UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_160553

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

Animals Are My Life



DEN TIERN GEHÖRT MEIN HERZ
(Hamburg 1955)

ANIMALS ARE MY LIFE
(London 1956)



LORENZ HAGENBECK

ANIMALS ARE MY LIFE

Lorenz Hagenbeck

TRANSLATED BY
Alec Brown

THE BODLEY HEAD · LONDON

First published in England 1956

This book is copyright under the Berne Convention. Apart from any fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act 1911, no portion may be reproduced by any process without written permission. Enquiry should be made to the publisher.

Printed in Great Britain by
The Garden City Press Limited, Letchworth, Hertfordshire
for John Lane The Bodley Head Limited
28 Little Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

Animals Are My Life



CONTENTS

	Page
Preface	13
'Not one of these Caravan Folk'	15
The Indian's Wealth—the Elephant	33
'On the Pike' at St. Louis, U.S.A.	48
South-West with Two Thousand Dromedaries	65
Patent No. 91,492 Becomes Reality	77
The First Sea-Elephants come to Germany	84
Troublesome Heritage—the Animal Park	93
Wartime Circuses with and without Tents	102
We Become Billionaires	115
The Great Battle of Stellingen	124
The Devil Dancers Capture Scandinavia	136
From Tears to Laughter	146
The Ocean Brings a Fairy Ship	154
Marvelling at Kirin	162
Destroyed by Typhoon	168
Melancholy Tea with Mr. Wong	174
A Maharaja Fills the House	183
No Piastres for Hagenbeck	193
Locusts Halt the Circus Train	199
'Men, Animals, Sensations'	210
Bombs on Animal Paradise	216
Elephant Protest at Malmö	223
Onagers have the Devil in Them	233
We'll Shoot at Hagenbeck's	244
Break Down the Frontiers!	248

ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece

Lorenz Hagenbeck.

Facing page

16 (*a*) Grandfather begins with seals in St. Pauli.

(*b*) Unpacking and weighing snakes, tortoises and crocodiles at the Neuer Pferdemarkt.

(*c*) Unloading a consignment from Africa. (From the original drawings by Heinrich Leutemann).

17 My father, Carl Hagenbeck.

(*below*) My grandfather, G. C. C. Hagenbeck.

32 Animals which in Nature never meet: a performing group bringing together polar bears, lions and brown bears.

33 (*left*) Black Eagle, Sioux Chief, in full war paint.

(*right*) Somali Prince Hersy Egeh, whose son attended our Stellingen primary school.

64 A rattlesnake—dangerously poisonous: the annular horny growth at the tip of the tail, which causes the rattle, can clearly be seen.

65 Some of the inmates of Stellingen: King Penguins, and

(*above*) a Sea-Elephant.

80 Our Igorots stare in amazement at our St. Louis Arctic Panorama.

(*below*) Peaceful watering: the scene only a few seconds before our elephants stampeded at Des Moines.

81 A lion on its way to the circus ring.

112 My father and his favourite walrus; a painting by Lovis Corinth (Hamburg Art Gallery).

(*below*) Together with my brother, Heinrich, I receive Kaiser Wilhelm II at Stellingen. On the right, with walking-stick, is Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin.

Facing page

113 Stellingen's Zoological sensation of 1925! Goliath the Sea-Elephant.

128 A giant of the jungle holds her foot—with three and a half tons weight behind it—over her trainer's head, but little Uwe does not fear for his father; he knows he himself can handle the gentle Roma.

(*below*) Aquatic delights in Stellingen's elephant pool: ample water and a good mud wallow are essentials in an elephant's toilet.

129 Lulu Gautier on his Lipizzaner mount *Favory Maestoso*.

144 Mosques and Singhalese villages at Stellingen. Such accurate reconstructions formed the background to our famous shows of Peoples of the World. Here we see Arabs outside a typical 'oasis town.'

(*below*) A dwarf zebu in harness in a typical village scene. In this setting more than one early German film was made.

145 'Black on white.' Zebras were once called 'tiger-horses'.

160 Rudolf Jurkschat, his Arab steed and team of twelve, a great feature of our touring circus.

(*below*) Richard Sawade with his lions and tigers at Hagenbeck's Animal Park, Stellingen.

161 A bird's-eye view of our canvas town—whether at home or in far-off Tokyo, perfect order was the rule.

(*below*) Meni, our working elephant, handled many a load of circus material.

176 A ten-thousand-tonner is transformed into a Noah's Ark. Loading the s.s. *Saarland* at Hamburg, for Yokohama.

(*below*) Clownish business under the ægis of the Pyramids.

177 'Hagenbeck's,' the round-the-world circus, in Japan.
(*centre*) After the typhoon at Hakata (Kyushu).
(*bottom*) Performances continued in the open air.

192 The Royal Tiger's incisors are razor-sharp.

Facing page

193 Tiger trainer Rudolf Matthies at work. The tiger in this picture is leaping through an eighteen-inch hoop.

224 The end of the Berlin Deutschland Hall. Without any panic, an audience of fifteen thousand persons followed each other outside, while the men hauled out the mobile cages with lions and tigers.

225 A lady giraffe haughtily steps out of her well-cushioned special coach.
(*right*) Richard Sawade's pet tiger surprises a noisy party in a deck cabin during one of our voyages.

240 My brother Heinrich Hagenbeck with polar bears and a walrus at Stellingen.
(*below*) Three generations of Hagenbecks. Standing, left to right: Carl Heinrich Hagenbeck (nephew of Lorenz Hagenbeck), Erich Hagenbeck (son), Mrs. Heike Hagenbeck (wife of Carl Heinrich), Mrs. Else Hagenbeck (wife), Dietrich Hagenbeck (grandson). Sitting: Lorenz Hagenbeck, Evelyn Hagenbeck (grand-daughter).

241 A valuable passenger from the Persian salt desert. The first onager foal to set foot in Hamburg being led from the aircraft by my nephew, Carl Heinrich and my grandson, Dietrich.

PREFACE

A TUB of seals at St. Pauli more than a century ago was the beginning of Carl Hagenbeck's. In 1848, some Elbe fishermen happened to catch six seals in their net. They delivered their catch to my grandfather, Gottfried Clas Carl Hagenbeck, who was a fishmonger. He had the lucky idea of putting those seals on show for a small charge in his backyard in St. Pauli.

Neither he nor the Hamburg idlers then guessed that the name of his eldest son, Carl—my father—would go down in the history of zoos and circuses as the initiator of the 'kindness training method' and the founder of the first free-quarters animal park in the world. My father's book, *Of Beasts and Men*, which has appeared in many languages, tells the story of the adventurous rise of our firm. It remains for me, his youngest son, to tell the no less gripping subsequent story of our enterprise.

My elder brother, Heinrich, built it up with my assistance, and I shall be happy if by these reminiscences I can at the same time keep his memory alive. It is to him that our Stellingen Animal Park owes its present-day form. It was Heinrich who, with an animal park far larger and finer than Father had first dreamed, set up a lasting memorial.

Four generations of Stellingen Hagenbecks have worked together on this enterprise, which has comprised animal park, animal catching, trade in animals and a circus. Together these have transformed the name of an unknown village into what in the twentieth century is among animal-lovers throughout the world a definite concept of zoo work.

I dedicate this book to my nephew Carl Heinrich and my grandson Dietrich, in the hope that they will both continue to make it their calling to mediate between animals and men.

Stellingen, Hamburg,
March 1955

LORENZ HAGENBECK

'NOT ONE OF THESE CARAVAN FOLK'

ON MY fifth birthday, my grandfather, who lived in a little ivy-covered cottage in Sternschanz Street, brought me a whopping big parcel. He had had a saddler make me a fine fat leather 'rocking elephant.' This put me into a terrible dilemma. I was torn between the desire to rock on my elephant and another passion, which already had me in thrall—to admire *my circus*! For my father had given me a perfect little scale model of the first 'Hagenbeck Travelling Circus,' which that very evening he was to open for its first performance on the open ground known as the 'Holy Ghost Field.'*

Yes, the passion was already there.

From my earliest memories the word *Circus* has inflamed my imagination. How well I recall those little models with which my parents surprised me. They were in perfect detail. I can still see that 'big top'—my first—its brightly painted wagons and its animals. Nothing was missing, from the monkeys' cage to the brass band musicians with cockades in their cocked hats.

That evening, when the real circus opened, there was no holding my sisters—older than I was—or myself, for excitement, and we simply burned with envy of my brother Heinrich, who was seven years my senior. For my father had given him permission to take part that evening in the very first item, the Hungarian Post parade, in which he was to appear on his quick-footed little pony.

I think my mother was in fact the only member of our household who was not beside herself with excitement. She, I remember, kept peering up across the coffee-pot and out of the window. I wondered why she was so anxious. But there was a keen wind outside, the ropes lashed noisily against our flagstaff, and the handful of people who came that afternoon to see our little menagerie had to go chasing their hats as they emerged from the yard into the wind-swept street.

Suddenly there was the clatter of hoofs outside! Then, what did we see but our own ostler, driving before him a confused troop of camels, horses and circus ponies, their manes all wild with the wind. Swiftly my mother flung open the window. The curtains blew into the room.

* Heiligengeistfeld.

We heard the man shouting. Then suddenly we all knew that a sudden burst of the gale had brought our big circus tent in confusion to the ground.

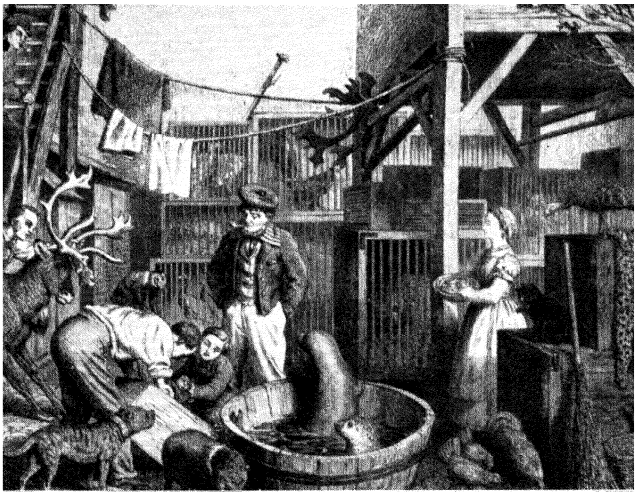
We children all fell a-weeping, from sheer disappointment, of course. It was not till long after that I learned that we nearly had real cause for grief that night; under a falling mast my father had escaped death by a mere hair's breadth.

What was it turned my father into a wanderer on the face of the world? For his whole life was travel. He visited every clime and his men caught animals for him in every land. Was he not 'by appointment' Court Supplier to the Emperor of Germany, to the Emperors of Austria-Hungary and Russia too, also to the Sultan of Morocco and the fabulous Mikado of Japan?

My mother told Heinrich and me the story many times. Her acquaintance with my father had an early beginning. It went right back to the time when—she being the child of a near neighbour—together with Father she gutted sprats for smoking at the back of my grandfather's fish shop in Hamburg. Nobody knew better than Mother the arduous, diligent life which Father had had, to rise from the smallest beginnings to the position which in the English press earned him the title of 'The King of Menagerie Owners.'

Then the Sudan uprising of the Mahdi broke out, and at one blow the African animal trade which had become Father's source of income was crippled. The resilience and drive of a man of Hanseatic forbears was called for to get that Hamburg big-game traffic going again. Far into the night burned the paraffin lamp over the desk where Father kept maps covering the whole world, and it was not long before there were new telegraphic orders flying in all directions. The Norwegian ship's captain Adrian Jacobsen, who in 1878 in his brig the *Walrus* brought Father the first Eskimos ever to visit Germany—and, what is more, exhibited them to the Emperor Wilhelm I—was now sent to Alaska to fetch some Bella Coola Indians. Behnke, another of our travellers, had to go off to the Volga basin to fetch members of the Kalmyk nation. Essler, a Hungarian who had spent years of his life as a slave at the court of King Theodor of Ethiopia, was dispatched to the Congo.

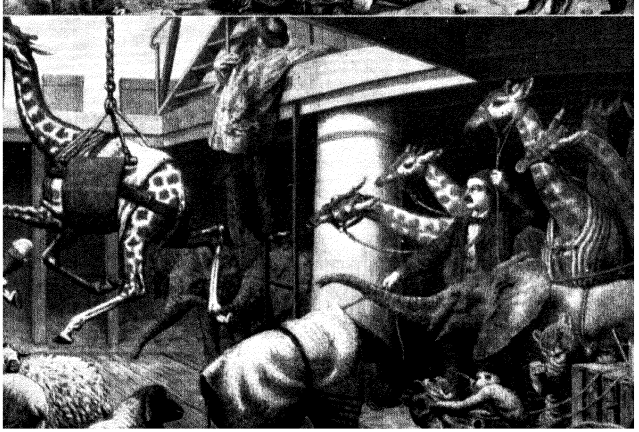
The reason for all this was that in Europe an interest in colonial expansion had suddenly been awakened, and exhibitions of exotic living races drew enormous crowds. At that time, do not forget, neither illustrated magazines nor cinemas had been invented. My father sent



Grandfather begins with seals in St. Pauli

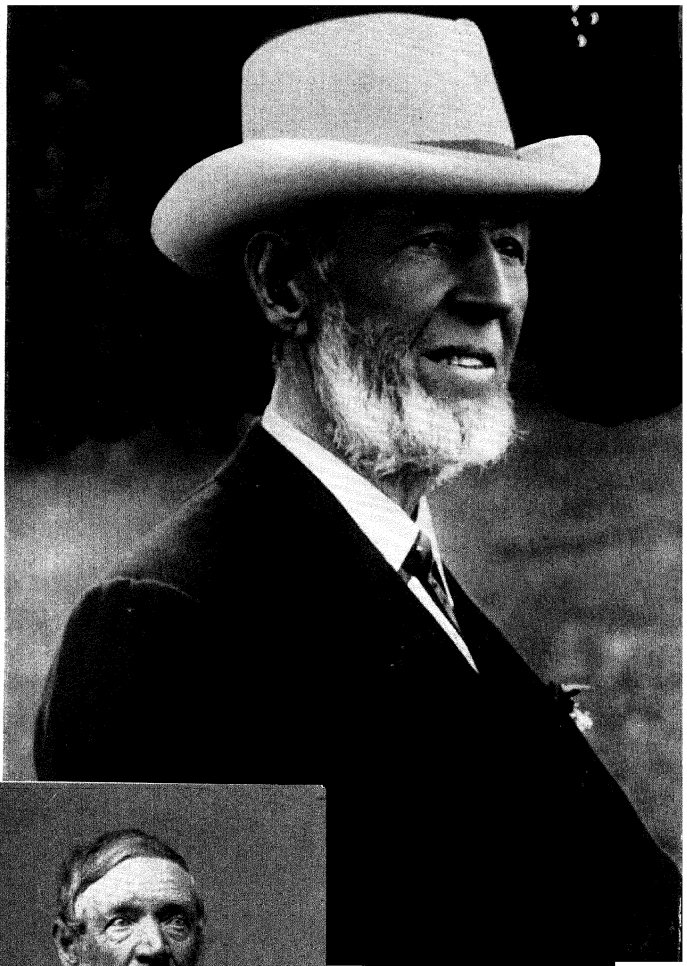


Unpacking and weighing snakes, tortoises and crocodiles at the Neuer Pferdemarkt



Unloading a consignment from Africa

From the original drawings by Heinrich Leutemann



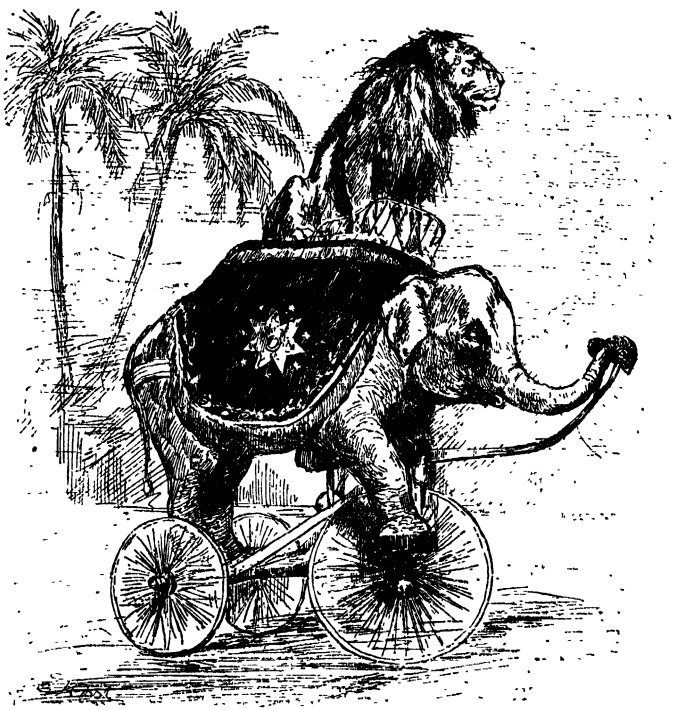
My Father,
CARL HAGENBECK



Left: My Grandfather,
G. C. C. HAGENBECK

his best man and personal friend, Joseph Menges, who had just played a conspicuous part in General Gordon's expedition to Khartoum, to India, to bring that continent into the ambit of his traffic in big game. Menges scouted, and knowledgeable travellers followed on and made all the arrangements.

Three years later it needed mounted police in Berlin to control the mass of ninety-three thousand visitors who surged to see the great Carl Hagenbeck's 'Folk Exhibition of Kalmyks and Singhalese.' Father's ethnographic shows had certainly rung the bell. A year later came the 'Grand Ceylon Show,' which included twenty-five Indian working elephants* with first-rate ethnographical material. The magnificent Perra-Harra procession, with parade elephants, made painters, ethnographers, press and general public alike wildly enthusiastic. The old



* A sharp distinction is to be made between elephants trained to work (mainly of Indian origin) and elephants trained to perform—of both Indian and African origin.—Translator.

Moorweiden Hall, opposite the site of the modern Dammtor station, could not hold enough people. A triumphant tour through all the principal cities of Europe followed.

All this, of course, brought my father more and more fame. At the same time, however, my maternal Uncle Heinrich Mehrmann sighed over the accounts, permanently horrified by the expenses sheet—or sheets. Fares and freight, insurance, performers' fees, fodder, hire of halls, all together added up to staggering figures. Why, argued Uncle Heinrich, with such outgoings it only needed one rainy week to spell financial ruin!

The next stage was that there had to be a giant *big top*, one like Barnum and Bailey's in the United States of America! So Father assured my mother. But 'Counsellor Renz,' to whom Father had just supplied two newly arrived giraffes for his *Queen of Sheba* show, pooh-poohed 'all that Yankee hooey.' That would last no time, said Renz. 'No harm in seeing,' insisted Father. And off he went across the duck-pond, taking Uncle Heinrich with him, just to have a look. They duly inspected the newfangled circus-inside-a-tent from every possible angle and came to the conclusion that we could do with one like that in Hamburg. Back in Hamburg, Father lost no time adapting all that Mr. Bailey had shown him. He had no lack of groups of performing animals or of ordinary menagerie animals. He could easily manage a display of Indian peoples. In addition, there were tent and wagon makers eager for orders. Thus eventually all that those two American travellers had dreamed about on their way home was at last heralded in Hamburg's leading daily, the *Reform*, of a day in April 1887 in the following words: 'Tomorrow Carl Hagenbeck is to exhibit an International Circus and Singhalese Caravan on the Heiligengeist Field.'

Tomorrow came, but, shortly before the gates were opened, our first big top had been laid low by the gale.

Was Father beaten? By no means! Forty-eight hours later, Hamburg carpenters had bonded ship's masts to the tent-poles. Day and night on his feet, at the end of tremendous efforts Father saw an audience of three thousand Hamburg folk ranged in the first big tent which bore our name. We children clapped like mad when the moment came for our brother Heinrich (in Hungarian costume) to ride in immediately on the heels of the band, which to a man was mounted on magnificently caparisoned elephants! Our Jumbos were in charge of Thompson, a famous American negro animal tamer of the day. Behind the elephants came lions, tigers and panthers. More than forty

horses trotted into the ring, which already at that date was lighted by electricity, while at home we contented ourselves huddling round the table over paraffin lamps!

We also had Argentinian girl riders. There were tight-rope walkers, too, and above all, to delight my sisters and me, there were those famous clowns, Olshanski and Tom Belling, already christened 'August' by Berliners when they had appeared in Renz's Circus. The high point, however, was a pantomime entitled *An Excursion to Wategama in Ceylon*, a show in which everybody joined in with the group of Singhalese to form a really colourful display.

A wonderful memory, for five years old, you say? Yes, especially since to this day I have kept the programme of that show which fifty years later was to lead to a really amazing reunion of old friends in Rio de Janeiro.

But I must not run ahead. For three weeks, my sisters and I, together with our friends, were of course daily visitors to the Heiligengeist Field. And when it was all over, my toy circus came in for great service. Over and over again I built it up and took it down—and also rode, mounted on my rocking elephant, in and out among the chairs till my poor mother put her foot down—I was ruining her carpet or her polished boards.

From Mother, indeed, I certainly did not get my natural disposition for the folk of the road. Indeed, I must have imbibed it from my wet-nurse, Grete. Grete, a native of that colourful Hamburg suburb St. Pauli, was a most buxom young woman, whom Fritz Schipfman (who travelled for us in Russia) had picked for wife when he saw her in a pub performing as a snake-charmer. St. Pauli, south of the Heiligengeist Field, had then long been famous for its many bars and wine-cellars, but during the cholera epidemic I remember my godfather, Lorenz Köllisch, town veterinary surgeon (who then shared our house with us), prescribed no beverage but boiled water! To this day I remember the gruesome rumble of the corpse-wagon through the Augusten Alley. Day in, day out there were new victims of that terrible epidemic. It raged with particular severity in overcrowded St. Pauli, striking people down in thousands. My father happened to be away at the time, in Chicago, busy with preparations for his circus and menagerie at the 1893 World Exhibition. Our zoo at home was left in the charge of Joseph Menges. My mother's predominant care was of course for us children, particularly ailing little 'Lorrie,' as I was called in our Hamburg dialect, but thanks to Uncle Köllisch's

good guidance, we were kept well and cheerful all through that anxious time.

We were always a hospitable household. Rare was the day when there was no visitor to join us round our enormous family dining-table. Mother always cooked for at least a dozen hungry trenchermen, while on the great feast days Father in patriarchal style liked to have all the family gathered round him. One frequent visitor I remember with particular vividness. His jolly Saxon dialect still rings in my ears. This was the famous animal painter, Heinrich Leutemann. His pencil had recorded for us the very birth of the Hagenbeck Animal Park in the shape of a drawing of the big tubful of seals with which the enterprise began. It was a rare year in which we had no visit from the veteran artist, who was always on the look-out for a novel sketch for the *Our Home* magazine.* Sometimes he would bring one of his young pupils with him. How well I remember one of these, who, one morning at breakfast, found himself faced with a table problem which had him beaten. For Mother gave him a boiled egg, and the lad had actually never seen such a thing. What on earth was the proper way to open it? The young man squinted across at his teacher, but dear old Leutemann was deep in conversation with my father. So our visitor essayed a few little taps on the shell, but far too cautiously. Then, as this tip-tapping produced no result, he decided the object must be treated like a walnut, so he took it between his hands, put these between his knees, brought his legs together with a mighty clash. With a swift squelch, up spurted the golden fountain of yolk, all over my father's grey beard! Everybody at table laughed till the tears ran, while Mother did her best to pacify Father and wipe the decoration off him, after which he took it upon himself to show the embarrassed young artist how people in Hamburg ate boiled eggs.

Oh, that carefree St. Pauli childhood! The trams in those days rattled through the streets behind horses, and old housewives along the route of the Wandsbek line cursed the 'puffing flat-iron'—the first steam railway in those parts—because it made their lace curtains smutty.†

Out to Altona ran the 'Chinese Railway'—on which one could get seasick. This line owed its nickname to its appearance—its rolling-

* i.e. the magazine *Daheim*.

† A comical little engine with a tall, narrow chimney drew a sort of tram-car with lower deck and a short upper deck reached by an external stairway either end.—Translator.

stock was yellow and covered with ornamentation which might have belonged to a pagoda. Cooks still argued fiercely about the Customs Union, which, bringing Hamburg into the general German system, bumped up the price of salt at St. Pauli, believe it or not, from two to eight pfennigs the kilogram.

In 1895, with the opening of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, the North Sea and the Baltic were linked, and on that occasion many distinguished personalities, including the Prince Regent of Bavaria and others of princely rank, visited our zoo. Frequently my father would shout: 'Proppen, let the monkeys out, there's folk want to have a peep.'

Proppen's real name was Zapf. He had been an old school friend of my father's. When grandfather's smoked sturgeon sold well, it used to be Proppen and Father who as boys together took the day's takings round to the bank. Most of the cash was then of course good solid coinage—thalers, in fact, each worth about three marks of today's currency. As the bag was fairly heavy, Father and Proppen used to stick a stout pole through the two handles of the cash-bag and jointly shoulder it, one behind the other, carrying the day's takings just as the men of Canaan once carried their grapes. Such was the peaceful way of life in St. Pauli in those days.

Proppen had three parts to his employment. He was the firm's saddler, he was its upholsterer, and he was its 'maid-of-all-work' in the zoo. He made the saddles for the camels, dromedaries and circus elephants and he it was who patched together the canvas after the great storm which destroyed our first big top. Otherwise, he was always busy on the never-ending task of repairing the padding of the big closed transport boxes. From morning to night you heard poor Proppen's name called upon to 'just fix this' and 'just fix that.' The eight-hour day had not yet been invented, and Proppen had a quiverful of ten to provide for. On the other hand, he had powerful financial assistance from our snakes, for there was a chemical works which paid good solid cash for the snow white excrement of our reptiles, a curious substance, as hard as stone.

To Father's great mortification, however, Proppen had one serious shortcoming: he loved ponies, by which I do not mean diminutive horses, but—in St. Pauli language—certain flat little receptacles made specially for workers to slip into their pockets. In those days a pony of Kümmel or 'Swiss,' which was a green variety of spirits, cost only fifteen pfennigs, or about twopence, and as Proppen was by nature of

a cheerful temperament Father often found him at an establishment known as Windy Corner, that is to say, snug in Jan Reimer's little bar three doors down the street, on the other side, instead of at his job!

When a consignment of animals fell due, you would hear Father shouting out of his office window: 'Where's Proppen?'

'You'll have to dig him out,' would come the answering cry.

Then you would hear Father's indignant: 'Go and root the scoundrel out!'

And I would run round to the nearest bar to bring back Hagenbeck's leading expert on lining horse-boxes.

Though my father was kindness itself, he was also a very unbending man, and if he thought anybody was going counter to his instructions there was the devil to pay. When a dreaded whistle shrilled from between his dazzlingly white teeth, it was: *Look out!* I remember when he gave me two little guinea-pigs of my own to look after. Before many days passed, going his round of inspection, he halted at my little cage —and whistled. A moment later I found myself uncomfortably placed over his knee. Yet the evening before I had given my guinea-pigs a lavish supply of new bedding and food. During the night, however, they had eaten up all they had, and now, guinea-pig fashion, were piping at the top of their voices, so Father got the idea that they were hungry. But anything I could say might just as well have been spoken into the wind. However, after that little misunderstanding, he never took my trousers down again.

It was, however, never easy for us children to satisfy the old boy completely. He himself had had a hard upbringing, a childhood of hard work, and hence he had notions about such matters which in our comfortably off, middle-class circumstances seemed a little Spartan. On the other hand, though for both Heinrich and me this meant much work in the zoo, we never really considered looking after the animals hard work. Indeed, it was rather a pleasant and entertaining sort of occupation.

Besides, behind Father's back there was always Mother to temper the punishments he ordered—such as on the occasion when a certain scamp named 'Lorrie' let loose a box of black-beetles in class, or on another occasion, when we were supposed to take specimens for Nature study, he introduced a monkey which he had secretly taken off its chain, thereby not merely hindering studies but in the ensuing chase after the interrupter turning upside-down the whole of the St. Pauli school which I attended.

There is one thing for which I am today most grateful to my father, and that is for realising at an early date the advantages of schoolboy exchanges. He took the initiative by bringing the sons of English business friends into the family. I recall how attractive we found their English clothes—their stiff bowlers, which we in German called 'melons,' and their peculiar short-tailed jackets, which we rather disrespectfully called 'bum-freezers.' My giggling sisters used to vie with one another just to cross the street with Charly Judge or Reuben Carstang in those revealing garments. (Today, Reuben is my oldest and best friend, and his name will crop up again and again in the course of these reminiscences.)

My father was a great lover of children, and whenever he felt he had time he would have our coachman Jochen harness the big touring brake, and off he would go with two dozen nephews, nieces and children of the neighbours, out of town to Alterskrug, where we went fishing, or Eppendorf Moor, where there were glorious hunts for blindworms, lizards and frogs. After this we would turn in at a country inn to be treated by my father to generous hunks of bread-and-butter, with lemonade or milk.

Coachman Jochen had a wonderfully glowing nose, for he too was a passionage worshipper of Kümmel and porter, of which drinks he would so regularly partake at every bar round Horsemarket Square* that his horse used to pull up at the proper places without being told. There was one occasion when the faithful nags were wiser than their driver, for, on their way home, they pulled up immediately under my father's window—dear Jochen was stretched out full length on the driving seat, sleeping off his booze. Pursued by appropriate expletives, he was sacked on the spot; later, however, towards Christmas, to be slyly reinstated, for nobody could do Father Christmas as well as could Jochen, his enormous red nose coming in just right.

Christmas was a time which was always heralded by tremendous preparations in kitchen, cellar and parlour. Whole casefuls of presents had to be got in—tubs of fruit, pounds and pounds of smoked sausage of all sorts and tobacco and cigars were all trundled in, and innumerable parcels then made up for our coachman and the maids on Christmas Eve to take round to all our employees and needy folk we knew in St. Pauli.

Christmas was the great time for recitations and other performances, and we children were always anxious to have Father's praise.

* i.e. the Pferdemarkt.—Translator.

On one occasion, I remember, there was a very special item in the field of music: my brother Heinrich and my sister Maria were to play a piano duet. When the final chord rang out and, full of pride, their teacher rose to take her bow, somewhere behind a hoarse voice suddenly broke the festive silence and for a moment brought a flow of tears to her eyes by the terrible words: 'You are crazy, my child!' It was our parrot!

There was always so much food and drink left over from the family Christmas that at last the time came when my mother would say, 'Ask the office staff to step in!' and then our cook and all the maids mixed with the gentlemen of the cash register and copying press and danced till the floorboards groaned. Unless my memory fails me sadly, girls in service at the Hagenbecks' all made good matches. Indeed, some of them are to this day to be found scattered around the Stellingen Zoo district, dignified housewives and business men's spouses.

Whenever my father came home from one of his many journeys abroad, he always brought Mother a surprise. I recall clearly how once, returning from a profitable trip to Egypt, he staggered into the room and groaned: 'I can't think what's the matter, I feel so tight here.' Hand pressed tightly to chest, he sank exhausted into a chair. In great alarm my poor mother rushed to unbutton his frock-coat. When she did so, a small parcel dropped into her hand. It was a little gold dromedary, with saddle-bags full of pearls. Now it was Mother's turn to flop into a chair, completely taken aback by that costly little memento from the land of the Pharaohs.

In 1894, when my brother Heinrich was already in the business, my sisters and I were still going to school, and with my cousin Paul Mehrmann, later our chief clerk, I spent the summer holidays with my Uncle Peter, out at Tellingstedt, where he ran both a pottery business and a pig-food business. As pet I took with me a young male baboon, which Uncle Peter taught all sorts of tricks and antics, and what outrageous things he did not think up we young ones did. Soon enough that monkey knew how to pull up swedes. He also rode the pigs and piglets all round, and he got up to so much mischief that he was soon notorious all round the district. Indeed, Wilhelm Busch's delightful poem about 'Phipps the Monkey' fits the case to a T, for my baboon too,

'. . . *the worse the antics cited,*
The more the little pet delighted.'

What is more, my monkey also ended true to his literary counter-

part, by buckshot—well aimed by Uncle Peter—for one day, having grown older, Joko lunged out at Uncle and tore his arm so badly that for some time after he could not throw pots on his wheel.

The day of arrival in Hamburg of any new contingent of animals—or, even more, of a new party of exotic natives—was invariably a great event for us children, and school work ceased abruptly. Since 1875 the stream of men and women of distant lands, begun in that year with a party of Lapps, never ceased. Most vividly do I recall the Somalis, under their chief, Hersy Egeh, whom Joseph Menges brought from Abyssinia in 1895. When they arrived, laundry baskets full of bread were brought in and boilerfuls of tea were made. It was a lovely sight to see our Hamburg cook and the Somali mammas busy with the visitors over various coffee-brown children.

Every day brought fresh excitements. For instance, there was the night when I had to hold lighted candles for our lion-tamer, August Mölker, when he was acting midwife to one of his tigresses. Then there was the day when a new-born zebra made its first gawky attempts to walk. One day there would be tortoises to unpack, another a baby elephant to handle! It is perhaps not astonishing that all my memories of childhood now come to me against a diffused zoological background. After all, I first saw daylight in a menagerie and I grew up from infancy surrounded by exotic creatures.

I can still hear our special harpist tinkling away—a rhinoceros, who plucked away at the same little tune, day in, day out, with his powerful nose-horn, on the iron bars of his cage, *ping pang pong pung* one way, then *pung pong pang ping* the other.

In those long ago days before the introduction of quarantine regulations and strict freight charges for live mementoes from oversea, the port of Hamburg was the Tom Tiddler's ground of pet dealers, who used to be able to get all manner of monkeys, parrots, snakes and other exotic creatures there for a mere song. They kept in close touch with shipping schedules and knew what treasures were to be expected off every sailing ship or steamer which berthed in the Hamburg docks. After making their purchases, they generally went straight to my father to offer their goods, though some preferred to try to find a customer themselves.

I have a vivid memory of three of those port dealers in particular. These were Gutschmidt, whose carroty hair earned him the nickname of the Red Setter, Breitweiser, with the fine nickname of

Snakenabber, and Rath, whom his rivals called the Pirate because he got the better of them.

In the days when Breitweiser, the Pirate and the Red Setter were competing in Hamburg docks, my father once sent me to the house of a seaman who was said to have a hyena for sale. I did not find the man at home. His buxom wife was up to the elbows in the wash-tub, and the kitchen was dark with smoke and steam.

'And how much do you want for the hyena?' I asked.

'Pooh, how should I know?' said she. 'My husband never named a price for the thing.'

I offered sixty marks, and a moment later stuffed the striped animal into a sack and set off home, to open the bag again in Father's office and await with great pride what he would have to say about my purchase.

'Here, what's that you've got there?'

'The little hyena, Father.'

'You call that a hyena?' he cried, and his eyes fastened fiercely on me over his spectacle rims. 'You numskull, that is an earth-wolf. What did you pay for it?'

'Sixty marks.'

'Lad,' said he, 'that's far too little. You go straight back and give the woman another hundred!'

That was Father all over, and I had no other course but to do as I was told.

Breitweiser's missus was an old friend of my wet-nurse's and had also done stage business with snakes, which, as his nickname indicated, her husband also knew well. Originally, indeed, Breitweiser had been a showman himself, after which he had travelled as an animal keeper under Richard Sawade, one of the most famous animal trainers of the age. Breitweiser had travelled abroad a great deal, largely in the Balkans and in Russia. One evening I had to go round to his home to fetch him out on an urgent errand. A Russian had telegraphed an offer, a mixed consignment of polar bears, reindeer, arctic seals and birds, the goods to be taken over at once—at Nizhni-Novgorod! Russian-speaking Breitweiser was the very man for the job. He arrived in Nizhni on time, and as reward the man who built the Trans-Siberian Railway gave him a gold watch. For this millionaire was incidentally the organiser of an industrial exhibition in Nizhni-Novgorod,* which

* Nizhni (or Lower)-Novgorod, now Gorki, the centre of an important annual trading fair lasting many weeks, attended by merchants from all over the world.—Translator.

among other attractions had included a show of the wild animals of the Russian Empire. For this the Russians had sent special expeditions to the most remote corners of their huge empire to get animals, but whereas some had turned up empty-handed, others arrived with animals much too late, which had resulted in the desperate telegraphic call to Hamburg, the idea being to unload them on Carl Hagenbeck!

At the Nizhni exhibition, Breitweiser found nine huge stags, so-called marals,* which a Russian was offering to sell. In the end, Breitweiser concluded an agreement by which this Russian was to supply my father—who agreed by telegram—with no fewer than twenty-seven marals. Unfortunately, the creatures were never supplied, so Breitweiser went to Siberia himself. Here, in the Altai Mountains, he came to a new arrangement with a Kirghiz named Essim Khan, and himself joined in the hunt; for it was now mid-winter, and the deep snows, which made his return journey difficult, were just what was wanted to capture marals. The procedure was simple. The stags were cornered in six-foot-deep snow, when it was easy to capture and corral them, till they could be dispatched by train.

But now that the initial Russian supplier saw that Breitweiser was getting on well enough without him, he immediately produced the twenty-seven marals originally agreed on, so our man now found himself with no fewer than sixty-two of these animals to bring back to Hamburg, together with seven argalis, nine steinbocks and a Siberian tiger which had also fallen into his hands. The largest of the stags was as tall as a high-standing horse and had nineteen-point antlers. Breitweiser told me that at Omsk he saw a specimen with no less than twenty-nine points, but this he was unable to buy.

For all these giant stags there was a ready market among the princes and big hunting landowners of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Britain, who bought them to improve the blood of the local stock. Subsequently, Father could never get a sufficient number of them to satisfy all the demands of the hunting gentry.

Early in the nineties Fridtjof Nansen's daring thrust towards the North Pole directed world attention to arctic regions. The names of Nansen and his famous ship, the *Fram*, or '*Forwards*' (now to be seen in the Oslo Museum) were on all lips. A year after the safe return of the *Fram*, Salomon Andrée's polar expedition in a balloon—the first polar flight—came to its tragic end, and the whole world talked of that daring attempt. My father, who had already succeeded in

* The Russian name for a species of deer, *Cervus claprus*.—Translator.

showing Eskimos, Tierra del Fuegans, Australian aborigines, Indians and Kalmyks in his shows of 'strange peoples of the world,' now exploited the sudden burst of enthusiasm for the cold caps at the two poles, and set up a tremendous *Polar Panorama* on the Heiligengeist Field.

Panoramas, I should explain, were then a most popular form of show for the masses, whose thirst for spectacle had not yet been jaded by the cinema. Mammoth backcloths were erected, supported by three-dimensional erections in the foreground, to give a panoramic picture of great fires, of battlefields, or of shipwrecks. The panorama at the Dammtor* showed the *Storming of St. Privat*, that at the Millerntor* the *Great Fire of Hamburg* in huge lifelike pictures. But a polar landscape in natural size, complete with polar bears, seals, guillemots, and other birds—gulls and cormorants—was something that Hamburg had never seen.

'This idea has been realised in striking manner by the famous animal trainer Carl Hagenbeck. The triumph of the scenic artist has been combined with three-dimensional representation, to create a most exciting open-air polar landscape, and for the first time of its kind, this panorama has been enriched with live animals moving about in complete freedom,' stated the *Illustrated Times*† correspondent in 1897, with a full-page photograph of the scene.

I can still picture those mountains of imitation ice and hear the roaring of the bears, the hoarse barking of the seals and the rasping cries of the arctic seabirds.

In the evening that most vivid polar picture was illuminated, with the frozen-up *Fram* in the background, and the folk of Hamburg flocked in such numbers to see the panorama (which occupied a space of about ten thousand square feet) that Cousin Paul and I often had to race round to our nearby 'Zoo' office for a fresh supply of tickets.

This North Pole show, which also went with great success to the Berlin Industrial Exhibition, and later under the title of *La Vie au Pôle Nord* to Paris, was the prototype of the later stationary Arctic Panorama which we built at Stellingen. By then my father had had this show patented at Germany's Imperial Patents Office. He had tried it out thoroughly, and improved on it, so that today, executed by master hands, it counts as one of the sights of Stellingen.

All the tremendous life and activity of our zoo on the Neuer

* Two of Hamburg's city gates.—Translator.

† i.e. the *Illustrierte Zeitung*.—Translator.

Pferdemarkt ground, with its arrival of exotic peoples, its coming and going of animals and the gripping liveliness of its training hall, were far too engaging for a young lad who needed still to complete his school studies. To tell the truth, I only just scraped through my one-year service exam.* But subjects in which I was not particularly brilliant were balanced by knowledge of biology and foreign languages, for my English boyhood friends Charly and Reuben had given me an excellent pronunciation in that language.

. . . . .

I was eventually able to put my school-leaving certificate on my father's desk at the very moment of his arrival back from a trip to London. As reward I was sent on an errand to Paris. Thence, combining business with pleasure I was to bring back a hippopotamus, some zebras, some antelopes and some wild sheep which Father had just purchased. With me went Karl Ross, at the time one of our animal trainers. An Alsatian, Ross spoke fluent French. Father warned us to take particular care of the hippo. It had already been re-sold to an American purchaser.

I found the little creature, about eight and a half feet long, in an outdoor pool at the Jardin des Plantes, the second oldest zoo in Europe, for Vienna's Schönbrunn preceded it. Although it had been a mild winter that year, the poor animal was unused to such comparatively low temperatures as Paris offered. Hippo was badly chapped, with cracks in her skin, into which one could easily stick one's finger. To protect those raw places and help heal them, Father had enjoined me to keep her well massaged with vaseline. But that was easier said than done! The French had made the cases she and the other animals were to travel in rather a tight fit, and we had only just settled ourselves down in the straw of the railway box-wagon in which we were travelling when a zebra started the fun and began to go mad in his box.

I could see that the trouble was definitely the smallness of the box in which the poor creature was confined. Fortunately I had with me one of those knives which include a saw blade, and, taking it in turns, Karl Ross and I sawed away, till we had made a hole big enough for the zebra to have its air. The animal was already streaming with sweat, but was soon able to stand up again. Now we had to turn to our other

* An examination in Germany, prior to 1919, which allowed those who passed it to serve only one year's military service.—Translator.

responsibility and pomade our corpulent hippo lady with vaseline. This we contrived to do with a couple of sponges tied on a stick, and with these we massaged her back as far as we could. She lay quietly, but as this made it rather difficult to get at the vast rotundities of her bottom, we thought we would cautiously open the sliding door at the back.

This was not a very happy thought. We had no sooner raised that shutter than the terrified hippo made one great backwards heave, and before we had had time clearly to sum up the situation, there were two zoological cosmetic experts perched high right up against the roof of that box-wagon, on a pile of packing cases, with menacing open jaws reaching up towards them.

So there we were! Somewhere behind us lay Paris. In front, was an enormous salad bowl of a mouth. And no handy communication cord within reach! The colossus of the river now got her front hooves up on the lower stage of our piled boxes and stared menacingly at us, a little closer still, and flapping her ears. Not a little alarmed, we drew back as far as we could, our heads bumping against the roof.

'We can't stay up here all the way to Hamburg!' I heard my companion shout above the din of the goods train, while for a change our feminine travelling companion proceeded to trample our provision basket to pulp. Fortunately, I now found that I was just able to reach one of the planks which we had torn off the zebra's box, and with this I fetched the lady such a resounding crack on her rather spatulate nose that she actually blinked in surprise, swung round, and took swift refuge in her box, where with hoarse breath she flopped on to her belly. With the agility of monkeys, we tumbled down again, dropped the door into position, and snatched up the brandy flask, which fortunately the monster had not touched. The situation had changed. Our worries were all over. We now had one female hippopotamus about which we did not care very much, and, seeing her warmly tucked in her straw, we allowed her to travel the rest of the way to Hamburg unsalved.

To round this story off, I must leap forty years. In the zoo at Cincinnati in the State of Ohio the good hippo grew to a colossal size and acquired the convenient name of Zeekoe. Then, passing on, she was sold to the great Chicago Field Museum. And the day came when Simons, the director of this, proudly showed me a tremendous African diorama in which what did I see but my enormous hippo once again gaping at me with menacing jaws, only this time—stuffed.

'That,' said he, 'is Zeekoe, and it's the largest hippo I ever saw,' and he pointed to my gentle travelling partner.

'Yes, and I may tell you that she once gave me the largest fright I ever had in my life,' was my response, and of course I told the story. That was manna to the pressman in attendance on us. He blew up the story well, and for some time to come the rise in attendance at that museum was remarkable!

In 1899 I was to find how true was the German saying '*Lehrjahre sind keine Herrenjahre*'—'the years of learning are no gay time.' For, leaving school, I was articled to a Hamburg importer who dealt in pork, lard and oils. If ever there was a dull job, that was it! And all the time that I was carrying out my greasy little duties the most bizarre kaleidoscope of strange animals and strange peoples was spinning round our ground in the Neuer Pferdemarkt field. I cannot tell you how I leapt for joy when, after thirty months and one week of that, Father freed me from the company of dead swine. There was to be a World Exhibition at Buffalo in North America, and I was to accompany him there!

There at last was the jetty at Hoboken, and there, bobbing up and down, was the bowler of Doc Colvin, our representative at the time in New York. Good homely Hamburg dialect billowed across the narrowing gap of water to us—for show folk were at that time largely Hamburg folk, who over in America spoke a delightful hotchpotch of their own Low German and English. After a meal, Doc Colvin got down to the principal business, the new price list for the Siberian animals which had only just arrived at Stellingen, and the market for those diminutive wild horses, the small primitive Siberian ponies,* was discussed. Father had been the first to import these into Germany.

Our travellers, Grieger and Wache, had foot-slogged about eighteen hundred miles from Inner Mongolia to the nearest Russian railway station, and we had no fewer than twenty-eight specimens of those rare primitive horses, or rather of foals of the species, which had travelled all this long way with their foster-mothers.

Now, in America, I really was to be astonished, for I found that my dear old father knew all the North American zoos and their managers inside out! At once we set out on a round tour, visiting all the more important menageries and road circuses of the New World, a good schooling, of which all possible use was made. It was most exciting whenever Father came on an elephant or a chimpanzee which had first

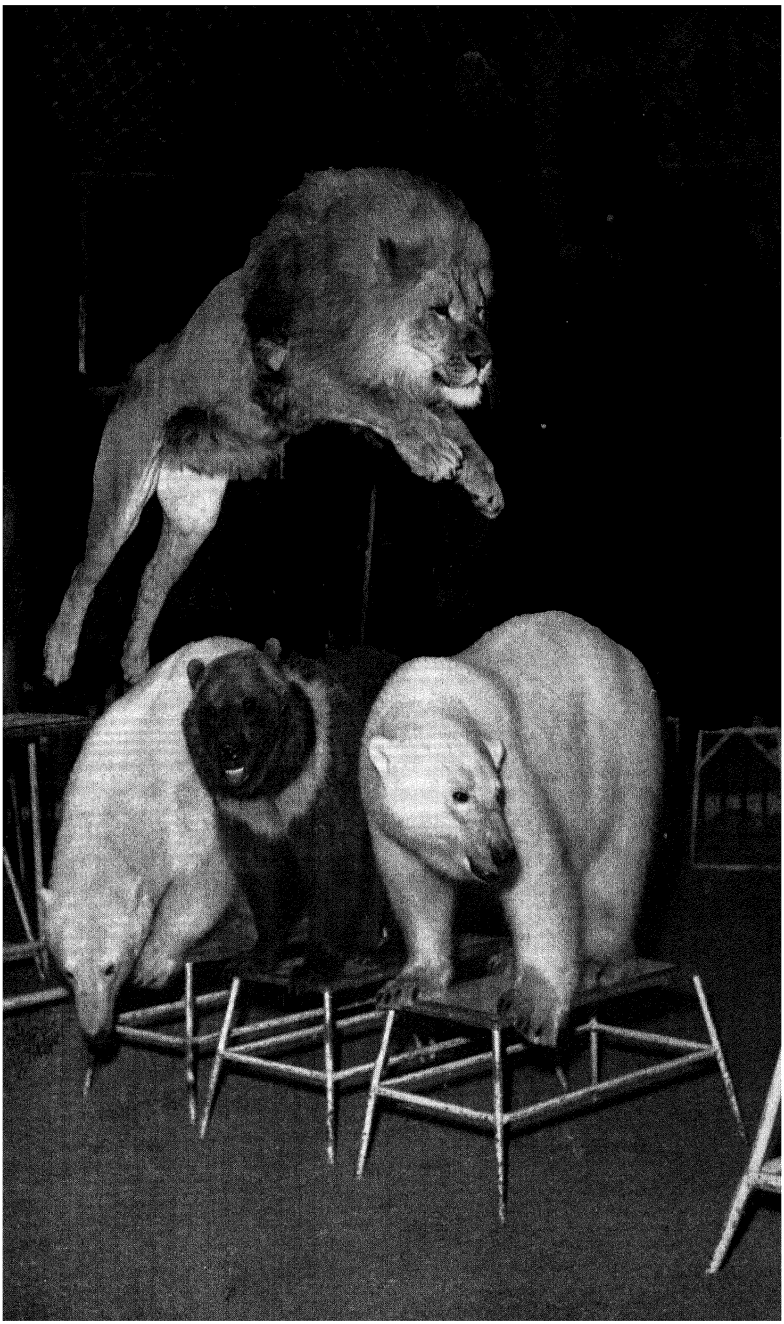
* *Equus Przewalski*.—Translator.

learned its tricks in 1890 under him in our Neuer Pferdemarkt circus, and more often than not the delight was mutual.

But it was in the end not the Buffalo World Exhibition but Barnum and Bailey's impressive show which made the greatest impression on me. Now that Phineas T. Barnum was dead, it was James H. Bailey who managed what was then the biggest such concern in the world. Bailey was of medium height and slender build, invariably dressed in a long, old-fashioned frock-coat, with a hat on his head such as I have seen on no other. It was a cross between a bowler and a topper, made for him alone. Mr. Bailey, long since a dollar multi-millionaire, took us out with him to see his huge winter residence at Bridgeport, in Connecticut, and finally insisted on our staying to lunch.

I was delighted, and licked my lips in anticipation, for all my life I have loved a good table. Father accepted the invitation, I think with expectation equal to my own. Thereupon without more ado our host took us to the station buffet in the Bridgeport waiting-room and ordered himself a glass of milk and a slice of apple tart. And what would we have? We modestly elected to take the same as Mr. Bailey. From then on, whenever I think of an American millionaire lunching, I do not see what most people do!

But what our host later served us up as a showmanship meal in his gigantic tent, which would seat six thousand persons, with its three rings and two stages, was as grandiloquent as his lunch was poor. It was all-over American. If one did not like what was going on in one ring, one looked at another, and if that did not suit one could just look up at the trapeze and the tight-rope folk high above. However, what I think interested me most were the technicalities of organisation of the high-speed transport of so big a concern. Father too had once had a circus on the road, but after much nervous fret he had sold this round about 1889. Even now he repeated what he had so often impressed on me: 'No, my lad, you are not going to be one of those caravan folk.' But in life, as the reader will see for himself, I was destined to pay little heed to this well-intentioned injunction.



Animals which in Nature never meet: a performing group bringing together polar bears, lions and brown bears



Left: Black Eagle, Sioux Chief, in full war paint

Right: Somali Prince Hersy Egeh, whose son attended our Stellingen primary school

WE GOT back to Hamburg on October 3rd, just in time for my mother's birthday. The very same day I became a member of Father's firm, in which my brother Heinrich had for years been the right hand. It was to be my job to keep the 'in' and 'out' ledgers—in copperplate handwriting.* But when, freshly equipped as I was with all manner of business knowledge, I ran through the firm's books I soon established that Father had often paid more tax than he need. I pointed this out to him. And that was as far as I got. With fierce eyes he conned me over the top of his spectacles. 'Lorrie,' he said sternly, 'bear in mind that the country must have taxes; without revenue it cannot go on!'

Short trips to neighbouring European countries now became so frequent a necessity that today I simply could not say either how often, or exactly when, I visited London, Paris, Antwerp, Budapest or Copenhagen. My clearest memory, I think, is of the occasion when I first accompanied Father to Woburn Abbey in England, where the Duke of Bedford showed us his wonderful private zoo. What a lovely sight that was! Zebra, elk, all sorts of antelope, the rarest of pheasants, a large herd of fallow deer, roe deer, and wild birds from all parts of the world wandered at liberty over that well-cared-for English landscape. At Woburn Abbey, the Duke could well be proud of having large herds of bison, yaks, ostriches and even giraffes. Alas, though, that is all a picture of the past, for during the first world war many of the animals were slaughtered and the meat distributed to the hungry local population. Among the victims were elands weighing more than a ton. Fortunately, the famous Père David deer were kept, and perhaps for the benefit of those of my readers who have not been so interested in questions of zoology as I have, I may tell their fascinating story.

Sze pu-shiang, the Chinese called these animals of the great swamps. The meaning of the name is curious: *none of four*! It records the curious

* In those days a special value was attached to that calligraphic aspect of the books. When I go through my office today and see the colourful card indexes and electric comptometers, it is not without emotion that I think back at our meritorious ancient day book, which recognised only money received and money paid out.

fact that these deer have cloven hooves like reindeer, tails like donkeys, the gait of cattle, and the bent-back antlers of the stag. They were first discovered by the Jesuit Father David, a great connoisseur of wild animal life. But not at large—they were *inside* the carefully guarded walls of the secret Imperial Palace of Peking. In due course, however, the French Ambassador succeeded in sending to France some specimens of these animals almost extinct in wild life. The first of them reached Paris in 1866, to be officially named, in honour of the man who discovered them, the Père David deer.

Later, during the Boxer uprising, it proved impossible to protect the walls of the so-called Forbidden City against the soldiery, and these Milu stags, as they were also called, found their way into the cooking pots of the troops encamped there. Later there took place something nobody had anticipated: from a cow belonging to the Duke of Bedford and a stag bred by ourselves, a fine European herd of them was ultimately reared, one specimen of which was being shown in our Stellingen Animal Park before the first world war.

Today these Père David deer have become expensive zoological rarities, which may puzzle the layman who is ignorant of the facts of their origin. When I last visited Woburn Abbey (in 1951), I counted some two hundred and fifty specimens, and in 1950 the first calf of this species, which once upon a time was protected from alien eyes in Peking by Tatar imperial guards, was calved in the New World, in the Bronx Park in New York.

Soon after my visit to Woburn I took a transport of animals by sea from Lübeck to what was then Imperial Russia. The animals were for the zoos of Petersburg—today Leningrad—and Moscow. In that vast empire there were at the time only four rather small zoos, apart from the huge animal preserve known as Askania-Nova in the Crimea, which belonged to the landowner Friedrich Faltz-Fein, and there were to be seen examples of Przewalski's horse, zebras and other animals of the steppes living in comparative freedom. In Moscow I was taken by an elderly and white-haired inspector to see two huge bull elephants which had lived there a good fifty years. He told me that they had been the present of an Indian prince to the Tsar, and had made the long journey from India to Moscow on foot, escorted by a squadron of Cossack cavalry.

I should now explain that in the elephant the Indians honour the beast ridden by their supreme deities. Sanskrit, the ancient Indian language of scholars, contains hundreds of honorific terms for this,

the most powerful animal of our age. In particular, the light-skinned, so-called 'white elephants' enjoy the greatest honour in India as temple beasts. Thus those two Moscow bull elephants were not merely a zoological enrichment of the menagerie of a Tsar, but, more profoundly, a diplomatic gesture of friendship for the man who was then the 'ruler of all the Russias.'

It has now been established that the first Indian elephant to reach present-day Germany came in similar fashion. It was the elephant known as Abulabas, foot-slogging coronation present of Caliph Harun al-Rashid of Baghdad to the Emperor Charlemagne. Abulabas trod every inch of the way from India to the royal city of Aachen, reaching that town on June 20th, 802, a year and a half after the actual coronation, and exciting tremendous interest.

This Indian custom has been revived in recent times. In 1949, Pandit Nehru sent an elephant named Indira as a 'messenger of goodwill' from New Delhi to Tokyo. The letter accompanying it ran:

'Dear Children,

'I am very glad to be sending you one of our elephants, as you wished. It is a good elephant, very well brought up, and, so I am told, endowed with all the good virtues. Please do not treat it as a present from me, but as one from the children of India to the children of Japan.

'Children resemble each other in many ways everywhere in the world. It is only when you begin to grow up that you get different opinions. Unhappily, when that happens, you often come into conflict.

'We must put an end to these clashes between grown-ups. It is my hope that, when they are older, the children of India and Japan will not serve only their own countries, but also the cause of peace and co-operation in the whole of Asia and the world. So you must see in this elephant called Indira a messenger of the love and goodwill of the children of India.

'Elephants are noble animals, and are much beloved in India. They set India a very good example. They are brave, patient, strong and yet gentle. I hope that we shall all come to be like that.'

This, word for word, was the message of the Indian Prime Minister. Three years later, the elephant Shanti reached the Berlin Zoo on a similar mission. But that young Madame Elephant was spared the exertions of her predecessor, Abulabas. The firm of Carl Hagenbeck

bought her a ship's passage, and also made sure that she got on the right train at Hamburg.

. . . . .

For years my father made vain efforts to secure a superficially large ground-site in Hamburg itself. The Neuer Pferdemarkt animal park had become too small for the steadily augmenting traffic in large animals. At the same time, Father had for years had in a drawer of his desk plans for a completely new style *free zoo*. He was in fact doing all he could to realise that project. Suddenly, his luck turned, and on what was then Prussian territory, in the parish of Stellingen, just outside the city gates of Hamburg, he acquired a suitable property. Now his coach was always driving out of town, to direct the first steps in the necessary work on the new site.

Soon after this we ourselves moved out, taking up residence in the old country-style house which stood on our new estate, and in due course a large part of our menagerie was also moved out. All round us we now saw armies of navvies, landscape gardeners and architects all busy to realise what since 1896 had been slumbering among Father's private papers as Imperial Patent No. 91,492, a document furnished with all the necessary seals. Put succinctly, what Father wanted to do was to keep all his animals in natural surroundings, with no cages at all, in a well-ordered park.

His desires were translated into artistic reality by a Swiss sculptor who became a friend of the family. This was Urs Eggenschwyler, who got busy with a team of Hamburg stonemasons and carpenters. He was a giant of a man, with the strength of a bear. He wore an unkempt full beard and was at the same time artist, animal lover and a passionate handicraftsman, possessed with his ideas. In the sandpits and stone quarries of the district he loved demonstrating to the men how rock formations lay in strata. But in addition to these qualities, he had real Swiss stubbornness, with the result that he was often at loggerheads with my father, who had the same quality, derived in his case from Hanseatic ancestry. But by dint of stubborn debating, the two always came to agree in the end, and after their tiffs would heap presents on one another!

In these years the man on whom my father relied most was unquestionably my brother Heinrich. In any case, on October 1st, 1902, I had to go up as so-called 'volunteer' for one year's military service, and in the Altona barrack square of the Count Bose Infantry Regiment

No. 31, to the greater glory of Prussia, studied the art of putting my right hand smartly to the peak of my cap. That lasted ten weeks, after which the M.O. flung me out because of a middle ear inflammation, so that, without a hint of fame, I found myself all at once transferred to the non-combatant reserve. As in the eyes of 'the boss' I was still an enthusiastic animal man, I was able to hang up my uniform without a trace of regret and in compensation with great pleasure packed pith helmet, Kodak and khaki drill kit and went on my first trip to India, to bring back a consignment of elephants.

It is lovely today to look back on that journey, the most carefree I ever made. I went to India, of course, by sea. The responsibility for all arrangements still rested on the shoulders of our veteran, experienced Indian representative Jürgen Johannsen. Among our fellow passengers on the s.s. *Hamburg* were a number of officers' families of the colony which Germany then still possessed at Tsingtao,* and I had a glorious field for flirtation with a number of charming daughters without having to beg Papa's permission first. There were magnificent fancy-dress parties, games of all sorts and evenings given up to dancing, and Father had not been at all mean about expenses. He had indeed made only one stipulation—that I was to record every single penny I spent. That was fundamental in his eyes. A man who, like himself, had had to earn every extra penny in his own young days (even by such means as straightening out old nails) was certainly going to train his own sons in being thrifty, even though he was now well off.

One party on board I remember with special vividness. In consideration of a good tip, one of the stewards lent me his uniform, and I had a fine game with it. First, I waited on the captain's table, and did it with great style, till I held an hors-d'œuvre dish so high that he could not reach it. Then he had something quite strong to say about my clumsiness—and, glaring up at me, noticed what a sea-change had come to his steward!

That was my initial rehearsal. For my object was to teach certain snobbish young ladies a lesson, and I was merely trying out my disguise on the captain. On board we had one family whose daughters bore themselves with the utmost arrogance. I had noticed that with their wine these young ladies regularly drank a bottle of mineral water, and that put a very naughty idea into my head. With serious mien, I took the orders for drinks. And when they gave their

* Tsingtao—leased to Germany with Kiaochow in 1898, restored to China in 1922.—Translator.

standardised order, I brought them a little concoction I had specially prepared. Without a trace of suspicion they mixed the contents of the bottle as usual with their red wine, and drank. Results were not long coming. I think they had rather an uneasy evening. If either of them should ever read these lines, will she, even at this late hour, accept my apologies for the brusqueness of the lesson?

As ship's factor, animal trainer and plantation owner, Uncle John—a half-brother of my father's—had made good in Colombo. Now, every evening we sat on the veranda of his bungalow, 'The Lawn,' chatting about Hamburg, while tens of thousands of fireflies flitted through the warm air, and my glance kept stealing behind the house to the large swimming-pool, framed in a fairy-tale jungle setting. The sounds of the tropical night and the moon shining from behind the exotic outline of the palm trees together combined in a loveliness I had never known. While Johannsen went on to Calcutta in the *Hamburg*, Uncle John showed me Ceylon.

My first railway trip to Kandy was something to remember. While the train climbed the hairpin bends of the track higher and higher into the mountains, dazzling flashes of summer lightning lit up the astonishing landscape beneath us. And, the moment we arrived at Kandy, we were the centre of a great crowd of Singhalese, whom years before Uncle John had engaged for one of our great shows. These native folk were delighted to see us again, and I never appeared in the streets of Kandy without being followed by twenty or thirty of them, jabbering and gesticulating delightedly, making of me a sort of one-man 'exotic panorama' for friends, neighbours and the Ceylonese morld generally. They were most insistent about one thing: they wanted me to take them on another trip to Germany.

From the veranda of our hotel we had a view over the magnificently situated Lake Kandy, on the shores of which, among other things, I had an opportunity of observing that fascinating fish, the climbing perch. The temple in which one of the teeth of Buddha is preserved made a tremendous impression on me. The outside walls are ornate with giant representations of great simplicity, but very convincing for the natives. They depict the tortures which after death sinners undergo in expiation of their misdeeds on earth.

Our next stop was Calcutta. Johannsen was to await me there. But when I arrived I could see no Johannsen in the throngs on the quayside. I was pressing forward into the babel of incomprehensible sounds, completely lost, when suddenly a black-bearded Indian wriggled

through the crowd like a weasel, his blue eyes fastened on me. Why, but it was Kudrat! Kudrat was our elephant transporter, who had travelled to Hamburg with many a load of animals for us, and knew me well. He pressed into my hand a letter from Johannsen, from which I learned that that worthy had gone to the elephant market at Sonpur. So Kudrat and I decided to go straight to the railway station. Reaching Palezaghat, I heard the cry: 'All change,' for to reach the railway station we had to cross the river.

