

Nitti escape, at all events among extremists, for the London newspapers and correspondents tell us of threatening letters received by the publisher of the fugitive's book, concerning which the New York *Telegram* remarks editorially:

Reports that the Fascists are attempting to intimidate George Palmer Putnam and the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons on account of the proposed publication of the prison memoirs of Francesco Nitti, nephew of the former Premier of Italy, will not help the cause of Fascism, in foreign opinion.

Signor Nitti proposes to tell of his experiences in a Fascist penal colony, and of his escape from this institution. The Fascists have threatened the firm of Putnam with a bombing, and Mr. Putnam was guarded to the boat in England by representatives of Scotland Yard.

Such action will prejudice opinion against Fascism from the outset. It will be assumed that the Fascists have something very much worth hiding. The sane procedure would have been to encourage the publication of the book, and then try to answer the charges by a reasoned and logical refutation. Certainly the Fascists can not claim that they do not have as much access to American publishing firms as the anti-Fascists.

By trying to bulldoze the publishers and to prevent them from publishing criticisms of Fascism, its partisans only create the impression that they are unable to answer such criticisms. Free and full discussion will be the best policy for both sides to follow.

### MR. CANTAN- KEROUS COU- GAR'S MOVIE CAREER

**S**EVEN FRANTI-  
CALLY yapping  
hounds couldn't  
intimidate Mr. Cougar,  
the touchy tempered  
mountain lion, when he  
wanted to leave his tree-  
top perch.

A shower of harmless but irritating small stones, hurled by the camera hunters on the ground to persuade him to strike a better pose, brought about his decision to pick a better tree in which to snarl menacingly.

He came down head first, we read, spiraling about the tree for the best foothold. Down to twenty-five feet above the ground he proceeded without any hint of the surprise he had in store. Then, without warning, he "leapt clear in one magnificent jump," as Arthur Newton Pack tells us in *The Nature Magazine*, Washington. "His long body with tail straight out described an arc, and he hit the ground a good thirty or forty feet away from the base of the tree." How the dogs howled! How the humans shouted! Mr. Cougar, like the big cat he was, landed on all fours. And before any one could do anything he was bounding away to another tree and was safe, high up among the branches, with all seven dogs barking furiously and jumping about the trunk.

Mr. Pack, the author and photographer, and William L. Finley, the photographer, had adventured into Arizona to make motion-pictures of mountain lions on their native heath. This picturesque but destructive American beast of prey is rapidly disappearing, and many fear that it will become extinct. With Messrs. Pack and Finley were Cleve Miller, professional lion hunter, DeWitt Cospers and Frank Hodges, Arizona residents, and Ben Black, another lion hunter, and a rival of Miller.

Lion hunting had not been very successful. With the exception of Black, who had divided territory with Miller, they had

explored the mountains without so much as catching sight of a mountain lion. But one morning Cospers, Hodges, and Miller rose before the rest were awake and quietly left camp. They were not heard from until afternoon. Suddenly, Mr. Pack tells us:

About two-thirty, we heard the clattering of hoofs, and the three men came splashing up the stream.

"Well, I got a lion for you sure thing this time!" yelled the hunter. "The dogs have got him up a tree clear on the top of Red Mountain!" He swung his leg over the saddle horn and began the narrative.

"Our horses are nearly dead. It sure has been one heart-breakin' ride. That north side of Red Mountain is just one series of rim rock and cliffs, and it is pretty near impossible for a horse to get up. Those dogs hit a lion trail about daylight, but they lost it later. When DeWitt come up, he suggested that he 'cut sign' on ahead a way, farther up the mountain, where the ground wasn't quite so dry. Well, he found another lion track and when I brought the dogs up, they sure recognized

it as the track of the same lion. They kept on up the side of the mountain, lost the trail at another open sunny place, and again we found it for 'em. This time they went clean up to the very top of Red Mountain. My horse fell twice. It was the worst going I ever saw. Then, just over the top of that mountain, those dogs come upon the lion. He must 've been asleep or resting. First thing I knew I seen old Sandy jump the son-of-a-gun out of some brush. He's a big fellow all right, and he was so surprized to find the dogs right on him that he ran only about a hundred yards or so and scrambled up a pine-tree. But believe me it sure is some ride from here."

