy Frenchman. A Swiss by the name of Penderon 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 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 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 marvellous 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 was 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 pair 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 than 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 wis-

dom 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 these 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 fellow indicated that he preferred to have me 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 regalia.

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 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.

CREDIT AUCTION SALE

Farm Stock and Implements Charles H. Reay will sell by public Auction at

LOT 52, DURHAM ROAD (3 1/2 miles West of Durham on Provincial Highway) TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1928

HORSES—Matched span mares, general purpose horse, colt.

CATTLE—Cow, fresh, calf at foot; Durham cow, calf at foot; Durham cow, fresh; farrow cow; Hereford cow, due April 12; Durham cow due April 22; Hereford cow supposed due May 20; 3 steers and 2 heifers rising 2 years; 3 steers and 3 heifers, rising 1 year; 2 calves, baby beef type.

PIGS—Brood sow, due February 28; 10 store pigs weighing 130 lbs. SHEEP—30 sheep.

IMPLEMENTS—Massey-Harris binder, 6 ft.; Frost & Wood mower, McCormick seed drill, 11 hoe; Massey-Harris hay rake, disc, International wagon, nearly new; set iron harrows, set bob-sleighs, 2 walking ploughs, rubber tire top buggy, cutter, flat rack, wagon box, stock rack, turnip pulper, set team harness, set single harness, set plough harness, pair collar tops.

FOWL—50 Barred Rock hens, bred to lay; 6 pure bred Rock roosters, 3 ducks, 3 geese, gander.

HAY AND GRAIN—30 tons hay, 300 bushels improved Banner seed oats.

FURNITURE—Coal or wood range, Rentrew cream separator, nearly new; 3 beds, 2 sets bed springs, Daisy churn, couch, 2 extension tables, sledge, sewing machine, 1/2 dozen dining room chairs, wringer, wash tub; and numerous other articles.

TERMS—Hay, grain, and all sums of \$10. and under, cash; over that amount any time up to 12 months' credit on approved joint notes bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum. Everything must be sold as the proprietor is giving up farming. Chas. H. Reay, Robt. Brigham, Proprietor 2 23 2 Auctioneer

MRS. EDWARD ROLAND DIED IN BENTINCK

The death occurred at her home in Bentinck early Thursday morning, February 16th of Mrs. Edward Roland, after a protracted illness.

The deceased, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Martin, was in her 66th year. She came as a bride to the Roland homestead which surmounts a large hill which afterwards became known as Roland's Hill.

The late Mrs. Roland attended the Anglican church. Those left to mourn a loving wife and mother are, her husband and one son, George, at home.

The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon from the family residence, Rev. C. Allison officiating. Interment was made in Hanover Cemetery.

Newfoundland is shipping newsprint to Portland, Ore. Another case of "shipping coal to Newcastle."—Lethbridge Herald.

SOCIETY

Miss F. Hopkins was in Toronto last week attending the spring millinery openings.

Mr. Neil McQueen and sister, Florence, of Stayner, visited their aunt, Mrs. N. McCannel last week. Mrs. Neil McMillan of Swinton Park was also a guest at the same home.

Mr. Samuel Robinson of Owen Sound, who was in attendance at the annual meeting of the Grey & Bruce Mutual Fire Insurance Company at Hanover last week, visited over the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Petty, here, and with his brother, Mr. David Robinson, in Glenelg.

Mr. Young has shown exceptional ability in recitations and piano monologues of the humorous variety. Don't fail to hear him in Durham Baptist church on March 1.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ross Jamieson of Toronto, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. D. B. Jamieson this week.

Miss Evelyn Wilkie of Saskatoon, Sask., is visiting her uncle, Mr. James Heslip, Glenelg.

Mr. Melvin Greig-Caldor has been in Toronto and Buffalo the past few days on business.

You can dress and make up to make a world think you are young, but you can't fool a slice of mince pie.

AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON the work among the blind of Ontario will be given by G. H. Gustar, organizer, in the Baptist church Thursday evening, March 1. The speaker will be assisted by Miss Kathryn Sells, A. T. C. M., vocalist and pianist and Mr. Kenneth Young, entertainer, two blind artists, pupils of the Brantford School for the Blind. Admission 25c. Everybody welcome.

CANADIAN GREYS I. O. D. E. WILL hold their annual meeting on Tuesday evening, February 28, when the year's business, financially and otherwise, will be reviewed. All members are asked to attend.

REXALL Silver Jubilee Sale

With every purchase of One Dollar or more of these

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We will give you FREE one 25c. tube of Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste

- Rexall Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil50c. and \$1.00
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Puretest Mineral Oil
Russian Type, .50 and 1.00
Rexall Health Salts, 7 oz.
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Rexall Orderlies, natural laxative, .25 and .50
Puretest Camphorated Oil25 and 40
Rexall Syrup of Hypophosphites1.00
Rexall Mentholine Balm .25
and .50
Puretest Olive Oil .60 and 1.00
Rexall Liver Salts .50 and 1.00
Rexall Beef, Wine and Iron1.00
Puretest Cod Liver Oil .40
and .75
Rexall Tasteless Cod Liver Oil1.00

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Chopped Oats, per ton, 38.00
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Clearance Sale of Men's Underwear & Sweaters

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Green Label—Heavy Ribbed, Regular \$2.00 for \$1.50

Penman's—All Wool, Regular \$1.75 for \$1.25

Men's Sweaters

In Coats, Pull-overs and V-Necks, at greatly reduced prices.

J. & J. Hunter

General Merchants Durham, Ont.

Satisfaction in Selection

There exists in all of us a certain amount of Native vanity, in that we feel that our judgment in matters affecting our own requirements is superior to that of a stranger. And this is quite in order and absolutely justified. We know the requirements of our own business as to quantity required; we have, by experience and actual practice, concluded that a certain grade, color or quality suits our purpose best.

In Printing

We have made our choice, and usually know pretty well what we want and how we want it. Co-operation in securing this can best be obtained from the home printer, for it is his desire, in fact his duty, to see to it that he secured for you just what you want, and that he carries this regularly in stock. In the printing, also your wishes can be carried out by consultation and co-operation.

The carpet-bagger, however, will always try to sell many times your ordinary requirements; he will most likely try to work off a job lot of paper. And as for style of work, since there is no chance to consult, and as no proof is submitted, the customer must take it as supplied, regardless of his own ideas.

Therefore, in order to get what you want, and when you want it, in the matter of your printing requirements, consult with

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