We crossed the Ganges in a diminutive river steamer. Near the paddle-wheels I noticed natives with long bamboo poles, which they were poking into the water. When I went across to see what this was all about, to my horror I saw that they were poking human corpses out of the way of the steamer's paddle-wheels. The swollen bodies were those of people who had died and been thrown into the holy river somewhere upstream, a form of burial, for the great stream would take them, as Indian beliefs demanded, down to Nirvana.

At the terminal railway station, Digha-Ghat, my faithful guide Kudrat and I were again met by another Indian, who had a two-wheeled cart, and in this I was taken to Sonpur, where Johannsen and I found ourselves the only Europeans among many thousands of natives. There was a religious festival going on, all somehow connected with the great elephant fair. We bought ourselves a couple of blankets and some household requirements for our tent. Johannsen was in a rather morose mood, as he was suffering from stomach cramps, so I soon decided to take charge of the cooking myself.

Throughout the night the gongs of the priests rang out. They were, so far, like wonderful bells. But when the next night came and they still did not cease, I did not find either their sound or the singsong chanting of the priests at all so romantic. Indeed, I now felt very sorry for Johannsen, who regularly cursed and complained in his broad dialect that before all this was over the 'divvel' would have the best of us, and no 'guid Chreestian' could possibly sleep with that unholy din going on.

There were soon literally hundreds of elephants up for sale. They were mainly tame animals, merely tethered by one fore and one hind leg between a couple of trees, but there were those which were still not broken in, and these were firmly lashed to really powerful trees with cables as thick as a man's arm. Day after day fresh herds of ten to fifteen elephants each came in. They all swam to the fairground across the Ganges, together with their mahouts. The young animals as far as

possible contrived to cling to their mothers' backs. Many times I saw the mothers holding the babies with their trunks or pushing them on in front of themselves.

One day, crossing the river, a large elephant and its mahout were torn off their feet by the powerful current and swept up against the massive stone columns of the railway bridge. The mahout must have been stunned by the shock, for he pitched helplessly into the water. But though it would have been an easy enough matter to put out a boat from the shore to save the unconscious man from being swept away by the current, not a single one of his fellow countrymen made any attempt to do this, and the Ganges bore the man away to a Heaven which would certainly at least be better than what he had known on earth.

One has to have technical knowledge to go buying elephants, and Johannsen happened to be fitted with real 'elephant sense.' Another factor was that we often enough had to deal with a whole string of owners who all had some sort of 'mortgage' on the animal. Whenever we did conclude a purchase we would repair to the tent of the latest mortgagor, and the Indians would begin testing every rupee—either with their teeth or by tossing it up high, to judge of the ring when it fell, and when one had to pay out a price of some two thousand rupees this business could take hours. But in India time is of no great importance. Only if an elephant broke loose would the owners show any tendency to 'look sharp,' but then the whole gang of claimants would be off, with shrill cries, to get their 'property' back.

. . . . .

In the end, during this particular year's fair, over eight hundred elephants passed through Sonpur market, a traffic which was of course not without its 'incidents.' One night a regular monster of a beast broke loose, a male tusker it was too—for there are also, of course, the *mukna* elephants, which have no tusks. This fellow tore like an express locomotive across the few yards which separated it from our tent, plucking the tent pegs out of the ground so that the thing collapsed on us. The elephants we had already bought set up an excited trumpeting. We were out of our tent in no time, but the old bull was already well away over the hills.

All round us were encamped upper-caste Indians, accompanied by numerous servants. When any newcomer arrived, his servants took over the rectangular space hired from the market manager, clearing

away tree stumps and refuse, moistening the hard ground with Ganges water and sweeping it smooth. Immediately the blazing sun dried it and turned the space to a hard floor. On this a tent was next erected, and the ground covered with magnificent carpets and rugs. A low wall marked the boundaries between one of these family camping grounds and another. They were in gay array all round our encampment. But I was still such a greenhorn that I never realised that it was a great insult to an Indian to go across his ground—there were no set roads—and thus, as I went my ways to and fro, I unwittingly outraged one party after another, earning savage looks and muttered curses. At last I actually saw some Indians get to their feet at once and go away from the place.

A further stupidity followed. I was such a simpleton that I still took all Indians for poor men, so when I saw that I had caused offence I at once tried to put things right by offering a tip. This was refused with great indignation, and it was a very good thing when Johannsen explained to me that merely to tread, even to cast one's shadow over ground, if one was unclean—that is to say either of a lower caste or an unbeliever—sullied the ground of a caste-conscious Indian, and he properly had no other course but to abandon it.

While Johannsen sat in our tent and perspiringly pursued his endless dealing with the elephant owners, I wandered at leisure to and fro through the market, ever more thirsty for impressions. '*Kabr da Sahib!*' came a cry—'Look out, sir!' I pressed back into the dense wall of sightseers, through which a powerful elephant was striding. It was a bull. Never had I seen an animal in such heavy chains. From the powerful tusks to the front legs, from front legs to hind legs, and back again from hind legs to tusks were really heavy chains, which rattled horribly to the tread of the elephant's huge feet. On the animal's neck sat its mahout. On either side ran a man armed with a long spiked pole.

Some hours later I suddenly heard a great shouting. In a second, all the mahouts standing near me were on the backs of their own elephants. Something must have happened. Looking in the direction of the shouts, I now saw a human body, which must somehow have been tossed into the air, falling to earth again. A moment later, sprawled out on the scene of this unhappy incident I saw a gruesome sight. That same bull elephant had just seized his mahout in his trunk, tossed him into the air, then pinned him to the ground with his long tusks. Immediately, the savage animal was surrounded by working elephants

which had hurried to the spot, and under the protection of those powerful assistants the rebel was chained again. No formalities followed, no doctor came, no death certificate was made out. The dead body was merely put on a stretcher and removed. When soon after I passed the spot, a new mahout was standing passively in front of the same elephant, the tusks of which were still red with blood, and giving the animal its ration of fodder.

But how does a mahout first chain an elephant is the question. This was an art which I had opportunities of witnessing both here in Sonpur and elsewhere in India on many occasions. A freshly caught elephant quite naturally opposes any touch of the human hand. It is out of the question to get up on to the back of such an animal, for the elephant knows very well what that is all about, and at amazing speed will twist this way and that to prevent it happening. For this reason, the only thing a mahout can do is get straight on to the elephant's neck. But how is he to do even that?

The first thing is to teach the captured elephant to lie down when told to do so, and to get up again when told. This lesson is achieved by lowering a saddle-bag arrangement on to its back from a tree-top. This has a heavy weight in it. When at last the elephant gives way and settles down, its mahout yells the command for 'Lie down' and at the same time feeds the animal some paddy, or unhusked rice, well tied up in a bundle of rice straw.

As soon as an elephant has learned this first lesson, the mahout's next job is to get close to him. It is most inadvisable to try to do this from the front, as the elephant immediately fights back with its tusks, its trunk and its fore legs. So now—with the help of working elephants—a rope is brought across the restive pupil and fastened down to the ground—then another across the neck. While other men hang like grim death on to the irons on each leg of the elephant, the mahout, nimble as a monkey, springs at last to straddle the animal's neck.

In a flash the elephant is on its feet, intent on throwing off the weight. But now he is given no rest. He is marched round and round slowly between two working elephants as guards, and this is continued till he learns to turn to left or right, according to which ear the mahout tickles with his big toe.

The methods of training differ in detail in Ceylon, Sumatra, Assam and Burma, and so of course do the commands. But everywhere the drivers are the same, whether we know them as mahouts, oozies or

kornaks. A well-trained elephant has to know at least a dozen different commands. There are elephants who know twice as many as this, and they are spoken of with enormous respect.

Newly caught elephants cannot stand the smell of Europeans. When at Sonpur I went too near a wild elephant, he suddenly began to flay the earth with his trunk, as if to cry: 'Now, this is the limit!' This earth-slapping with the loose trunk sounded like somebody swinging an end of rubber hose against the sun-baked ground, but a moment later this young bull had tucked his trunk up high again and then, head down, he charged violently towards me—until, twanging like violin strings, his leg chains pulled him up short.

At last, Johannsen had bought all he wanted. We dismantled camp, loaded everything on a number of working elephants and took our departure. In front went the elephant leader, a tame animal, with me riding behind his mahout. Next came the smaller ones, to set the pace, and the procession was brought up by Johannsen on No. 8, to see that nothing was missing. Our road led through a number of shallow rivers, at each of which we halted, to give the animals an opportunity to bathe, a pleasure in which they all shared most readily.

While the larger ones were often satisfied, after a long drink, with giving themselves a shower with their trunks, the young elephants tumbled in like excited children, pushing each other under, squirting water over each other and gambolling about so merrily that we often roared with laughter. One of the mahouts dived in once with his elephant and had a fine game, seeing who could remain longest under water. Of course the elephant won, holding his trunk above water like a schnorkel tube on a submarine. But when the mahout spotted the trick and held the trunk down, it turned out that the elephant could not hold his breath any longer than his mahout could.

We continued our journey through India. The sun blazed down, till as we marched, each day, the elephants would in the end stick their trunks into their mouths, to moisten them with their own spittle. That was a clear sign that they were beginning to suffer from the sun, and must be got to water as soon as possible.

The sand in a river bed which we crossed glittered and shone in the sunshine. 'Gold dust,' said Johannsen, and while in the terrible heat I swayed to and fro on my elephant I dreamed of machines which might, as I thought, bore deep into that soil and gather in the gold. Prophetic dream! Soon after this I had an opportunity of making numerous if unlawful borings in India. But what I bored was not the

ground, for gold. In the good sweat of my own brow, I bored the good teak floors of the Indian railway boxes allotted us. I bored holes through which to pass the ropes with which, painful yard by yard, we dragged the foot-bonds of those elephants, so unwilling to enter the travelling homes prepared for them. Once we did get an elephant in, we quickly passed the rope under the wagon and fastened it firmly. By the time that they were all in, my hands were nicely blistered, and there was nothing I so hated the sight of as a hand drill and bit.

Arriving at Calcutta-Alipore, we camped near the local zoo, one of the few in the world which knows no coal bills. In the winter months, it is true, they do say the mornings strike a little cool, according to Indian standards. But their remedy for this is to hang some rush mats outside the animal stalls!

Once here, our tent was soon surrounded by native animal trainers, who all knew Johannsen. After we had loaded our animals aboard, I thought I was going to have the pleasure of going up the Brahmaputra with a native crocodile hunter, for we had a commission to fulfil for an American museum, which wanted two giant gavias—specimens of a large sort of pointed-nosed crocodile which often reaches the length of thirty or more feet.

But then came a telegraph boy! It was Father, cabling from Stellingen: '*Load consignment at once on s.s.* Ehrenfeld, *remainder taken over by Walter Ebert arriving Calcutta fortnight later.*' When I read that I howled like a moony dog. It was to be thirty years before I ever saw India again.

However, there was little time to be spent bewailing my bad luck. The *Ehrenfeld* was to arrive the very next evening, and we were going to have our hands full if we were to get our animals on board. Not that the black panthers, the gayals, the antelopes or the cranes presented much difficulty, but those elephants made up for it. This was their first sea journey—and for me the first transport for which I was personally responsible. Johannsen was to stay with the rest of the elephants. To help me I had after all got experienced Kudrat and his one-eyed colleague Suku.

At Calcutta there were no enormous crates for loading, such as we had at Hamburg. Each animal had to be heaved on board in a canvas sling, improvised simply by passing a big tarpaulin under the animal's belly. This would be gripped by the crane and swung into the air, to the din of a terrible trumpeting, and the stuff which those anxiety-

ridden beasts cast away from their bodies as ballast when they first found themselves airborne was no joke.

Among our purchases there was also a large female elephant bought from the Calcutta Zoo. The curator of this warranted the dear creature's benignity, but we were a bit suspicious, because we had noticed that the keepers did not seem to show any particular grief at losing her. Indeed, it was something much more like great relief which seemed to ooze out of every pore of their being.

'You keep your weather eye open, Lorenz,' said Johannsen. 'That old dear has a nasty look in her eye.'

At that very instant the good lady was swung up into the air, but before the crane had deposited her on deck her neck-rope had slipped loose. In a flash I had slipped the loose end of the rope through a deck ring and tied a couple of tight hitches in it. And not a second too soon! She was scarcely on her feet when that sling came flying in rags past our heads, and the next thing I was to see was that trunk waving ominously as its owner rushed at me. Like greased lightning I flew away up that deck! Thank heavens, my rope held, and then, with the aid of some working elephants, Kudrat succeeded in chaining the termagant to her allotted portion of deck.

As the steamer cast off, Johannsen ashore merrily waved greetings to Hamburg. On this voyage there was no thought of fancy-dress antics or dances. I was the only passenger, and I had to share my cabin with a small orang-utan, which in Calcutta had been fed exclusively on bananas. Now, bananas are no doubt very healthy things, but a diet of nothing but bananas can give even an orang-utan the pip. Not one did he even touch while he was with me. On the other hand, my pea soup or bean soup with bacon delighted his heart. And when one day there was spotted Dick for dinner, my monkey beat all the ship's records, and from then on the crew all knew him as 'old Plum-duffer.' The name stuck till he reached Hamburg complete with wonderful biceps and a regular paunch. Not that the biceps came from plum duff consumed. He got *them* by tearing and breaking up everything that was not snugly put away or solidly nailed to the deck. When on one occasion in the early days I left him locked in my cabin, he exercised his exploratory genius on the lockers, and had a grand time tearing everything up, to crown which he poured the contents of the paraffin lamp over the heap of debris. What in fact Plum-duffer craved was company, and eventually I secured this for him in the shape of two gay little rhesus monkeys, which I introduced to him as play-

mates. Thereafter I had no trouble: the three bounded all over the ship together, to the delight of the men.

But the captain grumbled. 'When we draw in to Hamburg, you'll never catch them,' he said pessimistically. We bet a bottle of champagne on it. What is more, I undertook to have them in charge within a couple of hours.

With a disbelieving laugh, the captain turned in for forty winks. One of the monkeys was having a nice time on the upper deck, where the officer of the watch was feeding sweetmeats to it, trying to catch it, but the moment he made an attempt off went that monkey up the rope which controlled the ship's siren. In the same instant that instrument blew loud and long, breaking the midday stillness of the Indian Ocean. *All hands on deck!* What the captain was bellowing was largely drowned by the siren. There was, however, no doubt about what he meant, and all hands set to work to try to catch the animals. The clock stood at one forty-five when (rather timidly, I must admit) I pointed out to the captain that after all it was I who had caught them, and fifteen minutes before time was up, too! I did it with a trap baited with bananas. His anger subsided at once, and with a laugh he forked out to pay his bottle of champagne bet.

Towards the end of that journey—the *Ehrenfeld* was already steaming into the Hamburg Canal—a small elephant suddenly went down with constipation. All the cures put together which worked with horses proved useless. Then I suddenly recalled the remarkable avalanche which had fallen from that big Calcutta Zoo dame elephant when we hoisted her aloft, so I at once had a sling rigged. The donkey engine heaved the constipated elephant a foot or so off the deck, while both my Indians belaboured it with split bamboo sticks. I should add that such a beating is hardly felt at all by an elephant, but, combined with suspension above terra—or deck—firma, this tickling sensation had the desired effect. In fear and trembling that elephant emptied itself at top speed and in colossal amounts.

I was much relieved by the happy issue of my improvised cure. Relieved of its internal pressure, my Jumbo immediately regained his appetite, and this I utilised to get his halter on. Towards twelve I finished off the cure with a large tub of lukewarm water, into which I put a bottle of rum and an unbelievable quantity of sugar. With eyes streaming with tears of laughter the crew crowded round to see Jumbo take his grog.

It was December 23rd when the first consignment of big game

which I had handled reached Hamburg docks in good condition, and it was good to have a word of praise from my father. The old boy had just come back from America, where he had been making his arrangements for participation in the big world exhibition at St. Louis. In company with some American partners, he was going to establish a large menagerie at that show on the lines of the Arctic Panorama on the Heiligengeist Field, with the difference that now he was going to show animals from all over the world in fitting landscape settings. There was also a proposal, to which Father had agreed, to ship our best troupe of trained animals to America to take part in the circus menagerie which was to be built up for this St. Louis exhibition.

'ON THE PIKE' AT ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

TEN YEARS earlier my father had unintentionally made his début in the U.S.A. as an animal tamer appearing in the ring. My uncle, Heinrich Mehrmann, who was at this time the producer of the big mixed troupe of performing animals—the largest ever shown so far—had suddenly gone down with typhoid. Hence it was my father who appeared before all the many pressmen who had flocked from all the states to the opening of the Chicago Exhibition. He went straight to the central cage, where the lions and tigers were, to demonstrate his method of mastering them by kindness. From that day our name was made in the United States!

When in March 1904 we stood on board the s.s. *Bethania* and he was bidding me goodbye, 'Lad,' he said to me, 'I want you to take care we don't lose a single elephant.' He was indeed not a little worried, for he was putting the largest group of exotic animals which we had ever handled directly into my hands. Twenty elephants had been sold to Thompson and Dundee and there were also two bachelor elephants which were going to the largest menagerie in the world, that of Luna Park on Coney Island. There were also eight others for the circus of the Ringling Brothers (who were of German extraction, then in close connection with Barnum and Bailey, who later bought them out). In the transport there were still eight other elephants, including a cow and baby Jumbo. These belonged to our own proposed show at St. Louis.

That made thirty-six elephants in all, not to speak of the other wild animals, trained and untrained, all in box-wagons, cages, tanks and baskets, covering the decks of the ship.

A Hansa steamer had just berthed beside the *Bethania*, with five large working elephants on board, which I was also to take, and in the Bay of Biscay these had suffered severely from the foul weather. They were huddled on the deck, warming the tips of their trunks between their clenched fore legs, and there seemed a good chance that they had caught lung or liver chills. But even if it were one of these monsters, weighing over three tons, that suffered on the crossing, I should be to blame.

'Take great care, Lorrie!' said my father yet again, almost menacingly, and I think he must have heaved as tremendous a sigh of relief as I did when at last I telegraphed from New York: '*Arrived safe without loss.*' Our predecessor Noah cannot have felt a bigger load slip from his shoulders, getting the Ark on to Ararat, than I did when the captain berthed that ship. The fifteen assistants and watchmen I had on board with me must also have thanked their stars when they saw the Statue of Liberty—which, four years my junior, was still at the time only a flapper of nineteen.

There was a tremendous crowd of reporters and curious sightseers awaiting our *Bethania* ark at the quayside at Hoboken. The gangway was not properly down when those pressmen stormed on board. Our customers were there, to shake my hand, and I made the acquaintance of both Thompson and Dundee, two smart young fellows. They had a fleet of twenty giant pantechnicons—trucks, they called them—waiting, to start the triumphal progress of their elephants to Luna Park.

The pantechnicons were drawn by eight horses each. The transhipment went off perfectly. The only trouble was that the travelling case of the largest working elephant was going to be too big to go under the very first railway bridge on the road. Ten New York carpenters arrived forthwith with tools, and in two hours' time they had lowered the box by a couple of feet. True, the elephant himself stuck up out of it, but he at least had knee joints, and could be made to bob as the truck came up to each bridge, and so, with much elephantine bobbing and curtseying, the procession made off.

To tell the truth, the arrival of this herd of Jumbos had sent a scare running through all American zoo and circus folk, and those present all had elephant goads up their sleeves or under their coats. Those boys were running no risks. Besides, if any of those elephants did run amok in New York, each man was out to be the one to catch the headlines!

So, while the remaining elephants were loaded into railway trucks, Thompson and Dundee's party rolled off to Luna Park, travelling through the heart of the great city. The clatter of one hundred and sixty horses' hooves and the rumble of all those heavy trucks and their loads drew crowds of thousands on the way to Coney Island, where, patient as sheep, my poor worn-out elephants went to their stalls without a hint of trouble. When, after supper, I went with the two pleasure park entrepreneurs to see the animals in their stables, there they lay already stretched out in fresh straw, their tummies comfortably full, and snoring like huge bellows.

The following morning I took a stroll with Frederic Thompson through Luna Park, and saw that in design and layout it was not considered the finest outfit in the New World for nothing. Not only were there the usual steam roundabouts and so forth and the customary attractions, but Thompson and Dundee had also produced a display which was making New Yorkers wildly enthusiastic. It was described as 'a combat with the flames.' The spectators looked down from an amphitheatre of seats on to a reproduction of a city street intersection, complete with trams, cars, porters, drunks coming out of a corner bar, and all manner of added comical acrobatic attractions, all designed to amuse the public.

This was presented with a cross-section of its own daily life, and the culminating point was the arrival of a wedding coach which rolled up to an hotel, when the bridal pair emerged and went up to a bedroom on the third floor. They had scarcely had time to settle down (if that is the word) for the night when there came a terrible explosion in the basement of the building. For, as enormous lettering showed, below the hotel there was a store of paints and oils. A terrible fire was now produced—by careful pyrotechnical devices, of course—with flames and smoke and showers of sparks. Ah! but at the last moment up came the brave firemen, to fight the conflagration with the latest devices (of 1904), while the bride and bridegroom (the former of course in a condition of extreme undress) leapt to safety on to the new-fangled specially sprung landing carpet held out for them!

It was to be the terrible quirk of fate, however, to turn the tables on the organisers of this particular 'attraction.' While Thompson and Dundee's Japanese cook and servants were serving them and myself with red perch in tomato sauce, the genuine fire alarm went off so suddenly and so shrilly that I swallowed a large fishbone! The whole flame-combating show was this time genuinely on fire, and it was the real firemen who were called in. But they were powerless to rescue the bridal couple from the third floor; the most they could do was quench what had become a red-hot grill.

A week after my arrival in New York, Father came across from Hamburg, and we went on together to St. Louis. The site of the World Exhibition was already like a giant ant-heap. There seemed to be no end to the craftsmen engaged, busily creating our world in miniature. From Tyrolean mountain village to the Giant Wheel of Vienna, from Trans-Siberian Railway to the Pyramids, here were the wonders of the world in duplicate rising rapidly in plaster and timber against a back-

ground of 'sculptured' landscape, and complete with Chinese villages and Eskimo igloos. The great monuments of Paris, Rome and Jerusalem literally sprang into being overnight.

Immediately behind the exhibition ground ran the railway tracks. Our working elephants were one day waiting to move off when suddenly two locomotives coupled together came hissing by. The noise of their steam and the metallic rumble of the wheels terrified the animals. Up went their trunks and with ears flung back they stormed away, trumpeting loudly, and charged straight into the village of the Philippine head-hunters.

These poor Igarots, a primitive Malayan tribe, had never seen an elephant in their lives. And now the little brown-skinned folk suddenly beheld giant pigs bigger than they could ever have dreamed of. When they had recovered a little from terrible fright they came to seek us out. They were clad in no more than loin-cloths, and were a sight worth seeing, for if in our animal paradise we had lacked Adams and Eves, now we had them—staring in amazement at all the animals of the world, ranged before their gaze. Words failed them; indeed, they had none in their language for the principal topic, elephants, but they did have a lot to say about giant pigs with a tail at either end.

Adjacent to the Japanese village was the pitch set apart for 'Carl Hagenbeck's Trained Animal Show.' This was a mammoth circus erection, behind which there was a large area fenced off into jungle, primeval forest, fjord and pack ice landscapes, all realised much in the same way as in Hamburg we had built up our Arctic Ocean Panorama. In these surroundings, our animals were absolutely at liberty. The gully with the lions and tigers was indubitably one of the greatest wonders 'on the pike,' to use the American phrase of the day, in this enormous amusement park.

My father was, however, soon called back to Hamburg, where, at Stellingen, to the north of the city, on waste ground, he was busy with the construction of his animal park. Before leaving, he appointed me his representative in dealings with his three American partners. One of these, Mr. Williams, was a dandy with polished finger-nails, patent leather shoes and a huge diamond ring, who knew nothing at all about animals. It irked him that the name Hagenbeck meant more to the pressmen than did that of Williams. Despite his rather blatant efforts to draw their attention, they clearly preferred to discuss things with me and my good friends, tamers Reuben Carstang and Charly Judge, who could tell them all about the animals and our methods of

training. In the unconventional American manner, everybody by now called me 'Lawrence,' and at this time I became very enthusiastic about the informal manners of those grown-up children, the Yankees, with all their natural comradeliness which back in Hamburg would soon have been stifled by starch and a thousand conventions.

Charly, Reuben and I shared a bachelor ménage, with a jet-black cook named Susie to treat us to momma's well-tried recipes. By her unsurpassable strawberry shortcake Susie so established herself in my heart that I picture her now as an enormous statue of apple-bulging lovely short pastry above which gleam her radiant cheeks and that enormous smile which spread till it touched her ear-lobes whenever, our mouths crammed full, we praised her latest achievement in that line.

Every day, when my two friends had completed their duties in the central cage, we set out together to wander through the exhibition and see all the sights for ourselves. What the seventy-six-year-old French author Jules Verne had depicted in his *Round the World in Eighty Days* aeronautical engineers had in fact not yet accomplished, but skilled showmen certainly now had a good shot at the illusion of it. One much-visited show was called *Under and Over the Ocean*. Here, in a fantastic submarine restaurant, one could look out on to the sea bed and see fish, crabs, turtles and sunken wrecks among rocks of coral overgrown with oysters. One really did have the impression of moving through that submarine world. To cater for every taste, there in the greenish twilight of the ocean depths was a mermaid cavorting past the observation windows. Nor was Paris any longer a distant city, for a tense 'time-table' swept the submarine through Atlantic waters and up the Seine, to moor in the heart of the capital of France. Up a few steps, nearby, one could go straight back to America in a giant airship of really far more ingenious construction than our Count Zeppelin was to think up: underneath the hint of a balloon there dangled in fantastic fashion the superstructure of an ocean steamer. One could lean on the rail of an upper promenade deck and gaze down on night-lit Paris, constructed—as the guide proudly whispered to us—from twenty thousand sheets of pasteboard. The deck would then begin to sway, and hidden fans created the breeze one felt, sweeping through the air, while down below one saw the landscape slowly slip away, so that one could imagine that one's airship was flying over the English Channel. On came the lights first of Brest, then of London, while for the Atlantic crossing the showman had provided yet further

ingenious machinery, which supplied the rising moon, and just for variety a storm by night complete with thunder, lightning and lrenching rain, till with a sigh one suddenly saw New York—sunlit New York—beneath one, and the airship came safely down—at the St. Louis World Exhibition!

Daily the stream of visitors increased and the dollars rolled in, while the showmen rubbed their hands. The Tower of Babel must have been like that scene. Folk of all the world's races, colours and religions met here, flat-footed Tyroleans, Chinese conjurers, Japanese geishas, singing Makakas from the South Seas, African tribes and Eskimos in skins. Certainly there was not one visitor who did not mark down on his show card '*See Carl Hagenbeck's Trained Animal Show.*'

Immediately behind our pitch, just outside the Exhibition, there was a 'Wild West' hotel—'The Outside Inn' it was called—at the bar of which the cowboys of the rough-riding arena and Indian chiefs met for drinks as soon as their show was over. Some fifty of the best-known Indian tribes had erected a picturesque wigwam camp at St. Louis, and their parades were suggestive of nothing else but German carnival shows, transformed into the glorious colours of the native peoples of North America. There were scenes there calculated to enthuse every lad whose heart was in Wild West stories. Here rode Apaches, Sioux, Winnebagos and Senecas. Here the Blackfoot Indians danced their scalp and buffalo dances. Ambushes of the mail coach, shooting displays, riding displays, and bull-driving displays changed place with pageants of the story of the American drive into the Middle West. I think that Indian show was one of the most colourful genuine shows that I have ever seen. It gave one a glimpse of a great past, in which those redskins were still the lords of the North American prairies.

On June 10th we celebrated Father's birthday in the 'Cowboy Bar.' Our circus band blew lustily, and we had such a thorough booze-up that Charly Judge got the crazy idea of bringing one of our trained elephants from its stable to drink its tot to Father's health, a madcap—or should I say a mad-cup—idea; but, on the one hand, elephants do like a drop of liquor, and, on the other, it takes more than one double whisky to put an elephant out.

So off whisked Charly, till suddenly the door-frame of that pub groaned, and there was the elephant—the frame of that door like a sort of collar round its neck. Jumbo was now persuaded to sit down on a beer barrel and he got his glass. There was a fanfaronade from the

band, and then everybody wanted the speech. 'Where's Bauer?' Bauer was our press manager, but, poor fellow, he had been snoring soundly some time since up in the pub's attic. Nothing doing, off went some ready fellows, to bring him straight from his warm bed, just as he was, in his nightshirt. Whether he wanted to or not, still tipsy with sleep, he had to get up, barefoot, on to a table and pronounce a birthday speech to our boss in distant Hamburg.

Bravo! Everybody by now was so cock-a-hoop that after being well treated Charly had to take the company for rides on the good elephant. But that was more than the floor of the bar could stand. The following day I learned that our good host himself had eventually taken refuge up his own chimney, thinking that all the more fragile parts of the building were going to come tumbling about his ears.

From St. Louis I went to Cincinnati, Ohio, to visit Sol Stephan, once our representative and now in charge of the local zoo. I found a fine veteran at the game, whose great-grandparents had settled in America. Sol Stephan was a great friend of my father's and I always called him 'my American father.' The friendship continued till 1949, when at the fine age of a hundred old Sol died. In his youth he had travelled with a menagerie, and it was to this that he owed his later position as zoo curator. In those days, nobody in the United States bothered about diplomas or suchlike papers. The man who could collar a job and hold it down was the man they wanted. Sol's little office at the entrance to his zoo became a great meeting-place for American zoo owner-proprietors, who were always glad to discuss things with the old man and do business with him too. When on this occasion I went to see him, he was still our representative.

There were at that time a number of real eccentrics among American show folk, and one of these was John E. Robinson. Robinson had one peculiarity—he was utterly incapable of pronouncing a single ordinary sentence. Everything he said was interlarded with resounding oaths of all kinds. They were so much second nature to him that he certainly did not even know that he used them. We were sitting in the little office over a glass of whisky, the skies darkening ominously and a sharp storm blowing up, with thunder and lightning, when there was suddenly a terrific burst right overhead. 'Jesus Christ, that was a terrible clap!' cried Sol. Robinson reproved him. 'God damned to hell, Sol,' he cried, 'how can you swear when such a terrible storm is on?'—and himself dived straight under the table.

When I got back to St. Louis, I found a letter from my father in-

structing me to find a good place in the States to buy mules. Fortunately, the place was not far off, for East St. Louis was the centre of that trade. There were at the time reckoned to be 3,400,000 mules in the U.S.A., a sixth part of the draught animals of the country, in fact. The largest mules I saw were eighteen and a half hands high at the withers and weighed around 1,760 lb. I fulfilled my father's request and sent a number of animals of this size to Hamburg.

Though the mule's qualities of contentedness, toughness and pertinacity in comparison with horses cannot be denied, we were nevertheless not successful in selling many to private owners. Self-conscious brewery draymen in Germany threatened the bosses with a strike, for they saw themselves becoming the laughing-stock of their fellows if they were to harness those long-eared 'giant donkeys' and drive them through the streets. And in the meantime the motor-car settled the question. It was only mountain troops which in the 1914–18 war found mules irreplaceable, faithful assistants.

Towards the end of the World Exhibition, the attendance had grown so much that the show was prolonged. At the Outside Inn in those days there was whispering about a fire which was shortly to break out. I considered it mere bar-counter talk, but yet it did occur to me that if those quite worthless but highly insured buildings were to be burned down it would bring somebody in a nice little sum. Nevertheless, I was certainly astonished when the very next morning after I first heard of it I received a kindly letter from an animal-loving gangster—and bosom friend of our baby elephant—with the well-intentioned advice to pull out with all my animals before the exhibition ended.

Lee Williams examined his polished finger-nails a long time, grinning sarcastically, when I showed him that letter, but all the same I had my lion and tiger box-wagons brought round to the exhibition ground, so that the animals could be kept in them when the show was over each day, and not in the wooden stables built for them, and I also trained my elephants for an alert and hired several teams of horses for the rapid removal of our menagerie. Those horses cost me three dollars each a day and Lee Williams was so wild about what in a showdown exchange of epithets he called idiotic squandering of good money that he refused to pay any part of it.

Meanwhile, the day before closing day came round, and without consulting Williams I shifted all the movable animals to Olive Street, where I had hired some tram-car hangars for the purpose. And just in

time. In the night I was awakened by wild shouting, then my window suddenly broke, and a stone fell on my bed. I rushed out on to the veranda in my nightshirt and at once sprang back again, for, only a stone's throw away, flames were bursting from the Japanese Exhibition and the wind was blowing our way and the heat growing fiercer every minute. Hastily I raced down the corridor, shouting to everybody to waken, and got my belongings together. Fortunately, the wind meantime changed suddenly, or our whole set-up, which consisted almost exclusively of lath and plaster and straw matting, would have gone up in flames.

The fire brigade came galloping out from St. Louis and their hoses poured tons of water into the leaping flames, while with all my men I succeeded in getting the wild animals out in time. All the others, of course, were already snug under cover in the tram hangars.

Like moths to a candle the press boys came tearing in to that fire. One shouted across to me as I made my way to Olive Street—he was already under the illusion that the Hagenbeck show had been completely destroyed. In such matters the good Americans are still rather blind in their rivalries. Each pressman was afraid of the other paper getting away with a better story, so the following morning, when I glanced through the press, in the mass of heavy type with which all the front pages were spread I not only learned that Hagenbeck's Trained Animal Show was ended for ever, but was even able to see lurid sketches depicting the process of alleged destruction.

How right too I was to fear that these wild stories would already be spread by cable all over the world. I went as early as possible to the post office, to send my father news that we were safe and sound, animals and all, but I lost by a long head. News of the 'disaster' reached my father simultaneously from Chicago and Cincinnati, and even Dr. Hornaday, director of the New York Bronx Park, telegraphed his condolences at the terrible loss. Further, through a misunderstanding of the post office, my own telegram did not reach Father till two days later, so that he had had time to send anxious telegraphic inquiry to all his friends in Chicago and St. Louis, in his efforts to ascertain if I too had lost my life. It was only on the third day that he received my cheerful news.

After that fiery conclusion to the World Exhibition, which overnight so undeservedly gave our zoological circus yet another boost, I was faced with the question what to do next. My secret wish, which was to turn to a mammoth circus tent and the life of the road, found

responsive ears in my three American partners. But I knew that Father, through his own circus experience, was not in favour. 'No Gypsy life for you!' he had always preached.

But back home, at Stellingen, we were in the throes of construction work, and for the moment we simply had not got the housing space for all the groups of performing animals which we now had in America. So my brother Heinrich came out post-haste from Hamburg, and the upshot of it all was that altogether we two founded the first real travelling circus of the name of Carl Hagenbeck, to make a tour of the United States.

With fiery enthusiasm, Al Bode, wagon builder, of Cincinnati, undertook to construct the necessary road wagons. Albert, as he was called, was one of the most painstaking wagon builders I have ever seen. Only the very best timber would do for him, and, after going through America, some of the pantechnicons he made, with all their carved and applied ornament in the taste of the day, found a place in a circus museum there, where they can be seen to this day. Dweller caravans, such as we were used to in Germany for the human personnel of the circus, were not customary in the U.S.A. That need was satisfied by a railway company supplying us with old Pullman cars, which were transformed into mobile dormitories for our animal keepers, our drivers and our tent men.

Tent makers, saddlers, costumiers and printing presses were all set to work, and I was able to slip away to Hamburg, where, as usual, Father was assembling as many of the family as he could round the Christmas tree. Three weeks later, I was back in St. Louis, for I needed to make haste to find and purchase the horses I needed before our start.

In those days there was of course no motorised transport, for the newfangled machines were still not taken quite seriously when they tootled through St. Louis at 'fully twelve miles an hour'! For our purpose the horse still had no rivals. So I went to Diamond Bill. Diamond Bill was one of America's richest horse-breeders, residing at Lancaster, Missouri. One saw the reason for his nickname the moment one saw him, for he was covered with diamonds, even having a couple in his two gold-crowned front teeth. After a long railway journey and a neck-breaking drive by night, we reached an isolated, poorly lighted ranch and I bargained for and bought a hundred horses. A team—that is to say, a pair in harness together—cost at that time three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

While we were riding over Diamond Bill's ranch, I was struck by a lovely white horse, and acquired 'Prince' for myself, while with much demonstrative hand-gripping and okays I bought another fine animal for my personal buggy. Diamond Bill was a great character and delivered all the horses on time at St. Louis, where we had established winter quarters, still in the tram-car sheds, and from early to late our performing animals continued their training.

We began our first United States tour at St. Louis in true American fashion—with three simultaneous riding rings and two stages, all inside a tremendous marquee. I rather regret this today. Had we offered our audiences a first-class programme in one central ring, as for tens of years I did subsequently, everywhere in the world, with great results, we should have saved ourselves enormous outlay. Our cashier had to raise no less than twelve thousand gold marks, no small sum in those days, for our mere daily expenses. And though that sum, of course, covered all current outgoings, it did not cover wear and tear, which under the rapid transport conditions customary in America was also a very big item.

Every single day we played in a fresh town. Every night our special trains rolled on. That is the American pace of doing things, still kept up by the biggest circus in the world, the RBBB Show. RBBB stands for Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey's Combined Shows. RBBB open their season every year with a special star show of several days in Madison Square Garden, New York. After that it is a rare town in which they stay longer than two days.

Comfortable living quarters in caravans and all the romantic life of the road of the German circuses are totally unknown in the U.S.A. Circus life there is today, as it was then, extraordinarily exhausting, with a tremendous bill in wear and tear for men, animals and equipment alike. We packed no less than ninety-six men, two to a bed, in three layers, in our specially adapted Pullman cars. Tent workers, drivers and animal keepers alike flopped down on their bunks dead tired, sodden with perspiration, generally without even undressing, even with their boots on, oblivious to the world from lack of sleep. The tent builders were as a rule athletic negroes. One foreman and five men made a team, and each team had its precise work mapped out for it.

To give an idea what sort of men these were, let me tell a little story. In one of the teams whose job it was to wield eight-pound hammers and drive in the tent irons, we had two black fighting-cocks

who were always at one another's throats. I gave them a talking to and said I wanted to see them do a bit of hammer-swinging too. Suddenly one of the pair started up the quarrel again, and instead of swinging his hammer on to a tent iron he swung it on to the crisp woolly skull of his rival.

When I arrived on the scene, the victim was sitting on a stool inside the tent, while a doctor bandaged his blood-spattered cranium. The man was groaning and holding his temples. He complained of—headache! The doctor shook his head. 'One of us,' he said, 'could not have stood a quarter of the blow, but all it did to this beauty was bring him to his knees.'

'Say, doc,' moaned the negro, in his lovely Southern English, 'you don't think that blow's hurt my brain, do you?'

I comforted him and gave him a dose of whisky, and his mood rapidly improved. The very same evening I saw the 'poor fellow' again. With his straw hat clapped on top of his well-bandaged head, with great *élan* he was dancing the cake-walk!

After a long night journey, we would reach the next town while it was still dark, when the first task was to set up the kitchen and a large dining marquee. By the time the flag was unfurled at the top of this rallying point, a mighty breakfast was ready to be served for everybody, and after that the reinforced hammer-boys got to work with double energy. The same custom is still observed today in American circuses.

Next came raising the big top and the menagerie tents. One after another the wagons were drawn up and the unloading ramps put in place. Each team did the same road only twice, no matter how many horses were required. Finally, the animals were then fed, curried and decorated, everything being made ready for the great parade.

There were brass bands in open wagons or on horse back, then magnificent menagerie wagons with lions and tigers, clowns, dancing girls, acrobats, stilt-walkers and dwarfs in a costumed procession. The American burghers would be most disappointed if there were not at least one veiled 'Indian Princess' peeping 'shyly' out through the curtains of the howdah on her elephant. Teams of zebras and camels always delighted farming folk. In front of all this I rode my dazzling white Prince. To this day I can hear the music of the band, for once the bandmaster had discovered my favourite tunes he played them all the way across America.

This circus parade would last about two hours. By midday the

animals were all back in their stalls, the horses fed a second time, and till seven in the evening there would be absolute peace, till the audience began to pour in through the main entrance—or would it merely trickle in?

Gates open! What countless times I have stood and watched the crowds pouring in—yellow, black, red, white men. Gates open! There is the test, each time, whether publicity, place and time have been well chosen, or it was sheer stupidity to pitch the tents at all in that particular place. For you can do whatever you like and lay out unheard-of sums on publicity, yet see that incalculable creature, mass man, refuse to come out—whereas go on to the next town and they storm the cash desk!

How familiar the consolatory words of one's assistants become! Monday is a bad day. Tuesday is never any good, either. Who thinks of going out anywhere on a Wednesday? Thursday? That is a wash-out too. Surely you know that Friday is payday? Yes, but the money is never spent till Saturday. (Sundays there was never any show in America anyway.) 'Surely, sir, you don't expect a full house in such rain, (heat, cold, storm)? But we're right at the end of the month! We're right at the time when people go away for their holidays! We're just a week after the annual fair! Didn't you know that the folk are all out in the fields just now?'

I am sure the director of the Circus Maximus in Rome knew this litany as well as I do, though perhaps he did not pay the losses out of his private purse, as I did! Against all this gloom I can only remark that we have on occasion played without any canvas, in the open air, in a sea of mud and in deep snow and had a full gate, turning all calculations upside down!

Circus shows are lotteries, and no blah, no lucky star, no talisman helps. I have put on the show on a Friday which was the thirteenth of the month and had an empty house, but I have done the same elsewhere and had it packed out. To this day nobody has the slightest idea of the secret recipe by which the owner of a travelling circus can be sure of becoming a millionaire.

Talking of standing at the gate when folk were coming in, I remember once in Pennsylvania seeing a youngster nearly six feet tall with a children's under-fourteen ticket, and as he pressed his way through the turnstile in my best English I asked him how old he was. He turned to a rather scraggy old farmer and in the best North German dialect inquired: 'Dad, how old am I?' 'Thirteen, you damn fool,'

said the old man in the same language. I could not help wishing the couple the best of luck in their own tongue, adding that Papa was a lucky man to have such a fine boy of thirteen and I wished the boy the same good fortune some day. Scarlet to the ear-tips they made themselves mighty scarce in the crowd.

Our performances lasted exactly one hour forty-five minutes. There was no detailed working out of separate items, as in Germany, with all the audience concentrating on the ring in a programme well planned and spaced out with music. Here there was just one continuous circus fireworks display in three rings and on two stages at once, and the moment any turn ended the performers made off to rest, flopping down in the grass or under a wagon to snatch a little more sleep.

When the audience emerged, dizzy enough, from this wild kaleidoscope, they were the prey of the ready-lemonade sellers, who mixed the liquor they sold by dissolving a startling yellow powder in water. It was obligatory to have what were called floaters on top of this. These were slices of lemon and apple, apparently considered a sort of guarantee of the genuineness of the beverage.

After the evening shows, which ended a little before ten, a further 'night show' would be put on with angelic voices to boost it, for of course it was all a matter of more money, and the tickets for this dubious second house required all the arts of persuasion to sell them. A couple of snake-charmer girls or something of that price level usually sufficed to satisfy the suckers, while with record speed our negroes with thunderous clatter took down the seats and packed the circus up. This took literally seventy minutes, so that by one o'clock in the morning we were well on the road again.

My personal coachman actually boasted the remarkable name Dczimblewsky. In the list of personnel, however, he was to be found under Z; nobody thought of him as under D, or took any notice at all of the first two letters. And as we had taken him over from the Ringling circus, he was generally known quite simply as Ringling. He had one great maxim: 'Fear God and chew hard and you will always have plump cheeks.' And from morning to night one would see him endlessly chewing at his favourite cud, which produced a lovely supply of juice, for him to spit at intervals with highly trained precision. In those days, of course, long-distance precision spitting was in America considered a great social accomplishment, and grand masters of the art, meeting in the lounge of an hotel or at a railway station or the barber's, would vie with one another, for there was always a big

spittoon at hand. Greenhorns who missed the pot earned considerable scorn, and despite many good runners-up among the darkies Ringling held our circus long-distance record. That, however, was the end of his special accomplishments.

In every town, after the performance, Ringling used to be ready for me with the buggy, to drive to the bank to pay in our takings. I used to drive on such occasions, with our cashier, John Sheehy, at my side. In his coat pocket John had a Colt six-shooter ready with the safety catch up, and the cash-box was under the seat, protected by Ringling's broad shoulders. We also had Tiger, which was the most loathsome hound I ever set eyes on, being a remarkable blend of bull-dog and terrier. The escort, of course, was a kind of insurance for our money.

Though most of these bank trips passed off without incident, on one occasion, in Arkansas, a fellow whose appearance inspired little confidence did leap out at us. But before Sheehy had had time to draw his famous Colt, Ringling had shot, and the juicy brown stream caught the fellow square in the eyes. That certainly halted him in his tracks, and he stood staring, speechless, and no doubt imagining it was a Tibetan lama who had passed.

Elephants had of old been my pets, though during that American tour they often made me furious. Our staff was always leaving us, and so in the early days I was often obliged to load my elephants aboard myself. This happened at Buffalo, and there the animals suddenly took fright. I leapt between the leading pair, got a hand on the ear of each, and tried to stop them, but like a shot they were off, dragging me down the railway embankment, and I had to do some fine athletic work to keep my feet. Like a storm they raced straight through a drainpipe manufactory, with two younger elephants at their heels. It was not till we had gone some distance into the open country that I got the animals quietened down and brought them to a halt. 'Tails!' I then commanded, and at once they stood in Indian file, gripped each other's tails with their trunks, and cheerfully trotted back to the station.

That was not too bad, but in Iowa we missed out a town because all my elephants ran away. Near the goods yard of the Des Moines station was a lake, and it was blazing hot that day, so I gladly took advantage of the patch of water to let the creatures enjoy a really good dip. That unusual show of course drew hundreds of spectators. To get a better view of the diving, splashing, water-squirting elephants the crowds

clambered up on to the sheet-iron roofs of the disconnected wagons, as if about to cheer their own rugby team. But though five of my Indians had gone in with the larger elephants, suddenly all sixteen trunks were raised high in the air and in a fit of panic the whole herd of them swam to the other side of the lake and with shrill trumpeting vanished into the woods on the far side. It was not till twenty-four hours later that we had reassembled them all, and in order not to upset the remainder of our tightly drawn schedule we had to miss out the next place altogether. The loss to me was a round twelve thousand dollars.

I now decided that the thing to do was to have a really strong man to look after those pachydermatous friends of ours, so I put the strongest American we had in charge. This fellow turned the scales at exactly fifteen stones, and it was whispered of him that in self-defence he had killed two men with his fists. They called him the Star Kid, and he certainly was a colossus. He would have gone through fire on my account, and I think the elephants saw in him a rather unfortunate miscarriage of their own race. Whether that was really the reason or not, they were certainly very fond of him, while at the same time they held his whip in serious respect. Star Kid and a couple of stalwart Hamburger lads, on the payroll as animal keepers, formed the backbone of our motley staff.

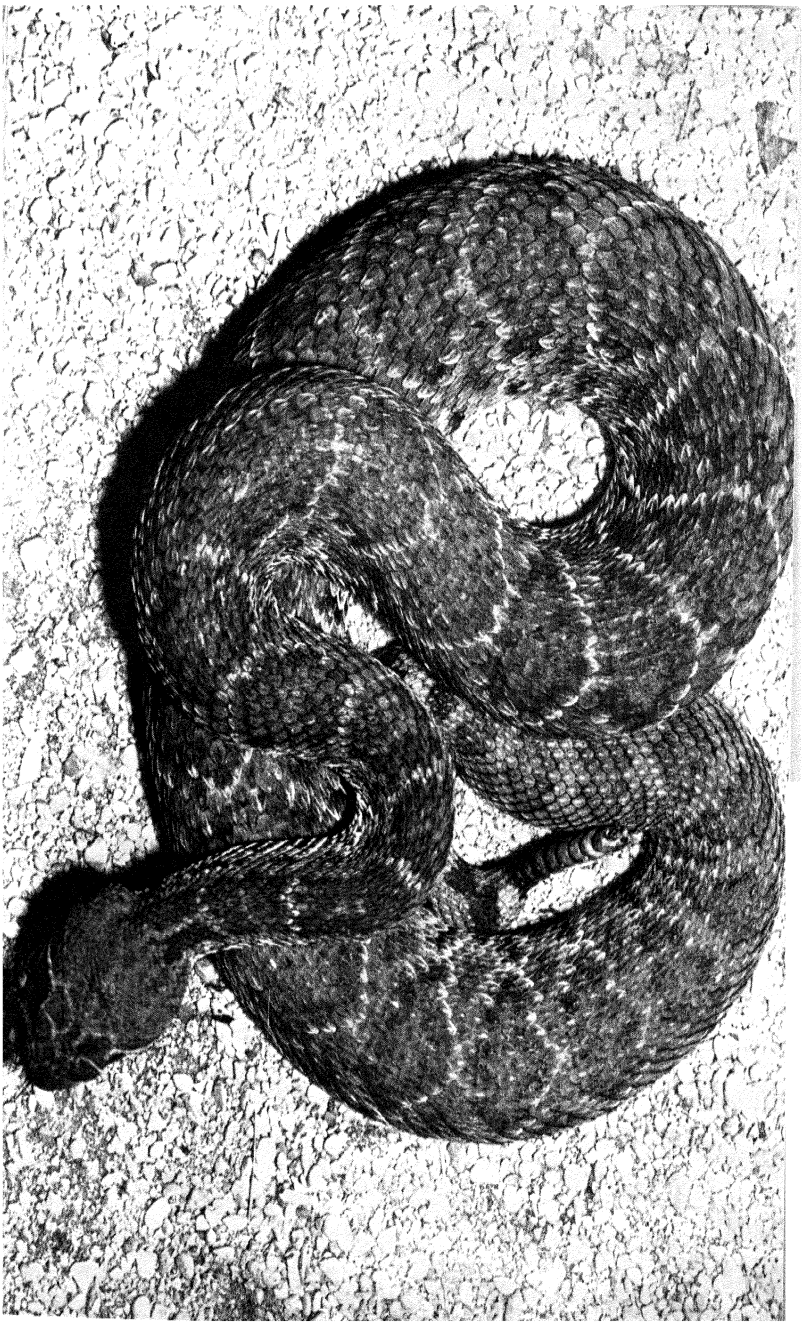
It was somewhere in Pennsylvania that one night the men charged with loading suddenly went on strike and threatened to come to blows if we insisted on going on working. Star Kid and his two lads piped their warnings, and loading proceeded as per usual. But when the train was assembled, the strikers deliberately switched the points wrongly, and as they had also loosened the rails on the sleepers we had a box-wagon of twenty horses tip over. In a twinkling, axes were to hand, and in no time Star Kid and our Hamburg lads had smashed in the roof of that truck to free the animals, which were terrified, struggling in a tangled confusion. At that instant, up came one of the strikers to enter an energetic protest. He said that opening box-wagons on our own like that was an infringement of labour regulations. I could hear him kicking up a terrible noise. Then suddenly there was silence. Later on that evening I asked Star Kid what had happened. But Star Kid merely shrugged his shoulders. 'That man,' he said, 'was so tired he just lay down and fell asleep.'

The strike leader was still asleep when my staff loaded the horses into another truck. I shone a lantern in the man's face, to be struck

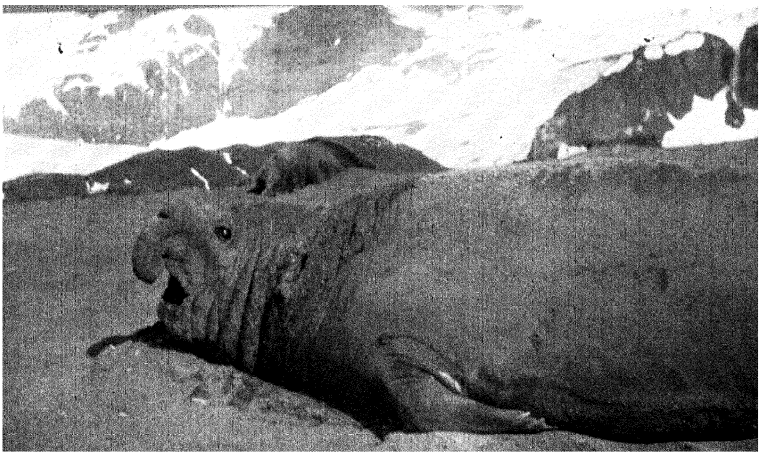
by the look of the fellow's chin. One would have said that he had collided with some very hard obstacle. But yet he was breathing very peacefully, and he was in nobody's road where he had chosen to lie. So, stuffing a five-dollar bill into his pocket for his 'pains,' I left him alone, and was rather glad when the locomotive gave its moving-off whistle without the fellow's having bothered Star Kid and his mates again.

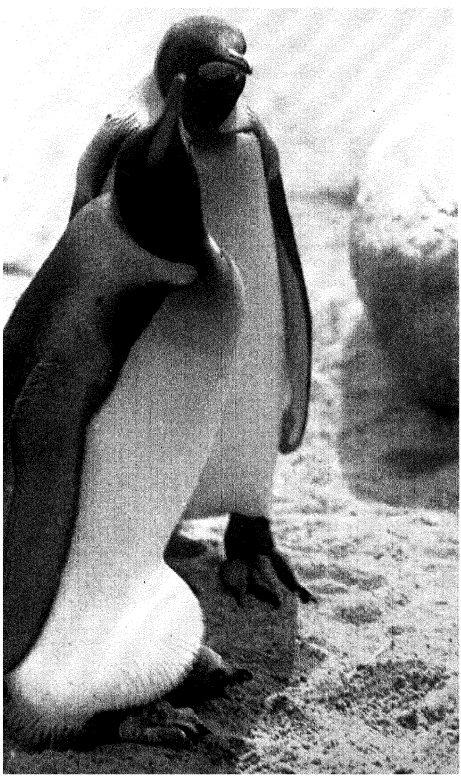
After we had covered 7,918 miles, that night melody of the United States railways came to its end for me at last. We had put up our big top in something like thirty towns before, after a farewell performance at Lebanon, we retired into well-earned winter quarters at the Carthage, Ohio, racecourse. The riding hall and many stables served as quarters for the animals, and our basic staff made themselves busy with repairs. Freed now from the treadmill of incessant travel and performance, Charly, Reuben and I went to New York, where at the Lüchau Restaurant, famous meeting-place of German sea captains, we astonished mine host and all the waiters by our prowess as apparently starving trenchermen.

Christmas was now at hand again, so in December 1905 I at last went back to Hamburg, taking with me Joe Stephan, son of old Sol of the Cincinnati Zoo, and Father welcomed us both, just in time for the Christmas celebrations.



A Rattlesnake—dangerously poisonous: the annular horny growth at the tip of the tail, which causes the rattle, can clearly be seen





Some of the inmates of Stellingen : King Penguins, and (above) a Sea-Elephant

WHEN I got home, it was to receive the startling news that the German Government had entrusted us with the task of getting a thousand dromedaries at top speed to the German defence forces in South-West Africa. They were urgently needed. The army there had no draught or riding animals for the Kalahari Desert, where the Herero people had risen in rebellion.

'Like to take them out?' Father asked me. 'Menges is already out in Massawa; I am sure you could be of use to him.'

On January 17th, I reached Port Said by the postal packet s.s. *Isis*, and as the *Maria Menzel* was not to arrive till somewhat later, I made an excursion to Cairo to take a look at the zoo there, at that time in the charge of Captain Flower. It would not have been surprising if in that climate they had a magnificent collection of African wild animals to show, but all the same the hippopotamus—an animal out of the very river which flowed almost at their door—had come from Hamburg! It was so much more reliable to order from Hagenbeck's catalogue than to send out one's own animal trappers.

Together Captain Flower and I paced the magnificent mosaic walks of the Cairo Zoo, and I learned from him that these were his greatest bugbear as they were constantly in need of repair, and only skilled Italian mosaic workers could be trusted to do the necessary work on them satisfactorily. Bemoaning the tremendous expense of all this, he explained that the mosaic was not originally laid for his zoo visitors, but for the veiled odalisques who once took their pleasure in these gardens, for this park had formerly constituted the harem gardens of some high-placed Egyptian dignitary.

It goes without saying that I made an excursion to see the Pyramids. For this purpose I hired a dromedary and thereby set the locals a real puzzle, for those crafty sons of the desert were used to spotting their customer's origins by his footwear. One glance at your shoes and they expected to know what language to address you in. But my shoes were Italian, I spoke English which was frankly American, my clothes were cut by a London tailor, but their contents were genuine Hamburg ware. And the Egyptians racked their poor brains more still over the

way I rode my dromedary,* which is no easy animal to handle. For of course they could not be expected to guess that at home in Hamburg I had had quite a lot to do with the 'ship of the desert' and knew just what to do with him.

Burning hot the gentle breeze of the Sahara blew steadily over the dunes of sand, which glinted in the sun. The desert was one immense yellow ocean, arched by an azure sky. Nearby, the four-thousand-year-old Cheops' pyramid reared its twenty-five million cubic feet of stone. And there was a dragoman, plucking at my leg, offering me a statuette, of course minus arms and legs, but I bent down from my saddle and in my best New York slang told the lad that I made the goddam things myself. 'And how's business?' I asked. Without a moment's hesitation, the young rogue took my breath away by asking me if I had any that I could sell him! Sphinx-like, I gazed into the far distance.

Two days later, the *Maria Menzel* berthed at Port Said. The captain was a knowledgeable young man, and he immediately invited me to go gambling with him. Our way led through winding alleys, down steps, through vaults, into a ghostly-lit room, in which a motley of persons of dubious respectability was seated round the gambling table. The captain immediately won £20, and as quickly lost it again. Finally he rose from the table £10 down and swore like the money-divers who ran down to the bank of the Suez Canal when our transport ship slowly drew near, to be tricked by the sailors who threw trouser buttons into the water for them to fish out.

At Massawa I shook Joseph Menges' hand. Menges was an old world traveller of ours, the man who had been such a good uncle to us during the cholera plague. Here everybody called him Mister Mungus. All the natives loved and respected him. The *Maria Menzel* unloaded the fodder it had brought from Hamburg, and here and at other harbours of the Red Sea took on board the dromedaries which Menges had already bought up. Grieger, our well-tried Siberian traveller, managed the job of getting the 'ships of the desert' on board. They clearly were not really seaworthy, but had to be trussed like mail packets, loaded on to flat-bottomed native boats in which they were taken out to the *Maria Menzel*, whose crane could then heave them on board.

All the same, there was one dromedary which wriggled free as it

* The author, of course, was on the single-humped *camel*, more specifically—and hereafter in this book—called the *dromedary*. The term camel includes the two-humped 'Bactrian' camel of Asia, or is used more specifically for this.—Translator.

was being hoisted on board, and fell plump into the Red Sea. At once in plunged the Arabs after it, and got a new strap under its belly and up it went again. By this time, as a matter of fact, that dromedary was swimming magnificently. I marvelled, however, that the operation passed off with no untoward incident, for all round we could see the spinal fins of countless sharks cleaving the surface of the blue waters.

When at last, with four hundred and three dromedaries and sixty Arab assistant keepers on board, the *Maria Menzel* moved off and her siren sounded *farewell*, I had only two days' time, for Father had now instructed me by telegraph to take along the sister ship, *Hans Menzel*, from Djibuti.

At Berbera I made a new friend and came upon an old acquaintance. The first was Father Cyprian, a missionary who was teaching the curly-headed little Somalis English, arithmetic, reading and writing, to which on his own account he added singing. The young songsters were burning to show me their skill, and as each of those shrill-voiced little things was anxious to be first the noise they created made their corrugated iron school hut vibrate from end to end.

The old acquaintance was our good Hersy Egeh, who as long ago as 1895 had led men and women of his tribe under my father's and Joseph Menges' guidance to the great *Somaliland in London* show which they put on at the Crystal Palace. I found his innumerable children were still amusing themselves with a now very rattly old bicycle which Hersy had taken back from London. It lacked brakes, wind in the tyres and bell, but was nevertheless still giving good service, with Hersy promising to bring the children back new tyres from Hamburg. For he had had a letter from my father asking him to go there the following year, taking the whole tribe of them, to be present at the opening of our Stellingen Animal Park.

Now, however, I was Hersy's guest. He placed a fine Arab stallion at my disposal, very proud at last to be able to show me his own country, which I certainly found as exciting as a Somali must find Hamburg. We rode to a village some distance inland, and soon by the distant clouds of dust saw that a great riding display, such as must delight any horse-lover, was in full swing. Their burnouses flying in the wind, the cavalcade came galloping down on us. Suddenly they reined in their horses and the audience leaned forward to watch. The dances began.

Hersy Egeh rose to his full chieftain-like height in his picturesque stirrups. I did not understand a single word of the speech he made,

but when he pointed to me and after my own name I heard 'Mister Mungus', the whole village yelled: '*Aya hovoh*,' spears flew into the air, and immediately there was a wooden box covered with a rush mat, and I had a seat of honour, from which to observe the passionately wild dances which followed!

How often since then have I seen such performances in circuses, animal parks and folk exhibitions, but none has ever impressed me so profoundly as that spontaneous ordinary local holiday dance under the burning sun of Somaliland.

Meantime that Government order, which at first had stipulated the supply of one thousand dromedaries, had been altered, and we now had to find two thousand of the beasts. To spare costs, Father wanted me to charter additional transport locally in African ports. As there was not a single ship at Berbera, Menges and I went on to Aden, a fortified British strongpoint on the sea route to India. In vain at Steamer Point we sought a dromedary-carrying steamer. Before we could find transport on to Djibuti, I had the opportunity here of seeing the water reservoirs which were being re-excavated. These reservoirs catch the rains coming down from the mountains, a valuable thing at the hot Gateway of Tears, on the water route from Bab el Mandeb. I was told by the corporal of an Indian regiment stationed there that those reservoirs held twenty million imperial gallons of water!

At Djibuti 'Mr. Mungus,' as the natives here too called him, hired a house for us down on the shore. This may sound very grand, but it merely meant a single whitewashed room with a door and two holes in the wall. These holes in the wall were said to be the windows. All night it seemed that all the cats and vermin of the neighbourhood used them to go in and out. Outside, the sea murmured in the moonlight and the hyenas howled, till I was dreaming that I was back in Hamburg, where so often hyena cries had been my lullaby.

Suddenly I had the impression I was out on a deep sea swell. Everything was swaying. Drowsy with sleep, I staggered to one of the windows and looked out. There was nothing to be seen, only the silvery moonshine over the midnight blue of the Gulf of Aden and the peaceful murmur of the sea.

'Don't worry, Lorenz,' Menges' voice suddenly startled my meditation. 'It was only a little earth tremor. You'll have to get used to those out here'—and he turned to the wall and was asleep again.

Meanwhile, the wind had risen, and a disgusting stench poured in

through the window holes. When I asked about it, Menges muttered an answer, and I had learned that Djibuti's principal export article was shark tails and fins, which the Chinese consider delicacies. The remainder of the shark is thrown away. I had thought there must be a stink-bomb factory nearby, and never dreamt I would one day find myself actually eating and enjoying shark fins.

The following morning, one of our travellers, Ernst Wache, arrived at Djibuti. Father had sent his very best men to Africa. He felt he had need of all possible forces, if he was to supply that huge Government order on time. At the Messageries Maritimes agency we learned that the s.s. *Akbar* which we had bespoken was to reach Aden in the next few days, and while Menges through Chief Egeh as interpreter was bargaining with the drivers over a party of dromedaries which had in the meantime come down from the interior, I went on to Aden with Wache to await the steamer.