When we looked at their horses, we believed it. Miller and Cospers both thought that we

might more easily get up to where the lion was by starting up Stray Horse Creek and going west until we hit a side ridge which ran toward the peak of Red Mountain. We held a council of war as to what to do. If it should take three hours to get up to the lion, very little daylight would remain for pictures, but we had waited three weeks to get a chance for pictures, and simply couldn't afford to miss this one. The only alternative was to spend the night under the tree. The mountain was nearly nine thousand feet high, and it would be bitter cold. The country was so rough that no bedding could go with us. Blankets or no blankets, food or no food, up Stray Horse Creek we started.

It was a long, tough ride before the hunters at last stumbled down to the tree, where, forty feet above them on a sturdy limb, crouched the lion. He was a big fellow, sure enough, about the size and color of a circus lion, but without the mane. Reading on:

The cougar's face, too, was different—more like that of a cat. The long tail, without noticeable tuft, hung down and twitched slowly from side to side as the creature eyed us and snarled at the barking dogs.

The older dogs, Sandy and Blue, could not understand why their quarry should be kept so long in the tree. They leapt upon their master; begged and besought him to kill the lion and be done with it. Old Sandy even refused to drink.

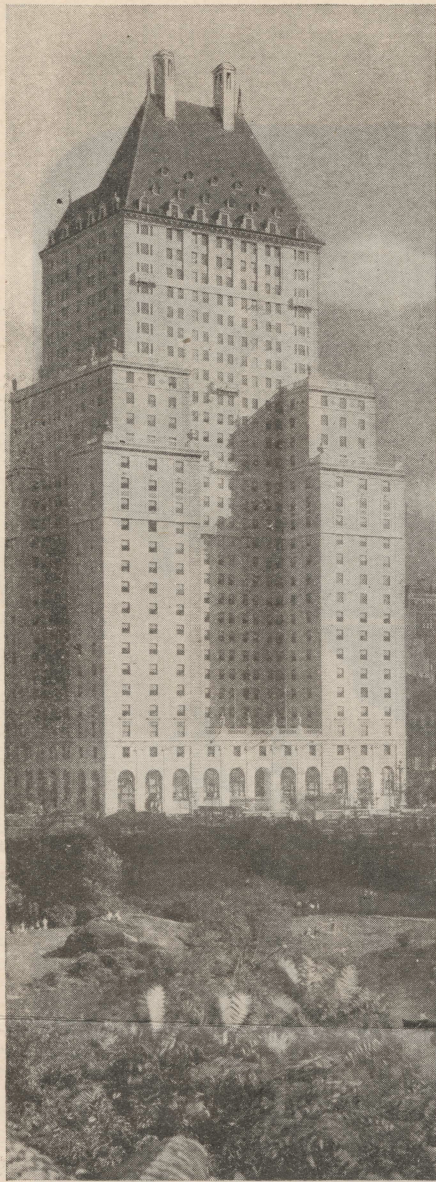
But by this time, apparently, it was too late for photographic work. So they made camp and settled down for the night. Miller and Cospers started back for the main camps, but Hodges stayed. The night was long and cold and hard. But, Mr. Pack writes:



Illustrations by courtesy of *Nature Magazine* (Washington, D. C.)

#### LION AND PHOTOGRAPHER NEAR THE TOPS OF RIVAL TREES

"As Bill climbed, so did the lion. At last both the great cat and Finley were seated opposite each other on the last strong branches."



*Photo by Ameyya*

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

*Continued*

At last sunrise came. Now able to see my way, I climbed a little way up the steep slope from the tree, reveling in the warmth of surplus effort. I turned to look at the tree-top. "He's still there!" I shouted. Mrs. Pack came scrambling up to see for herself. The great cat lay sprawled out on the limb, with one forepaw doubled beneath him and one forefoot and one hind foot hanging down. He raised his head and looked at us in a rather bored manner, as much as to say, "Those darned human beings are still there. Won't they ever go away?" At my shout, however, two of the younger dogs began to bark. The lion turned his head to look at them, and snarled, whereupon the other dogs joined in the chorus.

