

BROTHER-IN-LAW OF MRS. GIBB IN AFRICA IS BIG GAME HUNTER

"Hunting a Giant Elephant for Thirty Years" is the title of a feature story carried by the Aberdeen (Scotland) Press and Journal, handed the Gazette Times this week by Mrs. Alex Gibb, in which is accounted some experiences of her brother-in-law, George Garden.

Aberdeen was the home of Mrs. Gibb before coming to America, and her sister was a teacher of languages in internationally-famed Aberdeen university before becoming Mrs. Garden. The article, written by a special representative of the Press and Journal, contains an interesting account of life in the African veldt. It follows:

Missionaries and Government officials are taking the wrong methods of dealing with the natives of Nyassaland. This is the considered opinion of Mr. George Garden, Southfield, Cuts, who has just returned to this country after nearly forty years' residence in that territory where he was engaged in tea planting and, in his spare time, in big game hunting.

I called on Mr. and Mrs. Garden at their charming Cuts home and listened spellbound to the tales of native witch doctors and of the tracking of elephants and other big game. Mr. Garden, who enjoys good health despite his many years in Africa, is the son of a Peterhead minister, and Mrs. Garden belongs to Aberdeen. They have just returned by air from their African estates. When Mr. Garden first took the trip thirty-seven years ago it took him over nine weeks. His last journey was accomplished in under nine days.

Nature's Gentlemen. In the course of our talk Mr. Garden checked on a wide variety of subjects. He told me of encounters with hostile natives, long treks across the veldt in pursuit of big game, pioneer work in tea planting which he has done more than anyone else—tracking of thieves and recovering of stolen property with the aid of witch doctors, tobacco growing and the management of natives.

Dealing with the native question Mr. Garden stressed the fact that the people of Nyassaland in their native state were gentlemen. In his early days when a white man went to a native village he was welcomed and provided with food and quarters for the night. Their native hospitality made this obligatory.

Then the white men began to "educate" the natives. The beliefs which the natives had had for centuries, handed down from father to son, were pooh-poohed by the missionaries. In their place, said Mr. Garden, the white men tried to set up theories which it has taken centuries for the white men themselves to evolve. These were quite out of the comprehension of the black men, who were left in a state of mental chaos.

This policy was a bad one. It would have been far better had the missionaries and administrators of Nyassaland first studied the native laws and customs and then gradually introduced modern ideas which could be understood by the native population.

"Magic" Horn. While on the subject of native superstitions and beliefs Mr. Garden told me an amazing story of how he had recovered stolen property by employing a "magic horn." These horns, which are now illegal possessions and which have been taken from the natives, were horns found on the veldt along with the remains of animals which had died violent deaths from the teeth of beasts of prey. They derived their "magic" properties from the "medicine" with which the witch doctors filled them, and they were potent only during daylight. Their powers, whatever they were, were in some way analogous to the twig in the hands of a water diviner.

On one occasion a quantity of salt, flour, mats and other goods had been stolen from the huts used by the boys on Mr. Garden's estate. The authorities were baffled and Mr. Garden decided to call in the natives to track down the criminals and recover the stolen property. After some preliminary difficulties the witch doctor arrived with his horn. When Mr. Garden arrived on the scene the medicine man was performing a ritualistic dance before it. When this was ended several natives laid hold of the horn, which pulled them round in circles.

Mr. Garden was amazed and determined to test the strength of the horn himself. He seized the end of it, but despite his most strenuous efforts he was unable to hold it down.

Discovery. The horns finally pulled the natives toward a path which was followed until a crossroads was reached. There the horn again traveled round in a circle before "noising" out the trail along another path. The trail then led to a hut in a native village, where the stolen goods were found.

The articles had been stolen by a man and his two wives, assisted by a woman friend. The delinquents were made to carry the stolen goods back to the huts from which they had been removed. The salt and flour were not recovered for the good and sufficient reason that they had been eaten.

The fee of the native Sherlock Holmes for this feat of detection was a bag of salt!

For years afterwards Mr. Garden was left unmolested by thieves, for on the roof of one of his huts he had placed one of the "magic" horns.

Dealing with the tea industry in Nyassaland, for which he has done so much, Mr. Garden told me that cultivation of the plant in that district is spreading. The chief difficulty met with by the producers is the heavy rail charges for sending the tea to the coast. The price obtained for the Nyassaland leaf in

London is higher than the quotations for many Indian varieties, and has risen from about 4 1/2 to 11d per lb. The tea has to be transported through Portuguese territory to the nearest port and the duties charged are, in his opinion, excessive.