I could have been of no use in dromedary buying, for I had not mastered the secret finger-language used in that trade. The following was the procedure. Hersy Egeh and the seller took each other's hands and covered them with a cloth. Thus they literally got into a huddle and, unseen by any of the dromedary salesmen clustering round them, bargained away unhindered to determine both fair price and Hersy's share in it. It was all done by a complicated system of finger pressure, and there was only one man working with Carl Hagenbeck of Hamburg who knew all the tricks of the East African dromedary trade, and that was Hersy Egeh.

Our wait at Aden was terribly dreary. Day after day I squatted on the quayside at Steamer Point and fished. As the sun went down the eels would bite well, but they always held fast to their holes by their tails. When I did pull in my first—steely blue and about a yard long—the natives ran wildly, with cries of: 'A snake, a snake!' Once again the old observation about country folk always being extremely cautious in their diet proved true, but at our inn we had those eels grilled for us and were delighted with them. They proved excellent eating, and a pleasant change from the Arab bill of fare.

Near to our table squatted our host, cross-legged on his mat. He was a genial Moslem, prepared to go to enormous pains to avoid the slightest exertion. In a way, he was right. It was like an oven at Aden. But his inertia went to strange lengths. When a maid wanted to give the floor a sweep, he made not the slightest effort to get out of the way, whereupon she unceremoniously grabbed the edge of his mat

and lugged the cross-legged figure a little to one side. That produced a heartbreaking sigh from the corpulent body. 'Verily,' he said sententiously, 'man, as you see, is like a bird, here at one moment, there the next.'

There was something in what he said. A fortnight later, we were back at Djibuti. The s.s. *Akbar* had still not come in, so I had to join the *Hans Menzel*, chartered at Hamburg, as what in maritime terms is known as supercargo.

Heavens, what an old tub that was! I was sure that that voyage must have been the very last before she broke up of her own volition. The bunkers caught fire no less than three times on that round-Africa trip. There was always a smell of burning and something smouldering about her, and as the deck was piled with straw, hay and other fodder, as well as quantities of spirit and styrax (which we used against scab), I was always fearing the worst. Below decks the heat was unbelievable. The combination of equatorial heat, bunker fires and the accumulated warmth of the crowded transport of dromedaries, produced a temperature which glued one's shirt to one's back. It was a glad moment every time I was at last able to clamber up, through the open hatch, away from it. If I had needed any additional proof of what a dromedary can stand, it was to hand now. They had been trained by centuries to hard conditions and chronic thirst.

Week after week we steamed along the coast of East Africa. We had a run through the streets of Mozambique, and we put in at Durban (or Port Natal) to take in fresh water and to bunker. Our captain put on his best Sunday suit and a bowler hat and showed me round the town. There were Zulu-Kaffirs waiting for us on the quay with their rickshas, a wonderful sight, for on their heads they wore the tremendous horns of antelopes or buffaloes, fantastically polished in radiating black and white lines, for which they use brushes made of porcupine quills. The strange, savage head-dress is further set off by lion or leopard skins draped over the men's shoulders.

There was a fierce crescendo of cries from the Zulu boys as they invited us to take a ride round their city. Into their rickshas we climbed, and off we went at a remarkable pace, our black human steeds making enormous strides, for, as the seating in their little vehicles was well behind the axle, at every leap he took the man on the long shafts was raised into the air, and thus carried forward some distance, before his weight counterbalanced and his feet could touch the ground again for another flying impulse to be given to the whole

combination. We simply flew along, cutting corners terribly sharply, and soon I saw my captain sprawling on the kerbstones. I hurried to his aid, but he was not hurt, only swearing so effectively that both our Zulus took to hasty flight.

The eighty Arab dromedary men whom we had taken on board at Berbera were under the command of Matthias Walter. Walter was one of those small, wiry fellows. The Stellingen folk had christened him Jack-in-the-Box, not only because it suited him, but also because his favourite expression was to say something was as broad as it was long,* and in German that suggested the punning nickname. He had formerly been at sea.

Rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we ran into a storm and then Walter had a very narrow squeak. He was nearly swept overboard. We had been struggling day and night at about two knots an hour under full steam against high wind and heavy seas, when the tarpaulin which protected the dromedary stalls was torn away. Up to his waist in the seas breaking over the deck, Walter fought his way forward to get at them when a high wave broke over the *Hans Menzel*, tearing the ship's bell from its lashings and sending it crashing against the bridge. When the ship lifted her nose again out of the foaming waters there was nobody to be seen. Only after anxious moments did we discover what had happened to Walter—he had been thrown twenty yards back, midships, happily unhurt, but buried under the ruins of the dromedary stalls, which had now completely collapsed. One of the animals had its neck broken, another had been swept over a barrier and strangled by its own halter. But, to balance this loss of two animals, by the time that, after thirty-seven days' voyage, we anchored off Lüderitz Bay, seven new dromedaries, mostly born in the Indian Ocean, had seen the light of day.

Lüderitz Bay was inhabited by great quantities of penguins, but I had no time to catch any, for our orders were to continue without delay to Swakopmund. Before we left on this last stage of our journey, Fritz Schipfman came on board. He had had charge of twenty-seven dromedaries of the previous consignment, which had been rejected by the Defence Force recruiting commission as obviously ailing, but under his care the animals had clearly got over their indispositions and were in fine form.

Three days later our anchor once again rattled through the hawse-

* In German: '*doch Jacke wie Hose*'—'*as much jacket as trews*', i.e. 'as broad as it's long'—the German expression was turned into Hamburg dialect *Jack un Büx*.—Translator.

hole and we were at Swakopmund. The unloading was an interesting operation, as there was no quay, and heavy Atlantic breakers were constantly breaking on the shelving beach. The animals were lowered on to a pontoon attached by a hawser to a windlass on shore, and every time this rose on the crest of a breaker a few feet of hawser were swiftly hauled in by a team of soldiers, till at last the thing grounded firmly on the sandy beach.

By now, no doubt both through the food we were getting and climatic changes, Schipfman, Wache (another assistant), Walter and I were all down with a sharp attack of dysentery. As the only regular convenience in the little inn where we put up (dignified by the title 'hotel'!) happened to be at the bottom of the backyard, for some time the whole of the great firm of Hagenbeck, Section South-West Africa, kept to its rooms, seated on so many enamel receptacles. Matthias Walter was the most seriously affected, but found our situation so funny that in spite of severe pain he went into hysterics of laughter every time the gripes began. However, I came to the conclusion that he was in rather a dangerous condition, so as a Wörmann steamer was just leaving for Hamburg I dispatched him straight back home. As we knew no ship would willingly accept a passenger suffering from that particular complaint, we resorted to a ruse, and in the guise of a tipsy man found we had no difficulty whatsoever in getting Walter on board. Once there, he soon retired to the ship's sick-bay and spent the whole voyage there. It was not for some time after his return to Germany that he really recovered. But by means of horse doses of castor oil, helped down by quantities of mulled red wine and tots of neat rum, the rest of us were able to rise again from our enamel thrones and get about.

In all we transported two thousand dromedaries, including first-class riding animals, to German South-West Africa, and the Defence Force lost no time in going into training with them. With the consignment, we supplied £7,000 worth of saddles, made after the native pattern by Hamburg saddlers. Just to give an idea of the tremendous cost of all this, let me mention that our cable bill alone amounted to £2,000—I say nothing of the huge charges for chartering five whole transport ships.

Introducing the dromedary into South-West Africa, Father was convinced he had achieved something momentous in cultural history. Later it was to be seen how mistaken he was. But at that time I think there was nobody who realised that the little boneshakers which were beginning to trundle the roads of Europe on veterinary surgeon

Dunlop's pneumatic rubber tyres—the first automobiles in other words—were the real epoch-makers in that sphere, destined to eliminate both the horse in Europe and the dromedary in South Africa.

. . . . .

Stellingen was now like an ant-heap. In the animal-park-to-be our foundling working elephants jostled one another, hauling the huge drays, specially built for them, containing up to five thousand cubic yards of earth—all dug out, by the way, and loaded by hand. Hirsch, the landscape gardener, had undertaken to transform waste ground into a park landscape. The only trees growing there at the time were the three oaks near what was to become our Japanese Island. The plot was all pasture, except for some acres of potatoes. Today over sixty different species of trees and shrubs grow there, giving all-the-year-round life to the park. Valuable bronze statuary, Japanese vases higher than a man, have found their place harmoniously amid the East Asian flora of the Japanese Island garden.

Here among other trees were planted some specimens of the rare gingko, or maidenhair tree, with its lovely golden autumn hues. Hold one of the peculiarly shaped leaves of this tree against the light and you have its secret revealed, for each leaf consists of many fine needles which, close packed, have grown together. The gingko is a half-way species between needle-bearing and leaf-bearing trees, a primitive form of growth, first discovered by a German botanist in Japan in 1690. It was none other than Goethe who was responsible for planting the first tree of the kind in Germany. It stands in the Prince's Park in Jena. Gingkos flourished in the days of the great saurians, before man existed at all.

Speaking of saurians, I recall that it was our sculptor, Joseph Pallenberg, who showed the Hamburg stonemasons the awesome form of the various monsters which existed millions of years ago. Under his tuition, they reproduced in stone the pterodactyl and other amphibian monsters, creating them life size in our Stellingen Animal Park. Father sent the Düsseldorf sculptor to the natural history museums of Germany and America, and then, basing himself on skeletal finds and the latest palæontological advice, Pallenberg built up the largest of all dinosaurians—the diplodocus, which was about seventy feet long.

He was a very jolly fellow, was that good Rhinelander, and as he never let his pipe go out while working he was popularly known as *Jupp mit de Piep*, or Pipe Joe. His studio at Lohausen was more like a

natural history museum, and his live models were a private zoo in themselves. He was a first-class sculptor and an animal friend too, always able to realise in three dimensions whatever Wilhelm Kuhnert produced in sketchbook or on the easel. When, arriving home from Africa, I drove in under the scaffolding of our main entrance, Pallenberg's animals were just being unpacked, and to this day they still offer sightseers life-size reproductions of the animal world of the Arctic and the Tropics. Thus were artists, engineers, gardeners and navvies, all under Heinrich's general direction, realising Father's life's dream, and there was work enough for everybody.

However, my own circus enterprise soon called me back to North America. Lee Williams telegraphed: 'Come immediately, meet at Chicago.' But when I arrived it was to find a message from him to say that he would be three days late. That was bad, since I had brought no spare cash with me. I could, of course, pay my hotel bill later, but I did not want to owe the accommodating head waiter for my meals. As I did not want to bother any of our American acquaintances for a loan, I wandered in very ill humour about the streets, puzzling out how I was to exist for three days more on my very last dollar. I paused outside a twenty-five-cent bar.

'Hallo there, Lawrence, how are you?' cried a waiter who obligingly stood in the doorway.

I was defeated. 'How do you know me?' I asked.

'Jesus Christ,' he cried, 'didn't I serve you day in, day out, at the Outside Inn, during the St. Louis World Exhibition? Surely you haven't forgotten how my boss took refuge in the fireplace?'

Only then it dawned on me who he was, and as he seemed so friendly I plucked up courage and sponged on him. He at once lent me ten dollars, and so, till Lee Williams turned up, I was well away.*

What a reunion that was at the circus! Ringling was so excited that he actually swallowed his tobacco quid, though the accident still left him enough spittle to send copious streams in all directions to show his delight. And there was John Sheehy, six-shooter in place in coat pocket, beaming with pleasure. And Tiger, our four-footed cash-guard, leaping all over me, barking and whining with delight. And Prince whinnying. They were all jolly glad to see me, and my boyhood friends, Charly and Reuben, laid on a festive feast in the circus dining tent. I must admit that when, somewhat later, I stretched out again in my home on wheels, I was very content to be back on the

*Prices were of course different—this was half a century ago.—Translator.

circus round again. And once again the wheels hammered out their rhythm of the road as they clicked over the rail joints.

The following day, however, was not so pleasant. Running through the books, I found that Lee Williams had made changes to which I had never given my consent, and as a result had bumped up our daily outgoings for the three-ring circus by a cool thousand dollars. That was too much for so young an enterprise, and I told him at once that we were bound to lose money.

One morning we were again on one of those drives to the bank when there was a telegram from Stellingen—good news from Heinrich; he announced the birth of his third daughter.

'Now, that sure smells like champagne,' growled John Sheehy, when we had dropped in to a pub to celebrate on a 'Ginger-ale high-ball.' The bartender wished us good business and brought out another bottle. When we got to our wagon I ventured a little speech. In fact, I must say that we were really very merry indeed that day and everybody we came upon had to drink a glass to the health of the new-born squaller. I remember that somebody had lit a bonfire to clean up packing straw and paper decorations. And as in America it was customary to stop wearing straw hats dead on the stroke of September 1st, I suddenly tore Reuben's old boater from his head and threw that too on the flames. For a moment he was hopping mad, then he laughed it away. A moment later he vanished, to reappear with a marvellous new panama on his head. Naturally when I wanted to get that one off too he put up a defence, but when at last I had bested him and put that thing too on the fire he laughed till I thought his sides would split. Only then did I discover that I had just burned my own precious new hat, which Reuben had kindly fetched from the truck. The score was now 1–1, and, as Reuben said, my conscience could be clear!

For most towns we were a new event. When I went to the local police for our permit, I would often be sternly asked what sort of card-sharping we dealt in. It was with both great firmness and great hope that usually I answered that in our outfit all card-sharping was forbidden; if anybody were caught gambling on our ground he would be handed over to the police forthwith. Usually these assurances of mine were met with a cynical laugh, and the threat of the lock-up for us all if anyone among us were found indulging in gambling.

I was still rather a greenhorn, you see, but I pretty soon learned the way the wind blew in America. It was on that occasion when I tried to sell old Ben Wallace a dozen performing elephants. If ever there

was a dyed-in-the-wool American showman it was Wallace. 'Elephants?' he cried. 'You get to hell with them animals! They'd eat the hair right off my head and cost a fortune. If ever I want to earn some dollars, I think up a new game.'

To understand Wallace, I needed no dictionary, but I did take a good look at the way he got the dollars out of people's pockets. Crowds would flock in their thousands round a stage, on which was a man selling lottery tickets, and all would be astonished to see that people were actually winning—here five, there ten, even twenty dollars. Indeed, at first there was hardly anybody round who did not win something. Of course, the winners were almost all stooges of the man on the platform. Nor did these runners-up stint their praises of the system, and I can still recall an old farmer who brought out one ten-dollar note after another and gambled them all away. When the old fool fell out of the running, the worthy and enterprising gentleman on the platform had already relieved him of a hundred dollars. While this kind of circus work was still unknown in Germany, there were at the turn of the century many men in America making their fortunes at it.

Later, when our circus seemed to have ceased to be at all profitable, and I at last returned to Germany, our American partners joined up with this very showman, Ben Wallace. Father had tried to sell the circus to the Ringling brothers, but by himself he was unable to persuade the Ringlings to buy, so it came first to what was advertised as the 'joint' Hagenbeck-Wallace Show. We protested against our name being exploited in this way, and gave Charles Ringling full powers to do what he could to rescue it, but after Father's death during the first world war and the inflation which followed the ensuing peace, we simply had not the money to go to law about it. Thus it was that in the twenties, until at last it was sold to the Ringlings, there was a circus going round America calling itself the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus.

PATENT NO. 91,492 BECOMES REALITY

MAY 7TH, 1907, was a red-letter day in the Hagenbeck family, for that afternoon the Stellingen Animal Park opened its gates. Patent No. 91,492 issued to my father in 1896 had materialised. Father's great dream was fulfilled. At the formal opening, the director of the Copenhagen Zoo raised his glass and made a most amusing speech, addressing my parents as 'the Adam and Eve of an animal paradise on the banks of the Elbe.'

Among the exotic guests was Hersy Egeh, punctual as ever in his arrival at Hamburg, and complete with favourite sons and daughters. Hersy was in full war-paint, and we noticed that the family was increasing in great strides as the years went by. The loveliest of his marriageable daughters was Kadidja.

'You take her,' said Hersy to me, offering her dusky hand. The lass was certainly gleaming with health, but also with mutton fat, for this was what in Somali fashion she used for dressing her ebony hair.

I thanked Hersy punctiliously, but declined the opportunity. Even though unannounced, I had, indeed, already made my choice. But I expressed my hope that in her own land Kadidja might find a happy match, perhaps of more suitable colour than myself.

In Stellingen's opening year the gates exceeded all expectations. The crowds used to pour through the park in their thousands. It was then only half its later size. But Father counted on still higher attendances and pressed for extensions as soon as feasible. He was also a little worried, and not without good reason, lest the further development of our animal park were hindered by the building of large industrial plant next to us. In order not to be squeezed into a narrow wedge of space between blocks of flats and factories, he quickly bought up—with the help of friends and the banks—sites all round the park. Tenement blocks even at that early date had already spread out almost to the city boundaries. (Stellingen, of course, was outside what was strictly Hamburg territory.)

I remember once, when I was setting out for America, my mother suddenly enjoining me not to bring her home an American daughter-in-law. 'She won't be able to cook,' she said. She already had no need


PATENT-URKUNDE

No 91492

AUF GRUND DER ANGEHEFTETEN PATENTSCHRIFT IST DURCH BESCHLUSS DES KAISERLICHEN PATENTAMTES

an Carl Hagenbeck in Hamburg

EIN PATENT ERTHEILT WORDEN.

GEGENSTAND DES PATENTES IST:

Panorama.

GESETZ v. 7. APRIL 1891

ANFANG DES PATENTES: 7. Februar 1896

DIE RECHTE UND PFLICHTEN DES PATENTINHABERS SIND DURCH DAS PATENT-GESETZ, VOM 7. APRIL 1891 (REICHS-GESETZBLATT FÜR 1891 SEITE 79) BESTIMMT.

ZU URKUND DER ERTHEILUNG DES PATENTES IST DIESE AUSFERTIGUNG ERFOLGT.

KAISERLICHES PATENTAMT.

to worry. On November 9th, that year, I was able to calm all her fears on that score. When today I take in my hands that copy of *Die Woche*, at that time a most popular weekly magazine, and turn the pages to the big spread about our wedding, in all its great joy that day comes back to me on which my darling Else and I together began life's great *pas-de-deux*.

During Hamburg's 1908 race week, the Emperor Wilhelm II paid

a visit to our animal park. Father, Heinrich and I stood in our best frock-coats and top hats at the main entrance to receive the monarch. All our friends and acquaintances had showered advice on us how to behave, for it was a long time since we had had so elevated a visitor. We were on no account to address His Majesty ourselves; we were to maintain a respectfully humble but yet dignified bearing; we must hold our top hats in our left hands; we must do this and we must on no account do that!

It was a little before ten when the four imperial Mercédès motor-cars with the familiar imperial hooters sounding roared into sight at high speed. In the first car I recognized the Kaiser, in naval uniform. For hours already the Veterans Associations of the 1848–51 and 1870–1 wars had been assembled, complete with standards and brass bands. The school children all had a holiday and our Altona police had their hands full to keep the route free from children. On our flagstaff the national flag of Prussia was topped by the black, white and red flag of the Reich—for of course Stellingen could not forget that it was Prussian territory. The cheering resounded all the way from Hamburg to the animal park, and the crowds in the streets and squares were dense.

'Good morning, comrades!' cried the Kaiser to the war veterans as he stepped from his car. The Prussian Ambassador, Count von Götzen, then presented Father, Heinrich and myself. At once the Kaiser's beaming goodwill and cordiality eased the stiffness of those first moments. 'I already know your animal park so well from the cinematographs,' said Wilhelm II, with a laugh, 'but my brother has told me that I really must have a look at the real thing.'

There followed a pleasant stroll of several hours through the park, which for the whole of that morning was closed to the public. Everywhere stood our keepers, in gala uniform. It was all rather like a regimental parade, and every man heaved a sigh of relief when the august visitor uttered his perfunctory words of praise. While Father conversed enthusiastically with the Kaiser, my brother and I gave the Court Marshals, the Generals, the Supreme Stable-masters and other members of the imperial suite whatever explanations they desired.

. . . . .

In the training hall our leading tamer, Papa Schilling, showed the Kaiser his big mixed groups of the big carnivores. But it was the Indian conjurer of the Singhalese company who attracted most attention,

and after a strenuous two and a half hours' sightseeing the Kaiser expressed a wish to have this performer show his skill on board the Imperial yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, then lying in the harbour.

The same afternoon, I drove in all my finery out in an elegant coach, together with our Indian fakir, to the landing-stage dock, where the *Hohenzollern* lay. Clearly the officers of the watch thought it was some oriental potentate come with his ambassador to pay court. The bosun's pipe shrilled and it was with much pomp that we strode under the blue ceiling of the landing-bridge, which had been transformed into a regular arbour by flowers and bunting. The watch presented arms, and when the officer in command received me I detected a little grin playing on his face. We agreed that this was probably the first time that a recruit whose only military service had been three weeks in the Count Bose Infantry Regiment No. 31 had been accorded such a reception. On the other hand, had I not brought *the* wonder of India to the Royal yacht?

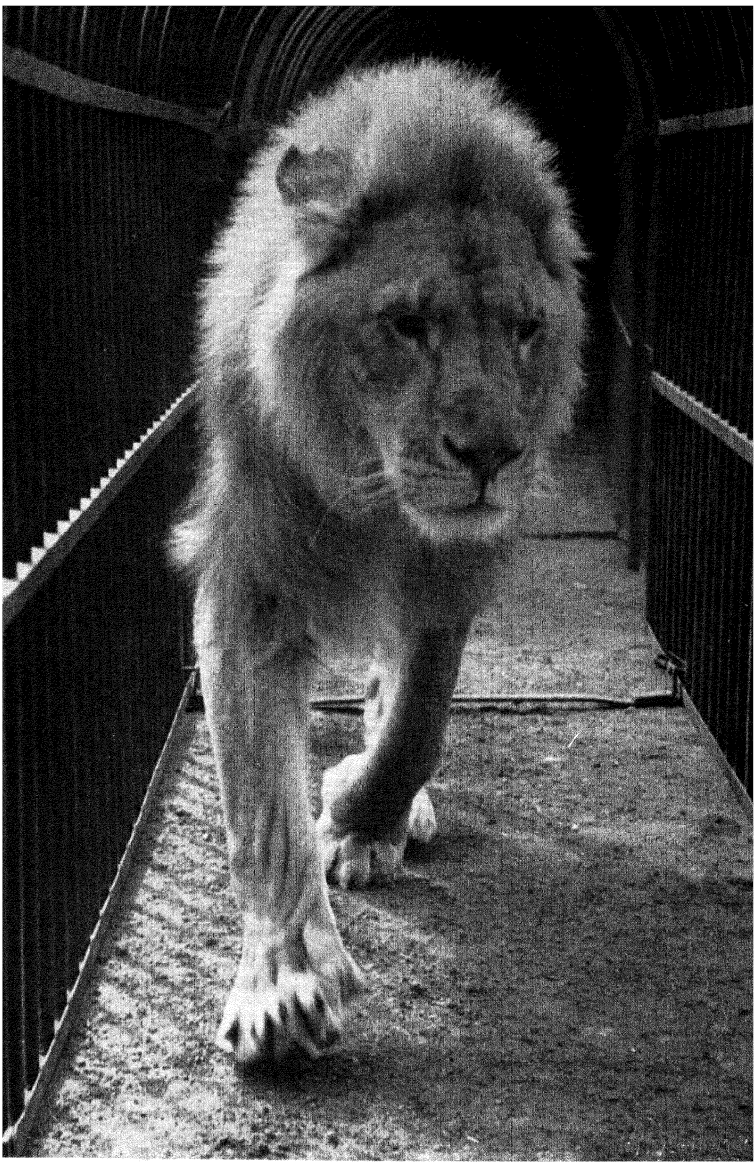
A dazzling company had assembled on the after-deck, among whom I was amused to recognise the same personalities whom so recently I had shown over our animal park. The Kaiser himself was in fine form, and kept asking me what the magician was saying. This was because our Indian accompanied his tricks with a regular cascade of words. But I had not the faintest idea what they meant. However, I used my wits and with my eyes keenly following the fellow's picturesque gestures I 'translated' away. The conjurer brought the house down when he asked for a ring, and threw it into the air—where it vanished—then pointed to his 'magic bag' and asked the Kaiser to take out any one of the oranges in it and hand it to him. Demonstrating to everybody that the peel of the selected orange was untouched, he split it open with nimble fingers, to reveal the ring stuck in the heart of it. I never saw the Kaiser more happy than he was at that moment.

A few hours later the *Hohenzollern* weighed anchor and set course for Heligoland.

In our animal park this festive day was concluded by our brass band playing Saro's great 'Battle Potpourri,' which in those days was as a rule emphasised at the high points by real volleys of rifle fire and salvoes of cannon. Our polar bears were quite used both to this and to having their northern panorama lighted by Bengal fire. On the other hand, the ten elephants, which our Singhalese one night rode down to the Eidelstedt station, were just as timid as the bears were brave. The point of the ride to the station was that these elephants

Our Igorots stare in amazement at our St. Louis Arctic Panorama

Below: Peaceful watering: the scene only a few seconds before our elephants stampeded at Des Moines



A lion on its way to the circus ring

were to travel to Munich for the October carnival, where we had built up a large menagerie and a show of exotic peoples.

It was at Munich that my father once had the scare of his life. This was in 1888, during some centenary celebrations. His elephants were to make a triumphal march-past through Odeon Square, near which runs a railway. A locomotive suddenly let off steam and frightened the animals. One broke through the wall of a house, though once inside it stepped carefully over a cradle in which a baby was sleeping. Another elephant made its way into the Court Brewery, and is to this day considered the most remarkable of the visitors ever to go there. We had much the same mishap on the night that this particular group of elephants were to go to Munich. A shunting engine with gleaming head lanterns suddenly came rattling and hissing along near by, and the elephants took fright. They just seemed all at once to leave the ground without a sound, and before the Indian mahouts had picked themselves up off the ground where they were pitched, the whole herd had stampeded and was tearing through the suburbs of Stellingen, Eidelstedt and Lokstedt. The adventures of that night are still fireside talk.

There was, for instance, the gentleman who came home rather late and was fumbling for the keyhole when he seemed to see an elephant peep round the corner of his house. That shook him badly, but he tried not to be scared, and told himself that he was not really quite so pickled. Besides, one saw white mice, did one not, when one had D.T.s, and he was hardly going to believe that even if he were in such a condition he would see elephants. To make quite sure, he crept quietly round the house—to see the same elephant, back view, scratching its brawny shoulder cosily on the corner of the wall. That did awaken the homecomer. He scrambled up the balcony railing, rang my father up and when at last he got through said meekly. 'Mr Hagenbeck, if you've lost an elephant, it's in my front garden.'

Father of course still knew nothing, so he concluded that this was a practical joker and banged the receiver down very angrily. It was only when later he saw all the lights were on in the park and the police began to rally all our elephant keepers that he realised that his night call had been quite genuine!

However, by early morning it proved possible to tether most of the truants to trees, though a female which we called Ceylon was not located till the following afternoon. She was deep in the woods out

at Pinneberg, and had to be led home by our Stellingen working elephant Roma.

One good burgher's summer-house was destroyed during that night's gallivanting, but fortunately the field damage—at which elephants are most expert—was very slight and soon settled with moderate sums in ready cash plus free tickets. When we reviewed the whole event, we found that the person who was apparently least disturbed of all was a certain little old lady out in her garden. When she saw an elephant coming her way she quickly bolted her rickety little wicket-gate, and ran up to it with her open umbrella. 'No, no,' she cried, 'don't you come into my garden, or I'll give you what for!' Whether the elephant was really frightened, or just had a sense of humour, I cannot say, but the fact is that it did come to a dead stop at her feeble little gate and did not even try to get into the tempting garden.

Every spring my parents went to the French Riviera for several weeks' holiday. They generally chose Nice, and there my father made the acquaintance of the young American John Millen. Being, like every good Yankee, a keen business man, Millen was running an ostrich farm in the South of France, for at the time there was a great fashion for what were called *pleureuses* and *boas*, both of which articles of feminine adornment required ostrich feathers. The Mediterranean climate suited both farmer and stock, so it was easy for Millen to produce magnificent specimens of the feathers with which the ladies on the fashionable promenades of Nice decorated their cart-wheel hats. This struck my father forcibly and he told himself that he might do the same, which with his temperament was equivalent to getting it done. Without hesitation he engaged John Millen's services, and thus Germany acquired its first ostrich farm—at Stellingen. The moment Father had got it started, in came the breeding stock—blue-legged varieties from Somaliland and giant red-necked birds from West Africa, and these selected breeding specimens were crossed.

To hatch out the eggs, which the ostrich buries lightly in sand, the modern incubator was substituted for the burning sunshine of Africa, maintaining a temperature of 113° F., and in about forty-one days ostrich chicks hatched out. Devising a foster-mother was not so easy. John Millen had to turn the eggs every day and twice a week expose them for a time to fresh air and wash them over with lukewarm water.

Ostrich eggs on the average equal from twenty-six to twenty-eight ordinary domestic fowls' eggs, but the biggest I ever handled equalled

thirty-six ordinary eggs. It was double-yolked, and from it—a great rarity—hatched two healthy chicks. Unfortunately, however, they shared their navel string. Painstakingly, they were separated, but they lived only a few days.

The young ostriches followed their foster-father—Millen—everywhere. At first he fed them with fresh ostrich eggs, then passed over to chopped lucerne and finally to shredded meat—to serve as substitute for the insects on which ostriches feed in their native land. The little ostriches hatched out as spiny as hedgehogs. In their third year the cock birds acquired their black feathering, with fine tufts of white plumage, but the hen birds remained grey all over. Our Hamburg air induced a remarkably thick feathering, so that when eventually we supplied Stellingen ostrich cock birds to South African farms for breeding purposes the farmers were most grateful.

On June 21st, 1909, this pioneer German ostrich farm was opened by the Empress. Adjacent, we had our own workshops, where women workers goffered *pleureuses* for the market, till Queen Fashion dethroned that particular form of feminine decoration and all the ostrich farmers of the world had to think up something else to do.

I have, I think, rarely known a more stupid creature than the ostrich. Not, of course, that he really does stick his head in the sand, as our comic papers would have us believe, for when they are frightened they just flap their wings excitedly and run, with enormous strides, zigzagging away from what has scared them. But I have seen something which I find even more stupid, and that is an ostrich which, having stuck its head between the bars of its cage, just had not the sense to see how to get it out again. Having far more power in its legs than its brain, it had not tried any manœuvring, but just pulled—till its head came right off. We found it decapitated, body inside, head lying on the ground outside the cage!

Ostrich gizzards 'stomach' things which no other creature would stand—coins, rings, keys, pencils and pebbles are not, I think, particularly nutritive, but ostriches readily pick them up and swallow them. In the gizzard of one newly imported bird we actually found some copper nails. The points and the heads had already been nearly eaten away by the digestive juices, which are very strong, and the nails shone as if polished. Father had one set in a gold tie-pin and gave it to John Millen as a memento.

THE FIRST SEA-ELEPHANTS COME TO GERMANY

IN AUGUST 1909 it was once again 'pack your bags!' Dr. Schneidermann, head of the Argentine State Railways, had written to my father and asked him if he could take to Buenos Aires a zoological circus like that which had been sent to St. Louis. It was wanted as part of the centenary celebrations of the foundation of the republic. There was at the same time to be a Railway Exhibition and an Agricultural Show and the Argentinians guaranteed a good gate for our circus. The agricultural show particularly interested us, for, in addition to our own circus, we undertook to transport to the Argentine the animals which were going to be exhibited by the Agricultural Society of Germany.

So off we went to Buenos Aires! One conference followed the other. The exhibition ground was on the outskirts of Palermo, which is a rich residential suburb of Buenos Aires, to which good roads, however, had still to be constructed. But the city authorities guaranteed that this would be achieved in time and that there would be a water supply.

I had, however, scarcely completed my fourth day in the 'city of good air' when there was Father telegraphing to me to come back. Decisions were not coming through quickly enough for the old boy! Father had never heard of that period of time known as *mañana*. If we were going to get ready at our usual speed, there was nothing for it but immediately to take out workers and carpenters from Hamburg.

I returned home and went to see the large Stromeyer tent-making concern at Konstanz. From them I ordered a free-hanging marquee two hundred and forty feet by one hundred and five feet. I also put in hand an imposing façade for the circus main entrance to this. While Father and Heinrich began getting together the show animals and the performing animals I set sail back again on the *Cap Arcona* for Buenos Aires, this time taking my wife and eighteen-month-old son Carl Lorenz with me. This was my first big journey *en famille*, and whereas previously I had had to see that my elephants did not get constipated and my dromedaries did not get the scab, now I had other cares not so very different. Carlo, as we called him, bawled his head off, my better half went down chronically seasick, and our maid Paula was soon

keeping her company. Hence it was I who traipsed between galley and cabin with baby's bottle, in an effort at least by night to placate him.

Paula, however, was fairly soon on her feet again. But now the sea air gave her a remarkable appetite, and before we reached Buenos Aires our luck ran out again, for the girl began to complain of cramp in her limbs. At last Else got her to bed as preparation for calling in the doctor, only, surprisingly, to find that no doctor was necessary for the diagnosis. Paula had simply got so fat that her underclothes—worn rather voluminously in those days—were hindering her circulation, for in three weeks the girl had put on thirty-six pounds in flesh! When certain mysterious operations with scissors and needle and cotton had been effected, Paula's crippling cramp rapidly disappeared. Indeed, she now slept so soundly that no baby could have bawled loudly enough to waken her, and when on one occasion she fell out of her bunk, which was an upper one, it was to be found the next morning still sound asleep on her bedding on the floor. I myself did not enjoy such peace, for hot on my heels, only a fortnight away, was a steamer conveying an army of carpenters and building material. My contract specified that the show must be ready by the end of April.

What made the sensation in Buenos Aires was our collection of carnivorous animals without cages. To show our fierce pets as we wished, deep moats still had to be dug and concreted. When I rejoined the family at the Plaza Hotel in Buenos Aires, after my first trip out to Palermo, I had the depressing conviction that by the time we had completed all that constructional work the whole exhibition would be over. However, in the end the only thing which *was* ready was our *Exposición Carlos Hagenbeck*, and that on the dot too. And just as keenly on time the *Santa Elena* came with our animal tamers and their animals, men and beasts alike already world famous. There, leaning over the ship's rail, waving, was Richard Sawade, a true gentleman of the central cage—the man from whose sleigh an enthusiastic Russian audience had once unharnessed the horses, to draw it to his hotel by hand together with all the presents the Tsar and the Grand Dukes had showered on him.

Sawade, a school-teacher's son from Drossen, had with him that celebrated lion-producer Claire Heliot, an outstanding animal tamer of the day, a man who for generations ahead set an example of how to do it. Further, there were Fritz Schilling with his twenty polar bears, Corradini the Italian with his elephants; there were zebras, horses

and dogs, while Captain Nansen's sea-lions were bellowing excitedly in their tank-wagon and Hans Schröder's chimpanzees were doing a little advance practice work on deck on their bicycles.

Our band of eighteen instruments now took up stations for'ard and struck up the Argentinian national anthem. But as it took rather longer than they anticipated to bring the steamer properly up to the quay, the conductor played far more verses than the anthem envisages. This had rather an unfortunate result, for it was the South Americans' custom always to listen to their anthem bareheaded, and the crowds began to get irritated at having to suffer so much sunshine on their bare heads. A mutter of complaint arose, but the band was making such a din that our good bandmaster took absolutely no notice of my shouting. I was in the end compelled to throw something at him to attract his attention. I succeeded at last with—a banana!

While our carpenters, decorators, electricians and tent makers were erecting our buildings and tents, I was frequently the guest of my good friend Dr. Clemente Onelli, of the Buenos Aires Zoo. For, if I may put it like that, animal handlers the wide world over have a language in common, the language of the heart. It was, incidentally, in Onelli's zoo that my marriage suffered its first serious *contretemps*. Carlo had just begun to toddle, and of course he wanted to feed the monkeys with a packet of 'bikkies.' In the particular cage which he chose there was a big family of capuchin monkeys bounding about, and I knew what vicious little beasts they can be. So I said: No! But Mamma said: Yes! 'Do let him have his little amusement,' insisted my good Else. And so it went on: No! Yes! No! Yes!—when suddenly Carlo, taking proper advantage of this parental dispute, went up to the cage and held out his hand. Then the fun began. With his little hands already nastily scratched, I got him away just in time, or the savage little creatures would certainly have pulled them through into the cage and bitten them, to get him to open that tight little fist in which he held those biscuits.

I tell this story because unfortunately I still often see parents at our animal park lift their children up over the fence to 'shake hands with the monkeys.' These delightful monkeys may equally well be baboons or orang-utans or chimpanzees, by whom one of our keepers was once so badly mauled that he had to have his arm amputated.

But of course I did not pay visits to the Buenos Aires Zoo to squabble with my wife in the monkey-house, but because it had zoological rarities, in the shape of sea-elephants and penguins, which for a long

time had not been seen in any German zoo. When these particular animals were brought to Buenos Aires, I had gone on board the steamer with Onelli and met the Norwegian captain who had caught them, and arranged with him that when he made his next voyage out he should take one of our animal trappers with him.

It was many years before this that over a cup of coffee at our Stellingen home the captain of the *Valdivia* expedition had told my father about these mighty seals. I had at the time got quite excited about the idea of acquiring some of those unknown animals for our animal park. I remember father squinting at me over his spectacles and saying: 'That will never be more than a dream, while I am alive.'

Now at last the realisation of the dream was at hand. I sent Johannes Pallenberg, a brother of the Düsseldorf sculptor, to the Antarctic, and here is an extract from his story.

'Our steamer loaded provisions and coal for a Norwegian whaling outpost, which we reached after nine days' voyage south. Enormous icebergs, a terrible stink and vast flights of Cape pigeons and seagulls soon indicated our goal, where at this time of the year one hundred and forty Norwegians were reducing a thousand whales to thirty-five thousand barrels of whale-oil. They also had a permit to slaughter sea-elephants—five thousand bulls a season.

'It made my heart bleed to have to behold that mass slaughter of animals which would have enriched any zoo in the world. From afar off I could distinguish the huge bodies of these powerful long-muzzled seals, which lay asleep there on the shore like rocks worn smooth by the waves. Not one of them took the least notice of us, and only rarely when one came close to one of the old bulls would it rear up, puff out its balloon-like snout and begin a primitive bellowing. Each of these old pashas, which were often fifteen to twenty or more feet long, lay surrounded by his harem of thirty or forty wives, some of which had recently calved young ones, which were almost entirely black.

'Without delay the slaughterers began their butchery. Incessantly now the shots—aimed at the neck—rent the air, otherwise filled with the roar of the breakers, the harsh cries of sea-birds and the bellowing of the sea-elephants. The slaughtered bulls were stripped of their meat without delay. I wandered farther, and soon found myself in the heart of a huge colony of penguins, in which the magnificent large king penguins were the most striking. It was no

great art to catch these. One only needed a stout glove, for they could give you a nasty nip, and a bag in which to take them home.

'A net was now cast over three young sea-elephants and dragged by a couple of men over the shingle and into the boat, a task not made at all easy by the heavy breakers. We took it in turns, standing in the ice-cold water, and one boat was completely wrecked.'

. . . . .

Meantime the *Cap Arcona*, the proud flagship of the Hamburg-South America line, had been back home again and now brought Father and Mother out to Buenos Aires. Between decks travelled Hersy Egeh's curly-headed tribe, and with him were his movable belongings from Somaliland. I went on board to meet my parents. My mother was very happy indeed, for this was the very first time she had been able to make a big Atlantic voyage with my father—and, incidentally, crossing the line met Neptune, his astronomers and his barber. With pride she showed me her equatorial baptismal birth certificate, on which the gallant Lord of the Seas had christened our dear mother 'Sea-rose.'

Father was delighted to find all the work so well advanced, and both were very pleased to be able to dandle their first male grandson on their knees again. However, such idyllic domestic matters did not detain Father long. He was far too restless a spirit for that, and as he had already had three weeks of inactivity on the crossing, he was fidgety to get at something. He now spent all his time out at the exhibition ground, and if only he had been able to have a say in matters outside our border-line, he would have transformed the whole of that lackadaisically progressing work into an ant-heap of furious activity.

Mother, who did not know a single word of Spanish, was soon as practised as the most finished telephone operator, for she had constantly to be on the spot, handling telegrams and even conversations. It was never at all clear to me how she contrived to do this, but she was a determined woman, was my mother, and anyway she already had a lifetime behind her of marriage to my father!

One day, Father dictated to Mother a cable to Uncle John in Colombo. To improve our show, Uncle John was at once to send us twenty devil dancers. But those Udacki dancers, who with their devil masks had worked wonders in North America and Europe, were never going to cut much ice here, for being themselves a mixture of

all shades of colour from pitch-black to white coffee-colour in Buenos Aires, the South Americans were not impressed by exotic peoples. Our Somalis were quite sufficient for those who did like such shows. So with Mother's consent, I held that telegram up, and when later Father asked when we could expect the party from Ceylon we explained the position to him. I thought he would have had a stroke. He simply exploded with fury and thundered at me that it was the duty of a son to obey his father. 'You do what you want,' he yelled, 'but what I want to have done shall be done.'

However, the old boy was not to grumble longer than to his sixty-sixth birthday, celebrated out there, for on that occasion I presented him with something which he never dreamed he would have, and which afforded him such delight that tears trickled down his cheeks. He held my hand, and all his smouldering anger with the disobedient son vanished, for before his eyes were trumpeting seventy penguins, of all species, from proud king penguins with yellow chops to the small spectacle penguins, while just beneath them, the greatest birthday surprise of all, were three priceless sea-elephants!

Father celebrated his birthday together with the whole of our staff in the huge canteen hut behind the circus. My parents presided at a laden table, and the large elephant which the Italian Corradini had trained was to present Father with a bouquet. Jumbo did so, with an additional attraction which had not been planned for. For the gangway down which he had to pass was rather narrow. Moreover, on the way he passed the kitchen and a serving hatch, in front of which, on the canteen side, was a broad shelf. To Jumbo this seemed one of the best back-scratching appliances he had ever struck, so while with all his best grace he reached his trunk over the table and presented the flowers, he heaved his voluminous hindquarters up against the hatch, manœuvred his tail neatly through this into the freer space of the kitchen, and with deep, contented grunts proceeded to scratch his carcase, and so engrossed did he get in the enjoyment of this that he became quite rhythmic in his movements, until the whole building was quivering perilously with the music. I do not think I have ever seen Mother or Father laugh so heartily before, and indeed we all laughed together with them, laughed till the walls literally shook.

The other noteworthy point of the party was the *pièce de résistance*—roast hare! For there were two friendly *estancieros*, as they call farmers in the Argentine, who had asked me to go shooting with them. And

I would gladly have gone, had I had time, but had been compelled to decline. 'Then let us send you round a couple of hares,' they said, and I accepted the kind offer, without thinking that the wag was going to send me a consignment of no less than two hundred and fifty hares, neatly ranged on poles, filling a whole large lorry. We all, every man jack in Hagenbeck's employ, ate hare all day long, till even the most long-suffering ran up the flag and capitulated. We fed the remainder to the animals.

I had had our carpenters make huge boxes, like those we used for our sea-lions, for the oversea transport of the sea-elephants. They could sun themselves on a platform inside, or spend all day in fresh sea-water in a pool on the ground floor. We were still without the necessary experience as to food for them, but it so happens that I had noticed young live eels about as long as one's finger on sale in the Vigo fish market. So I tried these and was delighted afterwards to hear from Father that our sea-elephants loved them. Thus in 1910 the first sea-elephants to be shown alive in Europe travelled back to Hamburg as the personal suite of my dear old father.

The atmosphere of Buenos Aires was now charged with political storms. In any case, revolutions are endemic in South American politics, and need never be taken very seriously. In those days it often thundered, and there were also often strikes. One incidental consequence of this disturbed climate was that the Buenos Aires International Exhibition was really not officially opened till after Father had long been back at Stellingen with his sea-elephants and his penguins!

Now I was to have my surprise. When we had had the fuss about that Colombo telegram, my father had not mentioned the matter again. But what he had done was to find ways and means both of getting his own way and of respecting my misgivings. So, to my horror, there suddenly arrived, not twenty devil dancers, but ten of them! And just as I was fetching them from the ship a messenger ran up to me with the terrible news that the monkey-houses were on fire!

This exhibition was partly a show attached to the circus, partly a museum. There were skeletons of the anthropoid apes in glass showcases. There was a giant gorilla a good seven and a half feet high with menacingly gaping jaws, escaping into the virgin jungle with a shrieking black woman under its arm! Of course, the man who stuffed that gorilla was really doing the animal a great injustice. An exhibit like that might do in an amusement park, but it was not suitable for a

museum. But now with the heat of the fire the glass broke and the contents of the case were destroyed. It was an ill wind indeed, for everything was highly insured, so I was not at all sorry to see the 'disaster' clear out items which I did not really like.

Rather glad to have got rid of that particular museum rubbish in so easy a fashion, I telegraphed to my father. But by return the irrepressible old dear cabled back to tell me that he was going to dispatch a replacement gorilla exhibit and also a 'giant snake attraction.' As the ocean separated us, I summoned sufficient courage on this occasion to telegraph my stern opposition, for, large snakes being as common in South America as mice are in Germany, there was no attraction whatsoever in that item.

A terrible event was soon to be the subject of another cable. In his big carnivores group Richard Sawade had a young tiger which he had brought up from infancy. It was called Nik and was his great pet. It used to go round with him like a big sheep-dog. But one evening none other than this tiger attacked him and ripped up his shoulder and upper arm. Fortunately, Sawade was able to grip a bar of the cage with the other hand, and, being a man of athletic strength beyond the ordinary, he succeeded in preventing the animal getting at his neck. His fearless assistant, Rudolf Matthies, came running up and as close as possible fired blank cartridges into the tiger's jaws, and the wooden cap of the cartridge, at that short range, hit the animal. Indeed, some splinters also wounded Sawade in the back, but the necessary result was achieved—the tiger at once began to gnaw at its own wounds, and with his wooden pole Matthies could drive the animal away.

We all held our breath. Slowly, Sawade loosened his hold on the bar. Everybody expected him to fall. But, his face contorted with pain, he now went back into the ring, drove all his animals out of the central cage, bowed rather curtly, and only then, streaming with blood, collapsed in the paddock.

Thank Heaven, medical aid was immediately at hand. The surgeons of the German hospital saved his life. For weeks he lay, terribly hurt, struggling against the blood poisoning which is so frequently a complication of carnivorous animal wounds. A lung inflammation hindered the recovery, which this brave man—later general manager of our travelling circus—owed solely to iron will and an iron constitution.

A carnivorous animal always remains a carnivorous animal. Whether caught fully grown or brought up from infancy on the bottle makes no difference whatsoever. Gratitude and faithfulness are virtues in our

human ambit of emotions, and not to be imagined unconditionally into animals, which are in the power of other instincts.

After this accident, Rudolf Matthies took over Sawade's animal group, from which of course I removed the attacker. Matthies not only did his outstanding teacher every honour, but himself became a first-class tiger trainer, the only one, indeed, later to be awarded the German Animal Protection Medal.

TROUBLESOME HERITAGE—THE ANIMAL PARK

HEINRICH AND I were to be permitted scarcely three years of collaboration with my father on his Stellingen life's work, for on April 14th, 1913, after months of painful illness, he passed away. To the very end, however, he kept a firm hand on his great enterprise. When in 1910 I returned from Buenos Aires, Father was pressing forward with the work of creating his Stellingen Animal Park at the highest possible speed. About this time, the famous American inventor, Edison, brought his whole family to see Stellingen. With the assistance of our Swiss friend, Urs Eggenschwyler, Heinrich also undertook the construction of a zoo for Rome, and a whole goods train of animals crossed the Brenner from Stellingen to the Eternal City. Father also went to the Adriatic to establish a tropical animal acclimatisation station on the now Yugoslav island of Brioni. At Stellingen there was a constant coming and going of Eskimos, Indians, Samoyedes, Kikuyus and Masais to keep the ethnographical exhibition constantly new. Matthias Walter, at last recovered from the trials of his dromedary expedition, took a large contingent of animals to the Sultan of Morocco, who had had a private zoo built, and this too we equipped with animals, all of which arrived safe and sound. Even the polar bears stood the African heat. Strange though it may seem, the only casualty was a tiger which actually went down with heat-stroke!

At Stellingen the sea-elephants were housed in a specially constructed Arctic Panorama setting. More and more animal houses and special compounds were constantly being added for the new animals which were coming in. Our best tiger catcher at this time was Christoph Schulz, who later took over our animal-catching outpost at Arusha on Mount Kilimanjaro. Schulz wrote a book on his adventures in the African bush. He was still quite a young man when his friend Petersen, who was working with him as animal catcher in the basin of the River Rufiji, was killed. The following letter from the bush gives a more vivid picture than any second-hand description can of what Schulz went through.

'Mohoro, Christmas 1910.

'Dear Mr. Hagenbeck,

'I have a terrible accident to report. I reached Petersen here at Mohoro on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Morning Petersen said: "I say, Schulz, let's go and kill our Christmas dinner." We went out a mile or so into the bush and sighted some waterbucks, but did not get a shot.

'We then followed a buffalo trail, and sighted the animal at a distance of about three hundred and eighty yards. I said, "You shoot, because I only have a shotgun with me." He said, "Let's make more sure of him." So we went in closer. All at once the buffalo stormed up out of the bush, only three paces from us. I leapt to one side, he brushed by me and knocked me into a thorn thicket. I was lucky, because the angry animal then lost sight of me. But it turned at once and got poor Petersen on his horns. It tossed him ten feet into the air, caught him again on its horns, and I heard Petersen's bones smash. Horrible.

'Now here I am cut off from the whole world. The nearest Europeans are three hours away. Dar-es-Salaam is one hundred and twenty miles and Mohoro is two and a half days from here.

'I had dragged Petersen back here, then buried him. He was two hundred yards from his house, frightfully mutilated. I am now quite alone. Early this morning the District Commissioner passed this way and recorded the accident.

'I am bringing Petersen's animals and the seven hundred pounds of hippopotamus teeth back with me. I have got planking, but no assistance. If only I had the forty-eight packing cases ready which I shall need. I have three weeks left, before the little river steamer comes. It halts three hours' distance from here. The road is poor. I must get away from this, I cannot forget the sight of it. Do please write to his parents. They are elderly folk. If you were to say he is ill, that would prepare them for it. I am not ashamed to say that when I buried him I wept; the tears are running as I write.

'I have ten other hippopotami at Kilva. I shall do what you wrote, Mr. Hagenbeck. I hope to be in Hamburg in early March.

'Yours very truly,
'Christoph Schulz.'

About this time, our attempts to cross pedigree German cattle and the Indian zebu, to produce a disease-resistant tropical breed, had awakened the interest of the German Emperor, who also had such experiments put in hand at his Cadinen country estate in West Prussia. In September 1908 he had invited my father and brother to a visit to West Prussia, and Father returned with the Royal Prussian title of Commercial Counsellor. But although of course he was in one way very pleased with the distinction, Father definitely disliked being addressed—as by German custom he should thereafter have been—as 'Mr. Counsellor Hagenbeck.'

Father was now at the height of his career. He had his own entry in German encyclopædias, which described him as 'the well-known animal dealer and circus manager, author of *Of Beasts and Men.*' This book* soon sold to the tune of a hundred thousand copies in Germany and was translated into the principal European languages. Meanwhile, our former bandmaster, Max Winterfeld, a Hamburg man himself, had made his mark as a light opera composer in Berlin, under the professional name of Jean Gilbert. His tunes were on everybody's lips. One of the songs of his popular musical, *Dollie*, took all Germany by storm. The refrain was 'Let's go round to Hagenbeck's, to Hagenbeck's, to Hagenbeck's . . .' As a march, it became our signature tune, and when the public joined in they added their own words. In the North they sang: 'And we'll take all the monkeys out.' In the South it was: 'There is a pig gone crackers there . . .'

I think it is rather up to me to reproduce here the original text of the theme song which has helped to broadcast our name:

However remote a spot it is
Where monkeys live the fear's the same.
Back of beyond the bogy's real
And Hagenbeck the bogy's name.

From the remotest jungle places
He brings the tigers and the lions,
And with some silly native folk
He puts the beasties through their paces.

But yet the nicest animal there
Is Mr. Hagenbeck's teddy-bear.

* Published in London by Messrs. Longmans in an abridged edition in 1909.

CHORUS
Let's all go round to Hagenbeck's, Hagenbeck's, Hagenbeck's.
That's where the road for us should end, at Hagenbeck's, at Hagenbeck's.
Let's all go round to Hagenbeck's, Hagenbeck's, Hagenbeck's,
It's dandy to have a teddy like those at Hagenbeck's.

Unhappily, the closing years of my father's life were overshadowed by illness. Eventually he had to be wheeled in a bath chair through his animal park. But still he worked hard to realise a new plan which enjoyed the support of the Kaiser—he was to plan a still larger open-air zoo in Berlin itself.

About one thing, however, Father had no longer any illusions: the Hamburg Municipality was not going to contribute a single penny towards Stellingen, for though Hamburg had long since reached that suburb, it was still 'outside the city's boundaries.' Though Father never spoke of it, it was no secret to us how bitter it made him never to have succeeded in finding a site in his native Hamburg both large and central enough. This had meant that in the first year, even though the takings were very good they were still insufficient to cover the high costs, not to speak of any return on the capital invested. Then, as today, the five profitable summer months which the Hamburg climate offers were never good enough to cover the seven lean winter and transitional months.

Moreover, by this date, almost all zoological gardens were regarded as more or less public amenities which it was right and proper to subsidise. They were maintained by urban authorities side by side with museums, theatres and other cultural enterprises. Thus, at Hamburg the rates supported another zoo, on the present-day Botanical Gardens site. Here at one time Alfred Edmund Brehm—the creator of Brehm's *Life of Animals*—had been director. But now this was an old-fashioned institution which could not compare with Stellingen, even though, in distinction from our animal park, it was subsidised. Even in 1930, when Stellingen was brought into the ambit of Greater Hamburg, and the principal Zoological Gardens were moved out to the Dammtor, there was no improvement in the unsatisfactory traffic links with Stellingen.

When in 1912 the first underground railway of Hamburg was inaugurated it ran empty. It was not till free tickets were issued to children that the grown-ups overcame their fear of the new 'tunnel railway.' We tried hard then to have the underground line continued

out to the animal park, but in vain. Today it is only the No. 16 trams which pass the entrance. Previously there was also the No. 10, of which forty years ago those Hamburg humorists, the Wolff brothers, sang:

'Hurry along there to the No. 10.
You really must see the Hagenbecks.
It's the same picture every day,
The Stellingen trams are crowded out
Everybody cramming in,
Till the single cage is full,
the 10 for all the world the same
As a Hagenbeck Zoo pantechnicon.'

In those days Heinrich and I found ourselves making numerous trips to Berlin, to business discussions with Imperial Verderer Wrobel. As a result of these, we concluded a contract by which we acquired the development rights of some one hundred and twenty-five acres of the Jungfern Heath. As a matter of fact, Heinrich and I were really opposed to this new burden, for in our opinion it was going to strain our financial resources too far. But Father was always enterprisingly confident of the future and would not hear any talk of the increasing danger of a new war.

'All nations have got their bit today,' he would always say. 'There won't ever be another war like that of 1870–1!'

In this latter statement, he was quite right—but not at all in the way he meant. It was, I must confess, becoming a little difficult to work in together with a sick man. Often enough, we kept letters and newspapers from him, not to excite him too much, but the old saw about a prophet not being heard in his own territory was certainly true as far as my father went.

Today his revolutionary idea of showing wild animals in conditions of liberty is the generally accepted standard of all zoos. Not one of them can do without the installations which we first tried out at Stellingen. But in those days it was such a sensation to see lions without iron bars that when visitors came in and first saw the completely open lion pit they used to start back in alarm. Soon, however, we had to limit the crowds by having special admission to that part of the park.

At the time, however, we also had a sufficiency of critics whose pens were guided more by envy than anything else. They attempted

to make out my father's work to be mere showmanship or even humbug. What in those days were called 'Zoological Gardens' were at best well-kept museums with live animals shut up in them, sorted and labelled by species for purposes of comparison. The general public, however, from the very start took Father's side, and as no zoo can keep its doors open without visitors installations like ours went up in Europe and America, and before the first patent was extinguished in the first world war we supplied many sets of plans and models of Stellingen constructions.

In the summer of 1913 came a visit from one of London's most famous impresarios, Charles B. Cochran, later knighted. Cochran had his worries, for the largest city in the world always expected something new for its winter season from a showman so productive of surprises as he was. Basing ourselves on our experience at St. Louis and Buenos Aires, we offered to construct our new-style free conditions for animals of all climes, in London's giant Olympia Hall, and we said we would cap it all with a circus programme to put all previous shows of the sort in the shade. Cochran was most enthusiastic.

Thus it came to 'Carl Hagenbeck's Wonder Zoo and Big Circus,' which was set up inside the Olympia Hall under Heinrich's direction, while in addition to our groups of performing animals I was to ensure that we engaged all that was best in the circuses of Germany, and bring it all to London, three ships-full of new items. The demand of London's eight millions was so great that from Boxing Day to February 28th we put on two shows daily and sold every seat. In his *Secrets of a Showman* Cochran later said that the Wonder Zoo and Big Circus 'was a stupendous affair,' and the circus part of it 'the finest programme ever staged in a single ring.'*

The first world war, however, drew a line through any repetition of such a peak display of Europe's circus art. It was England's circus king, Bertram Mills, who became the manager of the subsequent Olympia shows, which his sons Cyril and Bernard to this day continue with great success every Christmas. Indeed, they have become one of the social events of London's winter season.

Shortly before he died, my father conceived the new idea of building an entirely new sort of monkey-house. I can see him now, propped up in bed on his pillows, sketching plan after plan. He did not think it feasible to keep monkeys completely at liberty, but I thought I had a

* Cochran: *The Secrets of a Showman*, pp. 184–7.

better idea than his for enclosing them without robbing them of essential freedom of movement. This was to pile up huge rocks, like those one finds in North Africa. Such cliffs are the favourite resort of the baboon, for in them they find the almost vertical rock faces which offer them a safe retreat from their principal enemy, the leopard. My idea was to place my rock pile inside a sort of empty swimming pool, up the smooth outer edges of which the monkeys would not be able to climb. The outer wall was to be completely smooth on the inside and also lean inwards.

I unfolded my scheme to my father and showed him how I imagined it could be carried out. Heinrich backed me, and, having had some practice at this sort of thing, he made a plaster model. This without warning we placed on Father's bed and tensely waited to see his reaction. For a long time he examined the little plaster rocks from all angles. Then, slowly and deliberately, without a word he tore up all his own plans. His blue eyes fixed on us, bright and keen. 'Youngsters,' he said, 'you can do it far better now than I can; go ahead!'

Originally we proposed to construct special living quarters for the baboons inside the mass of rocks, to be easy to heat whenever we needed. But when the stove was first lighted, our pile of rock with smoke emerging from the concealed chimney at the top looked ridiculously like a miniature Vesuvius. It was too grotesque. Heinrich therefore had a tunnel cut under the outer protective wall to a nearby heated living house, to which the animals could have recourse in frosty weather as they found fit. We were very curious to see how the monkeys were going to take this little surprise we had prepared for them. We watched. There was a first-night sort of tension in the air when the wagon, with two hundred Abyssinian hooded baboons, was drawn up at the entrance.

With many a grunt and furtive sniff, the animals clambered swiftly up the rocks, and from on top surveyed the whole scene. The first surprise, after a long sea journey suddenly finding themselves at liberty again, was soon followed by the second surprise, to find their freedom was limited, and all this was reflected in their lively countenances and excited cries. It was an all-round testing out of our theory, and it worked, *up to a point*, or rather, up to a line, namely up to a crack in the cement face of the outer wall. This was soon discovered by a smart jumper who was up and out before you could say Jack Robinson! When the following day a builder appeared with a ladder to eliminate that possibility of escape, it was amusing to observe the

quickness with which those monkeys had assessed the situation. A number of young ones watched the proceedings not only carefully but with much thought. 'Oeh, oeh, oeh,' they chattered to one another, as with easy, quick strokes the builder on the ladder proceeded to make the cement surface smooth. *Now or never*, they must have decided at once, and no sooner said than done, for all at once they had clambered up on to the flabbergasted builder's back and over him, and were beckoning to their comrades to follow them. With considerable presence of mind, the human ladder climbed out of the pit and pulled the other ladder up after him. Seeing themselves now surrounded by some Somalis who were staying with us at Stellingen at the time, the escapees all leapt back into their compound, and our trouble was over. Very soon the monkeys had taken full possession of their rocks and felt so confident in their safety that they installed their regular sentries, to watch out, at least for a time, to see that their great enemy the leopard did not come near.

Unhappily, Father never saw the completion of our monkey compound, which certainly was an embellishment of our animal park. On April 14th, 1913, he died. Two days later our keepers bore his coffin on its last journey. Thus for the last time Father passed through his beloved park, halting a few moments, as had been his wish, at his favourite corners, and so to Ohlsdorf Cemetery.

As we lingered at the graveside, our lawyer, Dr. Kleinschmidt, laid his arms on the shoulders of my brother and myself. 'My dear friends,' he said, 'you indeed have a worrying heritage, you have not deserved such a burden.' He knew better than anyone else how much land Father had acquired, his bank commitments and the exceptionally heavy loans he had made, to build Stellingen. It was indeed a giant burden, one which still lies heavy on our shoulders. But we did not take the prudent advice which he offered us. Our minds were unhesitatingly made up. We would discharge the whole debt.

As we had enough land round the animal garden to dispose of, Heinrich concluded an agreement with Hugo Haase, Showman King of the time, and to the animal garden was added an amusements park, which at that time had its parallel nowhere. This was opened in May 1914. It included an impressive scenic railway, which ran through an artificial Alpine landscape, and from the high points of the track of which visitors had a glimpse of a switchback railway, a water-chute and a reproduction of the lovely scenery of the Zillerthal valley. Even

after the bullets at Sarajevo had startled the whole world, there were still few in Germany who realised how near was the unholy conflagration which was so soon to set the whole world in flames. Even the mobilisation of the Army failed to reduce our gate, which during the first year of the war was a record one, a peak not again to be touched for decades.

HAVING COME back from a visit to America in the year of my father's death with a brief-case full of orders, I crossed the Atlantic again in 1914, to deliver the animals in question. On this occasion I lectured to the Zoological Society of St. Louis on the construction of Stellingen, for the people over there were mooting a zoo, and we were interested in getting the contract to build it. To give a bit of life to my lecture, I resorted to a little publicity device. Mine was an after-dinner talk, and at the crucial point I contrived to have two young lions let loose under the table. They were only seven-month-old cubs, but they certainly produced the effect I wanted. The hundred guests, all rather drowsy with food and drink, were on their feet at once.

It was, indeed, more productive of clarity of mind than any double-strength black coffee would have been. There were even some so scared that they climbed on to their chairs. By the time I had convinced them demonstrably how harmless my animals still were they were all thoroughly awake. Then I really could begin my lecture, and —you see, I knew my American pressmen—I had secured myself a good press.