It was after eight when the other men appeared with water, and we made ourselves hot coffee and ate a little dry bread and jam. We had hardly finished when there was a great shouting, yipping, and barking above us, and down the ridge rode Hugh Trainor, his partner, and the rival hunter, Ben Black, with his dogs. They had heard that Miller had a lion treed, and in true Arizona style had followed the tracks of the horses to the spot.

It was necessary to get the lion to change his position for pictures, so a shower of small stones was tried. The lion snarled, and altho the missiles could not hurt him at that height, he decided that it was no place for a self-respecting animal, and proceeded forthwith to come down. My camera was mounted on a tripod on the steep slope, where I could get a good picture of his actions. Finley was well placed at an opening in the brush. This combination worked excellently.

It was at this point that the cougar made his leap and ran for another tree. When he was safely up, the question rose of how to photograph him there. Luckily, we are told:

About twenty feet away was virtually a twin tree. Marvelous luck! Bill Finley called to one of the cowboys to throw his rope over a limb. With this aid he began to climb; reached the first good limb and hauled up the camera.

Our guides and the cowboys looked aghast. They could not climb, and, truth to tell, they were more or less afraid of the lion. Finley worked his way up, hauling the camera after him. As Bill climbed so did the lion. At last both the great cat and Finley were seated opposite each other on the last strong branches. There were nineteen feet between them. Finley pointed his camera at the lion. The lion laid back his ears and snarled.

Bill was in his element and perfectly happy. "What shall I do if he jumps on me?" he called down.

"Throw the camera at him."  
"Do some heavy jumping yourself."  
"Change places with him."

The lion kept on snarling. The camera began to buzz. I worked around the mountainside with my camera, trying to get a place where I could get them both in the picture. Finley used his film load; then came part way down the tree, lowering his camera by the rope to exchange for a full one.

This time Bill had a six-inch lens for a full-sized close-up. The lion turned his back and acted quite bored. Finley had to heave bunches of pine needles and cones at the lion to stir him up. Once the big fellow came out on the limb as far as he



LEO DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THE CAMERA

could toward Bill. Below we held our breaths. I had at last found a fairly good set-up and stood poised with my hand on the release lever, determined that, inasmuch as I could not help Finley, I was going to get a splendid picture of his rapid demise. But the lion had not much bluff in him, and no fight at all. Such is the way with our American mountain lion. He can do a lot of damage if he wants to, but he makes it his business to avoid a fight unless absolutely necessary. The lion lay down again and licked his chops.

Finley climbed to the very top of the tree and leaned out as far as possible. He pointed his camera and pushed the lever. Nothing happened. The film was jammed. Climbing part way down he called for a changing bag, and, balanced in a fork of the tree, both hands in the light-proof bag, fixed the jam.

The men were getting restless. It was noon, and we were hungry and thirsty. Finley called down that he wanted to get the lion yawning. No luck, and finally he came down to suggest we get the lion to move again. With both cameras set up at points of vantage, we again hurled rocks at the lion. He merely snarled, but apparently he had made up his mind that there was no use in coming down. Miller said that it was unusual for a lion to jump out of a tree more than once or twice.

And so the question arose of what to do with the tired cougar. Should he be killed? Or should he be allowed to go his way? Of this discussion we learn:

We knew that the lion had caught a deer, to which he was certainly entitled. We



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### PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

had no evidence that he had killed any calves recently, and, besides, he had performed splendidly for the movies. Mrs. Pack suggested that we return to camp with the dogs and allow the lion to escape. Finley and I were strongly of the same mind. Cleve Miller, however, had been loaned to us by the U. S. Department of Agriculture as their crack lion hunter, and the idea of deliberately permitting a lion to escape appealed to him as so unique



PUSSY WALKS DOWN-STAIRS

that he was willing to do so. He only asked that we pay him the money he could not then honestly claim from Uncle Sam. But there were two cowboys present who owned cattle in that part of the country, and a rival lion hunter whose record would be improved by this lion. Even if we departed, it was more than likely that Ben Black would stay around, kill that lion sooner or later, and win the credit for it. Miller was distinctly worried, and there was a tension in the atmosphere. I looked at Finley and he nodded. "All right, shoot him," I said. It was an easy shot for Miller.

