

many of whom are buried in the neighboring church yard. Local historians will devour this chapter with voracious appetite—for in it are such well known names as:

William Sydney Miller, John McFarland, William G. Shand, John Reyburn Hamilton, Martha Graham, James Beatty, Col. Robert Cunningham, John Hughey, grandfather of Mrs. B. F. Jones; John Johnston, Secretary to George Washington; Captain John McMasters, great-grandfather of Mrs. Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt; Dr. John McDowell, Major Thomas A. Sampson, and many others.

Pittsburgh

CLARENCE E. DAVISON

African Hunt. By THOMAS S. ARBUTHNOT. (New York, W. W. Norton, Inc., 1954. x, 270 p. Many illustrations in text and on end-papers. 03.95.)

Dr. Arbuthnot is of an old and distinguished Pittsburgh family, and himself a gentleman of whom the city is proud. His creative work is to be seen in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital and in his long service as dean of the medical school of the University of Pittsburgh. He has been administrative head of the Carnegie Hero Fund for many years but that is in no way pertinent, except that it involves a service full of human interest. In this book, with a modesty that is natural he has eliminated everything which would indicate that his conduct was either courageous or heroic, but any imaginative reader will formulate his own ideas as to that.

The fact that one of our leading professional men has written such an interesting book would alone justify a review in this magazine, but as a member of our historical society we have also found his advice invaluable and have often profited by his judgment in matters affecting our activities. His mounted group of Grant's gazelles, one of the results of this hunt, is currently on exhibition in Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, and other specimens, as yet unmounted, may perhaps be seen in the future. It is probable also that the time is not far distant when hunting of this magnitude and character will become a thing of the past, well nigh legendary.

The Historical Society is pleased to call the attention of its readers to what a friend has engagingly set down as his impressions of the Dark Continent while in its glory as a ground for adventure and big game hunting (1927).

This book is an illustrated narrative of events and observations of nature, made during a hunt with gun and camera in equatorial Africa. The author, normally a practicing physician, has hunted big game in the Rockies, Mexico, British Columbia, Alberta, and Alaska. It is no mean compliment, that at fifty-six he should have been sought out by two exuberant undergraduates, whose acquaintance he had made in Alaska and whose qualities he had appraised in the field, to accompany them on this hunt in Africa. The event was made possible by a direct connection of an associate with former ivory hunters of that continent. All preparations were made for them before arrival and within a matter of hours, without preliminary seasoning, they were whisked from peaceful repose to a lemon orchard, irrigated by the crystal waters from Mount Meru, to a camp on the edge of the jungle in Tanganyika Territory, among chattering monkeys, herds of gazelles, waiting hyenas, snuffling hippos, and roaring lions.

The candor of the author may be judged, almost on the first page, where he disavows any scientific purpose of the trip, nor does he claim formal connection with any museum. The party was out to collect specimens of wild life and to record it as seen in a country untouched and primeval. They did just that, and returned with twenty-five thousand feet of motion picture film and hundreds of still pictures.

This book offers far more than the registration of hits on fading or charging animals. It is packed with human interest, vivid description, discriminating observations, and perplexing problems. It is informative on unfamiliar subjects, and while that information may never be used, it is of absorbing interest. It is full of thrills for those who are realistic and a revelation for those who aren't. It offers variety for gentle ladies who love to read of murders and long to pat furry animals. It is an antidote for youth educated by cartoon strips, who believe panthers are to be ridden.

Here is an introductory bit of description, depicting a scene of obvious but unusual beauty: "As far as the eye could see the edge of the escarpment was a strange pink color. . . . I mistook this pink for some tropical flower growing in unbelievable profusion, but it turned out to be flamingos standing wing to wing and breast to breast in soft, muddy ground as far as we could see. . . . Extraordinary as the statement seems, this ribbon of flamingos stretched, with occasional breaks,

for a distance of over twenty miles. I never imagined there could be so much pink in the world."

Dr. Arbuthnot, despite his natural conservatism, permitted himself to be carried by the infectious enthusiasm of his youthful companions into situations where he felt he just didn't belong. He then proceeds with diagnostic accuracy, to make the setting real to his readers, imparting to them his own psychological reactions. These are eminently human and as one reads he finds himself in turn brought to a high pitch of excitement. In the words of a teen-age youth, "It is terrific."

For instance, as something unidentified came crashing toward them through the reeds, "a native touched me, and by pantomime, requested permission to climb. I was inclined to tell him to take the gun and to give me the tree, but there was no time for logical thinking."

The narrator takes in turn the lions, rated as vermin in Africa; the leopard, which all but killed one of the party; the unpredictable buffalo, which seldom runs from anything; the cheetah, faster than the greyhound; the elephant, ponderous but keen; the rhino, poor in sight, quick of scent, but single tracked in mind. Game was not scarce, for as one rhino disappeared into the forest twenty-two giraffes emerged.

If the reader feels there is a good bit of killing in the story, it must be remembered that even in our normal way of life there is a certain amount of it necessary for existence. In the jungle, "days and nights are made up of one animal trying to get the drop on another." Although the cud-chewing rhino and buffalo never tasted blood they are quick to shed it, while the flesh-eaters slaughter for food. It is pertinent to add that even your scent would be sufficient to anger any of these animals.

This book does not deal exclusively with game. There are ants whose travel is "sometimes migratory, at others predatory" clinging to an animal, or to other ants attached to an animal, in a mass of sufficient weight to drag them down. There are insects removed by the half bushel from the exterior roof of netting nightly. There is the old baboon, leader of a hitch-hiking community, who seated himself against a tree, "hung one arm over the knee of a drawn up leg, then bent his arm at the elbow and rested his chin against his hand."

The doctor is apt in his descriptions. Having some curiosity as to the natives' belief in bi-sexuality among hyenas, he wrote: "We dissected two hyenas that had been killed within a hundred feet of each other.

I hope no urge of curiosity will ever be strong enough to tempt me to work on another. I have never had my sensibilities subjected to a meaner shock. The hyenas had fed recently on some animal that must have been killed quite sometime before. They were covered with ticks and lion flies."

In a delightful description of another animal, the wart hog, he wrote: "To be a pig and at the same time to be named for its warts puts it in a bracket fairly high above most homely competitors." Again: "Zebras had their own form of playfulness which included bites and kicks and little rushes at a neighbor. Occasionally, one would let fly both hind feet and whack a companion in the belly. A 'kick in the slats' may be appropriate when applied to zebra anatomy, but it did look unreasonable when you could see no cause." Once, while in a blind taking movies, the author writes: "Pretty soon I glanced up from the finder and found that the front giraffe was actually looking over the blind and taking in my helmet and shoulder blades as I bent forward cranking. I was greatly amused, almost self-conscious, at having that big thing sneak a peep at me from above . . . it seemed sheer curiosity, as though a next-door neighbor wanted to see how I was fixed inside." Again, there was only photography and a flash of light involved in an elephant stampede, which wedged the herd in a narrow opening between great trees like "a dozen people trying to get through a turnstile, all at one time." In this situation a fire originating accidentally from the flash light and raging behind them added panic to confusion.

Dr. Arbuthnot's expedition of five months has furnished a superb record in film and specimens for those who will never see those distant jungles and veldts. His book is full of surprises, suspense and amusement. It should be of interest to every reader whether young or old.

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