Those two lions were named Hans and Gretchen, and I presented them to the future zoo. Two years later, in the throes of the first world war, what should I receive from the St. Louis Zoo but a telegram. The U.S.A. was then still neutral, and it was suggested that I should make my way across to America in one of our U-boats, then doing their best to break the Allied blockade. For the St. Louis people wanted me to build up their zoo for them. Unfortunately, it was already out of the question for me to go. Soon enough after that Hans and Gretchen were re-christened—America had entered the war on the other side.

At the very outset of hostilities, my brother Heinrich, being a reservist, was called. Colomban Uncle John, after an adventurous escape from British internment, made his way through Java and Italy to Hamburg, and on him and me fell the responsibility of managing Stellingen, with its heavy load of responsibility, its steadily decreasing

attendance and its equally relentlessly rising costs—for food got scarce, and so did coal. My nephew, Paul Mehrmann, who since 1911 had been the firm's accountant and a magnificent organiser of our domestic pets' department, found himself on the Western Front in the forces. Nearly all our really reliable attendants and animal catchers were also in the Army.

One of them, indeed, rode high in field-grey uniform—on an elephant, too! This was our good old Jack-in-the-Box, Matthias Walter—the same who had gone round the Cape of Good Hope with me in the dromedary ship and occupied the enamel throne next to mine at Swakopmund. He and his working elephant Jenny made war history.

It was like this. Matthias was in the Red Sea on his way home on the s.s. *Axenfals* when the radio picked up the news of the outbreak of war and this was broadcast from the bridge. Matthias had eleven elephants with him on board. The captain steamed as fast as he could to the—as it then was—Italian colonial port of Massawa. From there the elephants were taken to Brindisi on an Italian tramper and thence went to Stellingen by rail.

Two days later Matthias, being a naval reservist, had donned his blue naval uniform at Wilhelmshaven and exchanged his elephant goad for a carbine. Five months later, he was at Middelkerke on the Belgian North Sea coast when orders came through from the Supreme Command to proceed at once to Stellingen and thence bring back a working elephant named Jenny. Jenny had suddenly been classed as *k.f.*, or fit for active service,* and so with draught harness and marching rations reached the truck in which under 'Oberbootsmannmaat' or Assistant Bo'sun Matthias Walter she was to proceed to the Western Front.

At Avesnes station, south of Maubeuge, the German infantry men had something to stare at when for the first time in their lives they saw a bluejacket riding high up on an elephant. But there was work for Jenny to do. In the large woods of Felleries, just behind the front lines, Jenny began to earn her daily bread in the pit-prop industry. Every morning, off she went to the forest. Tremendous old trees came crashing down and were trimmed back to the trunk. Then along came Jenny and with head, trunk and front legs reduced the confusion of trunks, lying all ways, one on top of the other, to decent order. Next

* *K.f.* = *Kriegsfertig*, the German expression for 'fit for active service.'

she dragged all the timber out to the high road and to a sawmill which turned the timber into pit-props for the trenches.

Daily, Jenny transported fifty trees, among them some that twelve horses could not have shifted. She could fell a tree two feet in diameter all by herself. She was quite systematic about it. First she would shake it, till she had loosened up the roots. Then she got her fore legs and powerful shoulder against the trunk, reared on her hind legs and brought her six-thousand-pound weight to bear. It was remarkable that she never broke a tree off; it was always the roots which were made to give way, with loud reports, till the earth heaved up and she brought the tree crashing down.

In time, Jenny was employed everywhere that they could fit her in, as a sort of maid of all heavy work. There was a traction engine that the French had driven into a pit to prevent us using it, but Jenny yanked it out all right. A column of motorised transport got stuck in the mud—Jenny put them on their way again. She was even harnessed to the plough, and the old parade ground at Floumont was turned into arable land, and ploughed twice as deep, too, as any ordinary team could have done it.

Her greatest triumph, however, this bulky figure in 'self' field grey achieved in the goods marshalling yards of Floumont. She had been working all day long as 'shunting engine,' making up trains, and Walter had just hooked her to four loaded trucks in a siding. Then up came a General, who no doubt was seeing this for the first time, for he laughed and made a scornful gesture, as if to say: 'She'll never pull that.' Then Jenny just leant her powerful shoulder against the rear wagon and all the trucks moved, slowly at first, but with gathering speed—sixty tons of load. Speechless, the General at once produced six cigarettes and a special ginger cake for Jenny.

Our elephant became famous all down the front. In the evenings, for full measure, she would sometimes add a little bonus show of her circus arts, and the laughter of the chaps on their amphitheatre of tree-trunks could be heard a mile away.

The only thing Jenny could not stand was an aeroplane, and it did not matter whether it was ours or an enemy one. If one came her way and her trusted rider was not to hand to calm her, she would swing her trunk in the air and trumpet loudly and combatively, pricking up her huge ears and trying to locate the enemy whose thundering din she heard. On Sundays people said one could have believed oneself in India, for then Jenny did no work, but was free to wander through

the woods and pick delicacies for herself. But at a call she always came straight back to Walter, just like a faithful dog.

For more than two years this 'outsize number in field grey' of the first world war worked like this, the first and, I think, the only war elephant on the books of the Wehrmacht. But then, towards the very end, in 1918, Walter was badly wounded. She then returned home, herself unwounded. She died in the thirties, pensioned off in the Strassburger Circus.

As the war went on, the food problem at Stellingen grew more and more serious. Whereas in the early days, owing to our connections in the Army Command, we contrived to get large supplies of horseflesh in from abroad, these eventually ceased to be sufficient to cover our needs. Our pride, the sea-elephants, were the first to go, through lack of fresh sea fish. The remaining seals gradually died, as they could not live indefinitely on fresh-water fish.

Losses increased—attendance decreased. As the war enthusiasm faded, military concerts lost their appeal. Though in my letters to Heinrich, still in the Army, I did not mention all the details, for there was no point in giving him fruitless worry, he nevertheless read between the lines and guessed how things were.

I had just gone to Sweden again to buy up horseflesh when Adolf Strassburger offered me his circus. But I had not the money. Nor had Uncle John, at Stellingen, anything in the kitty. Yet he supported the plan which I immediately conceived. As our name stood well in Hamburg, and in spite of the bad financial position our credit was good, I plucked up the courage to apply to the famous banker, Max Warburg. He immediately accommodated me with a rather large sum, sufficient to enable me to offer Strassburger a good price and make preparations to start a new Carl Hagenbeck tented circus. There was no lack of performing animals at Stellingen, and we had enough exotic animals at our empty mangers to be able to send a seemly animal show on to the road.

I bought back two elephants from that veteran circus manager, Hermann Blumenfeld—he had bought them from us shortly before the beginning of the war. Blumenfeld was a temperamental fellow, known as Hermann-Hermann, because he used to get so excited that he always repeated the end of a sentence once or twice.

'Jolly glad,' he assured me, 'jolly glad to give you your old elephants back; they're eating me out of house and home, house and

home, anyway out at my place at Magdeburg at Magdeburg they're just standing about on the chain, on the chain. You can pay me when you like, you like. Send me the draft home, simple address, just Blumenfeld, Guhrau-Guhrau.'

'Guhrau once or twice?' I asked.

'Why, once, of course, just Guhrau-Guhrau.'

'Just Guhrau, then?'

'Oh no, damn it, I've not got any birds, any birds . . .'

The animals reached Malmö at the end of March, where in the meantime Strassburger's wagons had been painted orange and blue and with our name. Now the seventy-six horses which we had taken over, the three elephants and a number of zebras, camels and donkeys had the opportunity of welcoming new colleagues arriving from Stellingen. With the outbreak of war my old friend and teacher Richard Sawade had hastened home from South America, and now stood at my side while I made preparations for our first night in the Oslo circus building.

'A circus manager's place is in the ring, especially when the circus bears so famous a name!' Thus Sawade, and he was quite right. Though I had hitherto never worked in the ring, I now took on the elephant group, trained by an old keeper of ours to a new number performed together with the Strassburger elephants. I had only time for five rehearsals with them in our Swedish winter quarters. One of the group was a large Sumatran bull elephant with tusks about three feet long, and his idea was at the outset to make sure that his new owner respected him, to which end he made a persistent attack on me. Luckily I was pretty good at handling the fourteen-foot-long elephant whip and getting round him, cracking it, which of course all went to enhance the dramatic effect.

First night! Standing in the paddock behind the scenes, awaiting the whistle cue with my elephants, I had a real touch of footlights fever. There was my cue, my entry march. Curtain up! And I was already in the dazzle of the ring. Behind the scenes Sawade had just handed me a big glass of champagne. I bowed forcefully to the audience—and then I saw my elephants already racing round me at such speed that I could hardly tell which was first and which last. My faithful coachman Otto, who saw it all, stood right in their track. But in a moment I had the animals under my command, though I had to keep whispering to Otto to ask what came next! 'On one foot.' 'Pirouette!' he prompted me, and I bellowed out my orders as if the

poor elephants were hard of hearing. Those first few minutes were centuries to me. Ah, but there it was at last, the triumphal march from *Aïda*. All up for the pyramid stand! Our turn was over, and we marched out!

My dress shirt was glued to my body, but the applause seemed all right. The Oslo folk were enthusiastic. Sawade gave me a satisfied wink of his left eye. Nevertheless, a few days later I learned my lesson. Advance agent, press manager and business organiser all at the same time, I had taken the night express to Stockholm. What was that I heard during the night? A cheerful mixed company of fellow passengers had mentioned my name. They were laughing. Why were they laughing? They were laughing because I had shouted so when I was in the ring! *Vox populi!* After that I tuned down my ring voice to drawing-room strength, and my poor elephants showed their gratitude by becoming surprisingly docile.

Apart from our group of tigers, produced once more by Richard Sawade, our lion tamer, Willy Peters, had also enterprisingly filled the gap as polar bear tamer. Now, polar bears are at first sight as alike one another as peas. Dispatch was essential. The veteran bear tamer had time to tell Peters the run of the show and the names of the animals, but unfortunately there was no time to get to know them individually by their names. To cut a long story short, Peters got some red poster paint and gave each bear a distinguishing mark on its forehead. But during the performance the bears scratched their noses, once then again—and again—and this, together with their bodily heat, made the paint run. Suddenly there was an outburst of indignant cries from the audience, who thought that the bears were bleeding. 'Brutes!' they cried, 'cruelty to animals! Get out!' Soon rabid Swedish animal-lovers were in search of me, together with the police, and it took a great deal of effort to convince them what had really happened.

Because of the war, I could not take many of my staff to Scandinavia. It was hard work all day, and often all night too. I often saw day break while I was still bent over letters to Uncle John, who was more and more pressing in his requests for funds to carry on the animal park, and to Heinrich and the banks and lawyers who handled our many business enterprises.

I also recall writing a heartfelt letter of thanks to a good friend in America, the publisher of the *Denver Post* newspaper of Colorado. He

had written very warmly to my most astonished wife to express his condolences when in 1917 he learned that I had fallen on the Western Front. In his paper he had given me a fine obituary, praising me to the skies and not forgetting to add: 'Lorenz Hagenbeck's word was as good as a bank guarantee.' With his letter he sent a copy of the newspaper, so I had to hasten to give him a sign of belated life.

Gothenburg was the place where we first muffed it. Unfortunately I had allowed myself to be talked into engaging new, local musicians. It had seemed too expensive to take our initial Oslo orchestra with us on tour. But if it is in any case no easy matter for a conductor to keep a circus programme in time with all the items of the performance and provide a really good musical accompaniment, it turns into real chaos when the man is both new, *and* intoxicated, and moreover is backed up in this by all his band. The pianist alone—a girl who was a teetotaller—was powerless to save the situation.

Nevertheless, taking it all round, I was very happy. My heart danced for sheer delight. My childhood toy circus had really come to life, wagons and tent complete. And this time I had no need to take care not to spoil my mother's floor and I could also lead my own elephants in the ring!

When the day came to erect the big top in Sweden my glance kept stealing up to the sky and I kept my fingers crossed, lest a sudden squall should serve me with the bad luck Father had with his first tent in the Heiligengeist Field. But the clerk of the weather was reasonable, and for three days the Swedes thronged in. I breathed again, for now not only could I pay some bills, I was also in a position to send a hundred thousand crowns to Uncle John in Stellingen. For the first time I went out with a friend for a really enjoyable ride in the lovely outskirts of the city—in our circus there was hardly a horse which was only ridden in the ring.

We trotted over the sands of the shore, on the one hand the steely blue Baltic, on the other the green woods which fringed the coast. Suddenly there was a burst of machine-gun fire, and before I knew where I was I was prostrate in the soft moss, my black horse swiftly vanishing among the trees, while my companion was clinging desperately to his wildly bucking hack and shouting: 'Help me, I have a broken knee-cap!' Thank heavens I was not injured myself, and could take my friend's horse in hand, and then we got out of the way, and I went in chase of my horse. Later I found out that the nag I had

chosen had been trained to a cowboy programme in Strassburger's circus and when it heard shooting was supposed to gallop out of the ring!

Had not anxiety about Germany overshadowed that Swedish year, it would have been one of my loveliest memories. I grew more and more enthusiastic about that lovely land of sea, woods and endless sunlit summer nights, in which we bathed and fished or rode our elephants into the woods, where they could graze at will in the midnight sunshine as if they were in India.

We also played to full houses in that Northern Venice, Stockholm, for a month, and I was so delighted by the wonderful way they accepted a German circus at the hottest part of the submarine war that later I sent Skansen, the director of the Stockholm Zoo, three European bison, or aurochs, as a present. Moreover, the animals bred, so that today, after the loss of the second world war by Germany, Springe on the River Deister is one of the few places in the world where this original species of the forests of Germany has been preserved pure-blooded.

After the end of this first Scandinavian tour with our tented circus, I ventured on a second visit to the Oslo Tivoli building. It was a great success. However, there was one incident which remains unforgettable. In addition to Sawade's tiger group, our programme also included the trainer Willy Peters, whom I have mentioned above as animal tamer and later circus manager. The circus world knows him as Soda-water Willy, because he was under doctor's orders to satisfy his unquenchable thirst principally by that beverage. Conscientious here as in everything else, he would never order a brandy without first ordering a siphon of soda-water. The only trouble was that he often failed to drink the soda. Nor was the forgetfulness due exclusively to haste, and if you saw a collection of siphons anywhere you could generally locate Willy not far off. It is, however, not of his thirst but of his lion item that I meant to talk. We had a couple of ladder balancers, Altenburg and Hoffmann, who hit on the unhappy notion of increasing the attraction by doing their turn directly over the lions' cage.

I flatly opposed the idea, but they pleaded with me so long and made so much of the great publicity which would result—not to speak of how useful it would also be to themselves in their career—that in the end I gave my permission, though I did take the precaution

of making them sign a document to say that the hazardous balancing act was being undertaken at their own request.

The performance proceeded, and up above the central cage, with its lions, rose the ladders on which the luckless couple were wont to show their hand-stands and all the rest of it. Beneath them there were the lions, gaping up, and also, of course, the audience, breathless at the men's daring.

But suddenly there was a roaring, and two lions got to grips, fighting. Now the situation was indeed dramatic. But, unimpressed by what was going on below, the men up top continued their airy antics, and everything would have passed off, I am sure, quite well had it not been for Peters. He suddenly felt he had to assert his authority and fire his revolver's blank cartridges, to get those two lions apart, and now what the roaring had not done the sudden reports certainly did. One of the two men so started that to the horror of the crowd he slipped, to be caught only at the last moment by his partner, and there the two dangled, with the lions licking their chops in expectation and the audience all with gooseflesh. After that I prohibited the business, nor did either Altenburg or Hoffmann utter a word of protest when I did so.

By now in Germany such pleasant things as ham and salami had become rarities, and before we went back every man was anxious to smuggle something out for the folk at home. But somebody tipped off the Oslo police and the circus was combed through, to make sure we were not exporting prohibited goods, which included gold, rubber and a long list of things held to be of use in war.

Richard Sawade was just going through with his last tiger item of our farewell performance when the police descended on us and began the search. As at that moment the animal wagons were empty, the guardians of the law surged into them, tapping the walls and boring holes in the floors. For do not the best circus novelettes lay it down that the cages of the great carnivores are the finest smuggling deposits?

Fortunately, at this point the Norwegian manager of the Tivoli came on the scene, and mollified his over-zealous compatriots, who for all their pocket lamps and drills had found nothing at all. To console them he had them brought a drink each, and when I saw these *pjölters* approaching—a *pjölter* is a sort of Norwegian whisky and soda—I absented myself as rapidly as I could and had recourse to a nearby butcher's shop, where I bought a whole hog (slaughtered), quantities of

bacon, ham, sausage and all the rest, all of which I packed into the empty animal wagon. The police now were kind enough to put their seals on the door! When it was properly labelled 'Lion and tiger food' I thought it was the best consignment I had ever had for that purpose. It certainly delighted our good two-legged Stellingen pets when we got home, for it was again Christmas time, and somehow I had not had time on the way to feed a single piece of that meat into my carnivores' hungry mouths!

I took my boyhood friend and years-long tamer Reuben Carstang a big jar of real Hamburg eel soup, and that soup was cooked from stock made from a real Norwegian hambone—Reuben's favourite dish. Together with all the things which go with it, I presented myself at the entrance to the Berlin foreigners' internment camp, out on the Ruhleben road, for it was there that as an Englishman the poor fellow had spent the whole war.

Now, while the circus continued working, in the Stettin Central Hall, in order at least to cover the winter costs in Germany, Uncle John managed to hire the empty Chiniselli circus building in Warsaw. It was terribly cold when we loaded up at Stettin for Warsaw. Once again the Army Enlistment H.Q. combed through our personnel, so there I was myself, in driving snow, working elephant Jumbo at my side. All night long Jumbo had been busy heaving our circus wagons on to railway platform trucks. Ten long hours that faithful animal, well wrapped in a padded tarpaulin, kept by my side and worked so diligently that I shared my last bottle of rum with her—that is to say, I used her half bottle to mix her a tubful of warm grog.

What a contrast to our Scandinavian tour! Most of the windows in our filthy circus train were broken. The savage wind swept the fine snow in through every crevice. The journey took three days and nights, for we had to spend many hours in sidings, letting military trains go through, before our ark on wheels could move on. Once there, we played two months long in the Polish capital. There was ample horseflesh for the carnivores, but not sufficient raw greenstuff for our herbage eaters, so that we lost two elephants, one of these being Nauke, a bull with magnificent tusks. This was a hard loss for us; for now, during the war, it was of course out of the question to get substitutes from India.

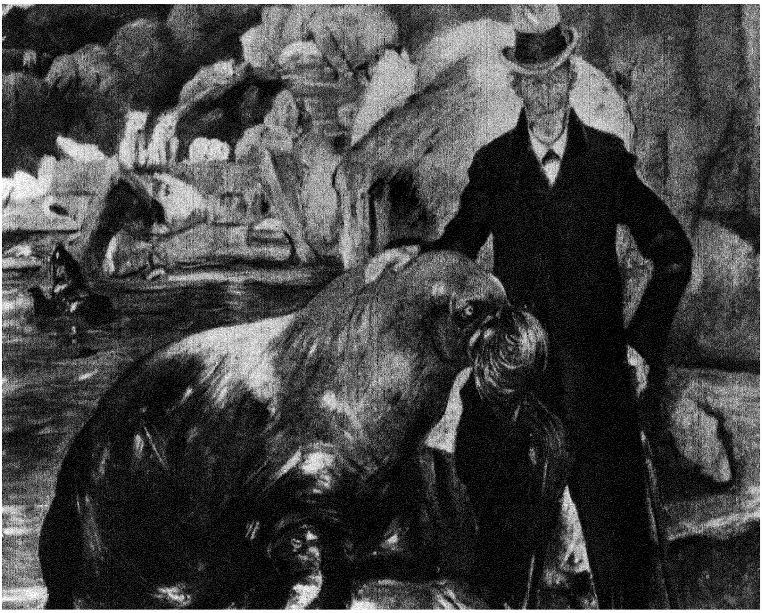
We were all very glad when in 1917 I succeeded once again in getting to Scandinavia. This time we started our tour in the Copenhagen circus building. By now, however, the war was making its

mark here too. Coal supplies had run out, and to economise the Danish Government had ordered all electric current to be cut off two days a week. That was bad luck indeed. We could not give performances in the darkened building. Nor could I use the tent any more, for, as circus folk say, it had a starry sky to it now. The top was like a sieve, so that it really did look inside as if there were stars above one. But there were no more materials available for repairs—no canvas, ropes or spare parts—and as poverty was now bearing hard on the Stellingen Animal Park, we searched Germany from one end to the other to find stages or empty halls where we could put on a show. At last my applications to Holland bore fruit, but before we could go there I had to go through a fancy riding performance with the military authorities, a hard job, especially when one's mount has been trained to the military mind.

In place of my staff now in the forces, I had engaged Danes and Swedes, for whom I suddenly found I lacked exit visas. Three times we loaded up at Bremen, but had to unload again. It was enough to make one despair. And when I did get all the necessary papers through, it was to find myself chasing rolling-stock again, for what I had already had at my disposal had in the meantime been snatched up for more important work. At this point my business representative telegraphed from Amsterdam: 'I shall go mad, am here with staff and orchestra, what am I to do without funds?' I replied: 'I *am* already mad, wait till I come.'

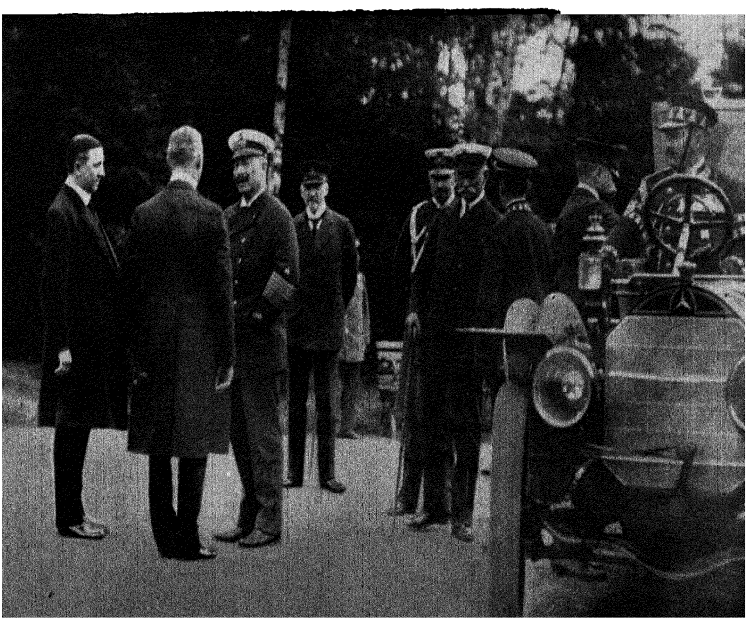
We got there; I had at last manœuvred all our men through the red-tape front, even our German horse trainer. We unloaded at Sloten, an Amsterdam suburb, and when the first full evening takings had been banked, in my relief, together with my business manager, I tossed down a couple of tots of good Hollands gin. But the second of these stuck in my throat because of the scare which now came: it was the Amsterdam chief of police, laconically to tell me that this had been 'Mijnheer Hagenbeck's' first and last performance in Holland. He explained that the press had attacked us sharply, and it was claimed that our numerous personnel and animals would reduce the Dutch people's rations still further.

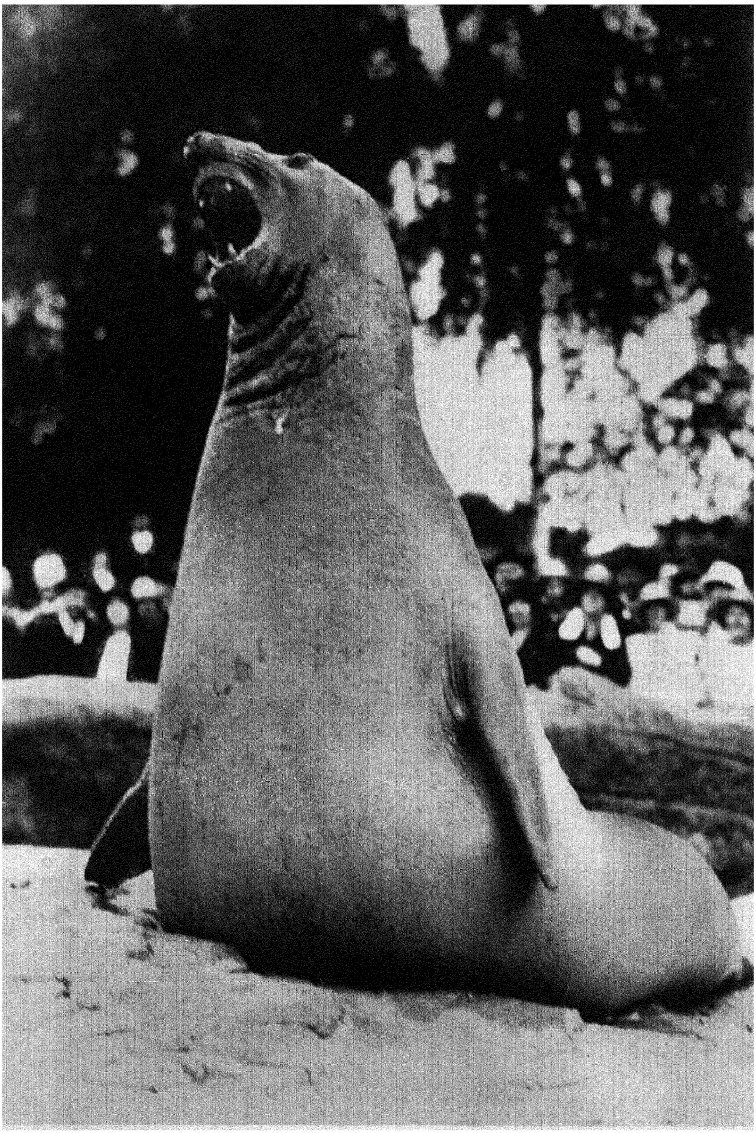
Comrade Hollands had, however, worked wonders, brightening me up considerably, and at once I had a census taken of all the Dutch workers engaged on work for our circus—tent men, musicians, drivers, porters. After the principal item of the next performance our



My father and his favourite Walrus; a painting by Lovis Corinth
(Hamburg Art Gallery)

Together with my brother, Heinrich, I receive Kaiser Wilhelm II at Stellingen. On the right, with walking-stick, is Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin





Stellingen's Zoological sensation of 1925 ! Goliath the Sea-Elephant

trumpeters blew a triple blast, and I thanked the audience for their applause, which I assured them I found most encouraging, so encouraging, in fact, that I requested their support. I then told them what the police chief had said, and pointed out that there were three hundred and four Dutchmen at that moment in our employ, so I hoped that Holland would be able to feed my German staff of seven, all specialists, without whom I could not do. I said I was forced to make this statement because a hostile press had alleged the opposite. I bowed and the band played the Dutch national anthem.

There was great applause, and the next morning I sent a deputation of my Dutch employees to The Hague to the Ministry of the Interior, while my two Belgian business representatives put forward my written application to be allowed to continue. I also went to The Hague, but did not even get inside the Ministry, for there was our delegation already coming out, beaming all over—we had our permit!

Most of the newspapers now printed fair criticism, but there were still some which continued to paint our food-snatching presence in the blackest colours. One even went so far as to warn its readers to keep their dogs and cats indoors, lest our circus folk caught them and stuffed them! However, this warning had a sharp boomerang effect, for the very next morning there was a most enterprising Dutchman at our door with a whole wagon-load of dead dogs and cats, which he tried to sell us. He was furious when we explained that we had no use for them, and with some amusement we saw him withdraw, grumbling, to call upon a certain newspaper editor!

I think we received the most courteous treatment from the manager of the Scheveningen Seaside Resort Company. Here most of the hotels were full of British wounded, and the British military police had set patrols all round us, to prevent their folk coming to our shows, at a moment when so few miles away terrible battles were being fought. This blockade, however, did not defeat the good British. The name of Hagenbeck triumphed over the war and the artificial hatred of peoples, and the British officers found their way in as—Dutch civilians!

In the autumn of 1918 I would have liked to hire the Chiniselli building in Warsaw again, but my application was so firmly refused by the German military authorities that I felt pretty sure that we were on the point of losing the war. We had indeed then begun to withdraw on all fronts. Holland and Scandinavia had just seen our show.

What next, then? In Dresden, Breslau and Berlin other circuses had their permanent buildings. However, there was one great conurbation with a densely packed population which had no circus. This was the Ruhr. So I sent my business representative, Dr. Katz, to approach the city fathers of Essen, and the results of that enterprise were good.

I TOOK a trip to Bremen and bought up the scaffolding of the transportable building which the firm of Caré used to erect for the Bremen 'Freemarket.' I now had my main structure, so I looked round and found a building firm to fit stabling, lighting, heating and so forth. The work of erection at Essen was to be completed by Christmas, 1918, but the time limit had to be stretched as badly as the cost. However, at last we could start. It was February 19th, 1919. Our intimacy with the city of Essen began, and here we now found a second home.

I still marvel that the police inspectors responsible for building regulations ever let us open our doors. They must clearly have been great circus fans themselves. I can still picture our cashier at the pay desk that opening day, huddled in a thick winter overcoat, wrapped in blankets (with relays of heated bricks as hassocks for his chilled feet). Inside, one came on planks to cross over the trenches in which electric cables and various pipe systems were yet to be laid. There was a general shortage of window glass. Snow drifted in all over the place.

Originally I had conceived of this as merely winter quarters for our circus, but in the end we decided to make Essen our permanent circus home. This decision, I will confess, was much facilitated by the fact that with two shows daily after a run of years we were still able to sell out full houses! The Essen folk proved circus-minded to a high degree and took whatever we gave them. We provided first-class circus stuff, water displays, with floodlit fountains reaching to the ceiling, 'Wallenstein's Camp'—a scene from Schiller—and Belbosq's 'Kiki on a Marmot Journey,' as our manager christened a really funny equestrian programme. It all went. To Essen I took everything and anything that was good and expensive.

If today you were to ask any old hand of Krupps, or such a man as my old friend Jacob Funke, now a newspaper proprietor, but then merely a brilliant young reporter, who often handled the circus reports, and you will find that everybody of that age recalls Spichalski the clown, Kiki the dwarf clown, August Mölker with his 'lions on the sofa' or the Icarus family of the name of Lorch. Hagenbeck's

show in Viehhof Square has become an indispensable chapter of Essen history.

At the same time, what times of stress those Ruhr days could be! There were many occasions when we had to fling ourselves headlong down in the office, to avoid the bullets which suddenly came flicking in, to bury themselves in the plaster of the wall. I can recall our aerial acrobats dropping like ripe plums into the safety net one day when machine-gun fire suddenly turned the roof into a sieve. Revolution suddenly marched through the streets. One day we had mutinous troops demanding horses and weapons of us, and they took away even the wooden dummy guns we used in our shows and the blank cartridge pistols used by our animal tamers. There were riotous scenes in those days in the restaurants, revolutionary soldiers and their girls dancing on the dining tables. But whenever our circus doors opened, differences for the moment seemed to vanish, and we saw Spartacists, socialists and militarists, those who plundered and those who were plundered, all sitting together, captivated by the display at once ancient and modern.

Every night I would creep cautiously through the streets to my hotel, bearing a whole suitcase-full of paper money, one man scouting ahead, another covering me behind with a stout cudgel, till with a sigh of relief I saw our 'treasure' locked away in the hotel strongroom. Now we became millionaires, multi-millionaires, billionaires, trillionaires—with the dollar at last reaching 4·20 billion paper marks. I do not think my nephew, later chief cashier, ever knew exactly how many noughts one was supposed to stick on the end.

We went to Holland that summer with a totally new programme, and there earned good Dutch gulden, while every week at Stellingen we handed out two laundry-baskets of paper money, and our employees, when they were paid, used to hurry, because while they were still waiting in the queues outside the shops the printing presses were almost certainly turning out more millions, and prices might rise still higher. At one time a mere fifty guldens were sufficient to cover our animal park outgoings for a whole month!

However, all this financial juggling was not going to create flesh for our carnivorous animals. We had lost our seals to the fishmonger during the war. Now we lost our lions and tigers—from eating meat which was bad. We pulled our polar bears round thanks only to the use of some millions of marks' worth of camomile flowers, using

these for inhalations to make the animals sweat. How does one persuade a polar bear to inhale, the question may be asked? Simple. You fill an elephant's drinking trough with steaming camomile tea and lift your polar bear cages on top of this, bar side down. That way the bears have little option, and the camomile vapour is bound to enter their streaming noses.

But at last, not to lose heavily, we had to sell our animal stock abroad, and as the animal park emptied we were also obliged to dismiss faithful old employees. Hagenbeck's Animal Park finally closed its doors on October 3rd, 1920. A few specimens which we saved from this wreck we sent to the Ruhr. At Rüttenscheid we acquired an enormous machine shop which had been stripped bare, and there we opened a large animal show. That same winter we brought our other circus back from Holland and put on a programme in the Busch building in Reeper Street, Hamburg. It was here that the famous 'Three Codonas' began their world-famous triple somersaults between trapezes, a feat nobody else has ever achieved.

The first people to visit us when the war was over were young John Ringling and his wife. John had now grown into a fine figure of a man. When something pleased him he had a trick of jerking his head, pursing his lips and whistling softly to himself. Our horse trainer had just taken on his team of sixteen blacks, each in white harness with a large brass number plate. 'Now then, mix it!' he would cry, and go out of the ring, whereupon the horses would gambol about, weaving in utter disorder, like children at playtime. A moment later, he would return and cry: 'In your places,' and they would at once form up in proper order. This performance really did make John Ringling whistle, and our wonderfully trained eighteen polar bears, twelve Bengal tigers and the exotic item with fourteen zebras and camels also pleased him mightily. In due course he wrote us a handsome cheque, in addition transferring to us four elephants out of his American herd, which by steady purchasing in these years since we last met he had built up to some ninety animals.

These star turns sailed to America on the American steamship *Hawaiian*, while our assistant, Emil Köhrmann, took our show on a tour of the North German states, hoping at least to earn the animals their keep. Twice daily he sent us the paper money he took at the gate, because the value of this often dropped in the course of the day. Despite the losses this entailed, we were able soon enough to buy dollar bills sufficient once again to send men out to catch wild animals

and bring them to us at Stellingen, rebuilding our animal park and our animal trade all over again.

Heinrich and I now established two firms abroad, the Carl Hagenbeck Animal Trading Company and Circus Ltd., of The Hague, and the Hagenbeck Brothers Company, of New York. With foreign bank loans we succeeded in re-establishing our business, and in 1922 the first of our men, veteran Jürgen Johannsen, brought the first large contingent of animals in this postwar period of trade from India into the port of Hamburg. Heinrich was in North America when this fine herd of ten young elephants arrived. It was a sight I had not seen for many a long day, and with the elephants came numerous Bengal tigers, leopards, crocodiles and exotic birds—and three hundred rhesus monkeys. I could have embraced each of those young elephants for sheer delight. At once it occurred to me that I must reopen the animal park, if only for a day, and all former members of my staff supported me. Years after I was reminded by an old friend who was present that I myself got so excited that I banged my desk with delight so hard that I cracked two of the boards. '*Done!*' I cried, '*on with it!*' I seized the telephone at once, to beat up recruits and prepare the press. For a few days I had an aeroplane circling over Hamburg, dropping half a million leaflets which read: 'People of Hamburg! Does your animal park still mean anything to you? If so, come to Stellingen on Sunday.'

The result exceeded expectations. Two and twenty thousand visitors poured through our vast gate with the elephant statuary. I had to make that special revival a two days' show. After that, I had to send on the animals, for they were already sold to America.

Meanwhile, Heinrich had renewed our old contacts in Buenos Aires, and soon Fritz Essler was on his way to the Antarctic to get us more sea-elephants. Jürgen Johannsen sent a big new contingent of stock in from India, and Christoph Schulz from Africa. Our animal trade was on the up-grade again.

Then, in 1924, that unholy bubble, 'inflation,' burst. Schacht introduced the rentenmark currency. Overnight, millionaires were turned to beggars. Banks crashed. The press was full of news of suicides of ruined men and the sale of old-established business houses. It was a severe stroke, but essential to bring the German economy back to health. Heinrich and I now decided that after three years of closed doors our Stellingen zoo must open again. At once the whole place came to new life, lawns being mowed, new gravel rolled, the

Japanese temples repainted with red lacquer and so forth, and after some weeks of round-the-clock work we finally opened our doors again on May 24th, 1924. We had only one great hindrance—the memory of the general public. Though everybody had suffered just as we had in the past ten years, we would hear scornful remarks to the effect that 'if the old man had still been alive, there would have been more animals than this.' People were forgetting that in those 'good old days' a glass of beer cost only ten pfennigs. In the meantime, we had lost a world war. Besides, we were starting everything again from scratch, and all at our own expense.

Now, however, we were to have a sensation which had been unknown in Father's time. 'Goliath', a fully grown sea-elephant, appeared in the park as the first of his kind. His travelling quarters were the size of the largest pantechnicon made. He weighed no less than 5,300 lb. avoirdupois! He could have outbalanced two school forms together with their masters! To get Goliath into the park we used our working elephant, Roma, but before Roma pushed the enormous van she took a peep inside, and virtually squeaked with delight at the comical vast tubby thing she saw inside, with funny flippers for arms and a clownish face.

'Push, Roma!' we cried. Roma pulled herself together, and the enormous packing case slid up the ramp on to the edge of the Antarctic Panorama pool. Nearby, penguins which had come by the same ship were already carefully examining their new home. Goliath's arrival was like a grand public reception. There were crowds of the general public, and of course, in the forefront, also Nature specialists and the directors of several zoos.

The capture of Goliath had been a chapter all by itself, for it had been no easy matter to net such a monster and get him on board ship. And, once on board, he had had to stay in his box, even crossing the Equator, and do without his daily dip, making do with good periodical hosings down. But for the more than forty days of the journey across he had not eaten a scrap of food—not that the fast showed at all when one looked at him.

Our attendants opened the travelling box, and out he came, a battleship-grey mountain of fat, a mobile paunch, capped by a diminutive, neckless head. Then he smelled water, and the jaws opened to emit one tremendous bellow as he plunged into the pool, into which we had tipped a few hundredweight of salt and four hundred pounds of live codling! The tremendous splash drenched the front-line radio

commentators of the old Norag broadcasting company and many of the pressmen and reporters. Mouth wide open, Goliath forged a foaming path across that tank, and not one fish ever missed those snapping yellow-toothed jaws. At last he emerged again from the frothing water, shook his pointed snout, and bellowed like an enormous foghorn with sheer delight, before, obviously delighted with this first little step towards removal of his loose tummy pleats, he settled down on the sandy shore to belch softly and take a well-earned forty winks. Anyone who had not seen him shooting all ways to and fro through that water like an erratic torpedo would now, even as near as only twenty feet from him, take him merely to be an outcrop of shining rock, eroded smooth by the sea.

He was not there long. By the very next steamer from the other side there was the American circus king John Ringling, all out to acquire Goliath for his 'Greatest Show of the World.' When he saw the mammoth creature, John gave another of those nods and whistled softly to himself. But it was his turn to be surprised when he heard our price! For, to tell the truth, we had never given a hint that we had the intention of selling Goliath. Indeed, from now on, for some years, we made sea-elephants a speciality of our house, one which made more than one zoo manager envious. 'Roland,' who, together with Bobby the gorilla, was the Berlin Zoo's leading attraction, was supplied by us.

Nevertheless, it was not long before on the other side of the Atlantic John Ringling had his own sea-elephants. He used to have one of them —Jason—drawn in triumph round his three circus rings before putting the animal in its pool. Later, he confided in me (I was staying with him at his winter headquarters at Sarasota Bay, in Florida) that this Jason—a sea-elephant, incidentally, which we had supplied—proved of tremendous publicity value throughout the States, and more than earned his keep during the five winter months by that daily ride round the circus. At Sarasota Bay John Ringling had had piles driven to make a water enclosure, so that for five months of the year Jason could have the time of his life and fish to his heart's content—in the Gulf Stream. Even at low tide he had a sufficient depth of water for any zoo-confined colleague to envy him.

One morning, however, this natural sea pool cost Jason dearly. The attendant found his flippers milling as if he were training to be a boxer. A large octopus had seized his head, and it was no easy job to cut through the tentacles, which were a good three feet long. In this

attack Jason lost an eye, and it was a long time before a number of festering head wounds healed.

On this particular visit to the United States, out of thirty-four days I was travelling for twenty-seven, for I covered the whole country. At Memphis the heat was tropical, at Denver, there was a foot of snow in the streets. This forced travel I found essential if I was to renew all my old business contacts properly. The extent to which the epidemic of national hatred could infect even educated men I had experienced some time before this at the hands of Dr. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoo. Immediately after the end of the war, that old business friend had written us a letter which was an infuriated song of hate against Germany. Just before the war we had supplied the Bronx Park with an aurochs from Count Pless's estate. When required for siring purposes this bull would not do his stuff. Hornaday now tried to make out that either we or Count Pless himself had deliberately doctored the animal to prevent America breeding from him. Later it was established that the bull was merely suffering from an easily treated minor complaint which any vet should have spotted at once. But as even after that discovery the American had never felt called upon to offer either the Count or myself an apology, I did not feel any great inclination to call on him. He, however, heard of my presence in New York and invited me round, and after thrashing things out thoroughly our old friendship was restored, and I left New York rather pleased with myself, having a new large order in my pocket.

In America I also acquired some animals for Stellingen. Among these were four enormous alligators. When they had been got aboard I had gone down to my cabin to change at once for breakfast, when the bo'sun came hurrying down to me in a state of terrible alarm, to tell me that two of the alligators had broken loose. (He called them crocodiles!)

I hurried off as I was, one cheek still covered with lather, and there I saw the travelling chests in smithereens, broken up by the tails of those powerful animals. When at last we got the hang of it all, we found our escapees tucked away sound asleep, their heads comfortably nestling on some old emigrants' mattresses which had been forgotten in a corner. Carefully we closed the hold, and while I finished my toilet and breakfasted the ship's carpenter knocked me up a sort of shield about three feet square. This was necessary because alligators have a tremendous bite, and once they get hold they never let go, no matter even if their heads are twisted till the lower jaw breaks.

When the travelling boxes were built up again, I armed myself with a lasso made from a ship's hawser. Cautiously, my stout shield in front of me, I crept up to the sleeping monster and got my noose over the head of the first. It woke up at once and reared up wildly, but I quickly got the noose also over a fore leg, so as not to strangle the animal when we pulled. The free end of the hawser had been led through the alligator cage, and the moment I leapt back the bo'sun and the carpenter hauled with all their might, till the animal, snapping madly and lashing out with its tail, was safely inside.

The next alligator had watched the capture of its mate apparently unmoved, but when I approached with shield and lasso this one lunged forward at me, and its tooth-jagged jaws came crash on to the shield. The blow flung me back. The alligator raised its threatening jaws a second time, and was clearly in a combative mood. But I already had the noose over his neck, and the next step he took was into the loop, and he too was caught. Like lightning he now flung himself on his back then swiftly leapt back again to his feet, doubled in two, lashing ou with his tail on all sides, till the deck shook under the blows. But inc by inch he too was dragged in, and when we had got him too safel boxed we cut the rope. Even then we did not breathe freely till th carpenter had hammered in the last nail enclosing the creature. Th glasses of beer which we then treated ourselves to were the bes earned I have ever known.

All this time, Richard Sawade was travelling with our mobil circuses, partly in Germany, partly in other European countries, an as long as the sun shone business was good. But winter, with it enormous costs, again drank up all the profits, for one cannot simply lock up a circus; the performing animals must constantly be under training. Attendants have to be paid, and repairs and preparations for the next tour also necessitate permanent staffing.

For this reason I was now greatly concerned to find some circus building in which to spend the winters giving performances, at least to cover basic costs. Sarrasani owned the only building in Dresden, Krone had his winter circus quarters in Munich, Paula Busch covered Berlin, while in Vienna, where earlier there had been as many as three circuses but now was none, there was now not a single suitable building available.

Guided by Father's basic motto *fix oder nix*—that is to say, all or nothing—I then took the train for the city of the waltz. There I at once found the housebreakers just beginning to swing their picks in

the old Schumann building. 'Commercial Counsellor' Busch had sold the Prater building, and this was being transformed into a cinema. At the same time, the oldest circus building of all in Vienna, that which Renz senior built in 1864, in the suburb of Leopoldstadt, was apparently in ruins. There had been a fire. It had been gutted, and what was once the dazzling foyer had been turned into a garage. Nevertheless, I saw my chance, and resolved at once to re-convert this ruined shell.

It was at first a baffling job. *Fix oder nix* was scarcely the motto of the Viennese Hotel Industry Company, which owned the Renz ruins. Yet at last I did manage to get them all round a table together, and then the contract was signed—Dutch gulden were to bring life into this now slumbering circus backwater. Builders, decorators, upholsterers and carpenters filled the hulk with the din of their tools, and much water and washing soda were used to remove from mangers, auditorium and gangways a very long accumulation of filth. Could he only have seen the red plush seats and interior decoration and dazzling illuminations on December 6th, 1923, when once again the doors were opened, how delighted old Renz would have been. From that day the Viennese took us to their proverbial golden hearts and when later our Essen building fell to the housebreakers Vienna was to provide us with a generous new home for twenty uninterrupted years.

IN THE autumn of 1927 came a return visit to South America, for Heinrich's inquiries in the Buenos Aires sea-elephant market had elicited sufficiently attractive answers. Letters and telegrams began to fly between that southern city and Hamburg; our advance agent, Dr. Katz, went out and one day, not long after, two men could have been seen in Hamburg docks measuring up and chalking lines on the deck of the s.s. *General Mitre*, as anxiously as old Noah had once done on his ship. For this Hamburg-South American steamer was to be fitted out for the transport of the entire Carl Hagenbeck Circus. When the steamer had been chartered, and work was under way, Richard Sawade and I took the fast train to Boulogne, to pick up a sister ship, the *Cap Norte*. Sawade had originally intended to sail with our publicity man, Karl Arthur Vollrath, on the Italian luxury liner *Principessa Mafalda*, but he decided to join me. Vollrath, however, would not cancel his booking. Vollrath had an expensive weakness for Italian cooking!

So it came about that this time Hagenbeck's moved off in four steamers—we two in advance on the *Cap Norte*, Vollrath on the *Principessa Mafalda*, the *General Mitre* a fortnight behind us with the animals, and our artistes and technical personnel later still on the *Bülow*. The two completely Hagenbeck boats were of course setting a direct course to Buenos Aires, while our *Cap Norte*, plying on its regular line, made other calls *en route*. However, the radio officer very kindly flagged the daily position of our two steamers on a wall chart for us. I came to look forward anxiously to his daily visit, and it can be imagined what a shiver went down my spine when one day he came with a long face and said: 'I am afraid I have sad news for you, gentlemen.' I drew a deep breath. 'Half an hour ago,' he said gravely, 'when I made contact with the *Principessa Mafalda* she was sending out an SOS. Then her radio suddenly went silent. I am afraid she has gone down.'

Sawade shot me a quick glance, and the colour left his cheeks. He could so easily have been on that boat. But though most of the first- and second-class passengers went down with her, it so happened that

Vollrath was one of the few to come out alive, *but with hair turned grey*; he had witnessed the attempt to disembark. There were too few boats, and the sea was teeming with sharks.

Arriving in Buenos Aires, we found the city under the sign of Hagenbeck. Dr. Katz had done good work. All possible hoarding sites shrieked at one with their brightly coloured placards about Carlos Hagenbeck. In any case, the people there already knew who we were.

The welcome which our learned advance agent afforded us was particularly lavish. He at once drove us off to a real feast. 'And not on the house, either, Herr Hagenbeck,' he declared at once, 'this is all on me,' and when I gaped, for he certainly had not been so rich when he left Hamburg, with pride he patted a bulging note-case.

'Poker again?' I asked.

'No,' said Katz, 'operating theatre.' And thereby partly solved a mystery. For Dr. Katz was one of the most intriguing circus men I have ever known. Nobody hitherto had ever really believed in the title of 'Doctor' on which he insisted, yet somehow it had always seemed to suit him unusually well. Now it had been proved. Katz was a person of most distinguished exterior and a most entertaining conversationalist. The days now flashed by, thoroughly occupied by press conferences and parties out on the estancias of hospitable Buenos Aires friends, till, punctually a fortnight later, there was the *General Mitre* with her motley freight, and on the La Plata quays the talk was only of Hagenbeck.

However, at the circus site we found erection of the necessary accommodation took a little longer than it would have done in Germany. Our Argentine employees spent too much time off the site. There was a swamp not far off 'peopled' by the plumpest frogs ever seen, and these were a culinary delicacy to the Argentinians.

However, came November 8th, 1927, at last, and we opened our doors to a first gala performance, graced moreover by the presence of President Dr. Alvear, who most vividly expressed his pleasure in the show, an official recognition to be repeated later at Rio de Janeiro, when his Brazilian opposite number, Dr. Washington, also attended a performance. In between one and the other expression of the highest approval in the land lay successful performances in a long list of the cities of both the Argentine and Brazil. Throughout South America we followed the harvest front. Indians flocked in their thousands to the sugar-cane provinces and earned good money. At Tucuman, one of the twenty-seven sugar refineries made a present of

two tons of sugar-cane, which we utilised as welcome elephant fodder, though it did not last long. Through that Cloud-cuckoo-mountain of sweetness our twelve good Jumbos actually chewed their way in three days, during which the corners of their mouths were constantly dribbling nectar.

In South America, we were specially impressed by the many German settlers, who hastened down from the most remote regions to make festive contact under the Southern Cross with our touch of the old home country.

Through Brazil our five-thousand-seating circus four-master was competently steered by Richard Sawade, while I travelled that continent at large, calling on all the zoos of South America, buying animals—and selling them too—and eventually assembling at Buenos Aires a substantial animal transport of ant-eating bears, ocelots, jaguars, monkeys and a wide range of birds—altogether no less than 1,552 different specimens!

Just before we left, I purchased one more animal pelt. It was of a species quite unknown to me—dark brown, the skin of a canine or vulpine species—and my curiosity was certainly awakened when the dealer gave me convincing assurances that he had obtained the skin up in the high Andes. Yet it was definitely not the hide of the long-haired wolf, a species I knew well. With closely matted hair, it was more like a bear's skin. At the same time, the animal had a pointed snout and long legs. I bought the hide and thus when I returned put the cat among the pigeons in German zoological circles, till Dr. Ingo Krummbiegel catalogued the animal as 'the Hagenbeck Andean wolf.' Alas, despite great efforts, I have to this day been unable to learn any more details of this rare and so nearly extinct species, let alone obtain a living specimen.

On the journey back to Germany, while we were calling at Santos, I visited the world-famous San Paulo Serological Institute, and enriched my animal collection by one hundred poisonous snakes, tortoises and some specimens of the bird-eating spider. The Serological Institute of Butantan has often been wrongly called a 'snake farm.' However, it does not exist to breed snakes, but to neutralise the danger of Brazil's poisonous reptiles. Some thirty thousand poisonous snakes are sent here every year, and the State-owned post office and railways transmit the snakes free. The reptiles are sent in by the coffee, yerba maté and cotton growers of this giant country, which in breadth and length equals the distance from Hamburg to Timbuktu!

Tourists from all over the world are constant visitors at the snake compound, a grass-grown ground about a hundred yards square which contains about a dozen squat round hutments with small entrance holes at ground level. Here creep deadly reptiles in their thousands. One can see Brazil's deadliest snakes coiled up in the grass, creeping in or out of their huts, or trying in vain to climb the polished, overhanging cement-faced walls of their compound.

Totally unconcerned, among them strides the most photographed man of Brazil, in thigh-high rubber boots, and while onlookers get the creeps he calmly pins the creatures down with a wooden fork, picks them up with a grip behind the head, and with pincettes neatly squeezes the poison sac out into a test-tube.

The director showed me over hi laboratory, where the milked-out poison is dehydrated and pulverised. To get one ounce of dehydrated poison, the sacs of more than eight hundred snakes are required. Small doses injected into the blood-stream of horses—kept under ideal conditions, on the best food, of course, and under strictest controls—produce poison antibodies, and at long intervals this serum is extracted and prepared, for supply to outlying farmers in ampoules ready for home use. In the particular year I was there it was a farmer of the state of Santa Catharina who had beaten the record, sending in four hundred and ninety-nine snakes.

'Would you like to see a genuine snake banquet?' the director laughed. He thrust his arm into a chest and from this produced a poisonless adder, glistening black, and about eight feet in length. Apparently this was his pet. He took it into his lap and stroked its head, as if it were a lap-dog. Using long-handled pincers, his assistant now put a very dangerous lachesis on the floor, and like a dart the adder leapt on this and, after a brief struggle, despite the lachesis's attempts to bite the adder, had this by the head, and then with satisfaction slowly imbibed it. After this apparently ample meal the doctor took his pet back on his lap, but now the little head, eagerly darting from side to side, clearly expressed a wish for 'more of that,' and this was in fact served, in the shape of a poisonous coral adder, which was just as readily swallowed down.

But despite all the serum which the Institute is today able to send to all parts of Brazil, it has still discovered nothing satisfactory against the bite of the bird-eating spider, which is capable of killing a sixteen-stone man in twenty minutes.

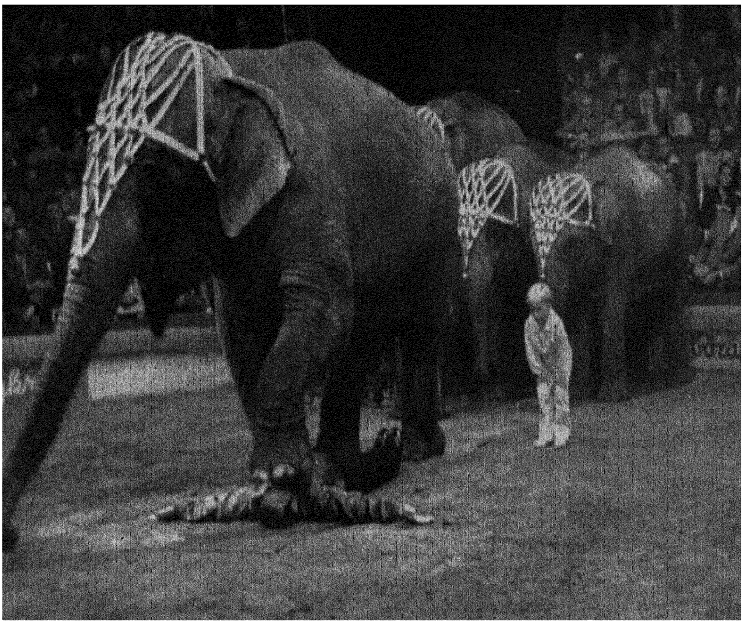
I have only known one man who had a feeling almost of affection for

this deadly member of the Gramostola family, and that was our own Papa Dörries, at Stellingen, who died a few years ago at the ripe age of a hundred and one, and had for long been in charge of our insect house. My brother and I had all our lives been on the most intimate terms with Papa Dörries, for he had been a friend of our father's, his childhood playmate in those far-off days when Hamburg was entirely enclosed within its city walls. He often used to tell us how they came back home late, when the city gates were closed, and, having no money to pay the fine, were given a few 'of the best' with the sentry's halberd.

Papa Dörries, an outstanding insect expert, thus served three generations of our family. He had spent twenty-five years collecting butterflies, beetles and insects for us. In Siberia, in Japan, and on the island of Sakhalin, he had turned his open umbrella upside down and tapped the bushes to capture what he wanted, discovering hundreds of new species of insect, many of which are now known to science by the names he gave them. He acquired his great love for the world of minute creatures from his own father, a Hamburg master baker in public life but in private life a scholar who had closely worked with the famous naturalist Dr. Alfred Brehm. He had many a tale to tell of his early adventures in East Siberia.

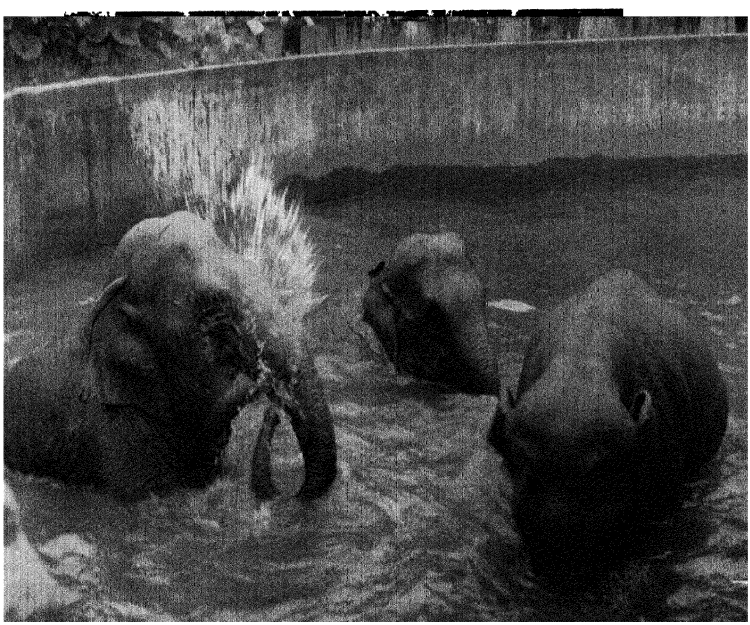
In 1877 Papa Dörries served as steward on the first steamer to go to Nagasaki from Hamburg, a voyage of seventy-five days. He had then traversed the whole of Japan from south to north on foot. Thence he continued through Sakhalin to Vladivostok and to East Siberia, which country absorbed him for no less than twenty-five years. When he thought he had had enough of that life, in addition to a collection of Siberian tigers, reindeer and stags, he had eighty-seven thousand butterflies and beetles, five thousand six hundred stuffed birds, countless pelts and a great deal of folk information regarding the Tungus, Funfu and Aino peoples, all of which has enriched Germany's museums and preserved his name for posterity. Back in Germany, and already getting on in years, he now spent twenty-five years in charge of the Stellingen Terrarium and Aquarium, where the Kaiser and more than one other crowned head were his visitors and marvelled at the way in which he would pick up those death-dealing spiders.

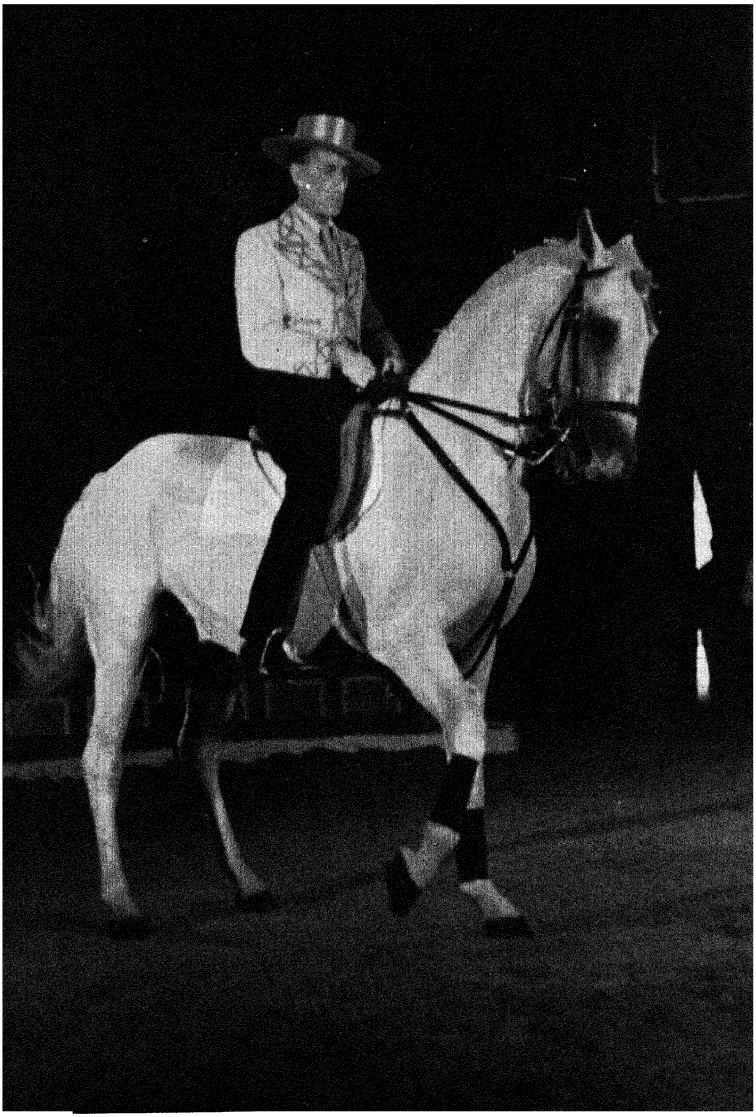
Fritz Dörries was as trusting in his attitude towards the animal world as he was honourable and guileless in his dealings with men. He would slide back the glass cover to the dangerous spider's cage, breathe on the creature, gently stroke its back, then cautiously lift it out. He would then carefully turn it on to its back on the palm of his



A giant of the jungle holds her foot—with 3½ tons weight behind it—over her trainer's head, but little Uwe does not fear for his father; he knows he himself can handle the gentle Roma

Aquatic delights in Stellingen's elephant pool: ample water and a good mud wallow are essentials in an elephant's toilet





Lulu Gautier on his Lipizzaner mount *Favory Maestoso*

hand, so that sightseers, holding their breath, could see the unholy little poisoner's powerful incisors.

Dörries was convinced that all the animals knew his body smell. He never touched them without first rinsing his hands well in warm water, so that there would be only his natural body odour, and not the slightest trace of soap, on his hands.

He fed the bird-eating spiders with cockroaches, but every fortnight, as a treat, he used to give them a mouse. I have many a time watched those feasts. Like lightning, the spider would rise on its hairy legs on to the mouse, give it one bite, then leap back. Immediately a spasmodic jerk would run through the mouse, and a few seconds later it would be dead, when the spider would devour it completely, only skin and bones being left.

One day, however, Dörries nearly had a bad accident, which might easily have had catastrophic results. But 'Papa' never for an instant lost his unassailable calm or his confidence in his poisonous little friend. He had been showing it to a famous princess and her attendants, and these, their noses wrinkled with disgust, were turning to follow the gentlemen of the party when the then fashionable head scarf of one of the ladies happened to touch the spider. In a flash this had leapt on to it and taken up a position on the top of the lady's straw hat. She had no idea what had happened, but it only needed a careless move of her hand for a fatal accident to have taken place. Without a word, Dörries quickly slipped behind her, took the escapee carefully down from its elevated perch and put it back into its glass case!

Later, Heinrich and I threatened all our animal attendants with immediate dismissal if any of them failed to observe the precautions prescribed for work in handling the animals. Unfortunately, nearly all men who have to handle animals every day of their lives tend to become too trustful, for everyday contact with danger leads inevitably to indifference. Most accidents with animals have only one cause—lack of caution on the part of the victim.

Thus, one of Richard Sawade's attendants, no doubt wanting in his boss's absence to show off to an audience, dared to enter the carnivores' cage with only a brush and shovel. Before the eyes of the onlookers the man was torn to pieces on the spot.