Tobacco Growing. Tobacco growing, unfortunately, is not now a profitable undertaking for white settlers. The industry started well and there was a brisk demand for the light grades of tobacco for cigarettes; but the industry has been almost ruined by the growing of the leaf by natives, who are now worse off than in the old days.

The manager of a big estate, who had formerly been a missionary, was the man who started the natives growing tobacco. The move did not in the long run help him, for the estate has now had to be closed down. Then two more white men got the natives to cultivate the leaf. They bought the leaf from the black men cheaply and sold it to a big tobacco combine at a rate with which the white planters could not compete.

The two white men delighted with their scheme and started to boast about it. The big combine got to hear of it and naturally thought that they could do the same themselves. Natives were encouraged to cultivate the leaf and their produce was bought by the combine. The leaf, of course, can be produced by the natives at a much lower cost than can be quoted by the estates controlled by white men.

During his long sojourn in Nyassaland Mr. Garden's hobby has been big game hunting. The walls of his Cuts home bear photographs of huge animals which have fallen to his gun, the hall is adorned with souvenirs, while he himself is slightly deaf as a result of being mauled by an elephant in 1907.

Narrow Escape. On that occasion he was out on one of his hunting trips—which lasted two to four months at a time—when he was confronted by a huge tusker male elephant. He did not want to shoot it, but it attacked him. His bearer kept on urging him to run, but Mr. Garden stood his ground. He fired and hit the elephant in the trunk, thinking that would scare the brute off. Instead it continued. Again he fired, this time at the animal's mouth.

On it crashed, and rolled Mr. Garden over with its trunk. He was pounded by the great animal, and when he was finally rescued he had serious head injuries, three ribs broken and his arm hung limply at his side. It was feared that he would lose the power of his arm, but constant treatment saved the limb, and soon he was on the trail again.

In all Mr. Garden has shot forty-three elephants, which he considers the most dangerous of big game. The biggest of his "bag" he had to trail for five nights and its tusks weighed from 80 to 90 lbs. each.

Mr. Garden revealed an interesting ambition. He has been on the track of a huge elephant for thirty years. This giant is called by the natives Zalukuta and is claimed by them to be over 200 years old. Stories of the monster, whose tusks go straight down—Mr. Garden has himself seen its spoor with marks showing how its huge tusks have torn furrows along the ground—have been handed down from father to son.

Still Hoping. Mr. Garden has made inquiries about the beast and has spent many days in search of it. It is his ambition that Zalukuta may escape the bullets of the hunters until he himself returns to Nyassaland to lay low this monarch of the veldt, deeply impressed by the aerial views of the jungles which they had obtained when flying home. The herds of game and the life of the jungle when seen from above made a wonderful spectacle which is engraved on their minds. They flew from Blantyre to Brinisi whence, on account of Italian regulations, they were forced to travel by rail to Paris. The journey from the French capital to Croydon was made in an air liner. They were amazed at the comfort of air travel over the long distances which they traversed, and are determined that their next journey to their African estates will be made by air.

Many Linn Farmers Irrigate Albany—Forty-three Linn county farmers are now using irrigation water on their crops, and 23 others are planning to have plants in operation for 1936, reports F. C. Mullen, county agent. The value of irrigation and installation of different types of systems was demonstrated to 52 farmers of the county who attended a series of meetings recently conducted by County Agent Mullen.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE. On the 14th day of October, 1935, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. at the front door of the Court house in Heppner, Oregon, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described real property in Morrow county State of Oregon, to-wit:

All of Sec. 7, W 1/2 of Sec. 8; the W 1/2 of Sec. 8; all that part of section 8, lying and being South and Southby of the County road running through said section 8; NW 1/4 of Sec. 18; all right, title and interest of mortgagors, J. R. Cartwright and Maggie Cartwright in the SW 1/4 NW 1/4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, N 1/2 SW 1/4, and the SW 1/4 of Sec. 5, all in Twp. 1 N. R. 23 E. W. M.

Said sale is made under execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Gilliam county, and to me directed in the case of Carrie W. Burnham, J. B. Morrison and A. K. McMahon, plaintiffs, vs. J. R. Cartwright, Maggie Cartwright, H. Switzer, Mary Ethel Salling, Edwin Salling, Dorothy A. Sayre, successor in interest, P. E. Snodgrass, Marion Chard, Walter Pope, and Mark V. Weatherford, defendants. C. J. D. BAUMAN, Sheriff of Morrow County, Oregon.

Table with columns: To Whom Assessed on 1935 Tax Roll, Description of Property, Sec. Twp. Lot Blk, Ang., 1930, 1929, 1928, 1927, 1926, 1925, 1924, 1923, 1922, Total for all Years, Interest Amount for 12-31-34 Delin.

Table with columns: Name, Address, City, State, Zip, and various numerical data points.