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KARIBA: RHINO RESCUED.

Above the Kariba Dam is impounded a huge man-made lake, 200 miles long, forty miles at its widest part. A female rhinoceros, caught by the rising waters, tried to escape her pursuers, not realising they were rescuers. The rhino was one of many thousand animals flooded out by the rising waters of the lake; all kinds of animals - even elephants.

The one-ton, bad tempered lady was shot down, not by an ordinary bullet, but by one made of an anaesthetic. Water cooled a place for the injection of a tranquiliser, and when it comes to subduing a pet of this size, they have to use a considerable shot. They learned that much from a previous attempt at rhino-rescue. That time the animal got away - which it may regret before the lake completely fills up. Having improvised a sort of land-raft, they faced the difficulty of getting the little girl to lie on it, for transportation elsewhere.

They call this animal-rescue business, which has been going on since the lake began filling, OPERATION NOAH. Rupert Fothergill, in charge of it, told his boys to try again. This time they nearly succeeded. And still, the rhino didn't understand it was all for her own good, and that if she didn't take it lying down, and managed to escape, she'd come to a watery end. Whereas if she took it quietly they'd get her to the mainland, out of harm's way and free to live a natural life. Only, no one knew how to convince her of that simple truth. Ideally, what this sort of operation needs is an animal hypnotiser.

At the water's edge it was a comparatively lively job to transfer Miss Rhino on to a floating raft, and after that, the going was more comfortable all round. The animal didn't seem to be suffering from more than a shock to her dignity, though of course, members of her sex often take that seriously. Making for ground that will always be above the water mark they found a landing place and Miss Rhino's release was only a matter of minutes off. Fothergill warned his crew to get well out of the way, when the time came, just in case that tranquiliser wasn't up to its work and Miss Rhino showed typical feminine vindictiveness. For a few seconds she was stiff and dazed, but then the old fighting spirit asserted itself, and safety-first was the cry all round. So she charged the boat and put a few holes in that.

Fothergill tried to persuade her that there were better targets ashore.

From her old quarters she'd been as reluctant to be evicted as a St. Pancras tenant. Now, a new life lay ahead as soon as she could get the blases out of it, from those interfering human beings.