A similar case was that of a certain retired bank employee. To please him, he was given a summer job by Father as a park attendant. During the season we always needed a large number of auxiliary men to keep people from running over the grass lawns, picking flowers, or

climbing over the barriers. This retired bank clerk had often seen my father go into the lion pit unarmed, but the unfortunate man was apparently ignorant that the tamest lion turns into a wild beast the instant a stranger approaches it with stick or whip in hand. That is just what this unfortunate man did. He took a whip from its hook in the ante-room and, alcohol-brave, entered the pit. Immediately a male lion rushed at him, knocking him down. He yelled loudly, and the lion shook him as a terrier will shake a rat. The fact that this lion, which we had bought from the Balfertein Menagerie, had had its teeth filed flat—and that the bank clerk had on a thick winter coat—allowed us to hope that the man's life might still be saved.

Alarmed by the cries of the visitors who were present, Heinrich rushed to the spot. At the same time one of our nephews raced to the office and brought out one of the revolvers which we kept ready to be used with blank cartridges. The attendant meanwhile had got the other lions into the inner compartment, but the old male was still gripping his victim, growling all the time. Without taking aim, Heinrich fired at close range. To his horror, the lion staggered away, as if hit.

The fact was, with the best of intentions, the lad had loaded with a live cartridge, but had not warned Heinrich that he had done so. My brother, of course, was now afraid lest he had also wounded the man. The lion had dropped him, and he now lay lifeless.

The lion crept away into the inner cage, and the bank clerk was carried out. There was a doctor to hand, but, though he was relatively unhurt by the lion's teeth, the bank clerk was past medical aid. Shaking him, the animal had banged his head against the concrete floor and smashed in his skull. Heinrich's bullet had indeed hit the lion, and I was obliged to put the animal out of its pain with my heavy hunting gun. Thus through sheer lack of elementary caution on his own part a man lost his life, and so did one of the sweetest-tempered lions which we had ever had. The animal had been such a pet that the little son of his former tamer had regularly ridden him about the yard as if he were a rocking-horse.

The relatives of the former bank clerk now claimed substantial damages, but without result, for the court accepted the evidence that all our employees were strictly forbidden to cross the barriers put up to keep visitors out of danger, unless in the company of the tamer or trainer specifically detailed to handle any particular animal.

In these years my family saw me only as an occasional guest at our

new house at Lokstedt. Two younger men were absorbing a lot of my time both in the office and the animal park, for they were learning the business. They were both called Carl—after their grandfather—and while one also bore the second name of Heinrich, after his father, the other was my own son, Carl Lorenz. They were to follow us in the firm. Carlo and Heinchen, as they had been called since infancy, were one heart and one soul, a most important point for any enterprise in which two partners have equal responsibilities and rights.

For all my own father's good intentions and contrivances I had always in all respects inevitably been rather in the shade of Heinrich, who was seven years my senior, and had so much more experience in the firm. Though in the end we did come to work together always in the greatest harmony, there were by the nature of things bound to be differences of basic outlook between us. I remember one time when our discussion in the head office reached such a point of *fortissimo* that it was our two wives—as close friends as any blood sisters could have been—who had the job of pouring sufficient oil on to the troubled waters. I cannot tell you how contentedly, after this process, their replete husbands puffed at their cigars and chatted about nothing in particular!

Here, however, let me remove any misconception. I cannot emphasise too much that Heinrich and I never ceased to drive hard towards the same goal. Our differences were never more than about how to get there, and even when we were silver-haired we had many a tussle about that sort of thing. We both had inherited my father's pigheadedness. We also both had powerful fists, and as the debate waxed, so did the blows on our desks, till the ink-pots danced.

There was, however, one occasion on which we actually found ourselves in conflict as leaders of opposing armies, though this was not occasioned by any difference of opinion of our own. But let me introduce the 'armies.' In a corner of the park we had a party of Bedouins encamped in their tents. My nephew Heinrich had devised pyramids, a sphinx and some mosques, to produce a really Egyptian backcloth to this scene, which included a 'native bazaar,' inclusive of memento stall and a display of picture postcards, a business which flourished whenever the proud sons of the desert were not distracting the Hamburg folk's attention by their riding displays.

Not far from here a contingent of Somali folk had erected their own mud huts. Here our orthodox Moslem friend Hersy Egeh ruled over his tribe, and when these were not enacting war dances or dromedary

races—or grilling mutton over open fires—as part of the programme, they were busy selling 'black sugar-cane' to the gaping visitors. This sugar-cane was for chewing, and I may remark that it combined the functions of a tooth-brush and chewing gum, two concepts still unknown in Somaliland, though our good Somalis also sold picture postcards quite well. Here in fact was the potential cause of a bitter trade war, and one morning this did break out in all earnest.

Suddenly the animal park rang with war-cries. The women began to shriek and blows rained down on turbans and fuzzy Somali heads alike, while Heinrich and I, unbeknownst to each other and by different paths, rushed to the scene—*and from different sides*! Hence Heinrich appeared in the Somali village, while I took my place among the Bedouins! We pressed through the crowd on either side till through showers of stones we reached the scene of the mêlée. Not one man paid the least attention to our words, or rather, they paid the wrong sort of attention, for each side apparently took our presence in their midst and our shouting as approval, support, even leadership.

For a few moments the battle grew still fiercer, now that each side was led by one of the white chiefs. That tried our patience, till, seeing each other, we were able to combine our efforts, bringing our sticks down lustily on whatever heads came under them, till at last, with Hersy Egeh's valiant support, we secured peace. The Bedouins were the first to lay down arms, and as we now discovered that they had also been the first to take them up, we suggested they might like a little sightseeing trip round Hamburg. Scenting baksheesh, they expressed their readiness, and in the little tour we included a 'visit to a steamship.' Once we had got them on board that, we made very sure they did not get ashore again. In short, we dispatched them back whence they had come in very short order, and from then on had peace in the park.

Such was the Battle of Stellingen, totally ignored by all manuals of history, since it proved possible to smooth things out merely with walking-sticks.

It went without saying that when peoples from far-distant, out-of-the-way corners of the world made their first contact with large European cities, there were many strange incidents. There was that awkward moment when Heinrich's satisfaction with some brave Sioux was somewhat clouded by finding his favourite household pet Flora grilling over their camp fire. One man's meat was clearly another

man's poison—or vice versa. But we found Hersy Egeh and his men on the whole a pleasure to work with.

During this particular summer stay in Hamburg, Hersy Egeh gave expression to his desire to see his pet son Ali receive some measure of German schooling, and the nearest and most suitable place for him to get knowledge which would be useful at home seemed to be our Stellingen primary school. So there young Ali went, and readers can imagine the excitement he caused when he sat side by side with my nephews and nieces on the school benches. He was a bright lad, spoke Low German like any other real Stellingen urchin, and there were many occasions when his homework was shown to the whole class as an example of how to do it.

But his school career ended sharply. He was living as a member of my brother's family, and had he not been too forthcoming and too interested in Heinrich's revolver perhaps he would have got further. But on one occasion, when he had been left alone in the house, he wanted to play the hero—no doubt so that we should all praise him and reward him. So he staged a burglary which he was supposed to have prevented, and to make it all the more realistic he fabricated visible signs of the struggle—and as conclusive evidence of the inglorious business concealed Heinrich's gold watch. My brother heard Ali's Oriental story of armed bandits to the end in utter amazement, but despite the boy's many convincing gestures and eloquent description he had his doubts. Indeed, the doubts became so great that eventually he put Ali over his knees and gave him a good Hamburg dusting, whereupon howling Ali confessed everything, and with a broken elementary school career travelled back to Africa, where for years after he puzzled Hamburg captains bunkering at Djibuti by his Hamburg eloquence.

Shortly before the outbreak of the war we had our last message from him from a ship's captain, and I was genuinely pleased a little after this to have a long letter from him. Now the proud father of a substantial troop of children, he sent me some snapshots. His own much lamented father, Hersy Egeh, had died some years previously, and with him the age of the proud chiefs of those parts vanished for ever. As business man equipped with foreign tongues, Ali now wore a smart double-breasted suit, but it was clear that he still hankered after the old days of his childhood at Stellingen, when he used to edify the young bloods of Hamburg with his wild war-dances.

Somewhere in the South Seas there must also be a coffee-skinned

beauty who, by bearing a birth certificate with the rubber stamp of Stellingen parish council, must have puzzled many an official of her own far-off island. This Kanaka girl was born in our park on July 21st, 1931, when our very last party from New Caledonia were dancing their hula-hula dances. She herself was to be better at the foxtrot. As a matter of fact, whenever they danced we had to rig out these Melanesians with their national costumes, making them up on the model of those in the Hamburg Museum, and I very much doubt if their grandfathers would ever have ventured to sea among the coral reefs in the canoes which they cobbled up for our shows. When performances were over for the day, they all dressed in ordinary European clothes and went out to Hamburg's Reeperbahn for their own recreation.

The original simple life, the hand-fashioning of native weapons and tools, the tribal festivals and customs, all those things which made the earlier of our great folk exhibitions so attractive to people—all that was already gone. Progress cannot be halted, the wheel of history allows no reversal. Radio, the press and above all the cinema have touched the remotest corners of the world, including those from which our exhibitions came. Once upon a time the journey to Hamburg had been the greatest adventure in the life of Eskimos, Tierra del Fuegans and Australian aborigines, one from which they returned home with their minds enlarged, the envy of their fellows, but the last of these peoples to come to Hamburg had more or less been merely so many show artistes offering a programme. Thus that cheerful little 'folk-wandering' which for fifty years had given Europeans a concrete idea of what other far-off peoples had looked like—and had taken our name to the igloos of Greenland, the tepees of Alaska and the pile-dwellings of the South Seas—was over.

While Heinrich devoted himself principally to developing the animal park and the animal supply business which depended on this, I looked after oversea enterprises, handled circus work and—to use the charming business expression—travelled 'in animals.' Thus it was that during one of my many North American journeys in the rising motor-car town of Detroit, where thousands were already working on Henry Ford's conveyor belt, I came upon an old acquaintance. Ten years had changed him too, but his unusual tie-pin disposed of any doubt. It was John Millen, our old Stellingen ostrich farm manager.

John Millen imparted a piece of news which made me prick up my ears, namely Detroit was thinking of creating its own zoo. There were enough dollars available, all that lacked was the man to plan it and the

man to manage it. Ah, those were lacks which could soon be filled! We hired a car at once and did a round of the city fathers, in which I did not fail to speak in praise of 'an American with zoo experience named John Millen,' with reference to Stellingen and to all the zoos we had founded in both Europe and America. In due course Millen did become manager of the Detroit Zoo, and the firm of Carl Hagenbeck got the job of construction and the supply of animals!

The following year, Heinrich himself went to Detroit to complete the plans for and supervise the construction of the various free animal compounds. We supplied all the animals, and the only slip-up was that on the opening day the polar bears strolled out to meet the public. In fact, Heinrich had refused responsibility for this particular detail, the bear-pit, which had been ready when he took over, with a protective moat so narrow that my boy Carlo, out there with his uncle, could leap it without any great effort. Such a jump was of course nothing for a polar bear, and it was indeed lucky that those who did get across were only young animals and nobody was hurt. Today the Detroit Zoo, which since then has been enlarged, is considered one of the loveliest in the United States.

THE DEVIL DANCERS CAPTURE SCANDINAVIA

IN THE spring of 1929 the s.s. *Parana* brought our circus back to Hamburg from Brazil. Personal pleasure at seeing Richard Sawade and many of our old employees again was, however, rather overshadowed by the bad business outlook in Germany. The Young Plan lay like a nightmare on our country. From 1930 to 1988 we were to pay 60,000 million Reichsmarks, which with interest and interest on interest meant over 100,000 million marks. From every advertisement site, placards showed us grandfather, father and son together pulling the family plough weighed down by War Guilt. It expressed both the mood and the position of Germany. As for circuses, it was easy to assess our position by the terrible rivalry which had developed between Sarrasani, Krone, Busch, Strassburger, Gleich Althoff and ourselves, to name only the largest. We were fighting each other for strictly limited available gate money. With particular fierceness flared the battle round that publicity-powerful superlative, '*Germany's Biggest Circus*,' an expensive ambition which had never really ruled us at Stellingen. Who was going to be so silly as to estimate Hagenbeck's enterprises by the number of their wagons, animals or man-power? Had not Carl Zuckmayer written: 'In Hagenbeck's the circus pure of classical antiquity lives on, a cultural institution, just as the Kroll Opera or Reinhardt's productions once were, and as noble a passion as any great national festival.'

Neck and neck in this chase after the superlative were Hans Stosch-Sarrasani and Carl Krone. Addressing the beloved inhabitants of the town to which he had come, with the pathos of a tribune of the people Hans Stosch would compose his whole-page newspaper ads, and he would flood whole districts with twopence-coloured adventure booklets telling the young folk wonderful things about the Maharaja of the Ring and his elephant herd. He ran his own publicity aircraft, mainly highly unsafe fighter aircraft of the first world war, which banked dangerously round church spires or flew under river bridges. In short, he made himself the European Barnum of advertisement publicity.

Carl Krone gave him tit for tat, with all the confidence moreover

of an enterprise which was brilliantly run, both technically and from a business standpoint. But neither all this nor the costly lawsuits to which the outstanding big bosses resorted in their circus-like battle could really decide which was the biggest circus in Germany.

Here let me put in a quiet word of explanation for the layman: the 'bigness' of a circus can be measured in various ways. One is the seating provided by the big top, which is not to be measured purely in square feet of tent space, since there is a wide range of difference between systems of seating. Nor is the number of people employed, or animals, or wagons the criterion, for these figures vary with the items on the bill and change from season to season. One cannot even judge by the total area a circus occupies. Rolling-stock can be parked tight packed or well spaced. Besides, when it comes to that, even white mice can be a big circus attraction, so that the mere number of the animals means nothing whatever by itself. The question indeed would never have found an agreed touchstone were it not that municipal authorities tend to put one single test forward when rival advance agents apply for permission to visit a town. 'How many elephants have you got?' they ask, on the supposition that the possession of those giant animals is a safe indication of the worth of an enterprise. But even here one had not finished with rivalries. For, when they were suddenly thus put in demand, we sold Jumbos like hot cakes, till both rival shows were carting round with them the 'biggest elephant herd in Europe.' If one spoke of twenty beasts, the other at once bought its twenty-first, even if it were only a stunted baby thing. The principal desideratum was that the animal should have a trunk and be designated 'elephant.'

We began to feel sorry for our opposite numbers, and with the assistance of a neutral Berlin theatrical agency Heinrich at last invited them both to a little party, and after a very good spread the hatchet was buried in cigar smoke. Sarrasani, who had toured South America on Hugo Stinnes' loans and in Hugo Stinnes' ships, from then on advertised himself as 'The loveliest show of the two worlds,' while Carl Krone, who had never been out of Europe, agreed to call his circus 'Europe's biggest.' And so it remained, till these two devotees of the circus were no longer in this world.

Before these two biggest circus managers ended their little war, the s.s. *Parana* discharged her cargo in Hamburg docks, and we raised our own big top over the Hamburg Heiligengeist Field. Beside the big tent we had used in South America we erected another, a rather smaller

one, for the animal show. All our stabling tents were ranged round the sides of a big open square, within which we could tether forty-one elephants. This herd was made up of the animals of both our circus programmes and the Stellingen Animal Park, which had just been enriched by a new contingent from India. That elephant assembly was an imposing sight, not without its publicity value in daily and weekly press. But it was only a momentary demonstration for the official elephant counters. After our opening shows at Hamburg, our larger enterprise went to Scandinavia and the smaller to Holland, and then we resumed at once our practice of taking with us only just as many elephants as we required for pure circus work. But in the initial display we also showed elephants which we generally used solely for loading purposes, including them as the 'under-men' in the final 'pyramid', the item in which the elephants march out, each with its front feet on the back of the one in front. We also showed some African bull elephants, which later had to be withdrawn, for when on heat it is too dangerous to let elephant bulls come into a circus. When we paraded through the streets we always took great precautions against accidents.

Circus managers have an additional worry, which they share with captains of ships. They too are dependent on wind and foul weather and every day you will see their eyes anxiously watching the tops of the tent poles, which are capped with pennants which give an idea of the force of the wind. Since the introduction of weather-warning systems, our enterprise was a regular subscriber, and thus, getting timely knowledge of approaching gales, we were often able to take proper precautions.

But when we were just about to set out on our Scandinavian trip, it was not wind, but frost, which kept us at Stellingen day after day. Everything was ready, but artistes and tent men alike had to cool their heels, for day in, day out, our advance men reported frost, so hard that there could be no thought of erecting a tent—one could never have driven in the tent irons.

At last, however, the news came through: it was thawing. Out steamed our trains. Working at great stress, our men erected our tents at Malmö in record time. The first night was an enormous success. Spurred by malicious newspaper reception, every man strove to give his very best to secure support, and Malmö was most enthusiastic. A success like that was noised abroad, and when they saw our bills the country folk of the agricultural province of Schonen simply poured in.

Hagenbeck? Yes, that was something they had heard of, that was the German circus which all Malmö had hastened to see.

One day, however, I could scarce believe my eyes. Before my eyes I saw a quite small circus come in, and slyly put up its bills neatly under ours. Impudence which cost them nothing, for they were getting all the advantage of the publicity for which we had paid. Many good folk who went into that smaller tent were certainly rather surprised, for our bills promised items very different from what these little folk offered. But a circus war abroad can be a two-edged sword, and there was only one sensible thing to do: beat them to it. In any smallish town it was no use waiting for the quality of a programme to become its own publicity. One's first house must be filled by one's own advance advertisement. So: full speed ahead! And in one night we put a good fifty miles between ourselves and that small circus, and after that everything went well. Linköping, Norrköping, Nyköping. On we went with our *Wanderings with Man and Beast* as our good friend Paul Eipper called his favourite book. He had spent three weeks travelling round with us in perfect bliss, and every page of that book breathes the whole spirit of the sawdust ring. An animal-lover with the eyes of a poet, during this Swedish tour he discovered the real romance of a circus on the road.

Meanwhile I had gone to Holland, to look after our other enterprise, bringing back with me a few items with which I intended to enrich our Scandinavian programme when we reached Stockholm, which is a 'difficult' town, its people reserved and exacting. In addition, there was a Swedish circus manager who seemed to forget that he had once brought his circus to Germany, for he now filled the local press with cries of protest that we should ever have come to Sweden. In any case, cinema and theatre entrepreneurs are no circus-lovers, and of course, as permanent advertisers in the local press, they have a certain press pull.

No matter, what could the heroes of screen or stage do against our stalwart swart-headed Somali warriors? What were silent film close-ups against the profound, heart-stirring beat of the drums which accompanied the fantastic leaps of our Indian devil dancers? The exotic romanticism of our big top with all its lights, the roar of the lions, the trumpeting of the elephants and the hoarse snarls of the royal tigers broke through Stockholm's ice. There had been no big circus in the city for thirteen years—it was in 1913 that we had played there last—and the folk streamed in their thousands to our performances.

We made a discovery. The Stockholm Folk Museum still had a silver-plated sword, a hippopotamus-hide shield, a brightly coloured straw mat and a set of earthenware pottery which Hersy Egeh, then chief of our twenty-three Habraval warriors, had proudly presented to Professor Lindblom. Here, now, in the North African section, the old chief came upon a picture which made him most excited, for it was of a young Somali chief bursting with vigour. 'But that is me!' he cried, his kindly face beaming all over, and in his broken English he explained that this picture had been taken at the Somaliland exhibition in London thirty-four years before! Pride to find himself thus preserved in this temple of knowledge suffused Hersy's black features.

We played at Stockholm for a month, but by that time the protests had run all the way up the ladder to the top, and, lest the circus take too much money out of the town, the municipal authorities terminated our permit.

In the friendly small town of Vesterôs we had another battle of the peoples, this time between denizens of India and Africa—twenty-three Somalis on the one hand, twenty-one Indians on the other. Both parties had the right to sell postcards of their peoples on the circus ground, a profitable undertaking, apart from the fact that such a sale of postcards helped towards the *rapprochement* of black and white. But an Indian lad was said to have seduced a customer from the Africans, and it came to blows, both sides using spears and clubs. There was a pitched battle, the contestants egged on by their womenfolk. They fought with whatever they could lay hands on.

Of course, our permanent staff separated them as soon as they could, but not before three men had been taken to hospital. But we did succeed in restoring order before the Swedish police arrived on the scene, and that was fortunate. As a precaution, I disarmed both parties and locked the weapons in a truck. But that was far from being the end of it. The Indians had a spokesman, and he made a great speech—on the surface formal and European, but very Indian underneath. They required me within twenty-four hours to decide which party was to stay. There was no room for them both. I had no intention of giving way to this, so I lined them up in the paddock and made my own little speech, pointing out that we were not in Sweden to fight each other, but to earn money, all of us. Hersy too contributed a speech, with his men repeating whole phrases after him, after which they went boldly up to the Indians and offered them their hands. The leader of the Indians now felt it his turn to make a speech. His name,

in the books, was nothing less than Kiriwakkewagederanaida, and Kiriwakkewagederanaida demanded a postcard sales demarcation line. Speeches continued. Hersy, for instance, told a young Indian orator that he had dandled him as a baby in South America. But if they had time for endless debate, I had not, so I divided the circus into two parts, as far as postcard sales went, and laid it down that they were to take turns at the better site. Bravo! Peace was declared at last!

I should, however, record that such conflicts were so rare that these two which I have recounted here are in fact the only ones that I recall. The Oriental peoples were always particularly well behaved. Indeed, many a European circus performer might take an example from them. The Chinese and Japanese were in fact most dignified, and lived so withdrawn into their families that it was a delight to work with them.

At Oslo one day I had two boxes decorated with the Norwegian colours, and punctually at four an automobile drew up, from which emerged tall King Haakon and his party, which included an English princess and her husband, their two fair-haired children and their young equerry. Despite the terrible downpour of rain, the gentlemen were wearing bowler hats. That, however, was so usual in Norway that one could even see workmen going to work in them.

Before he led the way into his box, King Haakon shook my hand. During the performance he laughed heartily at the antics of our clown and clapped his friendly approval. Our animals too did their best, as if they knew they were going to delight a king with their art—an occasion which today has become more rare in the world. Nevertheless that clumsy lout our African elephant Safari would insist on squirting a trunkful of sand at the Royal Box. That certainly did not please, though it was soon forgotten, for the team of ten of which he was one caused real delight.

The next king whose hand I was to shake was Fuad of Egypt. My son Carlo and I received him in state at the main gate of Stellingen. A lively exchange of conversation developed as I showed Fuad round, with the result that the same year Carlo was able to bring the first living Abu Markub from Egypt, i.e., the 'father of the shoe,' or shoe stork.

In this same year we received from the Arctic and Antarctic, from Alaska and Africa, large contingents of animals for Stellingen: ten walruses from Greenland, four hundred and forty hooded baboons from Abyssinia, Fritz Essler for the eighth time brought sea-elephants

and king and gold-crest penguins from the Antarctic, while Heinrich's efforts in Alaska led to the arrival of the first giant bears (*Ursus middendorfi meriam*) from the Alaskan island of Kodiak. This bear weighed 2,640 lb. and was over nine feet high when erect.

For a few days a new twelve-foot-long giant shark (*Selache maxima L.*) brought Hamburg folk out to Stellingen. This big fish weighed four tons. It had been caught on the Atlantic coast. One of the nets of a St. Pauli fishing boat had fouled its gills, much to the subsequent delight of our polar bears, who derived nicely rounded tummies therefrom.

Nearly every day I had to interrupt my desk work at Stellingen, and my poor secretary used to sigh whenever she heard that so-and-so had arrived—among my visitors were the curator of the Parisian Jardin des Plantes, Henny Porten the actress, the commander of the Argentinian training ship *Presidente Sarmiento*, and Prince Takamatsu of Japan.

Fortunately, however, both we 'old fellows' now had a son to take some of the burden on his shoulders, or, should I say, on his younger feet, for one or other of them would be dispatched to do the eight-mile walk through the animal park, showing the sights. The alleys were now tortuous and long, but I could have described them in my sleep, and I, like any good museum guide, answered all the questions which nearly everybody asked at the same points, whether they came from Toronto or Johannesburg, from Sydney or Hammerfest. At Stellingen, they all became 'animal-lovers.' That made the real specialist all the more welcome a visitor. He did not ask, as all the others did, whether zebras were striped black on white or white on black, or if it was true that ostriches stick their heads in the sand.

The fair sex understand the animal world entirely after their own fashion, by a system much simpler and of greater antiquity than that of Linnæus. They divide them into pretty animals and ugly animals, though I would add that the dividing line fluctuates according to some sort of fashion law. I remember a charming young lady from Vienna, whom I was showing round, clapping her hands wildly when we came to the elephants and crying: 'Oh, do look, Herr Hagenbeck, what a darling little Jumbo that one is!'' Yet this was an old bull elephant, weighing a good three-quarters of a ton.

The creatures at Stellingen which most often get stroked, surprisingly enough, are two large snakes. The reptiles I mean, of course, are the giant bronze fountain snakes at the foot of the high Alpine Panorama! Here, years back, we had once had two snakes who fought

so over a piece of food that they got tied in a knot and fell into the water and were drowned. That inspired Joseph Pallenberg to make a bronze depiction of the battle, and as nearly everybody feels he has to caress these heads and bodies the reptiles are always beautifully polished.

Everywhere at Stellingen you would always see visitors, and one could have embraced each of them, for it was their steady patronage which made it possible to carry out our dreams. At the same time, there were other moments when one could have let oneself loose on them with a good cudgel, such as the occasion when we found a valuable sea-elephant dead in his pool through having swallowed a small bottle which a visitor had thrown away in the water.

As a class, it is our farming folk who are the visitors I respect most. No farmer would ever think of giving an ice to animals which eat herbage, or throw an apple to the sea-lions, or expect a lion to stand ten hours a day roaring and lashing its tail in the sun and pacing up and down, just because he happened to have taken it into his head to spend an idle afternoon moment passing by.

Our country folk still have a natural understanding of the animal world, which unfortunately inhabitants of large towns have quite forgotten. The townsman demands entertainment and compels us to provide him with so-called amenities which have nothing whatsoever to do with a zoo as such. All the same, after the first world war Heinrich and I resolved never to open the so-called amusements park again. In its stead we introduced our children's circus, which under our worthy assistant Emil Köhrmann has in its twenty-five years' existence won a firm place in the hearts of our younger generation.

In this circus, children act for children. There are ponies from our pony stud and numerous young animals to show their tricks. Today it is 'Uncle Emil's' son and grandson who are carrying on the tradition.

. . . . .

Like a giant magnet, the 1931 Colonial Exhibition in Paris drew streams of people out to Vincennes. It included peoples from all parts of the French colonial empire, from Cochin-China, Morocco, Madagascar and Tunis, with their houses, their ships and also their domestic animals. In comparison with the American world exhibitions, here one felt the much more artistic hand of the French. From the finest flowers of their colonial realm (the second in extent in the

world), they certainly had made a lovely garland, a delight to the eye of the foreign visitor.

Round miniature Lake Daumesnil, the island on which was transformed to an enchanted islet straight out of the *Thousand and One Nights*, were grouped pagodas from Laos, mosques from Syria, while those who had never seen the ruins of the mighty Angkor-Vat temple in the Cambodian jungle could marvel at a reconstruction of them which was in itself a monument to French architects. But when people had feasted their eyes on all these wonders, they streamed into the Colonial Zoo, which after the pattern of Stellingen my brother Heinrich had equipped with lakes and rocks and populated with a trainload of animals.

It had not been an easy matter, for if we uprooted a single tree at Vincennes, we were liable to a penalty of ten thousand francs. It was only by dint of much negotiation that we were allowed to remove one single trunk which made it impossible to construct the large-scale elephant compound properly. Originally, Heinrich had asked the French to foot the building bill, while we were to supply the animals at our cost. The idea was that, after covering food and watering costs, the gate money should be divided between the exhibition management and ourselves. However, this proposal was not accepted, for the French wished to make the Colonial Zoo a special bonus extra of the exhibition, to be seen without any special entrance charge. So we were to be paid an inclusive fee for our work and the supply of all the animals.

However, in practice, such masses of people poured into our part of the show that there was some fear lest visitors would press beyond the barriers into the animal enclosures, so overnight, in the interests of safety, the management decided to rail off the Colonial Zoo and cut down the attendance there by a special charge. When the exhibition was over, we received a very courteous letter of gratitude from the Paris Municipality, which intimated that, after deduction of all costs, the zoo alone had brought in six million francs!

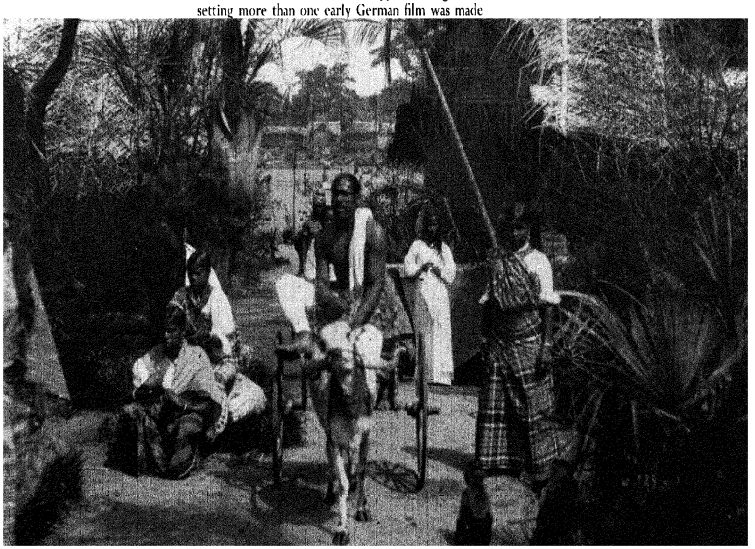
The Colonial Zoo remained open three years longer, then it was decided on the same model to construct the big new Parc Zoologique du Bois de Vincennes, and this, beside the older Jardin des Plantes and the Jardin d'Acclimatisation, is the loveliest animal park in France.

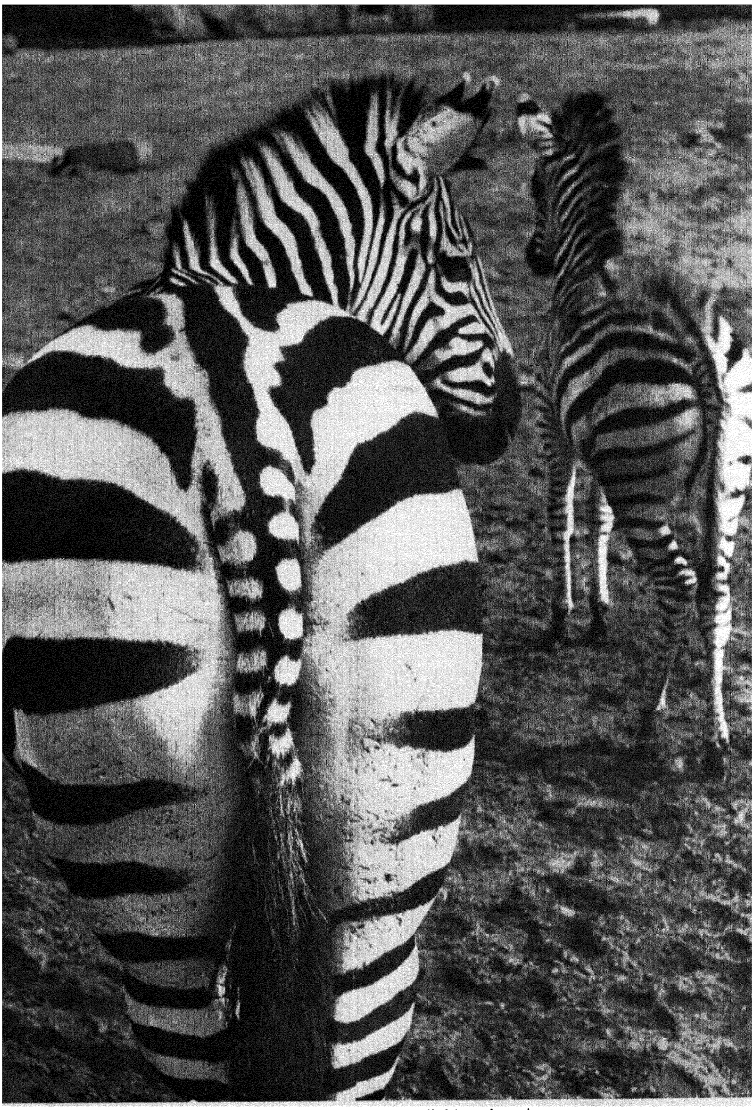
In the thirties, right through to the outbreak of the second world war, the word 'construction' was writ large for us at Stellingen. In



Mosques and Singhalese villages at Stellingen. Such accurate reconstructions formed the background to our famous shows of Peoples of the World. Here we see Arabs outside a typical 'oasis town'

Below: A dwarf zebu in harness in a typical village scene. In this setting more than one early German film was made





'Black on white.' Zebras were once called 'tiger-horses'

fact, the large four-part African Panorama had (apart from the Arctic show) been the only cageless animal compound carried through completely to Father's ideas. Now Heinrich built the 'Asia' section, a landscape divided into wet and dry covered-in portions, in which, past water-birds, antelopes, zebus and yaks, one had a view in the background of a great free compound for elephants and rhinoceros. This layout was later to serve many foreign zoos as model for their own arrangements, but none has ever surpassed the Stellingen original in beauty or practical effectiveness. In 1931 the Prague Zoo was constructed according to our plans and models, and in 1932 a large-scale Antarctic 'Pôle Sud' show was opened in Paris. Further, the World Exhibitions of Brussels and Paris were equipped with zoo constructions by Heinrich, and here too Stellingen supplied the livestock.

WHEN IN 1931 the unemployment figures exceeded the six million mark and one nearly needed a special certificate to be a street sweeper, business was so bad that we decided to keep only one circus on the road. The following year, with heavy heart, we implemented that decision. There was hunger in Germany, and veteran business men with years of experience behind them kept a worried eye on the political pendulum, wondering whether it was to swing to right or to left.

My second son, Herbert, had been through the training of a Hamburg bank, and was now back from Detroit, where he had enlarged his knowledge. We had need of a man with the special knowledge necessary to steer our many-branched enterprise through the ever more complicated tangle of currency regulations. But Herbert's heart was all on the side of the circus, the performing animal groups of which we sold in this year to Sarrasani for one hundred and twenty thousand marks. I make no secret of it, both of us, father and son, wept when Hans Stosch-Sarrasani left our Essen hotel room after we had signed away our elephants, our many zebus, our camels and our lovely horses. But there is inexorably all the difference in the world between parting from lifeless possessions and parting from living animals each of which one knows by name and has been partly responsible for bringing up.

However, we still retained sufficient rolling-stock, tenting and animals to enter the arena again as soon as circumstances should permit. Herbert meanwhile took a job now with the Blackpool Tower Company, where he showed his ponies and, being a first-class horseman, also did *haute école* work. At the same time, Rudolf Matthies and his tigers, and our other tamers and their groups, were found other engagements, while we wallowed in the work of our Atlanten Animal Park and business deals, trying to find a way out of the blind alley. Surely the world was big enough. There must be millions upon millions in it who had never seen a circus.

Then it flashed into my brain—our solution was to go to the Far East. In the night silence I can still hear Heinrich bellowing: 'Lorenz,

man alive, you've gone barmy!' For Heinrich was never a lover of incalculable risks. He always refused to hand out more than there actually was in the kitty, and one had to admit that his cautious husbandry and rigid accounting had indeed piloted the firm through many a difficulty.

But—the Far East! The idea never left me day or night. And when, in June 1932, I found myself at a Rotary Club luncheon in company with Dr. Voretzsch, our Ambassador to Tokyo, who was visiting Hamburg, I asked him straight how the proposal struck him.

'It's a grand idea,' he replied at once, 'and don't delay. I am going back through Siberia in a fortnight's time, it would be pleasant to have entertaining company on that long journey.'

However, that was a bit too soon for me to make up my mind completely, but all the same the Ambassador gave me the names of a number of people of whom I might make inquiries. The telegraph and airmail services to Japan got busy, and Dr. Knoll of the Tokyo Embassy was kind enough to do all he could to further my plan. Our interchange of correspondence was an object-lesson in high-speed long-distance advance-agent circus arrangements. There were very many things to be elucidated, for Japan was a circus *terra incognita* to us. The Tenno himself had heard of our efforts. Suddenly it was the wish of the Japanese to see Carl Hagenbeck's German circus open its doors simultaneously with a great Tokyo exhibition to be called *Bankoko fujin Kodomo Hakurankai*—which turned out to mean Mother and Child Exhibition. They requested us to make haste. That decided the matter! It was Japan for us! Out there, at a site I was yet to know called Shibaura, fifteen thousand square metres* of Japanese soil had been reserved for us.

Together with my nephew and Fritz Wegner, who was our agent at the time, I had to pull up my socks. Not a bad idea, I thought, for folk setting off to Japan, where they would so often have to take off their shoes in private houses. We travelled by way of Basle and Rome, where we still owned zoos, and Naples, where we boarded 'Japanese soil' in the shape of the s.s. *Terukini Maru*, a Japanese steamship which was outstanding for three things—impeccable cleanliness, silent service and obliging, smiling staff. This I needed, for the irritations and stresses of last-moment financial and shipping cares which just before we left all but cancelled this Far Eastern tour had given me jaundice. Now I sprawled on deck in a deck-chair, on diet, listening

* Roughly four hundred yards square.—Translator.

to no radio and never reading the ship's newspaper, till the good captain got really worried and began to wonder if the Japanese kitchen had disagreed with me. However, after twelve days' healing sea voyage, we reached Colombo, where we were of course entertained by Uncle John, who after the war had gone back to his business as ship's chandler and plantation owner.

Here I first heard the news that Hitler had become Chancellor of the Reich, and when Uncle John asked me what the man looked like I found I could not tell him, for since the end of the war there seemed to have been at least one, sometimes two, new occupants of the Chancellor's chair every year.

'What now?' asked Uncle John. Fritz and I shrugged our shoulders, and the talk turned easily to our next question: What had happened at Stellingen since we left?

A voluminous mail and newspaper cuttings gave us all the details. We had apparently chartered the ten-thousand-ton Hapag steamship *Saarland*, and under Heinrich and Sawade's specific instructions our Stellingen shippers of the rare name of Schmidt had undertaken to transform it into the most up-to-date Noah's Ark that ever crossed the Atlantic. For as Cook's is to the two-legged, so is Schmidt to the four-legged tourist. He knows all their airline and railway time-tables by heart, and if our animals could speak it would be to him they would turn and make their stipulations. Surprisingly enough, these would be for comfortable quarters, meals on time and—calm seas!

As Schmidt told us later, to get that ship for us he chugged the rounds of the Hamburg docks in a blizzard, looking at every single bottom there, for the supply was greater than the demand, and he could take his choice of many. The docks were then a fine reflection of the economic crisis through which Germany was passing. But our requirements were very special. We needed a steamer with very extensive deck space if we were to get all our circus wagons on board. There must also be roomy space *between* decks, and special facilities for loading. There must be ample space for stabling four hundred animals, not to speak of cabins for one hundred and sixty men and women, on that sea voyage of at least fifty days. For reasons of economy we were to put in at no other port but Hong Kong.

s.s. *Saarland* satisfied most of these considerations. The only main structural lack was any fourteen-foot high compartment for the giraffes. Refrigeration was also insufficient and she lacked both a satisfactory water system (for the animals) and the requisite number of

bunks (for the staff). So the next step was to dry-dock her, and get the hydraulic tools busy. Partitions were run up, conveniences were installed. Profile-cutters let daylight into her sides, to make port-holes for the animals' quarters. 'Thermos' chests, to be packed with ice, provided cold storage for the tremendous quantities of meat which had to be taken. Special fittings were installed to protect valuable trained horses. We bought quantities of rejected mattresses to line the stable walls.

Every countryman will know that you cannot well keep horses in the stable fifty days on end. Consequently there had to be a trotting track on board. This was achieved by combining three holds aft and flooring them with specially grooved planking, to give the horses a grip. Similar facilities for exercise were provided for the more exotic animals. The chimpanzees' quarters were best of all, for they and their attendants had the sunniest cabins. The cages and tanks for the camels, sea-lions and hippopotami were all on the upper deck.

For a fortnight the giant Hapag steamer, now restored to life again, rang with the sound of machine tools, and then tugs pulled our Noah's Ark round to the Kaiser Wilhelm Dock, where men with paint pots added the great words 'CARL HAGENBECK, STELLINGEN' to her sides. Loading began on January 27th, 1933, the men working in shifts round the clock on a six-day plan which since many a long year Hervart Schmidt had worked out to the last dot on the 'i' for Hagenbeck's. He throned it now in the smoking saloon, thence handling the twenty-two tons of horsemeat piled into the refrigeration rooms and all the trainloads of baled straw, hay, bread, turf and frozen fish. The whole thing was worked out to the minute, for every one of those minutes cost a lot of money in harbour dues. Every corner of that ship was utilised. For instance, there was provision for the workshops which every circus needs, for the men who handled the animals' food, even for the dung-carts to have a fairway to work in.

Yes, Hagenbeck was loading up for Japan! The news had thrilled everybody in Hamburg who had anything to do with cinema, radio, camera-work or press. They all flocked down to the quayside. The cuttings of press reports and pictures gave me a graphic picture of the departure. Elephants were snapped as they were swung on board well wrapped in padded canvas coats. For at Hamburg it was bitterly cold that evening of February 3rd, 1933. There was pack ice floating down the Elbe when our ark set sail for Yokohama.

Making my way back at last on board the *Terukini Maru* I found that

Stellingen had been cabling us, and I sent them a 'good luck' message back. It was exciting indeed to be on the way at last to that unknown Japan, with the knowledge that fast on our heels was coming our own specially chartered ten-thousand tonner with the whole circus on board. But the responsibility for this giant risk did at times seem to weigh heavy on my shoulders. What reassured me more than anything else, I think, was the knowledge that on board the *Saarland* was our best man, my good friend Richard Sawade. My two younger boys, Herbert and Erich, were going to have the experience of this big world circus tour under him--my eldest, Carlo, had stayed at home, to look after Stellingen together with his cousin Carl Heinrich.

Telegrams now began to fly between the *Terukini Maru* and the *Saarland*. The blood left my cheeks when Sawade told me that the great heat was getting the animals down badly. Happily, they soon recovered, once the *Saarland* got through the terrible Straits of Malacca and the fresher trades of the South Chinese Ocean blew in between decks.

Impatient to set foot in Nippon, the Land of the Rising Sun, and see it with our own eyes, as soon as we berthed at Kobe Fritz Wegner and I took our hand valises and went ashore, leaving our trunks to go on to Yokohama without us. We went first to Kyoto, to get an over-all glimpse of the land and its people. I was also most anxious to see what the Kyoto Zoo was like. At once all my *Madame Butterfly* illusions were washed away, by copious sleet and snow, which no clerk of the weather in old Hamburg ever laid on a man's umbrella better! Visiting the zoo, I found only a half-frozen Japanese gentleman, wrapped as deeply as he could contrive in his kimono, squatting over a tiny charcoal fire and trying to warm hands and feet.

To him we made advances in German, English, Spanish and French. But all he did was continue his huddle, as if—apart from a fine ability to smile—his senses were entirely frozen up. Rather despairingly, I handed my card to a young lady who suddenly came in. She too produced a smile, then turned to the huddled deaf-and-dumb gentleman. Now I did seem to have achieved something, for the contracted statue got to its feet, and, without a glance in our direction, vanished, a little later to bring back a couple of chairs to offer us.

Another quarter of an hour crept by. Then suddenly the ice really did break. In came a lively young interpreter, who had lived long in the United States, and he made us very welcome. We now discovered that the dumb gentleman was not a curator, but merely another zoo

visitor! I proceeded to make my first Japanese obeisance, for in that country, I had already learned, it is a mark of essential good deportment to honour any other person with whom one has to do with frequent bows. Moreover, in this proceeding, a junior person, or employee—certainly therefore also the courteous foreigner—should take good care never to be the first to call off the bowing. One should also not forget that while one bows *à la* Japanese, one should contrive a sharp intake of breath between the teeth—ffff! ffff! ffff!

So we bowed and we hissed away, till, with the aid of the interpreter, Mr. Suzuki, the zoo's curator, drew us into conversation and we were in due course shown over his zoo, where of course we came on all those things which together form so powerful a bond between animal-men all over the world. Gaily we chattered shop and exchanged experiences. Then Mr. Suzuki asked us to take a meal with him. And that is where the shoe-taking-off began.

The scene was an unheated pavilion. There were plenty of straw mats about, but it was freezing cold. Hence we did not feel any the better for having our shoes off. Fortunately, we were almost at once served with tiny porcelain bowls of a very savoury and also very warming soup. Then came the main dish and with it the famous Japanese chopsticks, handling which is a special art, demanding long practice, unless you choose to rise from table hungry. The word 'table', of course, is an exaggeration. We were squatting in Japanese style on the floor on cushions. Thus squatting, and also bowing very properly indeed, we strove to convey some of the food from bowl to lips, a juggling turn which was only fragmentarily successful.

Before me, I remember, lay a most appetising little parcel. It was a tang,* wrapped in a leaf and soused in a red sauce. Plunging headlong into these Japanese prandial antics, I prodded away and juggled my chopsticks till my palate suddenly informed me that the lovely-looking concotion, apart from the rice, was quite raw. Wegner and I chewed as bravely as we could, with, as one says in Hamburg, a long-tooth mouth, meanwhile keeping running a good commentary in our best Hamburg Low German dialect, which was always our custom abroad when we were not sure whether anyone nearby knew real German. Not that we wanted to disclose state secrets. It is merely something of a relief sometimes to be able to unburden oneself for a moment to a kindred soul. But by now Mr. Suzuki had guessed part of our trouble, and somehow he charmed European cutlery to our table.

* A fish of tropical waters.—Translator.

Otherwise, we should have emerged from his house to continue our journey to Tokyo empty inside, if very well greased without!

How beautifully Tokyo received us! Beside Kurahashi San,* the manager of the Tokyo Exhibition, stood his small daughter like a brightly coloured little doll, and as a sign of welcome she handed me a bouquet. At the same time all round flashed the bulbs of the camera pressmen. I was at the same time conscious of an enormous number of grinning faces looking at me while I bowed away like an animated pump handle.

Next came the effort to distinguish one face from another. Just as apparently they find all Europeans as alike as peas, our eyes needed time to get used to the Asiatic physiognomy-landscape. I was, however, at last rescued by our letter and telegram confederate, Dr. Knoll, and we were ceremoniously taken to the guaranteed anti-earthquake Imperial Hotel Teikoku, the following morning to be received by almost exactly the same numerous company, and make our first trip out to the proposed circus ground out at Shibaura.

Well, and so there we were at last, at the fifteen thousand square metres reserved for us. But I wondered. The ground looked curiously soft. Indeed, it looked as if it had but recently been stirred up by a giant plough. Filled with misgivings I stepped forward on to the loose soil, and, to the evident delight of the Japanese gentlemen accompanying me (who seemed to accept the act as a sort of circus joke), I thrust my walking-stick down into it—it slipped in easily right to the handle!

Heavens alive, here our heavy rolling-stock would be hopelessly bogged. I saw my nephew make his notes: hard core, lorries, steam-rollers! But as the day wore on we found we had a great deal to jot down like that. And when, that evening, after a day of conferences and meetings—during which much tea was drunk and many words were spoken—we sank exhausted on to our beds to discuss the events of the day, we were still filling up the pages of those *Required* notebooks.

Whenever in Germany our circus went anywhere it was of course understood that our business agents and publicity men had some sixty more or less arduous jobs to look after, but it was of course customary to deal with those during the preceding winter season. Besides, at Hamburg we only had to say the word and the printing firm which handled our printing knew at once all about runs of differently coloured tickets, dates and times of performance, and so on and so forth.

* San corresponds to our Mr. or Herr, and is placed after the Japanese name.

But here the slightest matter had to be dealt with ponderously through interpreters.

True, the Japanese invariably rewarded our requests with courteous smiles and much bowing, but on the other hand we were never once quite sure that they had really understood or would execute the order on time. With the best will in the world it was impossible for them to grasp what a big European circus meant, and consequently they could have no inkling of its technical requirements.

We had to find local staff quickly. Wages, in our eyes, were fantastically low. But whereas at home the pay desk was always occupied by one girl at a time, who both tore off the tickets and handed out change, here it appeared that one had to have two geishas, one to take the money, the other to hand out the tickets. Why could one girl not do both jobs? Did we ask: Why? Yes, we asked: Why? There would at once be smiles patient and enchanting. But no, Circus San, that was impossible! Circus San is what all ordinary folk called us. Only a few rose to Hagenbecku San.

Our preparations now had to be constantly interrupted by numerous lectures and talks. I was asked to speak to the German-Japanese Society, the German Club, to give talks at the zoo, interviews to the press. I must say that we were most grateful to the latter. Day in, day out, they whetted the appetites of their readers with articles, interviews and reports as to the position of the *Saarland*, that 'wonder ship' approaching their shores from out of the West.

To make the tense excitement which developed more concrete, let me point out that in Japanese there is no word for giraffe. For this concept they use a sign which is known as *kirin*. Basically, *kirin* means dragon or fabulous animal. Well, and so was the *Saarland* not a 'wonder ship,' since it had two *kirins* on board, the first ever to be brought to Japanese shores? 'Live *kirins*,' one supposed, to Japanese folk meant much what it would have meant had we told Hamburg that out at Stellingen we could offer them a glimpse of *two* Loch Ness monsters!

THE OCEAN BRINGS A FAIRY SHIP

AT LAST the day had come! There was the profound bass voice of the s.s. *Saarland* bellowing in Yokohama Roads, after her long voyage of thirteen thousand six hundred miles. Yes, Hagenbeck's Noah's Ark was really there, and its cries brought out a whole flotilla of cutters from the quayside. Customs men, port medical officers, quarantine inspectors, animal dealers and an army of journalists accompanied the motor-boat which took me out to her.

How gay and bright on deck were our circus wagons! Like magnified toy models, I found myself speaking. Our men had worked wonders in the forty-eight days of their voyage. Everything was gleaming with new paint. Bravo! And there at the rail was Captain Engell to greet me. I expressed my heartfelt thanks for his thus bringing his unusual cargo safe to its destination, and with forty-eight hours in hand too. And there were my own lads, sun-tanned, eager to get going. There too was Richard Sawade, my faithful substitute. Handshakes and greetings in nearly every tongue of Europe followed, for apart from Liechtenstein, Monaco and Portugal, every single country was represented among our performers, animal tamers and technical staff. Indeed, one old rascal was actually greeting me in Japanese. Hold hard, but who on earth could that be?

Yes, I could believe my eyes, it was 'Yours ever, in the pink, Martell.' And though he certainly was not the inventor of brandy, he was already celebrated in his own way, having served as model for one of the giant figures of the Kaiser Wilhelm memorial on the Hamburg Courts of Justice in Sieveking Square. Sawade, I recalled, had rejected Martell's written application for a job, and then, at the last moment, took him on as reserve hand, and by the time the circus reached Japan Martell had undertaken to have produced a circus man's vade-mecum in the language of Nippon. Without hesitation I now sent him along to our publicity manager, and he was put in charge of our billposting, for though all the sections of our mammoth picture posters got sorted out all right, the same could not be said of the runners with letterpress, so Martell began work in Japan reshuffling all the advertisements for a

firm called Genbeckha with which Japan was already busy plastering itself.

Later the head of the Tokyo 'Institute of Billposting' called on me and wished to apologise, but I reassured him. I told him that the 'Welcome' which we thought we had up in good Japanese for years outside our famous red-lacquered Japanese Island Garden at Stellingen had been upside down, until one day a Japanese consul summoned up courage to point out the error. This information seemed to afford great relief. It was a very welcome saving of face.

And what sort of trip had our folk had? 'Magnificent,' came the cries from all sides. Every evening the band played dance music. They had a swimming pool on board to cool off in, while under an awning aft our good interpreter Martell conducted regular classes in Japanese. He had spent much of the first world war at Kiaochow as a Japanese prisoner of war and he had learned the language well. Even my cook (whom I had been missing terribly) had done her best for though such dishes as Hamburg eel soup were her triumphs, she had prepared for life in Japan by getting Martell to inscribe in a handy notebook the Japanese hieroglyphs for all possible culinary needs.

Losses on the voyage had been minimal. One of Casi's group of horses had died, but on the other hand while crossing the Indian Ocean the mare Oceana had foaled a fine son. The animals were in excellent condition when the photographers poured into every corner of the ship with their flashlight bulbs. In the cage-wagons they found forty lions, tigers and bears of all sorts roaring, pacing about, gambolling. In their tanks were sea-lions, bellowing hoarsely and busily cavorting. Every part of the world was represented by its animals. It was a sight to see those astonished Japanese below decks, staring at the giraffes, for the animals' heads, at the end of their endless necks, were somewhere up above the ceiling, busy at the mangers on the floor above.

The finest incident, however, occurred concerning our African rhinoceros. This was at once cordoned off by customs officers. Since antiquity, so it seems, the peoples of Asia have attributed a wide range of high qualities to this animal's nose-piece. For instance, well pulverised rhinoceros horn is reputed a source of great vigour. No wonder that it is considered worth its weight in gold, especially since Indian hunters long since reduced the rhinoceros there to a furtive remnant, highly protected by special game laws. The result was that Japanese customs regulations still envisaged a remarkably high customs

duty for rhino horns, so before it was released we had to enter into a special written undertaking on no account to saw anything off our specimen's boko.

There was also a tremendous fuss about lethal weapons. Not only my sporting guns but also the blank cartridge pistols of our tamers and the practical-joke weapons of the clowns were all confiscated by the police. Only after long negotiations was I able to ensure that our tamers might use their pistols during shows. Before the item came on, a policeman was there to hand the pistols out, and with much polite smiling to take them in again when the performance was over!

A novel feature of the behaviour of the Japanese press was the way in which its reporters brought with them tiny bamboo cages containing cooing carrier pigeons. These were later released from the *Saarland's* deck, complete with little aluminium tubes of film or reports tied to their legs, and 'homed' to the roofs of the newspaper offices, so that a few hours later the Tokyo *Nishi Nishi*, *Asahi Shimbun* and what have you could disseminate the latest sensation throughout that city of millions of sandal-footed crowds: the fabulous ship had arrived! Animals known only to fairy stories had for the first time reached Japan!

Now we found that the two days which Captain Engell had managed to save on the way out most useful, for the unloading in Yokohama Roads was a much more difficult business than we with our European and South American port experience had foreseen. It started well enough. Out swung the derricks, there was the officer in charge at his post, with his megaphone, and there were Richard Sawade and my boys to assist him. Chutes came into position, holds were opened, donkey engines drew out the heavily loaded wagons. Harbour tugs were ready to keep up a steady shuttle traffic, pulling heavily laden barges from the *Saarland* to Ahibaura, and a canal led direct to this Tokyo suburb.

Ah, but there was the snag! That canal passed under bridges, and the bridges had not been built with sufficient clearance for any high-loaded vessel to pass. Because of this I had to apply for a large floating crane. But this was not forthcoming at once, and I had to fall back on a contraption which, however worthy of respect as a museum piece, was hardly the tool for the job. It was worked by hand, eight men turning the windlass! Only after an hour and a half of real grind did it succeed in getting one heavy lorry of scaffold poles ashore. Even so, a rope broke in the process and as the truck crashed to the ground our foreman escaped by the skin of his teeth. Had he not had the presence of

mind to fling himself flat on the ground between the wheels he would have been a dead man.

Of course, he was furious, and had something rather pithy to say to the man in charge of that winding team. But that worthy only bowed and smiled.

'Circus San,' he said in his broken English, 'we always unload like this, and we shall go on doing it like this. I should be very interested to see you do any better.'

I intervened and tried to get the man to see what we wanted to have done, but he only kept up his grinning and bowed. He had understood absolutely nothing. Happily, at that point up came a German lecturer at Tokyo University. Our own interpreter at that moment had his hands—or rather his tongue—full on board the *Saarland*, so our academic friend now filled the breach and explained what we were after. We must have two of our track-laying tractors got ashore from the *Saarland* without delay. When this had been accomplished, though with no little difficulty, they were well anchored to the quay and used as tractive power units. After that we unloaded our stuff at the rate of one item every five minutes, though this, as may be imagined, was not nearly fast enough for our transport foreman, and as his every other word now became '*Hayaku!*'—'Get a move on!'—he was very soon known as Hayaku San—'Mr. Get-a-move-on!'—and the name stuck to him throughout our Japanese tour.

Hayaku, hayaku! Tokyo was flabbergasted at the speed with which we got our tents erected, for now we were moving fast—in the meantime our floating crane had arrived. Every time it took up a load—circus wagon, lighting plant or hippopotamus tank—it heeled over as if it too wanted to show our stuff Japanese courtesy. On the fifth day our pennants were already flying over our tents, and there was an uninterrupted shuttling of unloading crates from the *Saarland* to a fleet of barges, and elephants, zebus, llamas, camels, zebras came ashore. When it came to the giraffes, in their towering cages, as big as weekenders' cottages, out flocked the press boys again to see such mythical animals dangling from a modern crane. The interest was so real that we hit on the idea of sending the giraffes through the city, for publicity reasons, and behind the cages of the fabulous *kirins* a huge crowd fell in.

Luck indeed was on our side. On the route we selected had been erected a huge wooden triumphal arch, a sort of gateway to the Mother and Child Exhibition, which was in full swing, but, alas, the

arch proved too low pitched for our giraffes. Were the courteous Japanese dismayed? Not in the least. They at once sent for a team of men to take down the offending triumphal structure. I grasped what they intended to do just in time, put my foot down, said firmly: 'No!' Instead, we managed the obstacle in much simpler fashion. Our men quickly unloaded our two lanky ladies, and on foot, on the ground, the fair giraffes found it quite easy to get under the archway, while without them on board sticking up their necks there was no difficulty about our caterpillar tractor pulling their carriage underneath. '*Banzai!*'—'Bravo!'—cried the Japanese, who did not seem even to have thought of it. The crowd was most enthusiastic about that effort and the Tokyo evening papers had a lot to say about what good heads we had on our shoulders!

Next we dealt with the difficulty of our terrain. In spite of all the slag we had put down—we had cleaned out all Tokyo's gasworks—our site still proved too soft for our heavy wheeled stuff. Our wagon wheels cracked the square wooden water-conduits and our carpenters had a lot to do, mending and improvising at *hayaku* tempo.

However, by now our traffic chief had mastered all his linguistic snags. To the word for 'Get a move on!' he had added four others: 'Yellow,' 'Red,' 'Come here' and 'Go there!' To his Japanese workers he had issued yellow and red arm-bands, and now, with the aid of most expressive arm and leg movements of his own, backed by many a pithy turn of phrase in good Palatinate brogue (which of course hurt nobody), he could put any men just where he wanted them. If he wanted a tool, he drew in the sand with his stick, and there was the tool. Indeed, in the end I got the impression that Hayaku San would have got his circus up just as well with a team of Eskimos.

The Japanese, I should add here, are a very quick-witted people, most anxious to learn. One morning I had a call from the Japanese Chief Scout. He wanted me to take on some of his boys, of course paying them. They wanted to earn money to build a new centre, and in Japanese terms our wages were most attractive. As it was going to be most troublesome to take on and teach new hands in every town we came to, I said I was prepared to offer the scouts a job for the whole tour, and picked a team of the stronger senior lads, and they went through the whole of Japan with us. Our chief properties man took them under his wing and taught them how in a matter of seconds to carry a large carpet into the ring at the double and unroll it all four corners at once. They did their best, but during their initial training

still seemed unable to comprehend our constant demand for celerity. I think that in their hearts of hearts they thought we were all a bit cracked.

'Herr Circus,' said their troop leader to me one day, with all observance of politeness, 'why does everything with you have to be done in such a hurry? We have so much time before us, and there are also things which can be done *yukuri* (at your ease).' Only when performances began did they understand at last what it was all about, and then they turned into very loyal and also very nimble assistants.

Before the official opening, there had to be a special performance for Her Imperial Highness the Grand Princess Kuni. When the day arrived, I felt obliged to ask the exhibition authorities to put the event off for a day. A storm was raging and we could not give a show with a clear conscience on the safety side. But what a problem postponement presented! We could not send the Empress Mother and her retinue home! Heavens alive, no man dare suggest such a thing, least of all the exhibition management, who had rather prematurely made the arrangement. They had built a special pavilion for the august visitor, and punctually at four o'clock there she was. They assured me that by six the storm would abate, and indeed it did, and then the great lady, who for two whole hours had impassively observed the circus tent from her pavilion, tripped out on her high-heeled sandals, followed by her retinue, and with many a profound obeisance I followed her to her box.

For myself, this performance, which was more like a general rehearsal, was in many ways most unsatisfactory, but the Japanese saw with other eyes, and were all praise. Indeed, had they not been satisfied, the Empress Mother would not have come four more times, till all the princes, princesses and other relations, each with their suite of ministers and high dignitaries, had seen the show.

The very next day, Tokyo came pouring in, the entrance in Japanese fashion framed in tall bamboo scaffolding with crowns of honour. Every item awakened the greatest amazement. As they had translated some of their jokes into Japanese, our clowns got a wonderful reception. All that grind on the school benches of the *Saarland* now bore fruit.

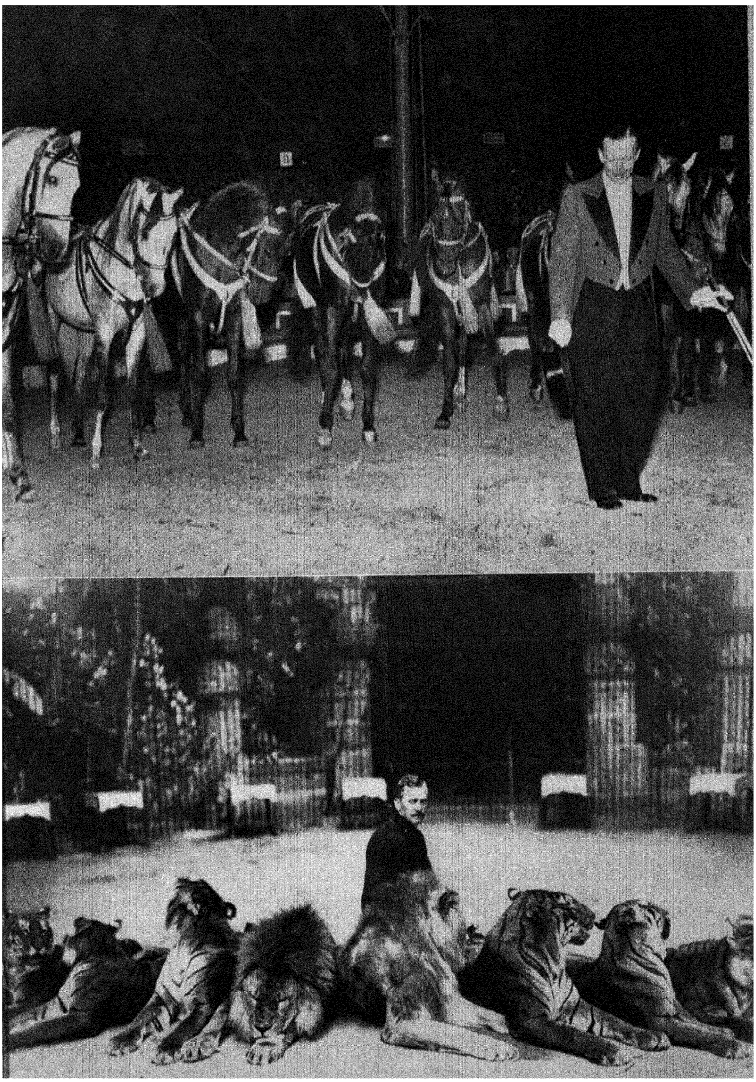
As the sea-lions, camels, zebra and our magnificent horses had gone through their items in the open ring, the Japanese now came to the conclusion that the lions and tigers were going to do the same. Indeed, were those dangerous animals not depicted on our placards *without*

bars? So far, all that the newspapers had promised had come about. So perhaps this would also materialise. And as they were quite incapable of understanding that within three minutes the central cage of iron bars would spring up and shut the ring off from them, the good Japanese took the precaution of flocking from their seats. However, the more courageous at least stayed at the exits, to peep back, and when they reported to their compatriots outside what preventive measures were being introduced, they all poured back again into the tent, and now for the first time saw the kings of the polar ice, the jungle and the steppes joined together in wonderful performing groups, for them to marvel at in safety from only a few feet distance.