I was sorry our lion was dead, for he made upon the motion-picture film a record which may before long become part of the history of a species practically extinct. I could not deny that this largest American cat is destructive. That he feeds equally upon deer and cattle, where cattle are available, is well known. He will destroy horses, burros, and even goats. Ernest Seton estimates that there may be as many as 5,000 cougars altogether remaining in the United States. If each cougar kills \$1,000 worth of other animals each year (counting deer which are protected for the benefit of the sportsman and often at the expense of the farmer whose crops the deer may eat) then the annual



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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

bill of damage chargeable against the cougar's account is \$5,000,000. However, I recalled that it has been reliably estimated that domestic cats in New York State alone destroy 3,500,000 birds annually. The same United States Biological Survey which hires men to exterminate mountain lions estimates the value to the farmer of insect and weed-seed-eating birds at \$1.00 each per year. Apparently, therefore, taking the entire country instead of just New York State, domestic cats are responsible for a loss many times greater than that attributed to the cougars. A few cranks might like to exterminate domestic cats also.

The United States Government does not consider mountain lions as game, but merely as creatures so contemptible that professional hunters are hired at five dollars a day and sent out to do away with them. The Government uses tax money for this purpose; but the Government, through the Department of Agriculture, does not actually send men to kill the beetles on my fruit trees. It only tells me how I may kill them. As I climbed the mountain I wondered whether the American people are giving a square deal to their only native lion.

### OVER THE SNOW WITH MUSHERS AND MALAMUTES

"MUSH! Mush, you Malamutes!"

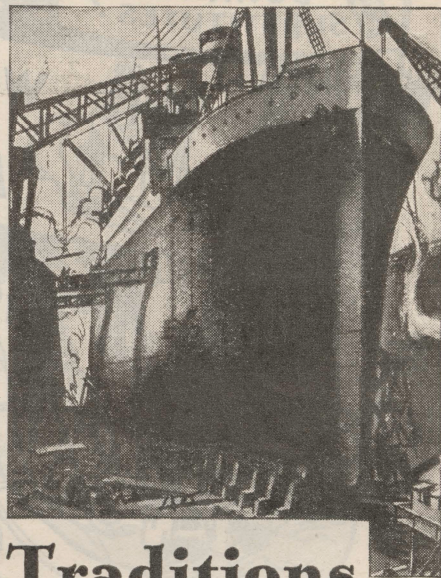
The French-Canadian driver of the second dog-team frenziedly urges his huskies to greater efforts.

The finish tape is just ahead, but there is still a chance that the American in the lead can be reached and passed.

For 120 miles across the snow, the drivers, famous men of the Northland, world champions some of them, have urged their sturdy sled-dogs. The snapping of long leather whips in the frosty air has been like rifle shots, as Earle W. Gage tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. A throng of thrilled spectators has for three days watched men and animals "fight it out in the famous international dog derby at Old Quebec, where world championships are awarded each winter." It is the 1929 race that Mr. Gage describes.

In the lead, as the last of the three forty-mile heats is nearly over, is Leonhard Seppala of America. He has already, during this current winter, won the Poland Springs Dog Derby in Maine, and will probably be one of the big figures at Quebec this month. Right behind him last year were such racing figures as Frank Dupuis and Emile St. Godard, winner of three world championships. All were "giving their last bit of energy toward reaching the finish tape in time to shave off precious hours and minutes from previous world records." But the American won, we are told by Mr. Gage, who continues:

As the lead dog of the head team breaks the tape the fractional part of a second ahead of the second team, a mighty roar of applause greets the new champion—the



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