After our first performance there was great competition in Tokyo to entertain us circus folk. My own wagon filled up with flowers and presents, among these a costly *samurai* sword from the president of the exhibition committee. I could see that my room was far too small for all the many friends and visitors I should have, so I decided on a gala performance with a reception inside our big top.

Yards and yards of cold buffet were installed on trestles, barrels and barrels of beer were rolled in, and the ring was transformed into a dance floor, while I took my guests on a tour of the animal show. In this way I contrived to return the great hospitality with which I had been honoured by the Germania Club of Yokohama, the German Association, and many German and Japanese friends. Our consul made a speech of gratitude in the name of the guests, while on the Japanese side the exhibition president, Kurahashi, spoke, ending, to great applause, with the words: 'Herr Hagenbeck, with your circus you have done more towards understanding between the peoples than all the diplomatists at Geneva.'

Finally, I must record that one day I received an invitation in Japanese on expensive notepaper with the embossed imperial chrysanthemum. Our interpreter translated it: I was summoned to an audience by my gracious elevated patron, the Grand Princess Kuni. I had made her a twittering present of a pair of lovely Harz Mountain siskins, and this had captivated her heart. She had sent these little canaries to her palace to be court songsters. She kept me in conversation a long time and I found her interested in a very wide range of subjects. When she received me she wore European costume, though she did not make such a striking figure in this as she did in her colourful Japanese kimono, in which she seemed to exemplify all the virtues and wisdom of her people.



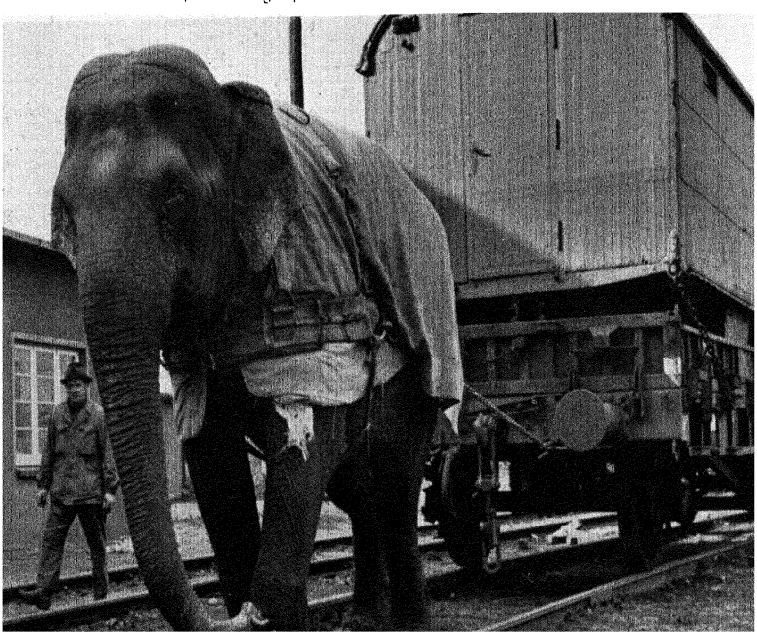
Top: Rudolf Jurkschat, his Arab steed and team of twelve, a great feature of our touring circus

Bottom: Richard Sawade with his lions and tigers at Hagenbeck's Animal Park, Stellingen



A bird's-eye view of our canvas town—whether at home or in far-off Tokyo, perfect order was the rule

Meni, our working elephant, handled many a load of circus material



One morning there was a great procession of Tokyo and Yokohama school children out to the circus. They marched singing and waving little flags. They were all dressed in blue blouses, girls and boys alike, the boys wearing trousers and the girls skirts. Their round little faces, aglow with anticipation, were like so many friendly little full moons shining out of their white Schiller-style collars. They were the most docile and disciplined children I have ever had as my circus guests. It gave me great delight to see their decent well-brought-up behaviour as they drew near and marvelled at our alien world of wonders.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE fine attendances, we could not stay at Tokyo for ever. In the early days of our successful run there, I had gone on to Nagoya, while with friendly nodding head my wax double drove on through the streets of Tokyo. The Mother and Child Exhibition had fitted out a tram-car and two trailers as a sort of mobile advertising circus, and in this Noah's Ark on wheels stood a gentleman in festive morning coat and top hat—Lorenz Hagenbeck San, more than life size, represented as the lord of a collection of stuffed animals and clowns. It was a delightful piece of advertisement for our circus.

However, I had other cares besides balancing a drain-pipe on my head. 'The most you can put your show on at Nagoya for is four days,' I was told. 'No European theatre ever had a longer run than that. Besides, don't forget, Mr. Circus, it is the rainy season!'

But Nagoya was Japan's largest industrial town, the country's source of consumer goods, working day and night. My mind went back to Essen in the Ruhr and our reception there, so, in spite of all those gloomy warnings, I risked the venture, particularly after the Nagoya Mayor, Mr. Oiwa, called on me in Tokyo and begged me to bring the circus to his city. He said I could count on his help.

Now, as my Tokyo run ended, among the many invitations which I received there was one in Japanese which I confess I overlooked. One stifling afternoon, I had just got back to my hotel, exhausted, with the firm intention of taking a luxurious bath, when the telephone rang, and there was Richard Sawade, in a state of great excitement, asking me if I had forgotten my luncheon? Yes, my gala luncheon at the Ueno Park Hotel!

'And what may all that be in honour of?' I asked him rather tartly.

'Goodness gracious, man, but have you forgotten that the Grand Princess Kuni has asked you to a private farewell luncheon with her. You are late! She has been waiting for the last hour!'

I don't think I ever put on a morning coat with greater alacrity. Indeed, I did so with such haste that I completely forgot to change my shoes, and it was only when the taxi was rushing me thither that to my horror I saw that I was wearing brown shoes. But however awkward

that was, it was not nearly so awkward as it would have been to keep my august hostess waiting any longer. As I thus reflected, my taxi drew up at the Ueno Park Hotel; there were two smiling court marshals doubled up before me at the entrance, and I sped up the steps, *only* ninety minutes late. With profound bows and much *zah-zah*,* I most humbly begged pardon in my broken Japanese. But her Imperial Highness only smiled. I was apparently forgiven. Later, I received a silver cup to remember this farewell audience by.

For eight weeks the folk of Tokyo had been pouring in to our circus. Now came the dismantling, and this was made to look like a mobilisation. The Japanese Minister of War sent a party of high-up Army officers to study our methods of packing men, animals and equipment. Forty-two stationmasters from the Tokyo-Nagoya line were present for the same reason. When, strictly according to schedule, both our special trains were loaded up, it suddenly transpired that the tunnels were too low for our dwelling wagons, loaded on platform trucks!

This information brought our good foreman Hayaku some more grey hairs. While, legs tucked under them, the Army engineers and the railway brass hats were still sipping tea, and discussing all the possibilities and feasibilities with Asiatic calm, our good foreman had already reached his decision, and the work of taking the wheels off all our road wagons had begun. For the next twenty-four hours our staff, assisted by railwaymen, were busy with jacks and hoists, till our whole crocodile of orange-blue lay on its belly, its wheels packed separately, and the locos could whistle for departure.

. . . . .

The publishers of the Nagoya newspaper, *Shimbun*, wanted at all costs to serve their Mayor and city well. They had called on me in Tokyo to propose taking the whole of our publicity on themselves on a basis of fifty per cent. of the menagerie's gate, and this I had accepted. Now the *Shimbun* got going, million editions of issue after issue flying from its rotary presses. There were whole-page spreads of pictures, reports, interviews, cartoons, advertisements, all concerned with Hagenbeck. *Shimbun* reporters poked into every corner of our dwelling wagons. Their aircraft photographers banked dangerously round our circus masts, they crept into the elephant wagons, they worked side by side with our stable boys. And, of course, as pressman's standby there was also the wondrous *kirin*, never before seen in Nagoya.

* i.e. the polite audible intake of breath.—Translator.

The very first day, the circus tent was completely surrounded by an enormous throng of people. At the menagerie box-office there was a four-deep queue. It stretched all round us, growing every minute. Having sold out its advance-booking tickets for both circus and menagerie, the Nagoya *Shimbun* with thoughtless enthusiasm had immediately printed and sold more! Without delay I rang up the editorial office to convince them that the circus was not made of elastic; however many tickets they printed, the seating would not expand. Fortunately, the numbered tickets had only been sold once, so it was easy to exchange the others for later tickets.

By now, every tea-house in Japan was singing a popular song about us. One heard it ground out on records everywhere, all tea-house singers sang and played it. Switch on the radio, and ten to one we would yet again hear that Hagenbeck song which sounded so strange to our ears. It said that a fairy ship had come to them over the dancing waves of the ocean!

Ambulatory postcard-sellers now did huge business with circus picture postcards. In any toy-shop in Tokyo you could buy a model of the *Saarland* and all its animals, in pasteboard, wood or celluloid. There were Hagenbeck kimonos on sale and Hagenbeck scarves, and you could get paper sunshades with scenes from our circus. One even cleaned one's teeth with Hagenbeck tooth-paste, and as a free tooth-brush was customarily included in any hotel room in Japan one could truly say that we were on all lips.

One day, I was looking out of my office wagon when I could not believe my eyes. I saw our circus suddenly diminished to Lilliputian size. Then I learned that it was a Japanese gentleman with an eye to business who had thought that people would find the tea he served tasted better in a tent like ours than in an ordinary tea-house.

We had a five weeks' run at Nagoya, with two performances daily, at two and at five, both always sold out to the last seat. In addition, on many days we counted no less than twenty-five thousand visitors to the menagerie. The giraffes were invariably surrounded by classes of school children busily drawing, by photographers and by astonished sight-seers.

In view of this great success and the most kindly assistance which we had been afforded by the Mayor, Mr. Oiwa, I thought I might well give a free performance for orphans, just as I had done in other countries. The Mayor wrote me a most polite letter of thanks and said he would put my friendly offer before the town council. He ended his

letter as follows: 'All this with unpardonable great quantity of lack of formality our epistolary thanks.'

The following morning our interpreter informed me that there was a deputation of city councillors to wait on me. I observed at once that they were robed in their ceremonial kimonos, and when after the customary long-drawn-out introductions we were at last bent over steaming little bowls of tea our interpreter rendered the purpose of their call. Wrapping his message in flowery compliments, the spokesman gave me to understand that the position in Japan was that orphaned children were always taken into the families of their next of kin. This meant that to invite them to a special performance would underline the fact that their parents were dead and thereby cause them pain. I was therefore begged to withdraw my offer.

This request of course I fully understood and it was with great pleasure that they now accepted my new proposal—that the proceeds of an average day's performance should be given to the city for charitable purposes.

It was soon after this that we received an invitation to a geisha-house. I went, accompanied by my sons and nephew and Richard Sawade. The German Ambassador was also present, and he and I had the places of honour, large silk screens at our backs, and also beautiful paintings of Japanese flora and fauna. There were also costly vases of flowers beautifully selected and arranged, to decorate the large room in which we all assembled, squatting shoeless on cushions on the floor. Beside each one of us knelt a geisha, keeping our rice-wine bowls full. Saké, as it is called, is the Japanese national drink. It tastes like warm sherry. During the banquet, which, oh wisdom of Nippon, was not interrupted by speeches, we were served with a variety of Japanese dishes, including bamboo shoots, lotus buds, rice and fish, all served in small lacquered bowls or priceless porcelain dishes. At the conclusion the Mayor came round to each of us in turn, sitting down beside us, to drink a bowl of saké with us. When some Japanese ladies visited us, they found two hours sitting on chairs a strain, and asked if they might withdraw for a little while to our dwelling wagons to rest, sitting on the floor. Now the tables were turned. Long squatting on cushions, with so much doubling up to get at my food, left me longing for a good simple chair as a change.

In our honour, a geisha ballet group had worked out some special dances based on scenes from the circus. We were given to understand that they mimed our aerial acrobats, our carnivores and our balancing

seals. To my inexpert eyes the dances were just so much capering about. I was as blind to their choreographic beauty as I was deaf to the charms of Far Eastern music. As thin as rakes, these black-haired damsels strained every fibre of their bodies in their writhings before the city fathers, but their faces were complete deadpans. To this day I have not been able even to guess what part of our circus they honoured by a dance in which they held up their big toes pointing to the sky.

The highlight of this municipal banquet was the ceremonial handing over of a precious curtain embroidered with gold dragons. From Nagoya on we used it to drape our bandstand, and it was thereafter the ornament of our circus, till the day when incendiary bombs sent the whole thing up in flames. Handing it to me, the Mayor of Nagoya said: 'May this curtain remind many millions of circus audiences in Germany and the whole world that Nagoya is the third big city of Japan.'

The speech was lengthy, and though in many points it was just like those which I have heard on similar occasions in other parts of the world, it is perhaps not without interest to recall the useful guidance which the head man of Japan's great industrial city saw in our performances. For Oiwa San had watched all our work, from the dismantling of the circus at Tokyo to its erection at Nagoya, and what he found specially praiseworthy was the celerity, the cheerfulness and the precision of the joint effort of men, animals and technical equipment which we had organised. He declared that in our circus he had for the first time in his life seen such a marvel of concentrated effort.

No doubt in the original it all sounded more poetic than it did in translation to speak of the circus as 'a blossom born of sweat and love,' but it is certainly true that work and unconditional concentration are the prerequisites of any big enterprise of that sort. After all, even the piece about the blossom was true, for with shade temperatures of over 100° F. and the sun blazing down on our big top we did produce literally rivers of perspiration. Despite the double reed-thatch with which Foreman Hayaku had equipped them, our dwelling wagons were like ovens. I felt like the chief of an Equatorial African village. Richard Sawade had the wall of the circus tent taken down, so that audiences should have a little more air, sitting under the enormous sunshade of the big top itself.

It goes without saying that apart from circus business proper, I saw quite a lot of Japan, but impressions of that country have, since Marco

Polo, been described by many men more professional at it than I am. Besides, today what interests me most anywhere is animal life. The golden carp, the wonderful stylised animal sculpture on the roof of the Nagoya Castle, the temple with the holy tortoises or the cormorant fishermen of Gifu—all these are today more lively memories than all the pagodas, temples and shrines.

When I visited Gifu, I took both my boys with me. Two Japanese fishermen rowed the boat, over the bows of which projected a long pole with a basket of fire dangling over the water, the glow of which attracted the fish. At a tap, the trained cormorants plunged head first into the water and the catch began, according to the old rhyme, 'Big 'uns in the pot, little 'uns in the crop.'* However, to make sure that their feathered fishermen kept to the rule their masters had fitted their necks with a restricting iron ring, so that even if they did try to swallow a big fish it would not go down, while they were prevented from flying away by about thirty feet of thin line attached to their bodies.

* *'Die grossen ins Topfchen, die kleinen ins Kröpfchen.'*

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS was to be no simple pleasure voyage for me. I very soon had another engagement to arrange. The venue this time was a leading hotel, at Koshien, where I invited our Ambassador and his secretary, Dr. Knoll, to meet the directors of the Hanshien Railway Company and to discuss the feasibility of taking the circus there. But to my dismay Koshien turned out to be a long stretch of beach with an enormous baseball ground, a bathing establishment, and this one hotel.

'Where on earth am I going to fill my seats from out here?' I demanded, shaking my head in amazement, for not one single dwelling house was to be seen. Grinning, the members of the other party to the conference unfolded a map.

'This is where we are,' explained Mr. Nara, who was also the representative of a Hamburg exporter and spoke excellent English.

I saw no reason to dispute this assertion, for he pointed to a point on the map where no houses were indicated.

'You see, Mr. Hagenbeck,'—he smiled like any other Japanese gentleman—'Koshien lies exactly midway between Kobe and Osaka.'

This too I did not dispute.

'We can assure you an audience of twenty thousand for every house!'

To cut a long story short, the railway company contrived to bring out as many as thirty thousand people *every day*, to fill our circus and give the menagerie a full gate, and they managed all the publicity too.

The site was two miles away from the railway station at Nishinomia. With this it was connected by a new asphalted highway. But as far south as this point, the midday sun blazed down at upwards of 130° F., so that our orange-blue transport wagons found themselves obliged to churn through a sort of black gruel, which quickly gummed up caterpillar trucks, wheels and the soles of men and animals. It was interesting to observe that, instead of striking across country with the animals, our Japanese Boy Scouts plodded bravely on in the train of the rolling-stock, till everybody and everything was literally bogged down.

It was now a question of cleaning up. The feet of the hooved animals

did not present any serious problem, but it was not at all so easy in the case of the elephants, while we found it completely impossible to scrape the feet of the camels and llamas clean, for they had a hard compacted mass of stones and tar filling their cloven hoofs. However, I was not going to waste time considering what to do. If there was no other suitable grease available, it had to be butter, and not a few pounds of that precious substance went on the animals' gummed-up feet, which were then well wrapped in bandages. Gradually the butter melted out the tar, and after a second good dosing we were through that difficulty, if not like greased lightning, at least like greased hooves.

Meanwhile our publicity scouts had been sent to Kyushu, one of the four main islands of Japan. They left behind them an excellent and clearly distinguishable trail of posters, and the fresher the paste under these the nearer I knew we were to our vanguard. Whereas in Germany these poster boys always had to fight the opposition of people to having posters on their house walls, and we bought our way through opposition with free tickets to our shows, here in Japan bill-stickers had quite another sort of difficulty. For the people here were most enthusiastic about bright exotic pictures of tigers leaping through burning hoops, seals standing on their noses, incredible giraffes and rhinoceroses and proudly caparisoned riding horses.

Our biggest placard of all attracted particular attention. It showed a clown of giant dimensions with a horn of plenty at his feet, out of which as out of a box of toys he was building up the circus. It was in fact a free-fantasy illustration of that Japanese popular song about the fairy-tale ship bouncing over the sunlit waves out of the Western world. Whenever this bill was stuck on a house wall our placard boys had to contend not with the occupant or owner of the building but with his neighbour, who would besiege them with presents of tea and fruits and with ceremonious politeness beg them to put up a lovely picture like that on his house too. This was an obstacle the publicity boys had never before had to cope with. I found them living in a horn-of-plenty world of their own, they and their men enjoying many presents, while they bestowed their own bounties like Oriental potentates.

On my wagon trundled, between fields of rice, where the peasants laboured, bent low over their work, their faces hidden under cart-wheel straw hats. Small roadside conveniences were most inviting to the wanderer to pause in. There was no heart carved out of the door of these, as there is at home, but the peasants were most

thankful for all our contributions to their compost heaps. We also saw monks with hats like bee-skeps, which covered the whole head, and blind beggars with their six-foot white poles, surmounted by bells, tramping the highway. At the sound of their bells, all traffic at once stopped, everywhere in Japan, for them to be able to cross the road in safety.

The attitude towards traffic incidents was not quite the same in Japan as in Europe. One day, in Tokyo, my car was lightly bumped by another. At once, its driver leapt out and was bowing, while murmuring words which of course meant nothing to me. But my chauffeur asked me to return the compliment, to show, he said, that I had forgiven the offender. So I too bowed, and after much bowing and excusing the matter was settled. But when we had gone on I could not refrain from inquiring what the gentleman would have said if we had rammed him so hard that his car was really damaged?

'Sir,' replied my chauffeur, 'he would have been no less polite to you, and would have assured you how inconsolable he was and how sorry he was that such an incident should be the inception of an acquaintance which afforded him such pleasure. Then, of course, with your kind permission, he would have made a note of your registration number and expressed a hope that the magistrate would be able to elucidate who should foot the bill.' No doubt about it, the Japanese are the most courteous people in the world. We all know the glibness with which the good Viennese interlard their speech with *Bittschön*—the Japanese use their own *doso* fully as frequently.

. . . . .

Hakata! The name of that Japanese city is one which I cannot possibly forget, for there we were within a hair's breadth of disaster. I was already over in China when it happened, making preparations for our Shanghai visit and a tour through other parts of the Far East, so I must rely on the account of my sons and assistants, particularly Herbert's 14-mm. film record of the event.

There was a typhoon raging at Shanghai which, so the press informed us, was moving off eastwards over the Yellow Sea, straight for Kyushu, at the very hour when, as I reckoned, our performance was just beginning. However, it struck more rapidly than calculated and descended on the Fukuoka Peninsula, with its principal city of Hakata, where we were at the time, and it was wonderfully good fortune for

us that this occurred before the gates opened for the afternoon performance.

Herbert's film showed the tractors clattering up, to drag the heavy pantechnicons into position as a windbreak on the windward side of the big tent, which was already flapping ominously in the mounting wind. The steel covers of the carnivores' cage-wagons were closed, the horses set loose. There was Foreman Hayaku waving his stick. Then the tent peggers' hammers swung, and one seemed actually to hear the blows as at feverish haste they drove in additional irons while with blocks and tackle others tightened all guy ropes.

Higher and higher in the sky piled the menacing black wall of the storm, a mountain of cloud, from behind the yellowish battlements of which a terrible wind was now roaring. A few instants later, and over the flags flapping wildly at the mast-heads there were torn trails of cloud. Ropes fastened to our caterpillar tractors, the engines of which were working, twanged tight as violin strings. And then it broke, with incredible force.

My son—he had been in bed all day with a touch of fever—had been taking his picture from the window of his wagon. Now he was obliged to lie on the floor and hold tight. His wagon was dancing about as if on the high seas. The air was full of the cries of animals and the crashing of timbers. Suddenly everything was engulfed in one single whirling, howling cloud of dust.

When at last he could get up again and survey the scene, he took his camera and filmed the result. Four thousand square metres of tattered canvas were flapping high in the wind. Everything movable had been blown away—straw, poultry, linen, even the precious dragon curtain given us by Nagoya—the site was as cleanly swept of movable objects as if a giant vacuum cleaner had been over it. It was all scattered far and wide over the countryside. Our stabling had been smashed in as if it had been a house of cards. The elephants were trumpeting madly to get free. The horses, guided by instinct, their manes flying, had stood the storm out with their backs to it. The four big steel masts were whipping madly to and fro, as the wind caught in the remains of the canvas and tore at them. Two plucky tenters who had once been sailors shinned up top and slashed away ropes, so that the wind should not continue to swell the broken canvas and tear at the anchorages.

The first voice to ring out over the ruins was Foreman Hayaku's as he rallied his men. Fortunately no one was hurt beyond a few minor cuts and scratches, easily dealt with by adhesive plaster. Without

delay everybody set about clearing away the ruins. In the open, tent makers got busy, slashing, patching. The stable tent was the first to be restored. An army of helpers, paid and unpaid, joined in, hammering, botching, making do—*hayaku, hayaku*. Out came the Boy Scouts of Hayaku and the surrounding country and gave volunteer aid. Local folk offered quarters for men and animals alike. My sons were busy, driving tractors, returning gate money, lending a hand wherever it was wanted.

What was most remarkable was that not a plank, not a single clown's wig or horse's feather plume was lost to us, even though carried a mile away. Anything which in colour or shape looked like Hagenbeck was brought in to us by the Japanese. Seeing the extent of the disaster, nobody had dared to hope that we should soon get going again, but no more than forty-eight hours after the storm all newspapers and radio stations of Japan were announcing the news: 'Hagenbeck's Circus has resumed its performances, playing in the open air.'

Had we needed any additional boost to our publicity, we certainly had it now. The Japanese poured in in their thousands. It was a remarkable sight to see that huge amphitheatre so packed with people. Into the air thrust the bare tent poles, with all the tackle of the aerial acrobats. Down below was some staging, with our band, over it all nothing but the cloudless sky of Japan.

The attendance was now so great that there were people offering good yen merely to be allowed standing room, not in the circus area proper, but merely inside the fence which surrounded our ground. There were clusters of onlookers on the roof of every wagon, on every ladder, on the masts, on the stacks of straw, and those who could not see a thing still applauded delightedly whenever from the heat-shimmering heart of that cauldron of humanity came sounds of approval.

Sawade telegraphed to me in Shanghai: 'We are going on playing now to sold-out houses without any tent.' For five days no less than a round ten thousand people a day poured through the gate. In Japan, the typhoon catastrophe and our conquest of destruction had become a symbol of applied pluck. Nevertheless, performances had to come to an end at last. At last, only two days' prolongation was feasible, for at Osaka harbour a second Hapag steamer adapted as Noah's Ark was already waiting for us. It was the s.s. *Duisburg*, and on September 29th, 1933, this ship took our circus from Kotobuki-Cho to Shanghai.

Leave-taking from our Japanese assistants, from our Boy Scouts and

from many friends was moving. They would all have liked to go to Shanghai too, but because of the political tensions of the moment it was out of the question for us to take any Japanese workers with us to China. Our departing stars were piled with presents—invaluable dolls in Japanese costume and other mementoes. Present at the last scene were Consul Dr. Rhode, Professor Kanamura of the Kyoto Museum and many other prominent persons. There were also the little cash-desk geishas whom we were leaving behind, sorrowful little butterflies on the quayside, in their hands long paper ribbons, which still bound them symbolically to Circus San who was now to leave them. But they did not cry, for it is unworthy for a Japanese girl to show her feelings. Instead, they were beaming with smiles. Behind us, as living mementoes of our six months' stay on tour of Japan, we were also leaving polar bears and those fairy-tale animals the giraffes, for Tokyo's Ueno Park Zoo had made sure of those powerful attractions for itself. One of those animals indeed was still living when, nineteen years later, Mr. Koga, the zoo's director, came to see me at Stellingen to buy yet more giraffes.

MELANCHOLY TEA WITH MR. WONG

AT SHANGHAI my wife joined me, but it is rarely a great satisfaction to be married to a circus manager, and instead of showing her this international metropolis of China I spent most of my time at the telephone. Back in Germany work was going on round the clock to make us a new big top, which was to come out to us by air. (At Osaka we had made use of a spare tent fifty-two metres in diameter.)

Press and radio interviews followed one on another, and to show this city of four million that despite the recent disaster, which had been on everybody's lips, we had lost nothing of our former brilliance or size, I wanted to kick off with a big procession. Meanwhile I kept sending Heinrich, back at Stellingen, reassuring telegrams, for the German press had carried into the remotest village of Germany the news that the Hagenbeck Circus had been 'utterly destroyed by a typhoon.' On the other hand, in nearly every bulletin Shanghai radio was giving details of the position of the *Duisburg*.

The press, daily and weekly, had chartered a small hydroplane to go out to meet our ark, and when the following morning the *Duisburg* steamed up the river I was ready with the press on the quayside. That morning the largest European newspaper in the Far East, the *North China Daily News*, came out with a caricature which made all Shanghai laugh. There was at the time a popular play going round the European theatres out there. It was entitled *Ships That Pass in the Night*, and this was the title of a cartoon by the popular cartoonist 'Sapajou.' On the left one saw our ark arriving full of packed animals up to all sorts of larks, while on the right was an outgoing steamer labelled 'Lord Marley's Party,' with the lord himself and all his faithful about him scowling up at the *Duisburg*, and holding their hands to their ears to shut out the Homeric laughter of the creatures of the ark. The point was that Lord Marley had been the leader of an inquiry commission which was not exactly friendly to Germany, but in the enthusiasm with which Shanghai awaited Hagenbeck's Circus his speeches had been lost, and that was why Lord Marley was steaming away!

As if to supply the flood, if not before, at least after Hagenbeck's ark reached its Ararat, just as the *Duisburg* berthed the heavens opened their watery gates. No umbrella or goloshes could have availed against what fell. Together with my reception committee, I was thoroughly sluiced down. Speeches, procession and reception were all washed away in the cloud-burst which followed. The best our band could do was drain the water out of its instruments and slop along in oilskins and sou'westers.

Together with our transport chief and Richard Sawade, I drove out to the site set apart for us. The windscreen wipers laboured hard. Shanghai's riverside front, the Bund, was empty and gleaming with water. And here was the Majestic Ground, which we were to have, where once the largest hotel of the Far East had stood. Some hours previously it had certainly been terra firma, hard as a threshing floor. Now one had the impression that all the water of Shanghai had been drained there to make such an enormous volume of swamp.

'Is it mud baths or a circus we are to open here?' demanded our transport man, and under his gleaming sou'wester I had the distinct impression that he leered. I, however, was in no mood for humour. 'No,' I remember shouting 'a switchback railway!' 'Very well, sir,' he returned, 'it shall be ready by tomorrow evening,' and I had to laugh, for if anybody could have brought off such a trick, it was that man.

Ten hours later, and every man jack of that circus, whatever his connection there, was on duty in the rôle of canal navvy. The whole scene, inanimate and animate, was of the same loamy yellow hue. Elephants and caterpillar tractors were wallowing in a sea of slime. Four hundred loads of cinders and fifty wagons of rice straw had been engulfed there, and still our trucks went down to their axles, to be laboriously coaxed out by caterpillar tractors working on cord timber tracks.

The atmosphere, in short, was indeed stormy, and the only man to maintain his legendary, unshakable calm was Richard Sawade. There he was, busily weighing up situations and issuing confident orders. But when at last a break came, and our working elephants took advantage of it to race trumpeting down into that sea of unrationed mud and roll to their heart's delight, laughter returned, and the sunshine soon followed. The asphalt steamed, the pot-holes dried out,

and in a matter of hours what had been a sea of liquid mud was as hard-baked as any farmer's threshing floor.

As cautiously as if it were his wife's most precious linen, our transport man had our new tarpaulin spread out on the rice straw, and woe betide any man who threatened to set his muddy hobnails on it. We were going to be smart indeed. Between Osaka and Shanghai there are a good eight hundred sea miles, and each of these had been well utilised by Richard Sawade to get spit and polish back to our storm-battered equipment. The very evening our tent arrived our circus town was in place, with all its alleys among the wagons, its menagerie section freshly washed and curried and combed, all gleaming under the spider's web of festooned lights. Yes, Hatchimpa, as the Chinese insisted on calling us, was ready to receive Shanghai.

Gates open! clanged the bell from the paddock, and it was at once as if a giant sluice had been opened to let in a yellow flood. The masses crowded blindly in a sort of panic through the main entrance. Almost immediately there were shrill whistles of warning from inside the circus tent and cries to halt the human flood. Like sandbags against flood waters bursting through a broken dyke, we flung everybody we could into the breach—stilt-walkers, book-keepers, lavatory attendants, tamers. The black-uniformed International Police forced a way through, tried to stop the human mass, but were swept aside like match-boarding. The boxes reserved for the consuls and other guests of honour of the various countries were at once occupied by people who had only gallery and standing tickets, while the worthy Li's and Chi's and all the middle-class mass were in hopeless confusion.

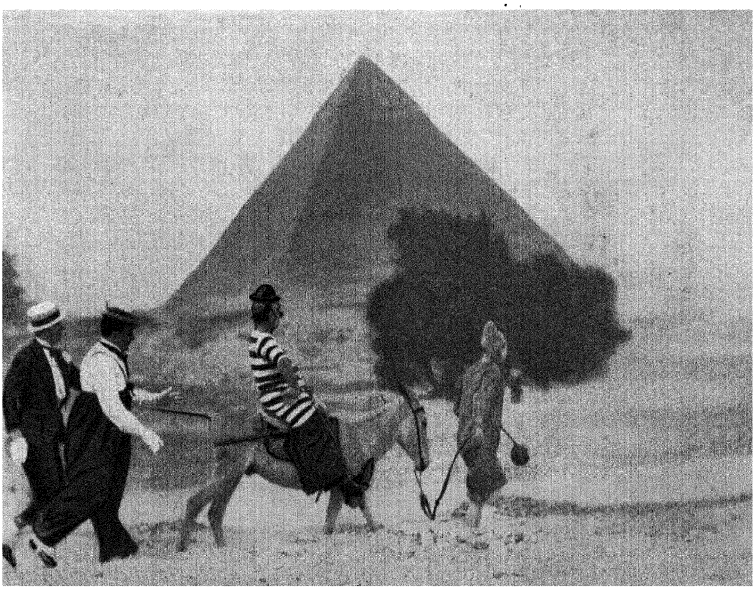
Our ticket attendants did their best to get control. 'Don't push there!' 'No rushing in!' 'This way, you numskull.' 'Do you think a half China dollar'll get you straight into the boss's box?' 'Take it easy!' 'Steady there, steady!' 'Take it easy!' 'Open your tickets, please!'

American tars from the cruiser *Houston* out in the river, a ship-full of them, squeezed in, their little white caps standing out sharply against the black mandarin caps of the Chinese. The elder Chinese all looked like Confucius, with their horn-rimmed spectacles and wispy beards. Each one worthier far than the other, they scurried past in their green, steel blue or black silk cloaks, with young women in tight-fitting silk gowns which corkscrewed up over their knees, and



A ten-thousand-tonner is transformed into a Noah's Ark. Loading the s.s. *Saarland* at Hamburg, for Yokohama

Below: Clownish business under the ægis of the Pyramids



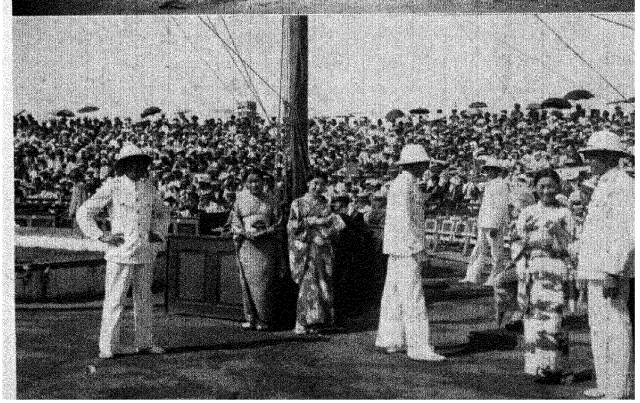
'Hagenbeck's,' the round-the-world circus, in Japan



After the yphoon at Hakata (Kyushu)



Performances continued in the open air



older women with mutilated feet, hobbling, usually resting on the arm of a son.

There were all races confused—Japanese, Russians, the whole International Settlement, a sprinkling of Indian Sikhs who with their carefully brushed side-whiskers always reminded me of German 'commercial counsellors.' But at last, in surged the guardians of public order and wherever the confusion became too great by dint of sufficient taps on the head with their bamboo canes they established decorum, and our circus settled down, packed like a great round sardine-tin.

That Shanghai first night had been the maddest door-opening of my whole circus life, and I was very glad indeed when the band struck up. Then the approving whistles of the American sailors shrilled out in the general applause, and Europe's circus art filled America and Asia at once with enthusiasm.

In the first interval, one of my old hands came quietly up to me. 'What be I to do with all thicky clogs outside?' he asked in his dialect.

'Clogs?' I asked. 'What clogs?'

He took me outside. I could hardly believe my eyes. The entrance was littered with literally thousands of them, lost by the Chinese when they stormed the entrance. One of our doorkeepers found the solution, and the clogs were strung on ropes, so that when they came out people could go along the line and pick what belonged to them.

The next day there was the devil to pay, for when evening came there was a still bigger crowd besieging the ground. The circus would certainly not be able to hold half of them. But cautious Richard Sawade had his plans ready. He brought up his elephants outside, and posted them on either side of the entrance. 'They won't let anybody tread on their corns!' cried our good manager with great enthusiasm. The evening before he had suffered. A fine pair of patent-leather boots had been ruined by hundreds of clogged feet treading on them! Now our stalwart Sikhs lined up with the elephants on either side, and there was a little more order in it all. Nevertheless, once again it was not long before from inside came whistles for help. The seating attendants were at their wits' ends. The Chinese were just packing themselves in like books on shelves. Moreover, every man sitting down held his knees firmly out, to make sure he kept his allotted room.

Very soon it was discovered what was wrong. Holding two tickets

up to the light, one found that the serial numbers on some were blacker than those of others. *There were forged tickets going round!* Like vultures the criminal police pounced on the ticket offices. They soon traced the forged tickets to No. 3. There was a simultaneous attack from the back and front door of that office and the cheating attendant got a merciless drubbing. All ticket sales had been taken on by a big Chinese concern, and when they found that there had been cheating outraged Chinese beat up the tricksters thoroughly. The forgers got a second drubbing from the police, and a third from the Hatchimpa doorkeepers. Shanghai proved a hot shop!

When our chief cashier made his daily trip to the bank with a valise full of Chinese dollars he carried his valuable burden in a British policeman's sidecar, with police motor-cyclists all round him, sub-machine-guns slung round their necks ready. Shanghai could also be a dangerous shop!

There were often noteworthy local celebrities to be seen at our shows, men whom British secret police officers would point out to us. 'See that stout little fellow with the Chinese wife, yes, that one with all the make-up, well, he's one we knew when he could not even afford a ride in a ricksha, but look at him now!' But then, life is like that, not only in the Far East.

One day, however, a regular troop of cars rolled up, and a well-fleshed Chinese emerged from a limousine with bullet-proof glass as thick as the ice on a skating rink, and round him a bodyguard of twenty other Chinese, their eyes as wary as rats' all round. 'Mr. Wong,' whispered our police friend. Mr. Wong, it seems, had reserved twenty-one box seats, for it was only if he could be entirely surrounded by his bodyguard that he thought he might be able to see the circus in peace. He was one of the richest men in Shanghai, with the influence of a Rockefeller. He had piled up millions, not on oil, but opium.

The show began. The sea-lions did their stuff. Their motor-horn 'piano' was brought on. Heavens, what have I not heard on that instrument. In the Rhineland it was 'The Faithful Hussar,' in Berlin 'Did you then think . . .', in the Argentine 'La Cucaracha,' in Norway 'Lala Sunio'—what now would it be in China? Of course, that most popular of tunes, 'All the birds are already there,' played alike at festivities and funerals, a German music-hall hit. How on earth that ditty ever got out to the Far East and above all became so beloved by the Chinese nobody could tell me.

About our performance, Mr. Wong was most enthusiastic. At Aage, our Norwegian clown, he laughed till he cried. Aage could manage his side-splitting entrance patter in a confusion of seven languages, and that fell on fruitful soil in that Far Eastern crucible of peoples, Shanghai. It was just after his entrance that the incident of the funny chair took place.

Everybody surely knows this old circus trick, as old as the hills, but a perennial favourite. Three men laboriously achieve an acrobatic pyramid on a chair, but this suddenly collapses under them, the chair's breaking being underlined by the ear-splitting detonation of a specially planted cracker.

As I say, this was a very old circus turn—but not for Mr. Wong's bodyguard. The moment there was that apparent detonation of the breaking chair from twelve coat pockets flashed twelve revolvers. Our poor clowns had least of all expected that response, and it was a good thing their alarm could not show through their heavy make-up. Meanwhile, Mr. Wong had dived for cover behind the matchboarding of his box. Then up he bobbed again, very busily wiping his opera glasses, as if he had merely bent down to pick them up!

Now a wave of laughter ran all round the great circus ring, while wispy-bearded Chinese dignitaries turned the other way, pretending not to have seen something so unseemly. But Mr. Wong gleamed like a kindly Buddha. Shortly before the end of the show he suddenly slipped out, though he was courteous enough not to leave without expressing to me his personal thanks for such a well-spent evening and asking us all to 'a melancholy cup of tea' under his 'unworthy roof.'

Let me say at once that this 'unworthy roof' was the private city which the Opium King had had built outside the Shanghai city gates. According to what the British police told me, the story of his rise to wealth was worth a whole library of thrillers. Now all that was behind him, and at the top of his ladder he even looked virtuous. Against any possible shades from the past, he had had his private city built round with a high wall, from which trigger-easy guards loyally kept watch on all who approached.

We drove out from Shanghai in twenty taxis as far as these could go, then we took rickshas, after which we went on foot through the loveliest Chinese park I have ever seen, with ornamental bridges, miniature trees, cast-iron lions, by winding alleys, past lovely little pools with goldfish and ornamental tortoises.

We were received on the terrace by Mr. Wong. He had now forgotten the five languages he spoke fluently in Shanghai. Arrayed in costly dragon-patterned black silk, with family crest on breast and back in silver, he greeted us in Chinese and left it to interpreters to translate his words to the host of guests who were gaping in amazement at the magnificence of his unworthy home. There were hanging vases like storks' nests and carved and contorted *étagères* against the walls. Silver and gold cups, tea-caddies, smoking-tables, richly ornamented stools of ivory, costly bronzes, cats of porcelain, cats of gold, cobras of silver, silver lamps, smokers' outfits and vases of joss sticks were everywhere. Then the sonorous sounds of a gong called us to the 'melancholy cup of tea,' and we found that Mr. Wong had had a separate palace built for every purpose—one for eating, one for sleeping, one for bathing, one for 'tea-drinking.' He had his own cinema and his own theatre and, for the life of the spirit, his own temple with red lacquer altars and a life-size alabaster statue of the Buddha.

I still recall the fourteen kitchen-houses, the seven dwelling houses of his wives, his children, his ancestors, the men of his bodyguard, not to speak of the quarters for his priests, his officers, his servants. The higher outer wall with its glazed tiles enclosed an estate larger than the Stellingen Animal Park.*

Now we were no longer to be surprised when we discovered that behind the 'cup of melancholy tea' was concealed a repast of precisely forty-five courses, served at numerous small low-pitched tables, each with six small stools round it. First, as hors-d'œuvre, came ham, mushrooms, goose liver, titbits of roast fowl, with soya sauce, toasted almonds, and sunflower seeds. Then there were soups of mushrooms, of fish and of eggs. Next came stuffed boned pike, stewed swallow-nests, roast duck, roast fowl, the meat all cut into tiny pieces, so that one only needed two chopsticks to take it from one's plate. With these foods came a variety of dainties in little dishes—caviare, shark's fins, sliced and seasoned Chinese radish and bamboo shoots, and finally —sucking-pig! In rustled the servants, scarce audible, and then between a double row of them came ten cooks, each with a roast sucking-pig on a silver dish, complete with wonderful garnishing. Each cook carried his pig to a table, and when the guests there had luxuriated sufficiently in the aroma of it all, he vanished again, to return a few moments later with it all sliced and cut up small. There

* Over seventy-five acres.—Translator.

were hot puddings and cold sweet cakes of many kinds, with black coffee and brandy to round off this gluttonous Chinese dinner. Of course, during the meal itself nothing but champagne was served.

Understandably, after such a filling we found no great difficulty in following the ancient custom of the country and expressing our appreciation and praise of his cooks to our host by loud belching.

Mr. Wong's wives did not take any part in the banquet. On the other hand, some of the womenfolk of our company had already had the opportunity of meeting them in a tea-house. Our equestrienne in particular told me that she had taken tea with the ladies and smoked a pipe of opium, or, rather, tried to, for the thing, she said, just would not burn, for smoking opium is an art which requires considerable know-how. There was, she said, little conversation, as these Chinese women knew no foreign languages. They fanned themselves, smiled most graciously and on their forefingers all wore diamonds as large as hazel nuts.

After the great meal, Mr. Wong's actors made great efforts to show their European colleagues Chinese *variété* on their open-air stage. As my present to Mr. Wong I had sent two rare white humped-back swans. He returned the compliment with a goose, the *Cygnopsis cygnoides*, which in Chinese belief is the primordial goose from which all other geese have been bred.

I was happy to have such good relations with the Shanghai police, for we needed them nearly every day for going to the bank, and sometimes for other reasons. For instance, one day a guanaco vanished. At about six one morning a man came to the 'exotic animals'' stables, made out that he was a veterinary surgeon, and intimated that he had come to take away 'the sick guanaco.' The police radio came into action (all police cars in Shanghai already had radio receivers at this time), the net was at once cast wide, and the creature was found—on the seventh floor of a skyscraper on the counter of a bar! A dead-drunk American had been trying in vain to get whisky into it. When our people arrived, the animal was still on the counter, but the culprit was senseless on the floor nearby. It must have been a mere prank, but there was one good side to it—it made a wonderful story for the Shanghai press, which meant five Chinese, four English, three Japanese, two Russian, one French and one German newspaper, all of which spread the tale that our guanaco had made the thief faint by suddenly dancing the Charleston on the counter!

The guanaco was not the only animal we had brought away from Japan with us. We also had a Korean leopard, some giant Kamschatkan bears, valuable cranes and, among other things, the 'maidenhair tortoise,' which is in point of fact merely a tortoise with a seaweed growth on its shell, a strange example of parasitism.

A MAHARAJA FILLS THE HOUSE

FOR A run of sixty nights the sky above the Majestic Ground glowed red with the flood of light from our circus town. But long before this time was up I had packed my bags and moved on. The s.s. *Tjibadak* took my wife and me via Manila to Java, my original plan being after China to take our circus on tour through the Straits Settlements and Dutch East Indies to Australia. But whereas the financial authorities of Japan and Shanghai had both nobly taken account of our huge costs and refrained from taxing the circus, the Dutch colonial government, on the other hand, without a blush demanded a twenty-five per cent. entertainment tax. I had not had to pay their counterparts back in Amsterdam even a half of that amount.

'But it's the public that will pay the tax,' argued the finance boss of Batavia.

'Granted,' I said, 'but it's you who are going to pocket it. Perhaps you would explain where the money is coming from to pay our freight costs to Australia?'

For these reasons our proposed tour through the Dutch East Indies never materialised, and thereby, because of the long sea voyage, the visit to Australia also fell through. The very next day after this decision, what the Java-Bode press had nicknamed the 'breathless globe-trotter' sailed on the s.s. *Johan van Oldenbarnevelt* for Singapore, Colombo and Calcutta. On the voyage, the ship's photographer developed the films I had turned. While in Japan I had visited various zoos, and of course I had also gone to see whatever Manila and Java could show me. But it was particularly in the small Japanese zoos, which I had been advised to miss (because 'they have nothing to show') that I came upon many a zoological rarity, especially in the worlds of birds, reptiles and fishes. Of all of these the Japanese are masterly breeders, and in their country I was able to make many an interesting purchase or exchange.

While at Shanghai I had heard that the Chinese province of Kwangsi possessed a special variety of pheasant. So I sent the aviator Hannes Rathje in search of this. (This was of course the Hannes Rathje who made his name by his long-distance flight from Berlin to Peking.

Today he counts as the oldest pilot of the new German Lufthansa, and a well-known 'aerial millionaire' who piled up thousands of air miles in the Far East.) At last, about eleven hundred miles from Shanghai, in Szechwan, he acquired for me four of these marvellous blue-eared pheasants and also a specimen of the rare crop-gazelle.

During this voyage to India I was also able at leisure to run through the films I had turned at Manila and Weltevreden. Of the greatest interest to me was an elephant I photographed at Manila. Through an accident the animal was minus the tip of its trunk. What is more, this was slit at the end for about a span on either side. I am afraid I was unable to find out—or the owners were unwilling to tell me—how this mutilation came about, but what was most interesting was to observe that the accident had not prevented the elephant from using its trunk, for I saw—and the cameras recorded—how neatly he slipped bananas into that slit and conveyed them to his mouth, a fascinating piece of evidence of the extraordinary adaptability of this 'hand on the head,' which is said to contain between twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand separate muscles.

While the *Johan van Oldenbarnevelt* called at Colombo, we visited my Uncle John, and during an excursion to Kandy we had a very amusing experience. When the mahouts saw his familiar face and heard what visitors he had brought out, they put their elephants through a number of tricks. The tricks were the same as those performed in our circus. Among the elephant-riders of Ceylon were now men who had learned their job under us at Stellingen! They had also essayed their training skill on some monkeys, and at a word of command these clambered at lightning speed up coconut palms, picking the fruit and throwing it down to us. The milk of coconuts fresh from the tree like that is a wonderful form of refreshment.

At the Consulate-General at Calcutta a regular pile of letters and telegrams awaited us. The management of the Grand Hotel found me an Indian girl secretary, a clever young Parsee, who besides the language of Zarathustra knew shorthand and typewriting excellently. In no time my room was transformed into a circus office, from which, carried by our billposting team, the word went out to all India.

The circus at the moment was somewhere in the Straits of Malacca. Captain Engell and the officers of the *Saarland* had first been able to see our performances only at Shanghai, for immediately their ship had discharged us at Yokohama she was ordered back to Hamburg. On her second journey out, in addition to Christmas mail and many presents,

she brought our sea-lions refrigerators-full of much-longed-for fish, fresh from the Altona fish market.

After three weeks' voyage our original Noah's Ark thus brought the circus up the Ganges, and when we gave our first Indian performance all that stood for anything in Calcutta by name or rank was present. Among the audience was to be seen Lady Willingdon, wife of the British Viceroy. But most heads in the audience were turbaned. Our seating attendants were many a time driven to despair; there were so many cases of people who would not sit next to, or immediately under, or immediately above certain others, even though they might have paid the same price to get in—each considered the other to be unclean. For India's castes were still strictly observed, even determining where one should sit at a circus show.

During the interval I took my British guests to see the menagerie. The harness hanging down the gangways past the stables was gleaming bright, and there was clean straw in all the boxes. When a certain cavalry general spotted the cleanings of the curry combs—always looked at by the officer in charge of Army stables to see how well the horses have been cleaned down—he cried enthusiastically: 'I shall send some of my dragoons round here tomorrow to learn the real meaning of cleanliness and speed!'

At the same time, he invited me to a military tattoo to be held the very next evening, and there I saw the British cavalry show their skill, indeed an impressive spectacle, well carried through to the strains of a military band. Lit by a blazing square of torches, it was well calculated to excite the marvel of all present.

Here at Calcutta we were to give the rarest circus performance that ever took place under our big top. It was like this: one day an imposing Indian gentleman presented himself at our box office and politely inquired how much he would have to pay for the whole seating.

'I beg your pardon,' said the man at the desk, thinking he had not heard aright. But the Indian repeated his question. Yes, he wanted all the seats, at once, he said, and he drew out his cheque book. Whether he was a millionaire, or just potty, was not clear to our box office attendant, so he beckoned to a porter and had the inquirer taken round to see me.

The inquirer introduced himself. He was the private secretary of the Maharaja of Patiala, and yes, he repeated, he did wish to hire the whole seating for one show, and making out a cheque for the total

sum he handed it across my desk, requiring of me an assurance that the whole programme would be shown, with no cuts, to one party only: his employer the Maharaja and the Maharaja's party.

'Very well, sir, it shall be done,' we said, and decided on the day. Only then I discovered that there were one or two little arrangements still to be made. For the ladies of the harem were in strict purdah, as the Indians call it, and there could be no relaxation of the rigid rule by which no male eye should see them. To safeguard this necessitated a little preparation, and we watched the private secretary make a tour of inspection of the whole tent. He paced out distances and jotted them down. He also measured the width and depth of the various boxes and gangways. He even climbed up to the gods and peered down. Then he grovelled on the floor, to peep under the edge of the side flaps of the wall of the tent. What he discovered there I do not know, but he certainly jotted it all down. One might have thought he intended to do our transport superintendent out of a job and put up the tent himself at our next town.

The day of the special performance came round, and suddenly up rolled a big lorry, and twenty turbaned Indians unloaded red-painted iron posts and drove them into the ground while others carried muslin-stretched wooden frames into the tent. When they had finished their operations, a section of the boxes had been completely screened off, and from this walled-off section led a completely closed-in corridor. This was rather like the covered gangway used to bring lions and tigers to their central cage and led all the way to the entrance to our circus enclosure.

The next step was the introduction of the bodyguard—seventy Indian colossi from the mountains of Bengal, in colourful uniforms, took up positions at all exits and on all stairs. They stood as stiffly as tin soldiers, their arms crossed over their breasts. Then came fourteen heavily silvered Rolls-Royce limousines, all with their blinds fully drawn. Beside the driver of each sat a regular Goliath of a Sikh. These, their faces well averted in turn, raised the flap of the muslin tunnel, for the unseeable beauties to scurry into the circus.

The Maharaja himself offered the diametrical opposite of all this Indian ceremonial, for he turned up in a bright grey double-breasted suit of the latest cut and a well-turned Oxford accent, all transported in a silver-grey German Maybach sports car matching his suit. With lively chatter, he accompanied me inside. A nod, and the bandmaster raised his baton. We began.

The Maharaja was most enthusiastic and clapped heartily, though the sound echoed rather hollow and ghostly from the four thousand, nine hundred and seventy empty seats. Out of the draped boxes of the purdah ladies came not a sound. My august guest kept up a fire of questions about all that interested him. In came our clowns, sweating with anxiety. For how can one make jokes in the ring without any applause? It was as hard as telling a deaf and dumb man a joke. For this reason the boys had had resort to the time-honoured recipe of the water entry. In their version, it consisted of a clown, two dumb Augusts, twenty-three tubs of water and an apparently touchy master of the horse, over whose frock-coat the missing twenty-fourth tub of water is spilled. This act had raised salvoes of laughter from Oslo to Rio de Janeiro, for the most carefree delight in the world is malicious delight, particularly when it results from seeing a whole tub of water poured over the head of a bad-tempered gentleman. Thrice the Maharaja wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes, for thrice this watery battle with the malice of things had to be repeated, and every time there came silvery peals of laughter from the invisible memsahib in her muslin cage.

Now came our own little pleasure. Of everything had that most circumspect private secretary thought, except the trapeze. He had not gone up on that to spy out what he could see from there, so our heroes of the air did at least get a fleeting glimpse of the unveiled beauties. Fortunately for us, their august lord and master never realised what sacrilege was being committed above his turban.

However, what caused the real sensation was Rudolf Matthies' Royal Tigers. Every year thousands of Indians fall victims to the lord of the jungle. Whenever one of these man-eaters reduces a district to terror and anxiety, heavy rewards are offered to anyone who can kill the beast. But now the Maharaja and his family saw a slender young man in snow-white tropical frock-coat surrounded by fourteen magnificent tigers in the central cage, and the animals obeyed his every word, leapt through flaming hoops and posed in tiers for him as if really anxious to have their photographs taken. The ladies had never seen anything so impressive, and in order to get a better view of that charming young man from Hamburg, they actually tore quite large peep-holes in their harem curtains, so that when with profound bows our brave Rudolf responded to the final applause he really did not know whether those were fiery diamonds flashing at him from the muslin wall or the bright eyes of the purdah ladies.

Shortly after this, as the guest of the Maharaja of Mayurbhanj, I took part in an elephant-catching expedition. The animals were not caught by trapping in pits, a method which years before had been practised by our animal catcher Walther Ebert in Sumatra, nor was it the capture of single young elephants, in East African style. The whole thing would be far better described as a big social event, in which Indian princes, high government officials and other guests took part. It cost the hosts a fortune. For months in advance roads had been cut through the untamed forest, so that the guests might be able to drive—or ride in their elephant howdahs—in comfort to the bungalows specially built for them near the hunting ground, for the Maharaja provided a comfortable little bamboo house for each guest and his many servants.

In splendid tents, spread with the choicest rugs and animal skins, servants served a range of dishes which the Waldorf-Astoria could not have surpassed in richness or variety, and whether one's whim was for White Horse whisky, a vintage claret or a Rhine wine, the white-clad waiters were ready to supply it. I was particularly struck by the huge entrance gateway to this princely camping site, for this was made exclusively of the tusks with which tremendous Indian bull elephants had once cleared their path through the jungle. I measured the biggest of these, and found it to be seven feet five inches long. At its root, the circumference was sixteen and a half inches. The longest tusk ever known in India was only fourteen inches longer than this one.

However, the African elephant has far larger tusks, and it is for this reason that in circuses and zoos people so often ask why it is that we 'saw off the elephants' tusks.' Though there is nothing new in it for the specialist, I think I should once again give the answer. This is that in all the circus rings of the whole world it is principally Indian cow elephants which perform, and these have no tusks naturally, merely a small protuberance which is only visible when the animal raises its trunk. On the other hand, the African cow elephant has tusks ranging in the main from eleven to thirty-three pounds in weight, while the African bulls have tusks of up to at least two hundred pounds each. But the greater weights are now rare, which is why the tusk weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds which the British Colonial Service officers sent the Prince of Wales as a wedding present was regarded as outstanding. But when it comes to tusks like those which in 1878 C. G. Schillings photographed in Zanzibar ivory market, I envy anybody who may have the opportunity of seeing such tuskers at liberty.

For in the course of the last century these largest of all animals have been nearly wiped off the face of the earth, just because civilised mankind thinks billiards would not be billiards if not played with balls made from their tusks. The lack of tusks in the Indian elephant is one of the principal reasons why this has not been destroyed to anything like the same extent as the African species.

Now we are talking of elephants, I shall also give the answer to another oft-repeated question—the one about the legendary 'elephant cemeteries.' This report, if we can thus describe pure fantasy, is a perennial one in the press, but seems so astonishing that one wonders why the people who tell it have never taken pick and shovel themselves, for they might well have come back from Africa as ivory millionaires. For, according to what they all tell us, the elephant is an animal which, in obedience to an instinctive drive, when he feels his end is nigh follows a given path which leads him to the 'well-known' elephant graveyard, to which all old or mortally ill elephants have 'always' gone to end their lives. The cemetery attendants are vultures, and at the end only the ivory is left! This ivory—elephant tusks—piles up gradually, to form stores of treasures only awaiting the man to take it away.

As far as my own research has shown, the truth would be on the following lines. Elephants, as far as I have been able to judge by my specimens at Stellingen, live just about as long as men, and exceptionally reach an age corresponding to that of a very old man. In their declining years, most of them suffer from a progressive weakening of the trunk. This is critical for them, for they eventually reach the stage of being unable to lift their food to their mouths, and can only swing it in. By this time drinking becomes a trying business, for, as everybody knows, elephants drink by first sucking water into their trunks, then squirting it into their mouths. Thus, to conquer their thirst, ageing elephants are at last reduced to drinking as they did as mere sucklings, when they tucked their little trunks back and drew their milk from their mother's dugs straight into the mouth. But to be able to suck water straight into their mouths like that they have to wade deep enough into a lake, and our animal catchers have told me that they have often seen old elephants doing this in Lake Chad. But eventually the day comes when the aged creature, weak, perhaps mortally ailing or wounded, suddenly no longer has the strength to get out of the water again. The river or the swamp or the lake becomes its grave. The many carrion-eaters which exist on land, in the air and

in the water then take over. And the tusks? These are left in the mud of the bottom. Perhaps when the waters are in flood they are swept away elsewhere, but I am quite ready to believe that in the neighbourhood of elephants' watering-places numbers of tusks have been found together. But there is in this no question of 'elephant cemeteries.'

But let us return to our muttons, or, rather, to our Indian elephants—those we were to catch. Eventually some three thousand beaters appeared on the scene, and with torches and home-made grenades these men drove a herd of wild elephants into a corral. Meanwhile, as if at the races, we sat on comfortable tiered ranks of seats and watched the doings, while skilled mahouts aided by working elephants proceeded to catch, chain and tether those wild cousins.

I kept my ciné camera ready all the time, and was able to capture the moment when a magnificent bull used all the might of his twenty summers against the portcullis closing behind him. He caught that two-and-a-half-ton timber gate and raised it on his tusks. While it was still poised crooked, he then thrust himself out under it with an agility which most people would never have thought so ponderous a monster could achieve, though one who had often seen a seven-ton elephant nimbly duck under a low courtyard gateway would not have found it so surprising. (I should record that three days later that escapee was caught again.)

To tether a newly captured elephant India has evolved a very simple device. A way out of the corral led into a sort of sluice, and into this the working elephants shouldered and pressed their untamed comrade on whom the portcullis had closed. So there he was, in the narrow space of those walls, which, however, except for the corner posts, did not reach the ground. Through the available space it was not difficult for the mahouts to get chains on the elephant's legs without being trampled underfoot.

Once reconciled to its fate, the elephant soon eats the food thrown to it, though it is still for a time dangerous to go near, as, for instance, when watering it. But here too India has worked out a surprisingly simple solution. They had hollowed out a tree-trunk with fire and this was thrust into the animal's quarters, to provide a simple and quite safe way of watering him without getting within reach of his dangerous trunk.

There was one Maharaja with whom I concluded a fine exchange—at his suggestion. India has many elephants, but no German police dogs, so I exchanged one of these for an elephant. At that time more

than one Maharaja had his zoo, and all of them showed great interest in our menagerie. I still remember clearly a visit paid me by the Princes of Baroda and Talcher. One of them bought giraffes from us. I was paid in elephants, which I took back to Germany when the circus went.

When, a few years ago, the social-political position in India reduced the power and the revenues of the maharajas, we received a letter from India informing us that, obliged to get rid of his elephant stables, the writer offered us ten good tuskers (i.e. bull elephants), trained and 'road-safe.' Unfortunately, it was 1947, and we had neither shipping facilities nor foreign currency to be able to acquire the elephants of the dethroned maharaja.

I cannot take leave of Calcutta without thinking of three incidents: Christmas in the ring, the visit of the crew of the German cruiser *Karlsruhe*, and the earthquake.

Never before had I seen quite so sweaty a Santa Claus as the one who under the heat of arc lights dealt out the mountains of mail from home and our presents to one hundred and twenty circus folk. Rarely either have I seen such enthusiastic seamen as those men of the *Karlsruhe*, for whom this meeting with us was a really joyous event. And though in the first few moments I took that earthquake for a practical joke, I shall certainly never forget it. It caught me by surprise in the throes of dictating my daily mail. Suddenly my office wagon began to rock, and, being convinced that it was some of our folk at their tricks, I tore the curtain back and had some rather pungent things to say. Then, to my dismay, I suddenly saw the whole circus quiver like a big mould jelly. Water slopped out of the sea-lions' tanks, and there was the sound of shattering glass. The afternoon papers told us that it had been only the outer waves of a big earthquake, which at the centre destroyed twenty thousand houses, and just touched Calcutta.

At last, one morning, our circus trains started on a five-day tour through India. From Calcutta we went to Bombay, a first leap of one thousand eight hundred and forty miles. Journalists have often asked me if it would not have been easier to have chartered the *Saarland* for our whole world tour. The answer is that it certainly would have been, had we not had to pay peppery-hot harbour dues for every hour the ship was not in motion, merely in dock. To that would have been added the maintenance costs of a ten-thousand-ton ship, not to speak of keeping its crew all the time.

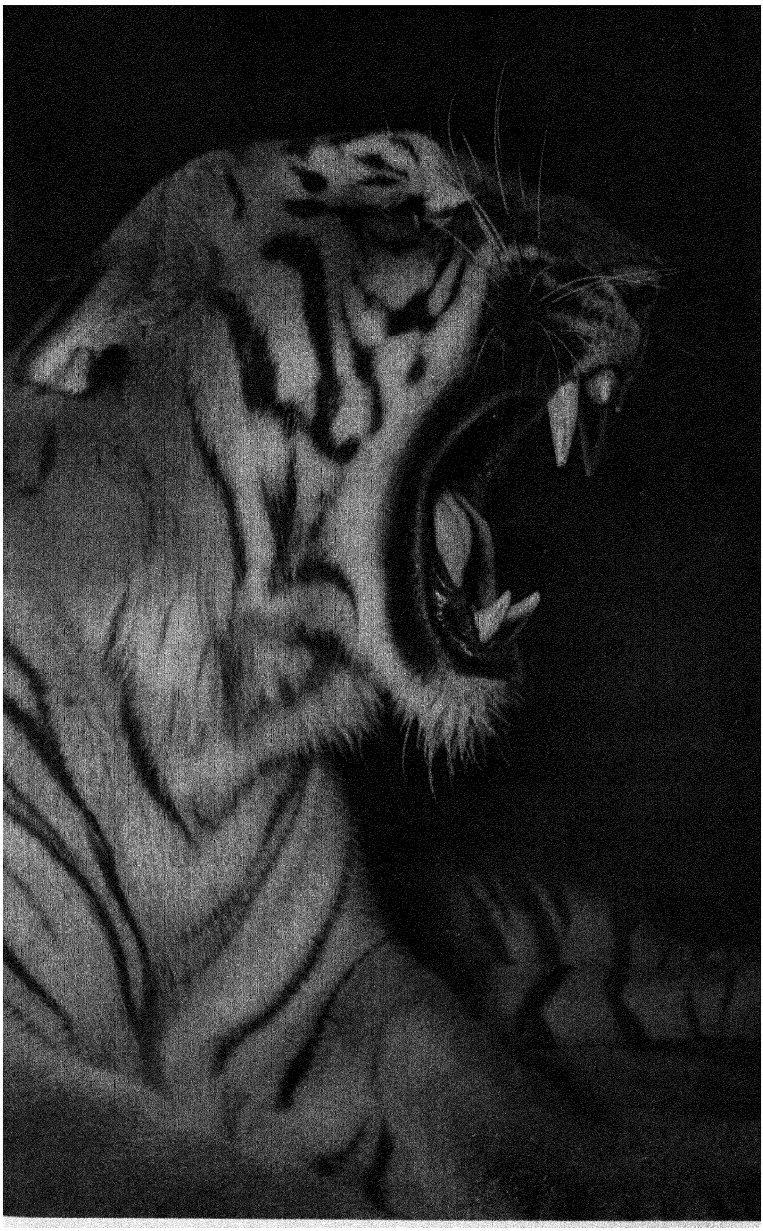
My wife and I had travelled on to Bombay in advance of our circus.

I had had the circus ground cleaned up and disinfected. There was a Danish caterer at Bombay who prepared a reception lunch for the whole of our company. He made mutton and cabbage cooked in German fashion the *pièce de résistance*, and the Indians were most astonished that I myself—the sahib of it all—should sit down with my 'underlings' and join in with them with great appetite. In India such behaviour was incomprehensible. There were, of course, many things that never caused an Indian the least surprise which our folk found very puzzling, but there were certainly at the same time many things which we would have thought should occasion no surprise whatsoever in India yet which the Indians who came to our shows found most puzzling.

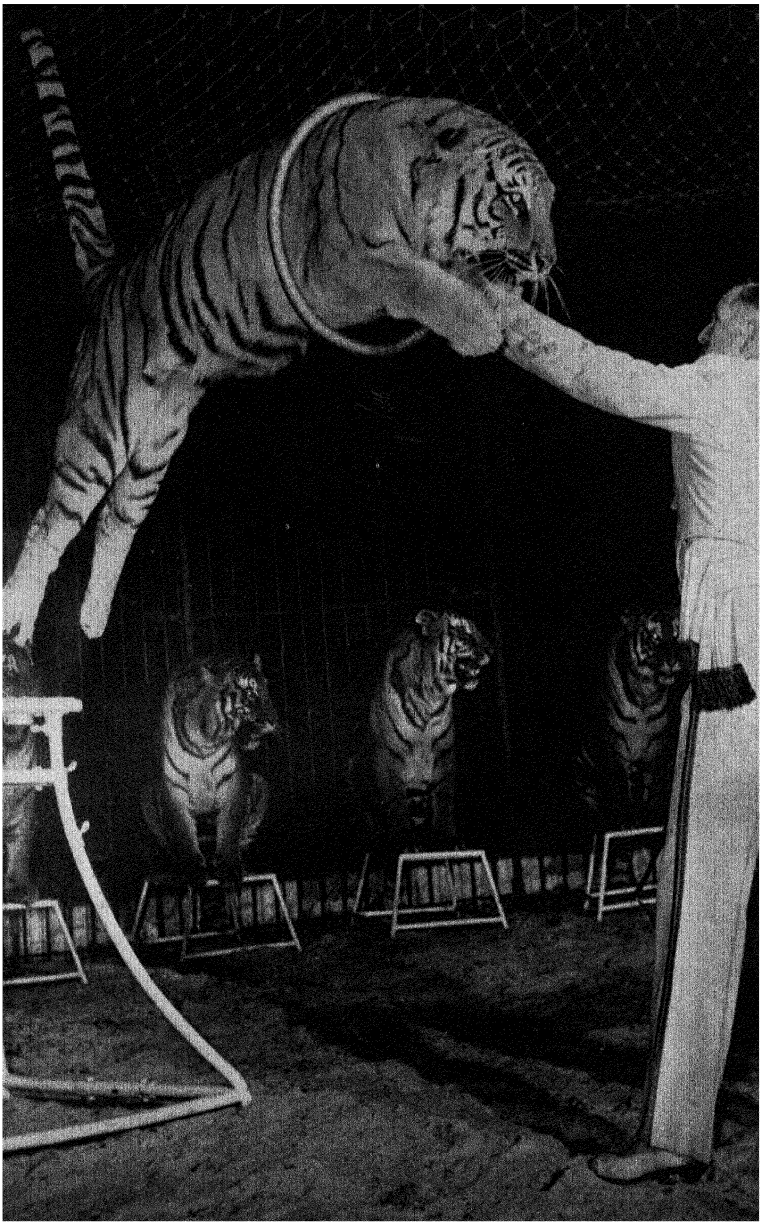
'Sahib, please, tell me, how can any man be so strong as to let a whole elephant lie on him without crushing him?'

This referred to a turn which our elephant tamer put on. In this item the trick was one totally devoid of danger. It was based quite simply on the shape of an elephant. Owing to the conformation of its bulky body, a man lying down close to one of the front legs which an elephant stretches out when it lies down automatically has just enough room to lie there without being in the least squeezed. It is of course a trick turn and nothing more—a trick calculated to deceive people who do not know elephants. But surely, we thought, that should not have surprised Indians, who see elephants from infancy?

The fact is, in Germany one is inclined to imagine that every Indian is in some measure an elephant expert. In reality, a Bombay shopkeeper knows just as little about elephants as a Hamburg ship's chandler knows about pedigree Holstein cows. There was another prize question which was put to me in Bombay which could have been as well answered at Leipzig or Pirmasens. This was: What sort of rare animals were those which swam like fish but barked like dogs? These, of course, were our acrobatic sea-lions, which, alas, always have the misfortune of being confused with seals by the layman.



The Royal Tiger's incisors are razor-sharp



Tiger trainer Rudolf Matthies at work. The tiger in this picture is leaping through an eighteen-inch hoop

AT BOMBAY the circus had a full two months' run. Then it had to be goodbye to India. I had sent our carpenters and fitters on to Colombo, where they constructed the stabling quarters we needed in the s.s. *Kanak*, which was to take the circus on to Egypt. When however the *Kanak* arrived to take Hagenbeck's on board, I had already gone on ahead, with my two managers, but since the excitements of a voyage on a passenger steamer certainly cannot measure up to those of a Noah's Ark circus, I had perhaps better relate some hearsay, not about feeding the animals or training the performers, who of course erected their trapezes and horizontal bars on deck for daily training and practice, but about their pranks. For when such an international assembly of clowns, snake-charmers and animal tamers are condemned to the *dolce far niente* of a voyage there is no holding them down.

Rudolf Matthies had a magnificent tiger, which he had himself reared on the bottle, and this animal used to follow him about on the lead like a dog. One day, in the Indian Ocean, Rudolf was taking his little afternoon constitutional on the promenade deck when through the window of a deck cabin came a great din and clatter of glasses. By the sounds of it, the party was getting a little out of hand. So Matthies let out his big pussy's lead a little, and like any other inquisitive cat Shango, as he was called, reared on his hind legs, resting his paws on the sill and poked his massive head inside. In an instant there was a deathly silence inside and the noisiest of the company was as still as a mouse. When at last the spook vanished again and it gradually dawned on the bedimmed brains what it had been, they probably tasted their drink better again.

Late one night Martell, still in charge of our poster brigade, thought he would have one last dive in the swimming bath rigged on deck, but unfortunately overlooked that at night the bo'sun always drained this. The result was a head-first crash on the canvas-covered floor of the pool, in which there was by then only a foot of water left. Martell's companions of the bottle rushed in horror to his assistance. But he was already on his feet. With a grand flourish he drew out his pocket watch on its famous elastic chain, glanced quizzingly at it, and as if

quite unconcerned, despite the swelling visibly rising on his forehead, cried: 'Good night, gentlemen, good night, it has just turned seventeen minutes past two.'

At the entrance to the Suez Canal the ship found a gathering of Japanese, Norwegian and Dutch ships, all waiting for their passage permits. Men-of-war had priority, after them came mail packets. As we found waiting tedious—we had rejoined the *Kanak*—we had ourselves set ashore, and by a five-hour motor-car journey through the desert reached the Egyptian frontier post, where a green-uniformed soldier from the Sudan—distinguishing mark, three deep scars diagonally across a black ebony face—ran through our pockets in search of drugs. Capsules of hashish had already been found by the keen desert police even in the stomachs of dromedary caravans, coming in from the desert and serving as smuggling vehicles for the prohibited drug.

From the sand-covered frontier zone we had a good view, looking down on the glittering broad ribbon of the Nile. Far ahead, out of the lush green of the Nile Delta, the pointing fingers of the mosque minarets thrust from the flood of houses into the blue skies—it was Cairo. The rough desert road here changed to smooth asphalt, bordered by out-of-town villas and gardens, thicker and thicker as we drew near to the principal city of Egypt.

The red fez with its black tassel—the so-called tarboosh—dominated the appearance of the streets. It was more than a form of headgear, it had become a national symbol. At the very first cup of black coffee, we found ourselves deep in political talk. A young member of the 'Piastre Movement,' which was strong at the time, told us that the money they collected—in piastres—had gone to found a fez factory. Apparently till shortly before this all Egypt's red fezes had come from Czechoslovakia. Away over there, in Turkey, Kemal Pasha had prohibited the wearing of the fez, but here it was being made a nationalist party symbol.

This fez-wearing movement was directed against Britain, and wherever the flood of nationalist sentiment broke its banks British armoured cars rattled through the streets, in an attempt to teach the young fez-wearers who was really the boss. Besides Egyptians and British, in Cairo also lived Syrians, Maltese, Armenians, Greeks, French and Italians, while beside Moslems and Christians there were also many Jews. And, to show that all these national groups were still not, so to speak, all under one tarboosh, the Jews, just as our circus was being

swung by the harbour cranes down on to this politically hot soil, now came out with a battle-cry of their own: 'Not a piastre for the Hagenbeck Circus!'

Never before in my life had I drunk so many cups of black coffee as I did in those Cairo days, which we spent mainly in Egyptian ministries and other official places and in editorial offices. There was no end to the task of removing ever-new obstacles to our tour. Even our potential audience was split into factions. The students were against Britain. Nahas Pasha was against King Fuad. Country youth were enthusiastic about the Crown Prince Farouk. (Farouk was then still as lean as a rake!) Our aim was to put on a show for them all, but we had to mind our p's and q's not to lose popularity either through a false note in our bill of lading or a false note in the pieces played by our brass band.

At last all was in order, the preliminaries were over, and our circus army began its peaceable march of conquest through Egypt. Our clowns rode on the necks of our elephants to the pyramids at Gizeh, and I doubt whether the Sphinx ever saw anything funnier than the impromptu show given there that day.

. . . . .

A remarkable string of caravans moved in to the opening show in our town of tents, peasant families riding in on their donkeys from the surrounding villages. Nomads came swaying on their camels. Among them were to be seen antique Fords, chugging busily along, vehicles brought long since by fate by who can tell what adventuresome roads to be the bargain pieces of the desert. Shoe-cleaners, wandering pedlars and dragomans poured in with the crowds.

From the first day the black-uniformed desert police, commanded by remarkably lean British officers, were openly on our side. The only time we saw them intervene in the ideological conflicts was when the King's opponent, Nahas Pasha, decided to come to a show and anti-régime demonstrations were to be expected.

'At the first cry of "Down with the King!" ' laughed a police major, 'we shall cut in.' Eloquently he cracked his long crocodile-hide whip.

'Yes,' I remarked, 'and that's just where things will get out of hand and all our seating arrangements will be upset!'

The police chief thought twice of his impetuosity. Very well, he said, there would be no beating up in the circus. But he assured us that

we could count our programme off if the crowds gave Nahas Pasha any sort of ovation. Our programme did indeed turn into a sort of background to the many bursts of applause for the distinguished visitor. Indeed, that evening the seating seemed to have been taken exclusively by fanatics. But the following day the Crown Prince Farouk's friends had their counter-show, the only difference being that as the young peasants who were his supporters could afford only the cheaper seats the affair on this occasion was mainly confined to the gallery. The youthful Crown Prince himself was most enthusiastic about our show. It was the first circus he had ever seen. He honoured some of the performers by summoning them to his box and saluting them, hand to fez!

While in Egypt, I was also put in rather a spot in matters of circus etiquette by ex-King Alfonso VIII of Spain, who combined a hunting expedition in the Upper Sudan with a visit to Carl Hagenbeck's show. In the case of Nahas Pasha's visit it had all been a matter of tact, namely whether any public honour done to Nahas Pasha would not hurt the feelings of the King. Now it was a question of music. I had my bandmaster asking me—for he was worried about whether he would be able to get hold of the score—*what anthem he was to play*!

In Egypt a circus man certainly needed to have a keen eye to all the political tangles. Many a time we ground our teeth, many a time a lot of dust was flung in our eyes. Nor is this to be taken only politically, for from time to time we were overcome by sandstorms. Hot clouds of the stuff then poured in through every possible crevice. One's eyes became inflamed, nose and ears were full of it. Together with Nile water, it is these sandstorms which are blamed for all the eye disease of Egypt. Rarely have I seen so many people suffering from ophthalmia and even blindness as in the streets of Egypt.

However, the last sandstorm we saw was one released especially in our honour by the City Commandant of Cairo. That worthy was so impressed by our circus cavalry, and the performance of the famous Casi Italian riding group in particular, that he asked us out to Heliopolis to see a parade of his own mounted desert police. Cane chairs were provided for us on the edge of the field of operations and we were loaded with compliments, while Nubian orderlies brought round drinks and cigarettes. A squadron of black-uniformed lancers on lovely white Arab mounts then took the salute, their bright yellow leather and reddish-yellow lance pennants making a picture to excite the enthusiasm of any horseman. Next, the Bimbashi, or Major, gave a

command, and, riding level as a line drawn with a ruler, the cavalcade galloped shoulder to shoulder down on us.

The cavalry exercises under the scorching sun of Africa which followed were accompanied by the clamour of trumpets. To wind up, the order to charge was given and the squadron stormed down on us with thundering hoofs. The very earth shuddered till our lemonade glasses danced on the tables. Vast dense clouds of dust rose, spreading till everything except the glittering points of the lances was enveloped. When at last it cleared, I turned, to find myself blinking into the face of the Bimbashi, who now seemed most pleased with himself. I invited him and his men to our show. He accepted, but on condition that his dark-skinned musicians should first show their gratitude by giving a concert in the ring. Those lancers made our big top ring with the most spirited Prussian marches that it had ever heard!

The Bimbashi beamed like the glorious sunshine itself, and his rays reached even as far as Alexandria, where the attempt to get us boycotted flared up again. But by reason of three hundred lancers distributed in the sand dunes round about, the attempt failed. At Alexandria, our linguistic wonder, Aage, the Norwegian clown, won tremendous applause whenever he greeted the Alexandrians—principally Greeks—who filled the seats every evening with '*Kalispera*'—'Good evening.'

A fortnight later, we inaugurated our Spanish tour at Barcelona. The revolution which heralded the three years' civil war—then just developing—had shaken the whole country. While we were at Zamora a general strike broke out and not a man would touch a tool. The military commandant offered us the aid of Spanish army units to set up our tents, but I thanked him and declined the offer, for though the help would indeed have been welcome, I certainly did not want to set the strikers against us—and we managed by ourselves, musicians, performers and tamers all helping, an effort which impressed everybody. At the same time I impressed on our folk that they were not to utter a single critical word, and I must put it on record that, though we had fourteen nationalities among us, not one got out of step in any one of the twenty-six cities of Spain, including Madrid, in which we gave performances.

However, partly owing to the revolutionary ferment, partly also to the incredible poverty of the people, we could not earn sufficient pesetas in Spain. Though during performances friends and foes sat side by side under the one tent roof, as the weeks went by one could

begin to feel the underground rumble of the terrible civil war which awaited Spain. It was for this reason that at Valencia I decided to break the tour off, and as there was a Lloyd steamer at that moment at Castellon de la Plana, in ballast on her homeward voyage, Herbert chartered her and loaded everything for Hamburg, which we reached the day before Christmas Eve, a Christmas tree ablaze with light on our foremast. Our performing animals then travelled to London on a British ship, and a winter season at the Agricultural Hall began.

'BACK FROM its world tour.' This watchword, telling that Hagenbeck's merry Noah's Ark was back from a journey through three continents was the leitmotiv of our 1935 German tour. Anywhere, anything that has come from a remote clime is always prized most. Despite all their art, one could not get very far with a turn put on by folk born in the Neuköln suburb of Berlin and blessed with the good name of Nilbock, but call them 'The Three Lorandos' and we had a turn which enjoyed enormous success at the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris, at New York's Madison Square Garden circus, and also at Britain's Blackpool Tower. It was indeed one well worth seeing. (Here I may observe that in most circuses in the world the language commonly spoken is German, and German, moreover, with a distinct Berlin or Saxon accent.)

The question which was now discussed at the latest conference of the circus kings of the day was whether it should be Sarrasani or Hagenbeck who got the contract at the Olympic Games in Berlin. There was not much to choose between the two of us, but eventually Berlin, and Sarrasani too, agreed that we should be the ones to get the job, this solely on the grounds that we were the only enterprise which, apart from the Australian continent, had played everywhere in the world.

After the Far East tour, which was the crowning achievement of his circus years, Richard Sawade had by now retired to his villa at Lokstedt, a suburb of Hamburg, a house full of mementoes and valuable presents. Since the Spanish tour ended, my boy Herbert had taken over the management of the circus. Erich, who had gone down with a bad bout of typhoid while at Cairo, where we had been obliged to leave him, was now back with his sea-lion group.

Now Herbert rang me up from Berlin. 'Father, you simply must come to the first night,' he said in great excitement, 'there will be crowds of people of the *corps diplomatique*, and Government representatives galore have said they will come. The Prime Minister is going to be there.'

Now, this latter personality was a gentleman I certainly wanted to

have a word with, for it was no secret that as Chief Verderer of the German Reich he was also interested in the animal world, and it was my hope that this interest was not limited to his 'aboriginal German wild animals.' The point is that we were urgently in need of a word of support from him to our application for the diversion of Kaiser Friedrich Road, which ran right through the middle of our Stellingen zoo.

I put on tails and was just able to catch an aeroplane, and for the first time in my life saw our big top from the air. I accompanied the Prime Minister, who seemed most forthcoming, through the menagerie. This tour of inspection rather dragged out, and the Berlin folk waiting in the circus tent—otherwise folk, of course, so well known for their restraint—suddenly began chanting: 'Come on, Hermann, we want to begin.' At that time he was still known simply as Göring. Later, however, when the bombs had begun to fall on Berlin, he wanted to be known as Meier.

That programme which we offered the company of Olympiad guests assembled that night in Berlin was one of the best in our whole circus history. Alfred Kaden capped all previous big-cat shows with his team of lions drawing a Roman chariot! A lion three-in-hand had been a headline sensation of the New York press in 1890. Indeed, it was with the tamer Deyerling's three lions in harness that my father helped his new method of training by kindness to win through. And now Kaden was an accomplishment for circus-lovers in Olympiad-minded Berlin. Countless friends that evening greeted me and wished us well. The Eleventh Olympic Games had assembled them from all corners of the world, and they had not been at all surprised to find the Carl Hagenbeck Circus in Berlin's Fehrbellin Square.

'*Auf wiedersehen* in 1940 in Tokyo!' our Japanese guests cried, and the Japanese Ambassador, Hiroshi Oshima (who was later to pay us a call at Stellingen), promised me he would smooth out any difficulties for us. But neither he nor I then realised that three years later it was to come to the second world war, which would put paid to all such schemes of travel.

On November 11th our circus band was once again playing its signature tune '*Muss i denn . . .*'* in Hamburg docks and the Hamburg-Süd s.s. *Vigo* drew away from the transoceanic landing stage. It was taking our artistes, musicians and office staff to Montevideo, while the

* The lovely South German folk song, which begins: 'So must I then away to the town . . .'

technical staff, the tamers, and all the animals and performing groups were to be taken on board the s.s. *Paraguay* at Bremerhaven when our Bremen run came to its close. The menagerie was to travel on the *General Osorio*. As usual, I went on ahead, on the *Cap Arcona*, my second voyage on this ship, which was now to take me to Uruguay.

We had reached the latitude of Cap Frio when I received a cable to say that the *Paraguay* had sustained rudder damage and with wind force nine to ten was drifting in the latitude of Cape Finisterre. That cable certainly brought the perspiration to my forehead. I could only too well imagine that small freighter battling, rudderless, in the raging waters of the Bay of Biscay. Would the cables hold, would all our stuff that was deck cargo not be swept overboard? And how was my boy Herbert faring?

I at once got our ship's radio operator on the job. After four anxious hours the answer came through: 'Rudder fixed, all well, serious damage limited to Hold 1.' But just as I heaved a great sigh of relief there was the radio officer, a regular Job that night, with a fresh message. 'The *Vigo*, Herr Hagenbeck . . .'

I refused to accept it, and rushed up to see the captain, but he could only shrug his shoulders and say that no more was known yet than that the *Vigo* was twenty-four hours behind the *Paraguay*, hence now in the heart of the storm, and there had been no response from her for the last half-hour, while the Hapag s.s. *Isis*, which was about thirty knots distant from her, had also been sending out an SOS, but was now suddenly equally silent.

I was blind to the beauties of Rio Bay. At that very moment the newsvendors of Hamburg were already shouting: 'Hagenbeck Circus goes down.' Then—while so many families at home were racked with anxiety and grief and the harbour authorities were being besieged with questions—there was our radio officer again at my door, this time with very good news. It had been merely the *Isis*'s radio which had gone out of action, the ship had come safely through the storm.

Thereupon that radio officer and I treated ourselves to double brandies and it occurred to me that our fellows on board the *Paraguay* and the *Vigo* might have similar desires. So I cabled a fiver ahead, cashable at the first chance of a pub crawl on land. Wireless thanks were not tardy in coming through! The *Vigo* crowd essayed madeira at Funchal, the *Paraguayans* took their pleasure later on the sea front at Copacabana.

By the time the first ship had reached Montevideo, the terrors of

that storm were quite forgotten, but it only needed a glance down into the deep holds of the ship to see what a pummelling that particular ark had taken. The heavy lorry with our diesel equipment had broken loose of its moorings and damaged the heating wagon and other wagons on either side of it. The carnivores' cage-wagon had all but been washed overboard—indeed, it had only been saved at all thanks to our brave fellows who constantly laboured, up to their waists in water at times, fastening new hawsers.

Good old Lulu Gautier, our veteran *haute école* rider, who accounted himself a Swede, but had been born in a caravan which to judge by his accent in German must have been stationed a jolly long time on the River Spree, had given the ship up as lost and busied himself knocking together a raft!

We erected our tent on the Playa Ramirez beach, a rather breezy spot, but on the other hand one which was central. Besides, the constant sea breeze tempered the tropical heat, for immediately beyond the outer fence of our ground the deep swell of the Atlantic broke in rollers over Montevideo's marvellous bathing beach.

This time we had prepared a special surprise for South America—our illuminated revue *La Libellula Azul*, with twenty-four girls in phosphorescent costumes, the whole show a fantasy in light effects and music, which Rewüterich, as our master of ballet was always called, had sold to me. I had the idea of offering the Argentine this 'Blue Libel' pantomime, for this was my third South American tour, and I wanted to show something really novel.

As an integral part of the show the pantomime included our new French aerial number. First, the Zemgannos showed the usual trapeze work, then came their unique trick capping all else—all at once out went the lights, as if there had been a short circuit, and then one saw them flying soundlessly through the air in their illuminated costumes. That weightless flying and gliding through the air, emphasised by nerve-tensing music, those illuminated saltos and pirouettes through complete blackness, were like the flight of giant butterflies. The audience held their breath, spellbound, and when the lights suddenly came on again and they appeared in the ring below and bowed to the amphitheatre, those courageous artistes were granted thunderous applause.

One day, in the very heart of the performance, there was suddenly a crazy rattle—as it seemed—of firearms somewhere just behind us, and then, amid the din, the distinct sound of mortars. Erich was on at the moment with his sea-lions, and the animals huddled in a heap and

then rushed off, while the lions roared, the elephants trumpeted and our wildly neighing horses tore at their chains. A zebra broke loose, galloped to the high sea-wall and plunged over, to break its neck and fall dead on the spot. And then we discovered that it was neither army manœuvres nor a sudden outbreak of a new revolution, but merely the action of the kindly sun, mercilessly setting fire to all the elaborate fireworks set up on the beach for the *Montevideo in Flames* show which was to have been given on the beach that very evening.

It was a bad omen, but could anything really shake us, after Japanese typhoons, Biscayan storms and Egyptian sandstorms? Well, here at this wind-swept spot of Montevideo, I must confess that we found that the much-feared South American tornadoes known as *pamperos* could give us a worrying time, nor did they wait long about it. The first broke a few days later, and at its peak reached a wind-speed velocity of just on eighty miles an hour. On this occasion the whirlwind tore a biggish rent in the tent and then, just as we were expecting the whole thing to be destroyed—and were very worried, because we had at that moment a full house—it suddenly moved off out to sea.

The circus cleared at once. People poured out through every exit. I had the canvas dropped and everything was furled and lashed, and only just in time too, for in a few minutes a second whirlwind came up. Like good seamen, our fellows sprang to the guy ropes of the stabling. Fortunately, the rain, which was now pouring down in torrents, made all the canvas many tons heavier than normally. There was yet a third, but weaker, whirlwind, which did no more damage, so that after all, by dint of speedy repair work, we were able to resume performances the very next afternoon.

Box office results, however, were fated to fall off, for in the country round Montevideo epidemics of smallpox and chickenpox had broken out and entry to the city was suddenly prohibited. I at once decided to curtail the run and go on to Buenos Aires, but a spate of press reports alarmed the Argentine quarantine authorities and we were refused an entry permit. While Herbert flew to Buenos Aires to see what he could do about it, we made a further attempt to attract the Montevideans. We put on our *Libellula Azul* show, but when the lights went out there were at once furious cries of 'Put on those lights!'

We thought we had thought of everything, but we had certainly not thought of pickpockets, and they were apparently having the time of their lives the moment that people's attention was attracted, and dazzled, in the dark by the flashing lights above. After that we had the

girls do their stuff under spotlights and only used the special light effects for short bursts to heighten the effect. Then came Herbert's telegram to say that we had our permit.

It was by night that our steamers crossed the Rio de la Plata—the River of Silver—the tremendous quantities of soil in the waters of which colour the Atlantic yellow for a considerable distance beyond the mouth of the river. Where the La Plata current drives these water masses out into the sea, the dorados swim about like mad things in the surface water on the borderline between the salt and fresh water.

On this visit to Buenos Aires, we erected the circus at the Retiro station at Puerto Nuevo, and in the first three weeks counted an audience total of one hundred thousand. For Herbert had had a very good idea. He had invited no less than two thousand Argentinian newspapers to the first nix show. They simply drank in the whole programme—on which they would not have been likely to spend their own money—and it was the best possible publicity, for without exception they praised us to the skies, indicating where we were on any day and giving times of performances and prices on their own initiative.

Those young journalists were also our great support in the battle for success at La Plata, where we gave a gala performance to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of my father's first circus effort at the Heiligengeist Field in Hamburg. The programme of that first circus of Father's which decided my life's career at the age of five and almost certainly explains how it was that despite Father's prohibition I myself later became a circus manager had always hung over the desk in my office wagon. The porter brought in a card and told me that an elderly lady wished to see me. The card read 'Señora Brown.' The lady was a little embarrassed. The faint blush on her cheeks suited her very well. But I was sure I was going to hear another of those heart-melting stories of the favourite cat or dog, which generally begin with the words: 'Mr. Hagenbeck, I must tell you about my Pfiffi, I am so sure you will be thrilled . . .' and I had folded my hands in resignation when her glance fell on that framed programme.

'But there it is, hanging in your office,' she cried, with evident delight. 'I had brought a copy of that very programme to show you! *I am Dolinda de la Plata!*'

In great excitement she fumbled in her handbag and a moment later smoothed out some yellowing papers on my desk. 'Mr. Hagenbeck,'

she said, 'you were then only a tiny little rascal so high'—and she indicated the height of my writing desk. 'I can still see you as you were in your little velvet suit, in the box. You must have been about five, when my sister Rosita and I rode in your father's show!'

My heart rejoiced. I could not have wished myself a happier visit. We sat talking a very long time, and I heard her life story, the final and perhaps least exciting chapter of which was that of her marriage to a wealthy husband.

'Would you believe it,' she said, 'my husband is really not at all pleased that I have come to see you. But I am not going to run away with the circus again today.' She laughed, and blushed again. But, she said, she had not been able to stay quietly out at her villa at Belgrano while we here in Buenos Aires were celebrating the great day when she played in Carl Hagenbeck's first circus performance in Hamburg!

And so this festive occasion saw two worthy matrons, Dolinda and Rosita, both in a box of honour, and I watched Dolinda's eyes grow moist when she applauded the graceful *pas-de-deux* or the dizzy somersaults of our Italian riders.

After fifty years, Señora Brown and her sister once again had the pleasure, in the jubilee reports of the Buenos Aires press, to read the compliments which Hamburg critics had showered on them fifty years before. 'Magnificent riders of volcanic temperament, whose supreme art delighted the audience. Such grace, such daring leaps and pirouettes. The audience expressed their warm admiration of the "de la Plata" sisters.'

At La Plata, Germany meant three things: Hagenbeck, Zeppelin and *Cap Arcona*. The luxury steamer *Cap Arcona*, proud flagship of the Hamburg-Süd line, was the personification of German punctuality and reliability. It was considered the thing in Argentinian 'society' to make at least one voyage to Europe in her luxury cabins. One could truly have set one's watch by her arrivals and departures.

When that year the Zeppelin Hindenburg with its roaring engines cruised over Buenos Aires every ship's siren shrieked out its salute. Even the newspapers fitted in, for it was the custom in Buenos Aires for the big publishing houses to draw the attention of their readers to any novelties. With southern enthusiasm, anybody who looked German found himself embraced in the open street. And where did we stand? One of the leading newspapers put it as follows in its headlines to an article: 'Hagenbeck is Germany's best ambassador,' it said, and we were proud of the praise.

From Buenos Aires we went by way of Rosario and Santa Fé to Resistencia, on the southern frontier of Paraguay. What magnificent landscapes those were! Candelabra cacti sixteen feet high, pine woods, eucalyptus woods. Wherever lakes gleamed there were myriads of birds—maguari storks, ibises, peewits and chayas, as the Argentinians call those rare fighting cocks which have spurs even on their wings. When our circus columns broke that paradisial natural peace, flocks of enormous white and red flamingoes took wing.

Next we struck across the Gran Chaco, as far as the city of Salta, where, on the edge of the primordial forest, no circus had ever been before. Here the distances between one town and another were often as great as the whole width of Germany from Königsberg to Cologne. Before we could reach Salta we found ourselves obliged to repeat our Japanese technique, and strip the wheels from our wagons, to get through the low-pitched tunnels, but the effort was worth it. In came the gauchos in their brilliantly coloured ponchos, which are cloaks consisting of a piece of cloth with a hole in the middle for the head to go through. The landscapes here were cast with precise colour scales. Picturesque mounted herdsmen, with their typical broad leather belts, hung with jingling Bolivian silver pieces, rode in from a large radius round. People came in with wagons from the slopes of the Cordilleras, and there were settlers who drove from the very borders of Bolivia in rattling carts on wheels higher than a man. The attendance was so great that we could not cope with the masses. *Paciencia! Mañana!* At least South American slackness was here to our advantage, for when we told them they could not get in, without a murmur they spread out their hide saddles and all night the camp-fires glowed in a ring all round us. The men of the primeval forest bivouacked and waited.

Our name, however, proved an insuperable obstacle to the people, in the majority of Indian origin. The Creoles made it Ahhenbeck, while the pressmen pronounced it in English style and even spelled it as they spoke—Hégenbeck. My nephew Fritz was a great collector of mispronunciations of our name. He had assembled thirty-two different world variants, the prize going to Hengleberth.

The greatest success in the Gran Chaco city was that of our sea-lions. The Argentinian word for the sea-lion is *lobos marinero*. When these animals balanced paraffin lamps on their noses and climbed ladders with them, juggled with balls and in conclusion played on the horn piano, our bronze-skinned Gran Chaco friends were beside themselves with delight.

Here our carnivore tamers had an exciting incident. During a performance, two fully-grown maned lions attacked each other. Jonny Schipfmann, the son of our old Russian traveller, threw himself between them. But in a flash all the gauchos in the audience had drawn their guns and surrounded the central cage, trigger-ready. Each was out to be the hero and they were all poking their Colts through the bars in preparation. Without delay, our folk intervened, for that 'assistance' was of far greater danger than the lions. There was real danger of our gun-boys potting each other through the cage while Schipfmann drove the lions back into the tunnel leading to the ring. We had the impression that our marksmen visitors were rather disappointed as they tucked their guns back into their holsters.

This South American tour of ours was marked throughout by a struggle against the elements. In Mendoza, city of vineyards and churches, an earthquake brought the whole population out of doors in their night attire. The festooned lights over our circus danced as if we were on the high seas. At Rufino on the Pacific Railway we ran into a sandstorm which lasted six hours, while at Venado Tuerto we were nearly drowned by rain and mud. For months not a drop of water had fallen and this had prompted us to risk erecting the circus on a sun-baked field which lay in a hollow. Then, all at once, the heavens opened their sluices, and in a few hours the water was a foot deep over the whole ground, and the streets of the town were torrential brooks pouring more water still down on us. We had no option but to return all the gate money and pull out as quickly as ever we could. Dismantling our circus generally took us six hours, but on this occasion we needed forty-eight hours. Our tent men and tractor drivers fought day and night against the torrential rain which continually poured down, costing us a round thirty thousand pesos.

A new surprise was occasioned us by our journey to Cordoba. On the way the skies suddenly darkened. The next instant it was not hailstones which clattered down against window-panes and roofing but—locusts, locusts in their billions. A cloud of them about fifty miles long and fifteen miles broad was blacking out the sun. Wherever they came down, the crops were destroyed. Our train slowed down, then suddenly stopped altogether. The locomotive had plunged a foot deep into a churned-up mass of insects, till it could not move at all. The wheels skidded helplessly in the squelchy mess.

The driver, fireman and guards tied handkerchiefs across their mouths, strapped sleeves and trouser legs tight round wrists and

ankles, and laboured to shovel the track clear. The fireman shovelled red-hot ashes on to the rails, and with much hissing and puffing the locomotive slowly forged its way through the buzzing swarms of migrating locusts.

The only creatures which got any pleasure out of that chance meeting were our monkeys. In their hundreds the insects poured in through the ventilators of the monkeys' box-wagons, to be gobbled down by the handful. The following morning the animals were still sleeping it off, snug in their straw, their bellies rotund and their pouches still crammed full of the insects. It certainly was a party for them.

After a three-thousand-mile tour through the Argentine, we at last erected our circus at Buenos Aires. In the Chaco, near Resistencia, we had shot jacarés, or alligators, on the La Germania ranch we had lassoed agile nandus, eaten asado grilled *au brochet* and drunk fragrant foaming maté through silver tubes from ornate gourds.

Cosida, then the most celebrated bandit leader under the Southern Cross, was our 'guest' here. Throughout the country, the police were looking for him and his men, when there he was, in a red car, driving up to our box office. We of course had no idea who it was, while those who did were dumb from sheer terror. To our men he was just a rich ranch owner. I was not present, but it seems that Cosida and his men made a long chain which slowly backed towards the office ticket shutter, none of the Argentinians daring to give the alarm from fear of being turned into a sieve by bullets.

Cosida reached his goal: 'Fifty front seats, please.'

'Sorry, sold out,' said the man on duty.

'Then fifty box seats.'

'There are only six boxes left, sir, that makes forty-eight seats, but I will have two more chairs brought into one of them for you.'

'*Muy bien*, here are twenty pesos for your kindness. I also want five gallery seats, anywhere in the circus.'

He put down the money and turned—to give away the fifty box seats to the poorest 'fence-viewers,' while he himself and four of his bodyguard dissolved somewhere among the five thousand members of the audience. Though his description was published in the whole press, not a man betrayed him, and I only learned that he had been there at all after his red car had long vanished from the scene.

One of my great delights was a fan mail of no less than seven hundred letters which came in after I gave a talk on the Argentine

radio system. They were from the remotest corners of the Gran Chaco, from the Matto Grosso region of Brazil, from the most out-of-the-way settlements where only Germans had established themselves. The 'German Hour' of Buenos Aires radio was often largely occupied by Hagenbeck's, our tamers and performers giving interviews and many items of our programme being described. From the mail I received I saw that there were many of our blood who had travelled distances which took days to be able to hear those programmes which brought them a touch of the homeland. One letter read: 'I really ought to be rather angry with you, for during the running commentary on the circus my wife let the dinner get burnt to a frazzle.'

'MEN, ANIMALS, SENSATIONS'

WHILE THE circus was completing its Argentinian tour, I had taken the *Cap Arcona* back to Germany. At Stellingen the zoo-geographical rearrangement of our animal park was nearing completion. A large party of zoo directors and other guests of honour from various countries of Europe had been invited to the inauguration of the large cageless sections for elephants and rhinos. With those installations, which completed the new 'Asia' division of the park, Stellingen had completely changed its appearance, particularly as my brother Heinrich had finally succeeded in getting the Kaiser Friedrich Road diverted, so that it no longer cut through our grounds.

An army of navvies, powerfully backed by our Indian and African working elephants, had accomplished all the constructional work. Where previously the trams had clattered through the park there were now broad lawns, flower-beds and shrubberies, and near the main entrance the giant bears of the Alaskan island of Kodiak now greeting people when they came in. Their ingeniously planned free compound, visible on either side, became our shop window.

While our tented circus was still touring the Argentine, groups of performing lions and tigers, African and Indian elephants, sea-lions and various artistes went from Stellingen to Berlin's Deutschland Hall. We wanted a striking general title for the show. What was it to be? We racked our brains. Should we take the title of Father's book—*Beasts and Men*? Far too modest. Then, perhaps, *Men, Beasts and Attractions*? 'Sensation!' cried my nephew Fritz, and we had it. In no time the brushes of the decorators were at work—*Men, Animals, Sensations* was the name for the Deutschland Hall programme, and it rang the bell too.

From the circus performer's standpoint Berliners are the most critical but also the most open-hearted folk in Germany. Their repartee can kill stone dead, or it can be a springboard to greater fame. For this reason the management of the Deutschland Hall engaged only what was best in ring and stage work. Hence, to have had an engagement there was equivalent as recommendation in the trade to having played in New York's Madison Square Garden or London's Olympia.

One of the items of the Hagenbeck programme this year was a plucky American girl who climbed to the dizzy height of a seventy-two-foot ladder and dived into a diminutive water-tank only ten feet in diameter. This brave young artiste had toured the world with that sensational diving act, in which a few inches made all the difference between life and death.

Her fame at Berlin was only topped by that of Koringa, a twenty-one-year-old tousle-headed girl who did an Indian fakir turn in which she also carried through breath-taking experiments in hypnosis and catalepsy with crocodiles and giant snakes. Barefoot, she climbed a ladder, the rungs of which consisted of razor-sharp sabres, and she came unscathed through terrifying medieval tortures. Her large black eyes seemed to attract not only animals but also men. She was certainly a captivating figure in the circus world.

The following year we again sent a large contingent of exotic animals to the capital. The Deutschland Hall was then transformed into an African jungle scene for a revue called *Ki-sua-heli*. It was an enchanting sight to see our two hundred flamingoes rise with outstretched wings in a blush-pink cloud towards the spotlights. The trick was eminently uncomplicated. Before the show the birds were kept in a darkened room. When released they took the gleaming rays of the lights for the rising sunshine, in which, every morning, in their Stellingen Park home, they stretched their wings.

However, the real sensation, not only for myself but for other people, in that year's Deutschland Hall programme—the last show of peacetime—was the first indoor flight in the world. Today helicopters are the maids-of-all-work of the air, but at that time the suggestion of an aircraft flying inside a hall was unheard-of folly. A year before this, Professor Heinrich, test pilot of the Focke Works, had at Bremen attained international records for Germany with this discovery. At a time when no other movable-wing aircraft in the world had got beyond the testing ground, Hanna Reitsch was the first woman to fly a helicopter from Bremen to Berlin.

'Caution, caution!' the loudspeakers cried. 'Will members of the public kindly take care to hold their hats and their programmes firmly. The suction of the rotors is so powerful that loose objects might be sucked up and endanger the aircraft.'

The three-armed horizontal blades then began to turn and the cabin suspended below them slowly rose from the floor till it was close to the ceiling. Then the front propeller came into action, and like a

giant moth the machine roared round and round the large hall. All at once it was motionless above our heads! An aircraft which could stand still in the air! But that was impossible! But there above us was that young hussy Hanna looking down, grinning at the fifteen thousand astonished faces gaping up at her. And then, after another round of the hall, she came down again on to her three wheeled feet. Bravo! Bravo! The deafening applause was for her and the Bremen professor.

. . . . .

One September day of 1938, when all Germany, in a state of anxiety, was awaiting the results of the Munich conference, our circus, back from South America, was playing at Wanne-Eickel in the Ruhr to almost empty seats. War! That menacing word was hovering in the air. In the dwelling wagons of the circus artistes from other countries—and our Czechoslovak tent workers—clustered round their radio sets, to catch any news from home. All around were anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and listening appliances, already in position. It was the menacing stillness which precedes a storm.

When, late in the afternoon, the results of the conference were broadcast, and it appeared that Chamberlain, Mussolini, Hitler and Daladier had once again prevented the outbreak of a second world war, a wave of joyous relief ran through Germany. Orders to withdraw were almost immediately given to all military units. But there were not sufficient tractors to remove all the guns and other equipment at once from the positions they had taken up, and the Wanne-Eickel batteries were actually manhandled away by the men in uniform, for them to be able to visit our show that same evening. They were, I confess, stoutly supported in this effort by our working elephants, who to accommodate the customer put their best into it.

Our last peacetime tour wound up with our show at the Bremen fair. Then came our traditional 'works banquet' at Stellingen, when once a year all who worked in the circus, in whatever capacity, joined in a festive evening. The favourite dancing partner that evening was a señorita from Mexico, who was also our only feminine animal catcher. This was the first occasion on which we could admire lovely Erika Cook. Since, in 1864, Lorenzo Casanova founded the line of our animal catchers and world travellers, we had had no less than forty-eight men who year in, year out caught for us from the North Pole to the South.

By 1913, we could count fully sixty species of mammal which we

had been pioneers in supplying alive, and the number was further increased when our official zoologists, such as Dr. Sokolowsky, Dr. Knottnerus-Meyer, Professor Dr. de Beaux and last, but not least, the present director of the Münster Zoo, Ludwig Zukowsky, took up this work. In 1937 we succeeded, again as pioneers, in bringing sea-leopards (the *Ogmorhinus leptonyx Blainville*) to Stellingen. Many of those animals, brought to Europe alive for the first time by the firm of Carl Hagenbeck of Hamburg, have become known scientifically by the distinguishing label *Hagenbecki*.

Though Señorita Erika Cook had played no part in all this work, just before the war she supplied us a number of times with flamingoes, monitors and rattlesnakes from the peninsula of Yucatan. On this particular occasion she had brought her contingent with her. When our man took his lorry down to the harbour to pick them up, rather expecting to find a mutton-fisted mannish sort of woman, all he could see on the ship's rail was a graceful young creature whom he would have taken for a French frock model.

'Are you Mrs. Cook?' he asked.

'*Si, si*,' she nodded down to him, her enormous ear-rings dangling out from under the sombrero.

There was a sudden transformation of the most cross-grained of our animal keepers. They all became most charming caballeros. But just as mysteriously as she appeared, the lovely Erika vanished, parting suddenly from us again for ever, in search of new adventures. She held her air pilot's papers, of course drove a car, she carried a gun and—she caught dangerous snakes. At the party that year she carried off the first prize. But that was partly because I made all the crack shots promise to leave her an easy victory!

. . . . .

When after the Polish campaign the centre of gravity of the war switched to the Western Front, the painters got busy on every German circus, turning it dark green, for the war in the air made it essential to camouflage the bright canvas tops. Out went the sparkling festoons of lights, and circuses had to institute their air-raid squads, among whose duties it was to see that all tent-rope stanchions were capped with white, and the way to the nearest shelter or trench was clearly indicated. Steel helmets, gas masks and first-aid sets had to be at hand. Petrol and oil went on ration.

Our pony teams were now used to go to the post office and the

slaughter-house. Instead of juicy quarters of meat for the carnivores, they got only offal. Sugar, bread, groundnuts, bananas and oranges vanished from the animals' menus. The most important document we received every month was the food permit from the Hamburg authorities, one for men, and one for animals. As the months dragged by, our ranks became thinner. More and more age groups were called to the Army. Fully a thousand favourite circus sites in North-West Germany had to be closed to us as a precaution. All Germany's circuses now crowded into Central, Southern and Eastern Germany.

We took up our winter quarters in our Viennese circus building. Then in 1940 we set out on a tour, going north as far as Dessau, and ending up in Danzig, which was still not blacked out. This was my second son, Herbert's, last tour. The following year, he fell seriously ill and died.

From India too came sad news. Uncle John, seventy-four years of age, had died in a British internment camp. Since 1938 Erich, my youngest, had been working in America, in charge of our office there. When the war had ruined the international trade in animals, he travelled for a year as sea-lion trainer in the Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey show, which was friendlily disposed towards us, and while with this at the Sarasota headquarters he equipped their zoo with a rock home for the monkeys and a swimming pool for the hippopotamus—he had originally wanted to be an architect. But in April 1942 came his internment in the United States. When frightful air attacks were threatening to destroy the life work of three generations of Hagenbecks, he was behind barbed wire at Fort Tennessee in North Dakota.

On January 17th, 1943, fifteen thousand people had filled Berlin's Deutschland Hall. For the eighth time people were pouring in to the great *Men, Animals, Sensations* circus show, which had become almost a national event. Then suddenly the air-raid sirens shrilled. Enemy bombers were again attacking Germany's capital.

In exemplary calm and self-possession, the massed audience filed out of the enormous hall. Only a very few persons were slightly hurt as the first incendiaries were setting the roof on fire. While the audience were pouring out, the circus's artistes, men and women of all nationalities, unseen by the general public, were already feverishly at work in the stables and storerooms, endeavouring to save costumes, equipment and above all else the animals from the blazing hall.

Undisturbed by the thunder of the anti-aircraft guns, the tremendous

detonations of the falling bombs, and the crashes as the roof girders came tumbling down, our elephants heaved the ponderous carnivores' cage-wagons outside, where the track-laying tractors could take them over. Then those magnificent animals followed their keeper, to await the end of the attack in nearby Grunewald wood. So long as animals are not wounded or terrified by fire, they are always absolutely calm, for, as far as their minds can tell, there is no difference between an air attack and a bad tropical storm.

BOMBS ON ANIMAL PARADISE

WE TOOK the bombing of the Deutschland Hall as a grim warning, and at Stellingen instituted all the anti-air-raid preparations we could think of. But the catastrophic assault which was visited on Hamburg only a few months later exceeded anything in the way of bombing that had previously been humanly conceivable. In the heart of the park, Heinrich had a staff air-raid shelter constructed. The lakes seemed to offer an ample supply of water against incendiaries. Besides, the animal park was not in the central area of a city, or near a railway station, as the Berlin Zoo was; it was well out in the green belt on the outskirts.

Although most of our staff who were fit for military service had been taken into the forces, we were nevertheless still able to keep our gates open. Our handful of keepers were assisted by a number of prisoners of war, French, Czech, Dutch and Polish. As all the men enjoyed the same conditions as our own, and the work in the animal park was not arduous or at all monotonous, every one of them did his best not to lose the job, and worked well. Besides, an old soldier himself, Heinrich knew what it meant to be treated decently by those above you. All this conduced to these men sticking to us with great loyalty in the hour of greatest danger, and when it came to Very lights burning bright over Hamburg and the bluish-white fingers of the searchlights trying to trace the bombers manœuvring high above us every night, our own men and our P.O.W.s alike were all to be found at their posts scattered about the park.

One day our defences shot down a long-distance enemy reconnaissance aircraft over the north-western outskirts of the town. One of the Canadian airmen who baled out of this came down plumb over our bear pit—there to be caught in the branches of a tree and hang dangling a few feet above the animals.

'Where on earth have I come down?' he asked when rescued, pale with strain, and holding out a packet of cigarettes as offering to our men.

'In the bear pit of Hagenbeck's Animal Park,' they told him.

'Next time I'll come in the right way, on a proper ticket,' said the

airman, with typical Canadian humour—*and* a sigh of relief that the proper inmates of his strange refuge had been locked up at the time.

Then came the night of July 25th, 1943, the catastrophe which has gone down in history as the 'Great Fire of Hamburg'—for the earlier castrophe of 1842 was certainly dimmed by the modern total destruction of a city of over a million inhabitants by a hail of inflammable phosphorus bombs. The clock showed about half an hour after midnight when the first point of the attack reached the city.

'There have never been so many before,' people whispered, crouching in cellars, deep shelters and trenches. But still the din of the engines overhead increased, till one's ear could no longer distinguish how many squadrons were involved. Separate craft could no longer be heard, nothing but the united drone of a continuous stream of roaring engines. The lurid glow of innumerable flares bathed walls, trees and the rock-mountains of our park in a ghostly light. And then hell broke loose.

What took place that night, when three hundred thousand dwelling houses were totally or partially destroyed and no less than forty thousand men, women and children were torn to pieces by bombs, crushed by falling walls or caught in flight, to be bogged down in boiling asphalt and burned to death, can only be pictured by a man who went through that inferno of a city of a million in flames. Taken completely by surprise by the weight of the attack, I took refuge together with my wife and household staff in the basement of our Lokstedt house where the central-heating boiler was situated. Then a heavy land-mine tore a huge crater in the grounds, and the blast destroyed the house above us, together with all my *objets d'art* and mementoes. Fortunately, we were all fully dressed and were able to get out of the ruins.

A zebra and a wounded wild horse came galloping by. I could well imagine that there was hell let loose at Stellingen. The sky above us was as bright as day. About half-way through that bombing, which lasted a round hour and a half, a tornado of fire broke out, against which one could make little headway. The air was saturated with the acrid stench of the burning city. A hail of incendiaries came down on the park grounds. At the same time, down came thousand-pounders, tearing sixteen deep craters between the outer wall and the animal houses. Four block-busters one after the other then brought all buildings down in ruins.

The worst part of it, however, was the fire, which was now quite beyond control. When the first incendiaries came down on the roof of the elephant house and this burst into flames, our resourceful chief keeper, Fritz Theisinger, quickly loosed his fourteen elephants, which he had kept tethered by only one hind leg, and led them outside. There they could try to avoid the incendiaries which were falling everywhere, and they took refuge in the large pool. Next, aided by the Czech P.O.W.s, he made an attempt to save the house, but at this point the P.O.W.s lost their nerve and ran away.

From the large main restaurant which was already burning—incidentally it contained one of Germany's largest collections of antlers and similar trophies—six waiters and keepers made good their escape, and made for the cellars of the summer restaurant, which was still untouched, but before they reached the lion pit a bomb destroyed them.

At the main building, Heinrich and his boy, Carl Heinrich, who happened to be home on leave, were making efforts together with keepers and some neighbours to get the carnivores' cage-wagon out into the open. This they succeeded in doing, but, alas, those poor animals were doomed, being burnt to death the very next night in the Hamburg goods station marshalling yard—we were trying to get them away to our Vienna circus quarters.

At one blow H.E.s had now disrupted the water supply system, and our own mobile pumping plant was also out of action. The fire spread at increasing speed. In the light of the flames, I remember noticing that the blast had actually bent in the grill of the carnivores' cage. Everything was now ablaze, all our transport boxes had gone, all our store of timber, we had not even so much as a besom broom left; even the materials which we had taken care to assemble for eventual repairs were flaming to high heaven.

The heat became unbearable. Animals were crouching in terror in the corners of their cages. It was now clearly impossible to save them, and so, to save them from a horrible death by burning, Heinrich and Carl Heinrich steeled their hearts and decided to shoot them, and thus at our own hands lovely Siberian tigers, black panthers, jaguars, pumas, bears, hyenas and wolves, and all our lion pit, creatures we had assembled through long years and treated with much love, had to perish, an animal-lover's agony as the shots rang out, destroying stock it would take tens of years to build up again. That night four hundred and fifty valuable animals lost their lives. Somehow, two

tigers escaped from their cage. These Carl Heinrich found later, beneath the ripped-up floor, where they had crept to be out of the way of the flames. But they too had to be shot, for we had absolutely nowhere to keep them.

Incredible efforts were made in those dark hours. I saw brave keepers staggering with heavy giant tortoises, weighing up to three hundredweight, out of the terrarium. The tortoises' shells were already so hot that the men could only handle them after wrapping wet blankets over them. The terrible heat shattered the glass of the aquaria and terraria. The snakes slithered away into freedom in the night. A miniature hippopotamus and an alligator also slipped away, to hide in the Japanese Island pond. The alligator, indeed, lived a glorious free life for some weeks.

Most of the staff housing accommodation was destroyed. Heinrich's villa, which escaped, was then filled with palliasses and camp beds, to become the first emergency home for everybody, the women cooking over open fires in the garden. The first day, there was African wart-hog to eat, and the company which sat round the table on that occasion still talk about that novel roast with great enthusiasm.

It is, however, a wild exaggeration to say, as some do, that lions, elephants and rhinos broke loose that night and brought new terror to the ruined streets of Hamburg. Such yarns, so bright in fantasy, do not correspond to the truth. Though most of our walls were down and many animals certainly could have got out, in fact they did not. On the contrary, those which were at liberty clung to the snug area which was familiar to them. There was the case of our last wild horse, which had an eye put out by a bomb splinter and galloped frantically away. But even this was later found close to its ruined home, peacefully cropping the grass, together with the zebras. There was also a distracted chimpanzee which knocked at the balcony door of a house in Stellingen, but that was soon fetched back by veteran Beckmann, who was in charge of our fodder supplies. Poor old Beckmann arrived in a muck sweat with the chimp in his arms, having had quite an exacting walk back, because every few minutes he had to stop and set the chimp down, to dance a jig with him or indulge in other antics, just to keep the big anthropoid ape in placid humour. It would of course have been quite beyond Beckmann's strength to have persuaded the powerful beast to go with him if it did not want to—and it did

only want to for short spells, while the fun of the preceding game was still occupying its mind.

Our Japanese sea-eagle, Jonny, who also escaped, was to be seen the following day, wheeling round and round over the park. For Jonny was used to his regular Stellingen meals, and when feeding-time came round let himself be taken without the slightest difficulty. The only animals which were rather a nuisance were some impudent baboons, which for weeks scared the good ladies of Stellingen, lying in wait for them as they went home from shopping, stealing their goods and making off again. When one woman's husband leapt to her rescue, the monkey seized the stick he was flourishing and in its rage bit it in small pieces with its powerful teeth. And as those dangerous beasts could find sufficient basic food for themselves in the gardens all round, and avoided all traps with great cunning, we were finally obliged to shoot them one by one.

The total bill of destruction of the Stellingen Animal Park that night was: the main building, both restaurants, the guest house, the reception office, the aquarium and terrarium, the cattle compound stables, the large monkey rock enclosure and both farmyards. Many other buildings were severely damaged. The water supply and the seals' quarters were destroyed. Our stone reproductions of primeval monsters were pocked all over by flying bomb fragments.

At the same time, in this one night, we lost all our circus winter quarters, together with stabling, repair shops, training rings and a great wealth of costumes, harness and other equipment. One complete big top, three transportable sets of seating and eighty circus wagons went up in flames, including here valuable dwelling wagons and well-fitted mobile workshops, lighting plant, caterpillar tractors and lorries. Three groups of performing lions and tigers and an invaluable outfit of horses were also killed by the bombs.

By night the burnt-out animal park now glowed ghostly with the unspent phosphorus which was spattered everywhere. Scratching his back against a tree plastered with this chemical, a battle material difficult to get rid of, our rhinoceros seriously damaged his thick carapace. Everywhere cinders were still smouldering. Amid charred timbers and twisted girders lay the distended bodies of dead animals. Heartbroken, Heinrich took his leather-bound copy of the first edition of Father's biography and in it wrote: '*And all this was destroyed in ninety minutes.*'

Nevertheless, we were not going to be beaten. Heinrich went to

Stellingen at once, to start the work of rebuilding with working elephants and pony teams. He built temporary quarters for our bombed-out keepers and took the whole office management into his own villa. I made a temporary home in a converted stable.

The war was still not over. There might be fresh bombing any night. However, it was clear that as soon as the clouds of smoke over Hamburg let them have sight of the ruins the reconnaissance planes realised that here any further action would be merely throwing bombs on a dead town, for the one-time inhabitants of which mechanical excavators were digging mass graves at the Ohlsdorf Cemetery.

One of the many who met his death that night in his Stellingen home was Walter Ebert, our senior animal catcher. Adrian Jacobsen, Hagenbeck's Norwegian ship's captain and 'man catcher,' lost all he had. By Lufthansa aeroplane he now travelled back to his native island of Risö, one hundred and fifty miles beyond the Arctic Circle, and there that most meritorious traveller and explorer died. Today the man who in 1878 brought the first Eskimos to Germany lies at rest, beside his German wife, in the Stellingen graveyard. The Hamburg Folklore Museum houses the treasures which he collected during his adventurous journeys from the Arctic to the Antarctic.

At this time only our Vienna circus building brought in any satisfactory revenue, but as here too most of the men were in the forces the circus programme consisted almost entirely of female performers. There were Evelyn de Cook with her performing panthers, and Gloria Lilienborn's accordion girls. The youngest girl of all riding in the red ring was Lulu Gautier's twelve-year-old daughter Ingeborg. But apart from the famous Danish film comedians Pat and Patachon our Lilliputian gentry had also been drawn into the Heroes' Maw, as people began to call the remarkably keen Recruiting Commission in those days.

We played almost exclusively to men on leave, soldiers *en route* to new postings, conscripted workers and the inmates of Vienna's many military hospitals. It was a moving sight when legless and armless men—young, most of them—some minus any limbs at all, were helped or carried into the circus, there to spend a couple of hours trying to forget what they had lost. When that gruesome train of men left the circus again, in the dismal blue light of the black-out lighting, the air force radio alarm signal would already be emitting its harsh tick-tack-tick-tack. What the Viennese had thought would never

happen now descended on the carefree home of the waltz. The air-raid sirens drove us down into the deep shelters.

One morning when we emerged again from the Stephensdom catacombs to return to the circus, our cook's parrot—Aunt Emmie we called it—was missing. The bird had been blown by the blast of a bomb into a barrel which fortunately was not filled with water, but could not get out. Suddenly from the depths of the tub came a harsh, hollow voice: 'This is what life is really like, this is what life is really like, this is what life is really like every day!'

Not an eye in the room was dry. Aunt Emmie was one of the most gifted talking parrots of the grey breed that I have ever known. They had had to give up taking her into the shelter with them because she would keep mimicking the beastly whine of falling bombs, and did it too well.

ELEPHANT PROTEST AT MALMÖ

THERE WAS a telegram from Malmö. A Swedish circus manager wanted to hire some trained groups of performing animals. I at once made an offer. Let me admit at once that quite a number of my closest collaborators strongly advised me against it. But I did not share their views. Had I not first gone to Sweden during the first world war and taken our show there without any opposition? If the applicant could provide the entry permit for our performing groups, everything was in order. After all, the hiring of circus animals had always been our job.

Telegrams flew to and fro. Visas, certificates and forms were duly obtained, and finally our tamers and keepers set out, together with their elephants, tigers, sea-lions, horses and exotic animals, travelling via Stettin on the ferry steamer *Deutschland* through the narrow mine-free channel which led out to the free world. They had escaped the bombs just before, on November 4th, 1944, our last refuge, the Vienna building, went up in flames.

In May this year, Heinrich, still at Stellingen, had celebrated his golden wedding. According to our custom, all family celebrations and jubilees were held together with our collaborators. Now that our guest house was in ruins, Heinrich had a huge copper of good goulash made at home, the elephant house was specially cleaned out, and pony wagons transported the copper there. Heinrich also managed to get hold of a supply of real beer, and this was set out on the long trestle table which had been erected down the broad gangway facing the elephants.

Recently, I came upon a photograph of that scene. The serious, drawn faces are evidence enough of the trials and privations of that year. Both men and animals had had hard enough labour clearing away the ruins. My thoughts go above all to the elephants, reduced to a diet of nothing but mangolds and straw. The constant agitation, the alarms and all the depressing responsibility of those terrible days took too great a toll of my brother. Heinrich was already seventy. Three months before the unconditional surrender of Germany he was exhausted, and died.

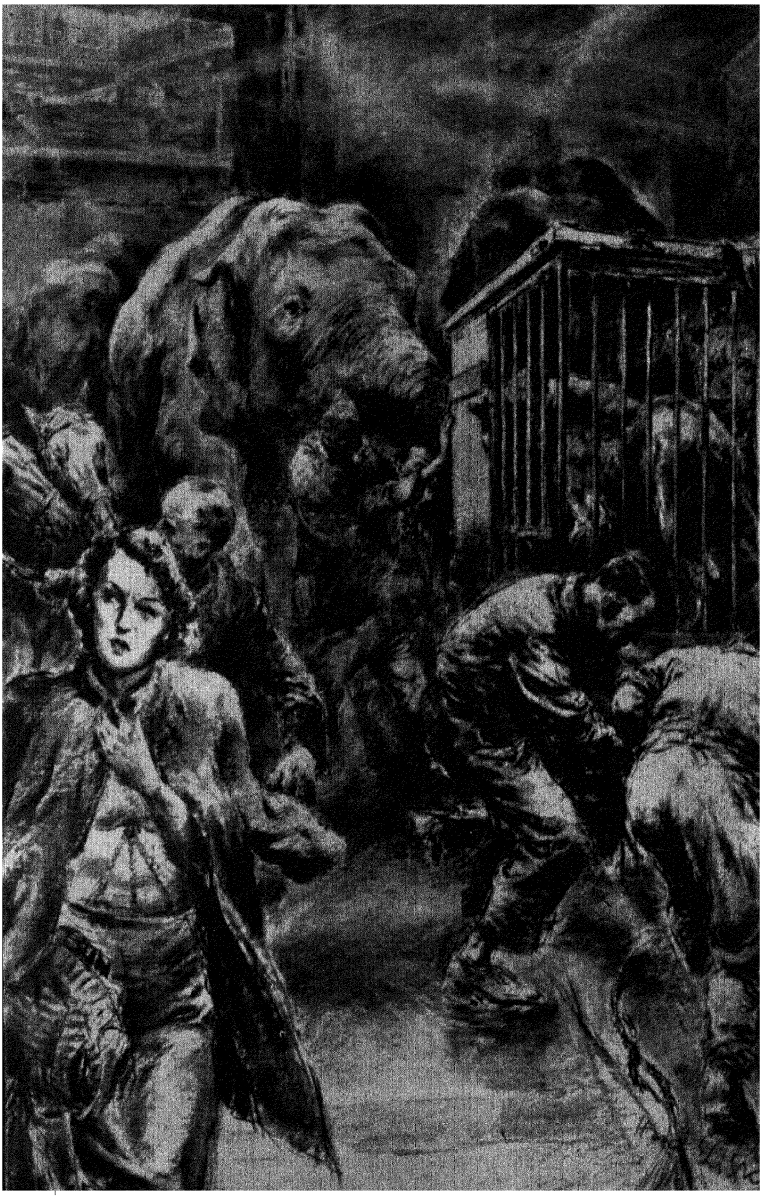
This left me alone. Carlo was in Sweden, Carl Heinrich somewhere in the Army, Erich in American internment. But at last there was news of him. Shortly before the end of the war, the interned civilian Germans were exchanged, and he travelled home on the Swedish s.s. *Gripsholm*. After seven long years of separation, I at last saw my youngest one again.

1945, and Capitulation! Good fortune and the eleventh-hour discernment of the man then at the head of Hamburg spared us a final battle for any would-be 'Fortress of Hamburg.' Under that sort of slogan, so sadly belied by all the facts, pointlessly, in those last days of the war, the fanatics sacrificed many an open German city and all its inhabitants. At Hamburg we were spared that. At last, by what bridges were still standing over the Elbe, in poured British armoured vehicles, and when the first of these reached the corner of our grounds we knew that the war was over. The first Britishers to stream into the park were souvenir collectors and live mascot hunters. But when in her fluent English my white-haired sister-in-law explained that, alas, we had no baby bears, no desert foxes, nor even any living eagles to offer them, they went their way.

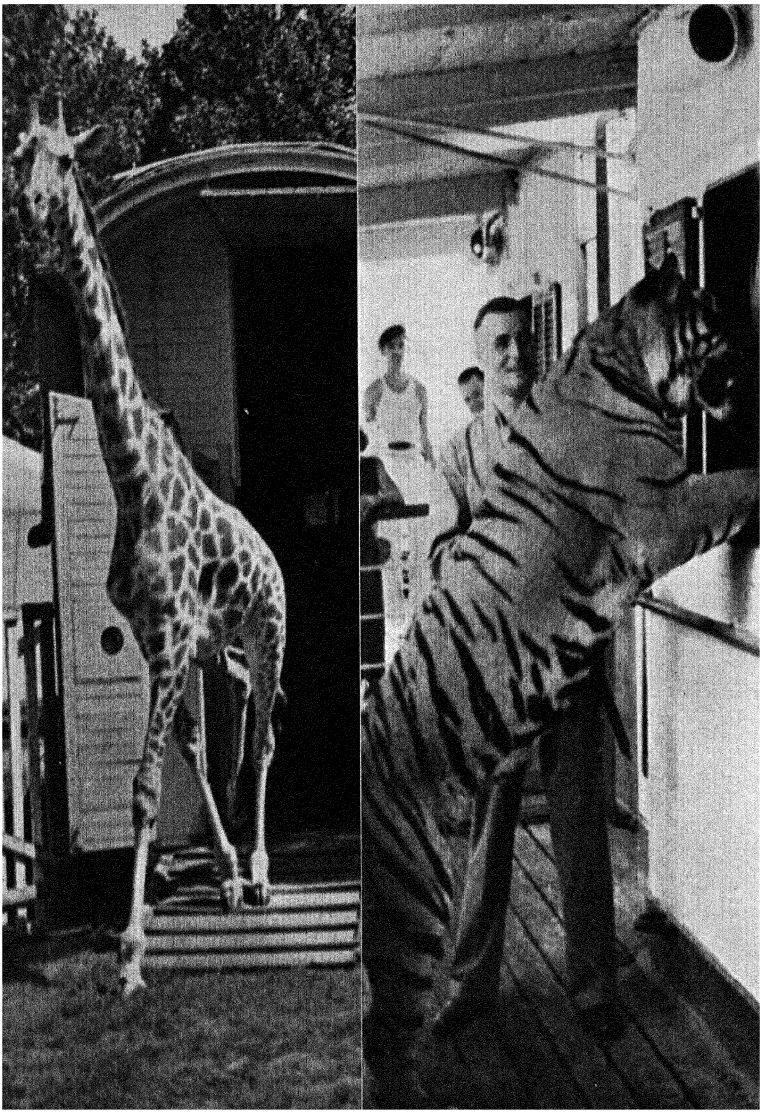
I found tragi-comedy in the following incident. I had retired with a book to the private corner of our animal park when three Tommies appeared on the scene, anxious to snap themselves as a souvenir. Suddenly they spotted me in my deck-chair. The leading lad gave a peremptory little nod, to tell me to take the camera and release the shutter for them. Then he gave a little whistle, to call me over, and next, pointing to the shutter, a still more peremptory nod. So I lowered my book to my knee, shook my head disapprovingly, and in a lovely Cockney which would have delighted the heart of Reuben Carstang I cried: 'Wot a bloody shime, tiking a poah deaf and dumb b—— into the ruddy Army!'

The response was astonishing. All three Tommies blushed to the tips of their ears, begged my pardon, and came quite penitently up to me, and when they tumbled to who I was they would not be satisfied till I had my photo taken with them, each in turn releasing the shutter.

Carl Heinrich narrowly but successfully avoided being taken prisoner of war. A Holstein farmer lent him a suit of clothes, and by devious routes he made his way home as quickly as he could. As his father was gone, he now had to take on his share in the business. Thus Heinrich's son and I together set about rebuilding all we had lost.



The end of the Berlin Deutschland Hall. Without any panic, an audience of fifteen thousand persons followed each other outside, while the men hauled out the mobile cages with lions and tigers



Left: A lady giraffe haughtily steps out of her well-cushioned special coach

Right: Richard Sawade's pet tiger surprises a noisy party in a deck cabin during one of our voyages

It was I think only now that to the full we grasped all the extent of our losses. For we had also lost the animals which we had evacuated to East and Central German zoos, partly during the war, but also partly after it as victims of the occupation forces. When we came to bring back our animals from Vienna we were unable to load even as few as twenty circus wagons and lorries. In the overpowering aerial bombardment of that grand baroque city, Dresden, the Sarrasani building had been one of those which went up in flames. With it went the baggage wagons which we had stored there, and they were full of equipment, uniforms, costumes, harness. And though at least our very lovely twenty-one white Berber stallions survived the war, *not one of them ever reached Hamburg.*

I now placed great hopes in the speedy return of the performing groups which were on hire, touring Sweden, for my plan was from them and what circus equipment I had left—two tents, a set of seating and a few wagons—to reassemble a circus at home in Hamburg.

But this was not to be. One Saturday morning, in the very first days after the capitulation, a jeep appeared and in the jeep was a young British officer, whose regiment had discovered a small wandering German circus somewhere on Lüneburg Heath. This the British had instructed to entertain their troops. But it was a very small circus, and lacked a great deal. But it so happened that one member of this family show had a very exact knowledge of what we possessed. So here the British forces were—they had come to requisition our big top.

'Take whatever you think may come in useful,' I heard that British officer tell his protégé, and the worthy manager of the paltry little circus did not wait to be told twice.

Of course, I protested as energetically as I could against this seizure. In vain. Into our warehouse poured these other circus folk. They knew very well what they wanted. At once they set about loading the heavy rolls of tenting. And now, they said, all they required were masts, seating and the baggage wagons which went with it all. Yes, and was there not an electricity-generating plant? Even that British officer had not guessed all that a circus might need, but as it was but a simple question of requisitioning and packing, they thought they would also take another tent, as spare. Now the Britisher perceived that at least they owed me a requisition document. While this was being made out, I expressed my doubts as to whether this keen colleague of the circus world who was taking the stuff would be able

to erect that very big big top without expert workers, so I contrived to secure agreement that my own foreman and some of my men should be appointed to go with our material.

Impudence certainly conquered! The robbing circus actually set itself up preening with our plumage on the ground at Hamburg's Dammtor station, using both our tents, one beside the other. We could perhaps be thankful that they had not required us to empty our menagerie too to provide them with the trump card of a really good animal show. It was not till much later, when the British had established their military government at Hamburg, that I was able to find a lawyer to enter a claim against the requisitioning and in the end secured the return of all our equipment.

Now, I doubt if there is any enterprise all the equipment of which is marked with the firm's name, so that circus manager and our head man now came to loggerheads, each indicating quantities of cable, spotlights and similar equipment as their own. The British adopted the decision that each party should take one-half. But in those days a lost bulb was to be replaced only on the black market, if at all—the newer Hamburg street lamps were protected against pilfering by barbed wire! There were no nails to be bought anywhere. Whereas for the value of one cigarette, which then cost up to ten marks, a large family could visit the animal park, if on the other hand one actually had the ten marks one could buy nothing. Anybody in those years who tried to put together as small a thing as a rabbit hutch could tell you all about it.

Rabbit is indeed the word, for in those famine years those were our most 'valuable' animals. They used to delight the children, hopping about in our rabbit compound, and we had to have a watchman there all the time, for the sight of all those breeds of rabbit made visitors' mouths water. The great word of the time now became 'compensate.' To 'compensate' meant to barter. However, we had not so many ostrich eggs at Stellingen that we could use them very freely, and they were only brought into play when we simply had to get such things as roof felting or some nails for repairs.

It is only today, when I turn the pages of a report on the animal park of the time, that I realise what an enormous amount of minute work our reconstruction absorbed. The greater part of the burden was undertaken by Carl Heinrich. Thousands of new trees and shrubs soon graced new lawns. Who, though, realises that for five days British tipping trucks conveyed three thousand cubic metres of clay taken

from the Stellingen bomb craters to help build the new skyscrapers of Grindel in Hamburg? For weeks our elephants worked together with powerful bulldozers, levelling out the ground and removing piles of rubble. Thousands of holes were dug and filled with compost before planting could be begun.

There were miles of hedges and fences to plant and erect, though those were trifles compared with the reconstruction of our training hall, our animal houses, not to speak of the ruined rock hills and the swimming pools. As I write, my eye scans the painters' and carpenters' statement for one month: one hundred and eighty-five garden park seats repaired and painted, eighty-five feeding troughs mended, one hundred and three mattocks and brooms fitted with handles . . . Think of the cost of re-equipping the workshops of the blacksmiths, upholsterers, saddlers and carpenters, the money spent on new lawn mowers, chaff cutters, hay balers. Heating equipment and cooling equipment alike also made a big hole in the kitty.

To be fair, I must record that most of our old business friends and also Hamburg officials helped us as far as they possibly could. For instance, a cement works supplied a number of bags of their most expensive grey powder for the repair of our bomb-damaged saurian statuary.

We were also most loyally helped by the natural enthusiasm of Hamburg folk. In the first year of the capitulation, when for seven months the trams did not run on the Stellingen route, hundreds of thousands of people made a pilgrimage to the animal park on foot. In the starvation winter of 1946–7 we issued an appeal for acorn-gatherers, and the results exceeded our most optimistic hopes. Busy Hamburg children's little hands gathered in no less than one hundred and twenty tons of acorns as foodstuffs for the animals. The record was reached by Fuhlsbüttel Primary School, the pupils of which gathered for us seventeen tons of acorns and two tons of chestnuts.

Now there came a most unexpected messenger of woe. We had had to put up with bomb damage and other war damage, but this new blow was totally unforeseeable and shattering. A Scandinavian friend of ours, passing through Altona Central Station, pressed a block of chocolate into the hand of a boy and gave him a small parcel to bring us. In this was a selection of Swedish newspapers. When I had glanced at them, I caught my breath. For what did I read but that Carl Hagenbeck of Stellingen was selling his Swedish property! And there was the

advertisement, by which we were actually made out to be offering for sale the costly animal groups which we had hired to the Swedish circus for their season. Offers were to be sent to the Swedish 'Fugitive Capital Office' via Bank Director Ivar Vilén. And there was the address: Drottninggatan 36, Malmö. We had received no intimation whatsoever.

All my efforts to travel to Sweden to see about the return to Germany of our property were now prevented by the refusal of visas. Even a personal appeal addressed to the King of Sweden remained without reply. Headed by Bürgermeister Brauer, a number of Hamburg firms jointly—the German Company Union, various business houses and industrial houses—museums and influential private persons now besieged the Swedish Consul with representations, all without result! The British authorities referred us to the Swedes, the Swedes to the Allies, the Allies again to the Washington Agreement, by which German property abroad was to be set against German war damage in other countries. I bombarded all possible institutions with applications and protests, I visited every responsible office to which I could obtain entry, trying to get them to see that a limited-period hire of circus animals could not possibly come under the heading of fugitive capital.

Meanwhile, what I was trying my best to do at top level, our elephant tamer Hugo Schmitt in Malmö was trying to do on the ground floor. For he too had seen the press advertisements. Full of indignation, he untethered his five elephants and marched down to the heart of Malmö with them. Reaching the main street, the Kungsgatan, he calmly thrust his whip and the elephant goad into a policeman's hands, with the words: 'These are yours now.'

In vain the staggered policeman tried to decline this trunk-swinging present. Off Schmitt went. The elephants sauntered about, calmly scratching their rumps on the corners of houses, during which operation windows rattled and some lamp-posts got bent. The policeman radioed for the police patrol car. This soon found Schmitt and brought him back to his elephants under arrest. He was ordered to take his elephants away. He countered by uttering a command, at which the trumpeting elephants formed round him a barrier through which nobody could now reach him. An angry and over-zealous policeman drew his pistol, but then consideration of its ridiculous small calibre and the possible effect on the already excited elephants made him quickly put it back again.

Very soon there were naturally dense crowds round the Kungsgatan, with press men busy with notebooks and cameras. An excitement like this was something Malmö had not had for a long time. Finally, the helpless police fetched Mr. Ivar Vilén, whose sale advertisement had so outraged Mr. Hugo Schmitt, and by friendly words and half promises this gentleman succeeded in getting Schmitt to take the animals under his charge, when they calmly went back to their stables.

Elephant protest at Malmöl For two days the story was front-page news throughout Scandinavia. Cartoonists were prolific with suggestions as to how the elephants might best be used. There were hints both for the police and the town scavenger service, but some papers did also give the full story of the tragic background of the elephant sensation.

Meanwhile, the dispersal of our property had already begun. John Ringling-North, the nephew of my old friend, and today head of *The Biggest Show in the World*, bought our tigers and elephants, giving the tamers the choice of returning to the ruins of Germany or remaining attached to their animals. Rudolf Matthies succeeded in getting into touch with me about their decision. My reply was that they were to do all they could to stay beside their animals, particularly since I had not yet given up hope of getting our property back some day.

Our highly trained stock was knocked down for a mere song. Whole groups of trained animals went for the price of a single camel. The purchasers were principally Scandinavian circuses and zoos. The prices were rather like buying a valuable blood horse at so much a pound. Of course the proceeds were most painstakingly credited to the West German Republic and set against reparations costs. The relative documents were deposited at Bonn and will in all likelihood long outlive all the circus animals expropriated from us.

In the after-war years, circuses now sprang up on Germany's ruins like hothouse mushrooms. There were a good three hundred of them. Any man who could do a hand-stand or hitch a dancing bear to his trailer caravan now pretentiously dubbed himself a circus manager. Other significant changes in the circus scene had also taken place. The Sarrasanis, father and son, were dead, their enterprise destroyed. At Munich Carl Krone was denazified in his grave—it cost two thousand marks. Like many other circuses which had been touring East Germany, Paula Busch in flight westwards suffered tremendous losses through air strafing or being plundered by occupation soldiery. Now so-called

'organisers'—men with good 'contacts' in official places and the business world—rose high in the social scale and commanded a high price for their services. But though some smart people might succeed in having Luftwaffe parachutes tailored into new tents, then by risky barter operations acquiring electricity generators, heating systems, tractors and suchlike equipment from Allied stores of war booty, and also even such acquisitions as roadworthy ambulance trucks, they could still not obtain animals, trained or otherwise, for all the fat bacon and coffee—good currency in those days—in the world.

The zoos of Germany had been combed away, and the frontiers were closed. A postcard sent to Vienna's Schönbrunn Zoo came back overprinted 'Prohibited business correspondence.' There was at the time an order in force in Bavaria which made it impossible for us to exchange a dwarf goat for a Cameroons specimen which the Straubing Zoo possessed. So much for animal trade at the time.

Shortly before the expropriation of our circus animals, my boy Carlo had gone to Sweden to represent us. He made his way back to Hamburg only via imprisonment and internment camps. But though back home, he was not allowed to engage in any 'leading activity' until certain charges against him (which were without any foundation) were cleared up. So Carlo turned night watchman, in the employ of a Hamburg firm which lets out such services. In that capacity he was without delay 'fixed' to serve a firm named Hagenbeck. The amusement which our good night watchman got out of this situation was very heartening, for there seemed to be no regulation whatsoever prohibiting him in his new capacity from entering the head office, whether by day or night.

Now together with my sons I erected a large marquee at the Dammtor station, and as the city's theatres had all been destroyed in the war this became the largest tented theatre at the time in the whole of Western Germany. We panelled out a pit and provided space for an orchestra of thirty players, under the bâton of a prominent radio conductor. The canvas roof was hung across with white and gold flies, partly as decoration, but also for acoustic reasons. Over the giant stage rattled the 'Love Express,' full of popular actresses and actors of film and stage. Iska Geri created her kangaroo dance, the only item, however, which was even remotely reminiscent of our sixty-year-old circus tradition. Conditions were still rough. In rainy weather our *corps de ballet* reached the stage by way of the tunnel we had once used for lions and tigers! But eyes grew moist when Willy Fritsch, popular

film star of prewar days, came to the microphone with his charming smile and sang: 'Such great events can be, they never are repeated . . .' But when the evening performance was overrun by bebop youth and jitterbug fans, with rattles and toy trumpets, and the tent re-echoed as if three thousand irrepressible baboons were putting on a musical turn, I stopped my ears.

Gradually now our old turns drifted back to us, as they at last got free from service in the forces or from prison camps. They reappeared on the surface, coming even from Russian mines, some of them after hair-raising escapes, men who had all once sailed under Hagenbeck's flag. There were also new faces. In the heart of a snowstorm, for instance, a figure suddenly entered my office in khaki and pith helmet, fresh from internment in Java. In strong Berlin speech he said: 'Thought I might pop the question, whether y' c'ld do with a tamer? Used to do riding stuff. "The Three Rudolfos"—one man, two women. The man, that's me. Last job was with Isako, in a little Russian circus. Joined 'em in Bombay, tamer died on the road, had to turn my hand to everything. Worked without any tent. In the monsoons. Indians made us one from palm leaves. Toured Singapore, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Philippines. Sixteen years of it. Up to 1946. All that time, if I wanted to see a German, I had to look in the glass . . .'

He was a merry fellow, but when I questioned him I found that he knew where to find schabrack tapirs and was familiar with the head porter of the Taj-Mahal Hotel in Bombay, and all that acquaintance in common decided it, so Rudolf Jurkschat became our youngest and our best postwar animal tamer. In our Stellingen training hall he prepared the animals, while in the Dammtor show he galloped across the stage as the White Knight.

In the offices at Stellingen our old staff now sat in hat and coat—the rooms unheated—and worked throughout the hours of daylight. There was a coal shortage, there were electricity cuts. There was a food shortage too. How I envied the humour of the man in the street in those years of real need. I had been invited to Cologne to the first postwar meeting of German circus managers. It was carnival time. 'We are the natives of Threezonesia,' sang the merry Rhinelanders. And they were right in their scorn. That is all we were now, inhabitants of Three Zones. Our national flag had become—letter C in the international flag signals alphabet! The iron curtain had descended right across our motherland, cutting off a fourth zone—that under Soviet administration—from us. But yet the folk of Cologne

sang. Though the wine might be both dear and tart, for a day or two, at least, life seen through rose-tinted carnival specs was not so bad after all.

Then the carnival president spotted me, and I had to take my place on the barrel and greet my lusty compatriots with a song, thereby earning a huge decoration and becoming *honoris causa* member of a new association, though not, I trusted, to be followed up by yet another questionnaire to be filled in! But—what was that the band was playing, what were the folk of Cologne singing so gaily? 'Let's go round to Hagenbeck's . . .' Now, that did give me new confidence. I began really to put my back into the task of getting all our circuses on their feet again.

ONAGERS HAVE THE DEVIL IN THEM

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1948, was celebrated on turnip whisky and roast rabbit. In the animal park all the ruins had been cleared away. Fresh lawns stretched where once had been bomb craters. Out of the ruins and the central-heating pipes of the former main building Carl Heinrich had made a fine new free corral for our North American prairie buffaloes. And now from this auspicious day, a million letters and postcards sent daily to all parts of the world bore a special Post Office overprint of an elephant and the legend *100 Years of Hagenbeck*. This message stirred echoes of pride and satisfaction in us all.

In May, the then Mayor of Hamburg, Bürgermeister Brauer, and the British Military Governor Berry opened an exhibition which we had put up in the animal park to tell the story of those hundred years. The press wrote that this was more than a mere matter of private business. Hagenbeck's had become part of the cultural history of Hamburg. A central exhibit was a natural-size reconstruction of the initial unit of our enterprise: the St. Pauli seal pool of 1848. There was also a big sequence recalling the 'folk' shows of peoples from all parts of the world. Large wall-paintings told the story of our house—animal catching, early animal transport, the founding of Stellingen and the conflagration of 1943—all this the work of our good friend the famous animal painter, Wilhelm Eigener.

In the 'circus world tours' room the children all marvelled at the scale models of the loaded *Saarland* and of our circus trains with their gaily-coloured rolling-stock and all the animals on board. We procured all we needed from the ruins of the Hamburg, Kiel and Bremen museums—from 7,000-lb. bull walruses, with Eskimos harpooning them from a kayak, to a complete taxidermist's workshop in which a bison killed by bombs in our night of destruction was reconstructed, an exhibit which was later to find a permanent home in a museum. And from the basement of the Hamburg Art Gallery we resurrected and borrowed Lovis Corinth's big painting of my father against his Arctic Ocean Panorama complete with walruses.

In fact, the water pools of our park were now deserted. Or, rather, we thought they were. For Arnulf Johannes, one of our animal

catchers, who though homesick for Africa was now with us at Stellingen, provided us with a most enterprising surprise. He had reported sick to our park superintendent and had not been on duty for three weeks. But when, at the opening, after seeing the exhibition, I wound up by a stroll through the animal park with my guests of honour, what should I see come squalling towards me in the Arctic Ocean Panorama, but six seals, which Johannes had caught single-handed in the shallows of the Baltic. They certainly had better luck than their predecessors a century earlier, for the wash-tub with which those earlier seals had had to be content had grown into a small lake, and the polar bears (among the few animals which had survived the night of destruction) stared in amazement at this querulous centenary surprise visit.

Besides good wishes from all over the world to mark this centenary, there were also live presents from foreign zoos. John Ringling-North had sent us eight sea-lions by air from California. Dr. Heinroth, Germany's only lady zoo director, who had herself called a new zoo to life among the ruins and rubble of Berlin, sent us an African porcupine. Our most aged tokens, however, were those in the charge of a friend from Valparaiso, coming from the far-off Galápagos Islands, for the lads on a Chilean training ship had sent us five giant Galápagos tortoises weighing from four to six hundredweight each.

The phosphorus burns of Nepali, the only living armoured rhinoceros in Germany, had healed by now. Nepali weighed four tons. It was hard to believe that in 1943 Carlo and his porters had carried him by hand over the Himalayan passes. In the giraffe house our giraffe bull, Hans, raised his head up to the four-metre mark—thirteen feet—on the wall. He had been born shortly after the bombing. Today this magnificent flourishing specimen of a Stellingen 'war child' measures a good seventeen feet and must be the biggest giraffe bull ever in captivity.

But for all that our centenary year began full of hopes, it was soon to bring me care and grief. Suddenly, by insidious illness, Carlo, my eldest son, was taken from us. I think I should have given up after so many blows of fate, had it not been for Dietrich, his fourteen-year-old son, the very spit of him, and now by his father's will my successor. The task of being my grandson's counsellor and guide in his education gave me new courage.

In our Stellingen training hall our animal trainers worked at high pressure. The time-table was drawn up in three classes—the hay-,

the fish- and the meat-eaters—and by systematic work our four-legged and four-flippered pupils were all taught to be performers. Here too we tried out our polar bears, lions and brown bears in the central cage, while in the paddock horse trainers worked with a team of eight brown Holsteins and another team of twelve fiery Arabs carefully selected at purchase for their colour. Here too we trained zebus, camels and guanacos. The Californian sea-lions learned to do their stuff on the horn organ, the instruments for which were by dint of much effort safely smuggled through the iron curtain, while our elephants tried their hand on a comical car, which instead of an engine had a barrel organ under the bonnet and kettle-drums for tyres.

Then, all at once, overnight, like a sharp frost, currency reform cut back all our apparent circus-world prosperity, and the number of circus enterprises shrank suddenly. Artistes who preferred engagements abroad and previously had shrugged their shoulders and rejected our offers now became eager candidates for work. The new German marks were scarce, but once again they were worth earning. The previous day we had counted an animal park gate of eight thousand, six hundred and sixty, now our booking office clerk gaped at every rare visitor as if he were a Christmas tree, for now the entrance was paid for in D-marks, as they were called. The first tram which came out to Stellingen that day brought nobody. Nor did the second. Then came a plump little matron, who had actually walked, and she bought the first ticket with the new money. Two hundred and thirty-six other Hamburg folk followed her example that day. On the morrow there were a good thousand. After that, attendances rose steadily again.

The year after the new currency came in, two German circuses again rose alive—Phoenix-like from the ashes—Carl Krone and Carl Hagenbeck. Once again our special orange-coloured trains began to run between the Baltic and the Alps. Once again Adolf Martell throned it in box office wagon No. 66—the same Martell who had taken us through Japan with his paste pot, and subsequently let millions of pesos, milreis, pesetas and piastres pass through his hands, without a penny ever going into his own pocket. In the early postwar years he had taken his place at the cash desk of the animal park, after closing hour doing stage work as a witch in Humperdinck's *Hänsel and Gretel*, by which earning his daily bread!

Yes, now white-haired, there was that old circus Gypsy back with us again. He had come through the war rather better than his youthful

eternalisation on the pediment of the monument on the Hamburg Courts of Justice, for that had been pretty badly knocked about. After his seventy-fifth birthday, he stopped dyeing his hair. That 'Devotee of the Folk of the Road' had once just missed being affluent by a hair's breadth. Indeed, it was by sheer negligence that he failed to follow up and insist on his rights in a song which went round the world with him. A thorough-going landlubber, he had been more than a little seasick when during a stormy Atlantic crossing he scribbled down his 'Stormy was the night and the seas rode high,' which today is to be heard everywhere on barrel organs and wherever records are played.

Now good solid D-marks rolled in at the box office, not that there was not a lot to be learnt about this new postwar world. Towns which my earlier experience had taught me to make a big detour round and avoid now proved to be regular gold-mines, while on the other hand there were old business cities in which previously we had had four weeks' runs with full houses, but out of which we now had to pull without delay. At that pile of rubble which, like many another city, Emden then was, we had to get our elephants out of their stables to keep the East Frisian peasants from Krumme Horn in their proper queues, so great was the crowd seeking admission, breaking down the outer fence and nearly overturning the box office wagon. Whereas previously our audiences there had never been more enthusiastic than to laugh inwardly, the seating now rattled with their hearty laughter. Thus had war, the shift of industry—and floods of refugees—changed the whole picture of our circus business.

When with my son I entered the paddock at Essen for our first postwar performance visit, there was such a roar of applause that I simply could not speak, I was so overcome. The Esseners had certainly not forgotten us, and that night we touched record takings. For hundreds of thousands of the folk of the Ruhr metropolis the Carl Hagenbeck Circus brought back a breath of their more carefree younger days.

At last I was fortunate enough to secure an agreement with the John Ringling-North circus by which we exchanged our mixed carnivore group for the big tiger group of which I had been robbed in Sweden. Sun-tanned and smart as a lord, coming straight from Havana, Rudolf Matthies now rejoined us. He used to take his youngest tiger, one which he had brought up himself, about on a lead. He counted it as the one hundred and twenty-seventh animal he had reared from

infancy. Indeed, he had wet-nursed this particular tiger on the bottle. Baby tigers are blue-eyed and they must be suckled every two hours or they make a terrible fuss, and one also has to finish the job properly, which means giving them a painstaking massage and wash. One comes to realise most concretely why tiger mummies have such tough, rough tongues.

Our circus cook, Auntie Emmy, had also rejoined us. Emmy did not cook only for me, but also for the giraffes, the chimpanzees, and all the baby animals which for this or that reason needed the little extra—the piece of steak or the coddled egg for a baby tiger, the bowl of gruel for a giraffe or the sweetened dish of tea for a sweet-toothed chimpanzee. Emmy always had some creature to mother.

When they saw Aunt Emmy brandish her ladle, her flushed cheeks bent over her pots and pans, and Franzl, her Viennese right hand, busily pulling on his white waiter's jacket, the circus knew what it meant: the old man was coming. My boy Erich was managing the circus now, but it was still my delight every now and then to spend a couple of days in my own road wagon, which was always taken round with the others. I loved the scent of the sawdust and the odour of the lions and tigers—and also to hear the music of our faithful horses' whinnying—not to speak of the plaudits of the crowd.

In 1951 I made my last trip to the U.S.A. I travelled on the *Nieuwe Amsterdam*. Once again I established an agency in New York, and, just as after the first world war, I contrived to get mere correspondence contacts on to a firmer footing. The fact that I had not gone out at once in 1945 must not be put down to any lackadaisicalness on my part. It was solely due to the fact that this time it was incomparably longer—as a German citizen—before I had a passport and an American visa in my hand.

I returned with some fine business deals in the bag, and when Arnulf Johannes, our first animal catcher to set out for Africa after the war was over, returned home with a large contingent we were already in a position to resume our business with the zoos of the United States. There was now rarely a week but some young fellow turned up in search of employment as animal catcher. The fact was, films of adventure and stories full of fantasy had so often depicted what was surely not a very natural calling that I feel I should underline the starker realities of our age.

When some ninety years ago the first animal catchers prospected for us in Africa, it was admittedly the custom to buy the goodwill of

the local chiefs with presents, and get them to expose their own men to the fangs of the animals. But that time has long passed away. The face of Africa has changed fundamentally since then. Today hunting is done by car, and the Masai, the Kikuyu or the Swahili who drives his jeep at fifty miles an hour in chase of the giraffe, even deep in the heart of inner Africa, knows all the wage rates paid where work is going on building new motor-car roads, aerodromes and petrol stations. In the coastal towns, the black workers are organised in their unions, and you pay a high price for any overtime. In some ports, meat prices have reached European levels. Whereas our animal catchers once upon a time regularly used to count on shooting sufficient game to feed their black porters and also the carnivores they had caught, in recent years they have many a time been obliged to release even captured hyenas, the feeding costs involved before the next ship could transport the animals exceeding the value of the beasts.

This is not the only obstacle. Some shipping freights have gone up by several hundred per cent. Thereby the prices of the animals have leapt. Today an African rhino costs sixteen thousand marks, a giraffe from ten to fifteen thousand, an elephant from fourteen to twenty thousand, and even a lion as much as three thousand. These are of course not by any means fixed prices, for of course a lot depends on fluctuating supply and also on demand.

The consequence of all this was that when now we needed to fill gaps in our animal stock, and resume our former trading business, Carl Heinrich directed his principal attention to the acquisition for Stellingen of a new sort of stock, namely zoological rarities. In due course his inquiries indicated that Persia was the country in which the rare onager (*Equus hemionus onager*) was to be found. This is the wild ass of Asia, which, together with the kiang and the kulan or dzhigetai belongs to the almost vanished race of horse-donkeys. Years before, these reddish-brown animals with their short upstanding manes and the broad dorsal eel-stripe had vanished from the world's zoos.

Once he was sure we should find onagers in Persia, Carl Heinrich flew out to Teheran with Arnulf Johannes to make preparations for Carl Hagenbeck's first Persian expedition. This was a complete success, and of it Heinz Heck, the well-known zoologist, director of the Munich animal park at Hellabrunn, wrote: 'The reintroduction of a large breeding group of onagers is an event in the history of zoos.'

When they had bought their cars for the chase, engaged Persian

assistants and made all the many extensive preparations for their expedition into the scorching hell of the Persian salt desert, urgent business called my nephew back to Stellingen. However, a few weeks later a transport aircraft flew the first onager foals to Hamburg and the pilot handed Carl Heinrich a letter, which is worth giving as it stands:

'We set out two days after you left, and have just succeeded in finishing the job. We had travelled for two days and nights, taking turns at the wheel, Hossein and myself in the first jeep, in the second our mechanic and another man. After us went the baggage truck. It was a good idea to send out a camel caravan into the salt desert in advance to establish water and fuel depots. By the time we reached our last caravanserai, where the world ended and the vast expanse of the desert lay before us, we used up a good four thousand litres of petrol (eight hundred and eighty gallons).

'We made our capturing trips from that base. A native maintained that he had once seen onagers to the north. After a good hour's run we parted company from our other jeep, which was to drive the animals towards Hossein and myself. Using our field glasses, we saw nothing whatsoever from nine to five in the afternoon, except that we kept seeing mirages. Only a few hundred yards away, villages, trees, lakes, water, and we saw them a hundred times in the course of the day. Many a time we were on the point of getting ready for a dip, to get rid of the perspiration, but it was all illusion, a treacherous play of light, *fata morgana*, the shimmering of the hot air over the desert.

'Whereas in August the temperature at Teheran reaches up to 120° F. in the shade, out there, without exaggeration, it goes up to 140° F. Except that there is really no shade. No trees, not even a bush. Previously, I had been convinced that the French Sudan and the Red Sea ports were the hottest spots of the earth's surface, but that is nonsense.

'Here lives the onager, and apart from this, no animal, no bird, no insect, not even a scorpion. Dogs and cats had been taken out to that caravanserai, but in a few days they had always died from the heat. I myself have hardly any skin left on my hands, for I forgot your advice about gloves, and during our neck-breaking drives I always had to cling to the burning hot metal-work of the jeep. We cooked our eggs in the hot sand. This is the absolute truth.

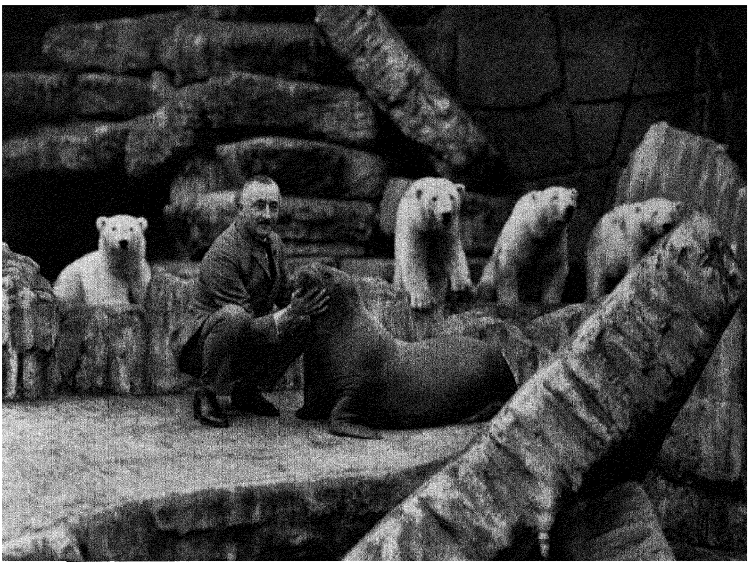
'Suddenly, there was a cloud of dust high in the air, and we saw a small herd of onagers galloping down on us. Then we forget everything else, and I soon enough had my catching pole in my scorched hands. At last, after all those weeks of preparations and days of inaction, some of which you too experienced, we had reached our goal. Hossein drove on and we were soon among the onagers, which were in swift flight. Hossein drove like a devil, but sensibly. He brought me in so close to the game I wanted that one might have thought he had never done anything else in his life; the cooperation was wonderful and we both enjoyed it.

'The first one I managed to lasso was a fully grown mare. I leapt down from the car, hobbled her and on we went. Then at last we saw the first foal in the herd. Hunting that down scarcely took three minutes. When the dust cleared, I had it in my arms. I got it into the car and off we roared again. The herd doubled back and we



after it. At 30 m.p.h. our jeep bounced badly off the hummocks and over the pot-holes, and in such country it was impossible to do more. For three-quarters of an hour the onagers kept that speed up. I remember glancing at the clock and seeing that we were doing precisely 29½ m.p.h., but not a drop of perspiration appeared on those animals' skins. Incredible, at that temperature and that pace.

'In the course of the rest of the day we caught two more foals



My brother Heinrich Hagenbeck with polar bears and a walrus at Stellingen

Three generations of Hagenbecks. Standing [left to right], Carl Heinrich Hagenbeck (nephew of Lorenz Hagenbeck), Erich Hagenbeck (son), Mrs. Heike Hagenbeck (wife of Carl Heinrich), Mrs. Else Hagenbeck (wife), Dietrich Hagenbeck (grandson). Sitting, Lorenz Hagenbeck, Evelyn Hagenbeck (grand-daughter)





A valuable passenger from the Persian salt desert. The first onager foal to set foot in Hamburg, being led from the aircraft by my nephew, Carl Heinrich and my grandson, Dietrich

and a grown stallion. First we took the young animals back to base, then one of the jeeps brought in an adult onager. That cost us more sweat and labour than all the eight foals altogether which we caught. Onagers have the devil in them. A maddened zebra stallion is a lamb in comparison with one of those. They butted the fencing like rams. This stallion lashed out, kicking everything within reach, snapping with menacing teeth, then suddenly took a standing jump and cleared the wall round the caravanserai—and that was eight feet high—and off it raced! I never saw anything like it. It was unbelievable.

'The onagers drink salt water exclusively and even eat the hard salt clay. We got to Teheran the day before yesterday. I shall give the pilots instructions as to feeding and other attention. I am sleeping with my little nags tonight, and shall put up their stalls in the aircraft tomorrow. There is a terrible lot of room to spare inside. The mechanic and the cook whom we took on together in Teheran were wash-outs. They backed out. At the last moment before we left for the desert they were afraid of their own pluck. I have put our cars in for repairs here. They all have spring, axle and transmission troubles. It was truly a hell-ride. When we left, Hossein's Teheran friends were most scornful about his setting out on so hopeless an attempt as catching onagers. Now we are the cynosure of all eyes and the whole press is full of our expedition to the salt desert. You keep your fingers crossed, so they all arrive safe and sound. Those little nags will delight your heart. They are indeed more horse than ass; they don't hee-haw at all, they whinny. I shall expect your wire, meantime will load up with six thousand litres (thirteen hundred and twenty gallons) of gas, then off we go north to the Caspian. Hossein is going to be in on this too, and I also hope to get some leopards there and perhaps a maned tiger as well.'

With that first Persian expedition I have run rather ahead of my story, so now I will give a quick glance back at the fortunes of our circus. We had already toured the remaining West German towns in our first years of touring. Switzerland was the first foreign country to which we could now make a return visit. That, however, was not so simple a matter, and before we had had time to wash the feet of our hooved and cloven-footed animals with soda-water, so as to be able to satisfy the strict veterinary requirements of that dazzlingly clean little

country, I received a letter. This was from a Swiss circus friend who had so far been of exemplary conduct, but now, if I dared to take my circus over 'his' frontier, threatened an end to our friendship. Moreover, he plastered our road with obstacles. However, these the Swiss Government service removed one by one with such courtesy and fairness that today we all look back on our successful run at Basle-Birsfelden with real pleasure.

'Hagenbeck is a name which rings loud in the circus world,' wrote the press of Antwerp the following year, when we took our show to Belgium. We were out at Berchem, a suburb of Antwerp, where, after the first world war, Sarrasani's circus was destroyed by fire. We were welcomed as friends, but, owing to the rate of exchange of the Belgian franc, the receipts were far below those of our Swiss visit.

Now, however, with the close of this fifth touring season, we resolved to give our touring circus a rest. Our name gives the public the right to expect from us not only a first-class circus programme, with numerous performing animal groups, but also a rich menagerie. But the heavy costs and the large personnel which this demands already meant that West Germany of today was too small a field to work in. In that restricted area there were at least twenty-five more or less significant circus enterprises, not to speak of tented ice revues and variety shows. Further, the crash of the Busch Circus, which was broken up at Manila, indicates the difficulties which with present high sea freights stand in the way of oversea circus tours. Nor is the political atmosphere everywhere abroad yet satisfactory for German circus companies to be able to travel unhindered. Purely business considerations therefore persuaded us in future to concentrate all our energies on the Stellingen Animal Park, on capturing new animals and on trading in animals.

In spite of this decision to curtail the circus, however, work in our Stellingen animal training school continued. For one thing, this provides us with the possibility of showing visitors our animals in all their movements. In addition, even in animals play and occupation are the best specific against boredom. The higher the intelligence they reach, in fact, the greater is their need to be occupied. This is a factor which must be taken account of, even if only in the form of scratching posts in the carnivores' cages, balls for the bears to play with, and gymnastic appliances for chimpanzees. Otherwise, illnesses develop.

My father, of course, devoted great attention to these matters at an early date and, moreover, on purely empirical grounds, but in

recent years scientists have turned more and more seriously to the study of animal psychology generally, and this has recently moved closer and closer to that of human beings.

In the foreword to his extremely interesting book on *Animal Psychology in Zoo and Circus* Professor Dr. H. Hediger, the well-known Swiss zoologist and director of the Zürich Zoo, says: 'The researcher of this field seems to me like a man exploring caverns—forging ahead, he has penetrated into a most interesting chamber. But as he feels his way forward ahead of him he perceives still more vast halls, the approaches to which will one day suddenly open up and astound.'

WE'LL SHOOT AT HAGENBECK'S

THE SHOOTING was harmless—it was the transformation of our animal park into an open-air film studio. *Poison in the Zoo* was the name of the film, and the story was based on the never-explained murder of animals in the Frankfurt Zoo.

I am, alas, rather past the age at which one gets excited about film stars, but all the same my Stellingen staff were one with me. Irene von Meyendorf was not merely an actress of great beauty and charm, she also had the makings of a first-class animal tamer in her. In the film, however, the leading stars were our animals. Indeed, our elephants acted being poisoned with such realism that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals actually suspected the producer of having gone a bit too far with his verisimilitude. That of course was nonsense, but he certainly took some wonderful sequences of our park. At the dramatic climaxes, however, he had recourse to sheer trickery. For instance, a well-fitting nylon costume transformed a harmless eel into a dangerous hooded cobra.

What, however, few seem to know is that Stellingen had also much earlier been fairy godmother to the German silent film. But of course it was a good forty years since Fritz Lang, later famous in Ufa and Hollywood work and producer of *New Babylon*, made a three-decker adventure film entitled *The Golden Spider*, which was shot in the 'Wild West' of Stellingen's rocky landscape!

Year in, year out, my grandson Heinrich Umlauff here produced wonderful background landscapes for our folk exhibitions. The Sphinx and the Pyramids, Eskimo igloos, Negro kraals and the ruins of Luxor were all set up for the summer season, made from plaster of Paris, laths and wire netting, all provided from the stock of I. F. G. Umlauff's Museum of Trade. Here Werner Krauss, Harry Piel, Anita Berber and all the rest of them took their first steps in film work. When today I come upon our moss-grown statue of the Buddha on our Japanese Island, I still seem to see a fair maiden kneeling there before a stern high priest. That enchanting Madame Butterfly of 1919 was Lil Dagover. In 1953 on the same patch of soil television cameras shot the tragic meeting of Lieutenant Pinkerton and his geisha girl.

In this case, Carl Heinrich had simply telephoned his consent to the television studio, but quite forgot to inform our park superintendent. Hence one morning that poor fellow could not believe his eyes when suddenly a jeep full of American soldiers, with legs dangling outside, dashed in through the Japanese temple gates.

'I'll teach you manners,' he roared, and followed the threat with a flood of the sort of blunt English you can pick up from stevedores in New York Harbour.

The gum-chewing Americans pulled up sharply. 'Okay, chief,' they cried—and then followed a stream of good Hamburg dialect!

Somewhere between these two *Butterfly* episodes there was also the evening when I met my good friend the animal-story teller Paul Eipper and his Swiss counterpart, Bengt Berg, in Berlin's Hotel Eden, and the talk was of animal films, by which I mean serious animal films, for I always feel badly cheated when I see Indian rhesus monkeys in an African setting, or else in an Indian setting an elephant with such enormous flap ears that one would recognise it as African.

'What on earth am I to film now?' was Bengt Berg's question, for, as he said, his *Abu Marub* had to have a sequel.

'Go to Nepal,' I replied, 'and film the last Indian armoured rhinoceros. Hurry, before the race is entirely wiped out. My boy Carlo has just obtained a permit to capture a young one for us.'

Off went Berg, contacted Carlo somewhere in the Indian jungle, and wrote that fine book *The Last Rhino*.

Soon after this I found myself in New York again, and was strolling along Broadway, where every year since I first saw it new skyscrapers had sprung up like mushrooms. A dazzling neon advertisement enticed me into a cinema, and the title of the film was *Tiger Hunting in India*. It really was remarkable. The sound track had obviously been added later, and with a frivolity which has only tended to die out in recent years. For latterly, among other films coming from America, we have had the superlatively photographed animal films of Walt Disney. The sound track of that tiger-hunting film simply did not fit the animals shown. Indian rhesus monkeys had been given the voices of the roaring apes of Brazil, which is rather like giving a silent film of Munich brewers' draymen a sound track in Chinese.

At the same time, the photography was superb. Hunting elephants put up a rhinoceros. Like an antediluvian monster, the creature raced through the jungle. These were pictures of a beauty I had never before seen. But, unfortunately, to make the film still more exciting, the

Hollywood boys had felt obliged to mix in some stills of a tiger hissing. But for this they had not taken the large Bengal tiger, but its diminutive Sumatran cousin, and this too a specimen which, judging by its coat, had had rather a long confinement in an old-fashioned zoo. Brazilian parrots and African chimpanzees made my displeasure complete. Going out to smoke a cigar in the foyer, whom should I find but the manager of the cinema, so I told him the things which had displeased me. He asked me for my address and promised to send my criticism to the film studio.

Some months later I was rung up at Stellingen by the German Tobis Film Company. They had received that tiger hunt film from America with the request to have a new sound track made and fresh montage. A couple of days later, a mobile unit came out. I saw the film again, made precise notes, and though it would have been too much to correct every detail, I was able to indicate how to re-do the most important sequences.

We began work at three o'clock one morning, as at that time of day there would be no factory sirens or street noises to interfere. We took up a position near the elephants, and I had a tiger brought round in a cage-wagon. The scene was entitled 'The tiger attacks a hunting elephant.' The first thing to record was the background noise of the elephant crashing its way through the forest. Some dry sticks were laid down, I took an elephant gently by the ear, and led him over them. But the sound-track man shook his head. It was all wrong. And when I listened myself, I found that the snapping of real branches sounded more like machine-gun fire than anything else via the microphone. Our ponderous actor was then required to walk over mere brush-wood—and there was our right sound!

Next came imposition of the sound of the tiger's attack. Into this we needed to mix both elephant trumpeting and the roaring of the tiger, together with crashing branches and the chatter of monkeys. The latter was to be the background noise, on which I superimposed elephant trumpeting by the simple device of tickling my elephant's front feet, for that is the beast's most sensitive part, and my efforts immediately produced an agonised bellowing. To that it was not at all difficult to add the roaring tiger. All we had to do was to have a keeper stick a fine lump of fresh meat on a feeding fork, take off his shoes, and creep softly past the cage-wagon—that tiger roared all right.

A little ingenuity also provided us with the sound of the scene in which a large crocodile emerges hissing from the water and with two

snaps of his jaws snaffles a couple of ducks. Here is the sound track recipe for such an incident. A light tap on the crocodile's snout produces your outraged hiss. A slap on the water with a board produces his emergence. And the ducks? As simple as *pi*. All you need do is to take one finger and tickle the part where the eggs come out; you will get your death-throe quacking without fail. The tests worked perfectly. The film unit had reckoned on three weeks' work. By breakfast the whole job was done!

Many are the films which have been shot at Stellingen or with our help, many too the television shows. One of the finest of these was Cecil B. deMille's great American colour film *The Greatest Show on Earth*. Here, through our animals and tamers, we were unwilling collaborators. That film, as it happens, reminded me vividly of my own young days in American circus work. However, it did bring about another meeting with Minjak. In the German dubbing of that film her name remained the same, but even without that I would have known her from a hundred other elephants. Minjak, expropriated in Sweden, was born at Stellingen. Now she had been filmed in the biggest circus in the world, and was the star of all the other animals in it. Her foot swayed menacingly over the head of a girl artiste. She carried her principal producer, another girl performer, in her mouth. And she went through it all as magnificently as she had originally learned in our Stellingen school. When I saw that film, I found myself drying my eyes in the kindly darkness of the cinema.

BREAK DOWN THE FRONTIERS!

I SHOULD never have found the time to write these reminiscences, had a fall while out hunting on Lüneburg Heath not brought it home to me that at the age of seventy-three I was now very much a veteran, and as there were other Hagenbecks to take on it was high time I retired to a quiet old age. My legs were no longer so obedient as they used to be, a sad admission for an old globe-trotter and passionate horseman. When the year before this my old friend Wilhelm Filchner had paid me a visit I envied him his vigour, and a few days later was shocked to learn of his car accident near Celle. Now we two old boys were both on our backs, exchanging wishes for a speedy recovery. We were both of us still possessed by a desire to roam the wide world which refused to be suppressed. He wanted to go to Tibet, I to Australia, the only part of the earth which I had never seen.

Meanwhile, the personal mail kept piling up on my desk, and in the drawer the little boxes of my grand-nephew and grandson were waiting for the postage stamps which when I got down to it I should divide between them. Every letter, however odd, was to be answered —after which the more remarkable ones would find a place in my album of curiosities. Let us peep inside that!

'Dear Carl Hagenbeck,

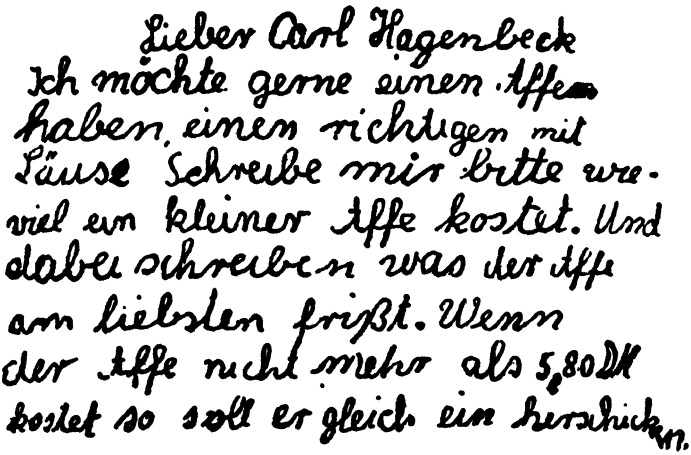
'I should very much like to have a monkey, a real one with lice, please write and tell me how much a little one costs. And also what a monkey likes to eat best. If the monkey does not cost more than *5D. marks*, 80 pfennigs, he should send it at once.'*

'Dear Carl Hagenbeck,

'May I tell you that I have the same name as your giraffe Adele. Please stop making my name public property like that.

'Yours very truly,
'(signed) Adele Senf.'

* This is the text of the facsimile illustration.—Translator.


Lieber Carl Hagenbeck
Ich möchte gerne einen Affen
haben, einen richtigen mit
Läuse Schreibe mir bitte wie-
viel ein kleiner Affe kostet. Und
dabei schreiben was der Affe
am liebsten frißt. Wenn
der Affe nicht mehr als 5,80 DM
kostet so soll er gleich ein herschicken.

'I wish to inquire whether you can supply me with five to ten each of wood-ticks, fleas and bed-bugs. If you can meet me, kindly inform me how much you are asking, postage and packing inclusive.'

'One of the lions in your lion house urinated and sent his water straight over my blouse. I have had to have everything dry cleaned, as it stank horribly. I put it to you—is this necessary?'

'Yesterday in your animal park I was informed that a young seal is called Moses. That will not do! For Moses was a chosen man, who clearly fulfilled the Creation plan and moreover gave us the Ten Commandments. I have often been very annoyed when people give their dogs human names. A man may be sitting on a bench and another comes along and sits down beside him and then addresses his dog as '*Rolf*,' while the man who was on the seat first is also called Rolf; moreover, *his* name is consecrated by the sacrament of baptism. That sort of thing creates distressing situations.'

For our most delicious letter, however, we had to thank a little fellow called Heiner. Little Heiner was in his first year at school at Ellerau, near Hamburg. He loved listening when teacher was talking to the second class, which occupied the same room, and so he overheard the story of the creation of the earth. In his letter he said:

'Formerly the whole earth was all dark, so dear God first made

Light. Then came Heaven and Earth. Now dear God also wanted water. He created Water and Dry Land. He also made Grass and Trees, then the Lights in the Heavens too. Finally, He created the Animals and after that He made Mr. Hagenbeck because He had to have somebody to look after them.'

If little Heiner rather got Hagenbeck and Adam mixed, do not adults often confuse us with millionaires? I know our huge animal park, covering seventy acres, is worth many millions. But we have never been millionaires in cash. The tax authorities see to that.

On Saturdays, when crowds of twenty to thirty thousand people swarm through our park, I have often heard wonderful *ad hoc* estimates of our annual takings. How I wish they were right, for if so we could have realised many of our new plans much more quickly. But as owners of a private animal park we have always had to turn every penny over twice. Owing to our geographical position—rather far north—our summer takings, though ample, are badly offset by seven winter and transitional months, which easily swallow the summer profits.

If of recent years our revenue has increased considerably, and even exceeded the record figure of 1914, this is due to the buses which now bring so many hundreds and thousands to our very gate. Round the animal park we have even been obliged to establish parking and camping areas. Over the camping tents of our many visitors we see the bright colours of nearly every country of Europe within easy reach. Today it is our Scandinavian visitors who top the list—here I include the Finns—and buses roll in direct from Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo and Helsinki.

In the past few years, Carl Heinrich has enriched the park with a number of new compounds. The open enclosures of the bisons, the guanacos and the giraffes, and above all the tigers' jungle, have added richly to the list of objects of interest which now annually bring about one and a half million visitors in. There are in the world altogether some four hundred zoos, and among these there are richer zoos and there are zoos with larger grounds. But still when people want to found a new zoo they come to Stellingen to see how to do it.

Early in the morning, while there are few visitors about, I love to ride through the familiar paths, for my legs are now inclined to fail me. It is a gentle sort of ride, but one of the pleasures it offers me is to have a veteran keeper come to my window for a yarn and give me news of his animals. I also see my grandson and successor Dietrich at

his work, and Carl Heinrich tells me the news concerning us both.

But for all the many times I have been through this park, I still find something new every time. Just now, on the bank of the artificial river in the tigers' jungle, I observed one of the brilliantly striped big cats fish out a bream with a swift swing of his paw. A fisherman tiger. Tigers love fish quite as much as our domestic cats do. There was also a proud swan mother piloting three mousy grey balls of wool along, while a fourth rode contentedly on Mother's back, and there were swamp turtles, sunning themselves on a warm stone. It seems only yesterday that we installed the young cygnet on the goldfish pond where the Japanese Island stands—and see, but already she has grown up and there is increase.

At the quarantine station, the arrival of animal transports provides the occasion for interesting conversations with our animal catchers and with our own and the Government veterinary surgeons. And when the weather is wild and the rain lashes down on the roof of my car, I often have a lovely sight: our elephant herd's trunks flourished high in the air as they happily trumpet and roll with delight in the clay mud by the shore. This mire is the best of all creams for thick-skinned creatures, and they simply revel in it.

Sometimes I come upon my most intimate old girl-friend, Meni. She is only fifty—in my eyes quite a young piece. We both have our memories in common, for she was once our best-of-all working elephant. She is familiar with loading ramps in four continents. Indeed, she has often had to build them where there were none. Later in life she came to levelling out bomb-torn ground and hauling away dud bombs. She has ploughed our arable land, and on my seventieth birthday she serenaded me with a barrel organ. Now here she comes, like a faithful nannie, leading a young African elephant by a leading string as thick as your arm. He is rather an undisciplined fellow, a recent capture, and he tugs all ways. He looks as if he would like to turn somersaults, he is so spirited, when suddenly, *slappp!* and Meni has given him such a box behind his enormous rhubarb-leaf flap ear. Now then, pay attention, won't you, do what your auntie tells you!

In the training hall a new four-flippered sea-lion is practising his horn piano. The tune is still the old familiar one ('My cocked hat has three corners'), but then, these are still conservative animals.

Now we are at the children's playground, and here comes a crowd of excited kiddies. With gleaming eyes the boys and girls steer their miniature cars over the miniature track. The riding elephants go their

rounds, the brightly painted horses of the roundabouts gyrate, and the organ blares out that song which has brought the generations to Stellingen—'Let's go round to Hagenbeck's!'

Recently, Carl Heinrich and I sat in our new reception building at the main entrance, again expecting an august visitor. The President of the West German Union, Professor Theodor Heuss, had promised to visit us. Before me lay ready our visitors' book of honour, bound in elephant hide, and with our arms embossed. Carl Heinrich undid the heavy fastener and we turned the pages.

It began with 1907. In that year the Countess von Bismarck brought her children to Stellingen. Prince Alexander von Oldenburg travelled from Gagry in the Caucasus to us. Indeed, the animal park seems to have been specially intended for princes, for in they came in that year, from Prussia, Monaco, and the Netherlands, some on official visits, others incognito, and among the signatures we found the picturesque designs of Japanese and Chinese writing. There too were the signatures of the Crown Prince and his consort. I still recall their being photographed with a baby tiger. Yes, and there is the sweeping signature of the last Kaiser, followed by that of the Empress. It was she who opened our famous ostrich farm. Every name awakens memories. 'Two things to be seen,' the unforgettable tenor Enrico Caruso wrote in the book in 1908, 'are the Germans and Hagenbeck's.' Hamburg's biggest shipper, creator of the Hamburg-America line, Albert Ballin, was here, and so were Hans Luther, Chancellor of the Reich, who signed the Locarno Pact, and Thomas A. Edison, the brilliant American inventor. They all came. Among them I find the signatures of Scandinavian monarchs and German princes and counts, of these the most famous being that of Count Zeppelin. When he visited us he little thought that before starting on its round-the-world cruise a great airship of his invention would circle in farewell over our animal park, when all our polar bears stood on their hind legs and stared in amazement at the big silver cigar which made so much noise in the sky. Anna Pavlova the great ballerina, Lil Dagover and Suzanne Rockefeller all took out their pens here, and President von Hindenburg's signature stands next that of aged Field-Marshal von Mackensen.

In spirit I can still see this train of personalities enter the main entrance. Brilliant uniforms, exotic costumes, rustling silks, trim civilian clothes, but, once off their thrones, their chairs, their high places, men just like us all, enjoying all that at Stellingen one animal friend had to offer others.

Hamburg, the Harbour, Hagenbeck, here was a triple assonance which gave our native city world fame. Today, whenever I hear that one of our animal catchers is expected into port I have to go down to the Elbe again. The road takes me through St. Pauli, the playground of my childhood, then by the magnificent embankment road to Schulau. There I stop the car and through my glasses watch the steamer come in from the Baltic up the river, and hear the loud-speakers at Willkommen-Höft sonorous over the water: 'Welcome to Hamburg Harbour.' From the upper deck I see a sun-tanned man waving. There are animal boxes on deck, and I am suddenly as young as I was fifty years ago when on the s.s. *Ehrenfels* I brought home my first elephants. Old Michel is still there, the seagulls croak, the tide rises and falls as it did then, the only difference is that in the meantime I have turned into 'old Hagenbeck.'

Recently I was visited by an American broadcast radio reporter who was collecting what he thought were celebrities. He wanted me to tell his microphone what I believed in. He thought he was going to be able to give his hearers the answer to a question I have been trying to answer all my life.

'When I was young,' is what I said, 'upbringing and tradition all tended to build up a belief in God, in the German Kaiser and in the Fatherland. Much travel spread over many years and frequent lengthy stays in the United States of America later made me enthusiastic about what seemed to be the rather freer way of life of the Americans. Many years later still, I once found myself seated opposite a most gracious and clever lady in the Imperial Palace in Tokyo and on that occasion I heard words which suddenly opened my mind to a strange world and an attitude of mind where our European measures proved useless. During that Far Eastern voyage of mine I realised that the roads to God are many and also that there are many ways of governing humanity.

'This I was reminded of further when, coming in from the sea, on one occasion I saw the gleaming statue of Christ towering over the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, on another the giant form of the Daibutsu of Kamakura, on yet another, when I stood before the Cathedral at Ulm, or, yet again, before the Pyramids of Gizeh. Those are all symbols in stone of views of the world extant or lost, about that riddle over which the peoples of the world have ever racked their brains

'This, however, is not the place for me to make an assault on precise judgments about such things. I would rather say that I have been happy to find men in every part of the world who were good friends to me. By this I mean friends who even in times of tremendous outbursts of hatred among the peoples did not turn their backs on me. It was knowing such men as these, some of them of the simplest origin, and everywhere in the world, that gave me faith in those hours of utter despair into which evil teachings and military technique would otherwise have thrust me.

'Today we pat ourselves on the back for being able to fly round the world in a matter of hours, yet we sometimes need several months to assemble all the necessary visas, certificates and rubber stamps. Yet, when I first went to India, half a century ago, all I needed was a steamship ticket!

'So my cry is: *Down with the frontiers!* Create understanding, practise tolerance and let every people be happy after its own fashion. That, simply summed up, is what life has taught me. There is no such thing as an "American way of life," just as there is no such thing as a German way, by which to give the world back its health—nor are there any proletarians of all lands straining to unite! Most watchwords, most symbols, most monuments are merely evidence of the wrong roads which from time to time mankind tries. Besides, the world is still full of beauty and unsolved problems, among which it is the zoological ones which hold my attention.

'So please forgive an old circus fellow,' I concluded, in my little homily to the American reporter's microphone, 'this perhaps rather banal-sounding comparison: If with a team of a couple of dozen folk all of different nations, religions and political views I could spend fifty years making seven world tours, to everybody's satisfaction and delight, it ought to be feasible to solve the present problem of international co-operation on a much larger scale than I see any attempt being made at the present juncture.'

There is one feature that men have in common with animals: forcible methods of training generally cost the trainers their lives. With love, understanding and well-filled stomachs one can achieve the greatest results. That is what I believe and I would be grateful if you would make use of my little circus example to that end.

THE END