



An ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS

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QUANGO, the big elephant, felt he had good reason to complain. He was acknowledged leader of the herd of huge animals. His authority had gone unquestioned until the day when Turk, a young rogue elephant with ideas of his own, had joined the crowd.

Up to that time Quango had ruled supreme. His knowledge of likely feeding places, his keen scent for danger, had been thoroughly well recognised. He had a keen trunk for elephant pits and other perils.

Turk, however, had altered all that. He

had sneered at Quango openly; he had more than hinted that Quango's day was past and over, and that he should make way for new blood, younger elephants of greater spirit and audacity.

The matter reached a climax that hot dreamy day in the dense jungle, where the hot mists lay in wreaths over the swampy ground.

*The battle between
elephant rivals began
in the African jungle
—and was continued
in the high street of an
English town!*

Turk trotted out of his place to the rear and trumpeted forth his open defiance of the hitherto respected leader. Turk said plainly that the herd were weakly led, that

the track they were on was very bad.

He spoke his mind. In his elephantine soul the spirit of rebellion was seething. Of course, he wanted the job for himself, and as these things will be, a lot of the younger, more heedless elephants were ready to listen. Very likely this fellow, Turk, with his new ideas, was right!

Probably there had been overmuch caution, always sticking to the wild fastnesses to avoid so-called peril. Yet what was there for an elephant to fear? As likely as not Quango was a doddering old incompetent who should retire and give a bright young pachyderm a chance!

Quango swung round and surveyed the herd he was leading, and he saw a good many of them, elephants he had regarded as friends, swinging their trunks in agreement with the rebel.

The old leader knew it was neck or nothing. If he did not act on the spot he would find himself in the back row for good and all. And so, with an angry challenge to combat, he charged straight for the malcontent who was out to upset the peace of the drove.

For a moment Turk did not seem to realise what was coming to him. Then he saw it was Quango advancing at a hand gallop. There was life in the old elephant yet!

There was a mighty crash. The ground shook as the two antagonists met. Turk gave a piercing squeal as he was swept to his knees by the furious charge of his enemy, but he recovered himself, and then, with the rest of the herd looking on, the fight began.

Turk's flank was badly gored by the tusks of his enemy, but the younger elephant had something to give as well as receive. The soft ground was

churned up as the two combatants butted each other; heavy creepers and bamboos were torn aside and beaten into the sticky ooze.

Then, to the amazement of the onlookers, there came a prodigious crashing sound, and the two infuriated elephants, fighting still, vanished from sight through a treacherous bit of ground.

Quango was the first to recover from his surprise. He struggled to his feet, but he found himself a close prisoner in a deep hole, while Turk lay helpless a dozen yards from him in a section of the same huge pit.

Then came the sound of firing, followed by the thunder of the stampede of the herd, and afterwards the appearance of a number of hunters.

There was no more fight left in Quango, while as for Turk, he was plainly frightened as he found himself being roped and forced to step it along a passage-way to where a slope had been made from the elephant trap.

The hunting party were pleased with their "bag," but there was no pleasure for the two prisoners. They were led away to a stockaded compound, where they met some of their fellows, who assured them that captivity was not such a bad affair.

And then, worse still, a tramp into a country which was altogether strange, and stuffy quarters on the ship which carried them across the sea.

Quango, the old champion of the herd, was a philosopher at heart. He did not give his keepers much trouble, but the voyage was no treat to the men who looked after Turk. He stamped and squealed and refused his food.

"I'm glad to be rid of that sulky,

bad-tempered brute!" growled one of the men as at last the big steamer lay off Liverpool.

It certainly had been a stormy time, and no mistake!

The two elephants caught sight of one another at the docks, but that was the last. Turk, in his crushed state of dejection, did not look a bit formidable to the circus proprietor who bought him.

The two old foes went their separate ways, but they were both in the same line of business, though Quango got the "pull," for he was a really amiable, teachable beast, and was quite willing to make friends with the youngsters who crowded to see him perform.

He dreamed a bit at times of the

old swamp and jungle days when he was free to go as he liked, with no one to give him an order; but, after all, there were advantages in a circus life, and the work was not a bit difficult.

He was far too old and wise, of course, to resent being dressed in a cap and apron, and required to ring a dinner-bell. Folks were very kind to him, and it was no trouble at all to amble round with a party of children on his broad back.

It was otherwise with Turk. After the first big shock, he fell to it that he had to obey orders, so he acquiesced. But at the back of his mind was the hope that something would happen to give him back his chance to lead the herd in the wilds far away across the sea.



Everywhere was pandemonium and chaos as the two elephants fought in the middle of the street. Turk cannoned into an empty tramcar, and the vehicle went reeling on its side.

And then he thought of his old score against the stupid, lumbering Quango who had bumped him so badly long before. He did not expect to meet his enemy again—that would have been asking a bit too much—but if he did—well, then, maybe the world might hear something about it !

As it chanced, the great fête at Whitepool was the gathering place of a great many shows that season, and the two circus companies of which the two elephants were members found vast audiences awaiting them.

And, to Turk's stupefaction, as he gravely marched through the town in a big procession, he saw Quango ahead of him. He could have smelt him anywhere ! There could be no mistake. Years of captivity had not wiped out the remembrance.

It certainly was Quango ; the same gesture of his little tail, the same smug look of knowing better than anybody else—just that vastly irritating air of calm superiority, so galling to honest pride.

Turk's mind was working hard. He thought of the jungle, and his ambition to be the ruler of the herd, and of Quango's obstinacy.

He was back again in the midst of all the bitter experiences. He felt himself crumbling up in that horrible pit. It was all as clear as if it had been yesterday.

And there was Quango, looking so meek, as if he had got just what he wanted. Perhaps he had. The old buffer who had thwarted him—Turk—and stood in his way when he only wanted to be king of the herd !

There is a time for everything, even maybe to charge and wreak vengeance for wrongs.

To Turk at that moment there was nothing else but his ancient feud, and

he waved his trunk and thundered on straight for Quango. The crowd scattered, and cries of terror rose as the elephant who had remembered went forward at a lumbering trot.

Quango turned and looked at his excited adversary, and felt aggrieved at the sight of such hostility. As for himself, he would have cheerfully let bygones be bygones and said no more about the little affair long ago in the forest. Unluckily, bygones meant a lot to Turk.

He came on full tilt, hatred in his little pig-like eyes, his trunk waving. Quango swung round to meet the attack. The unfortunate clown in red and white who was on the big elephant's back went slithering off at record speed, and met terra-firma with a bump.

"Them two beasts have met before, I'll lay!" panted a keeper as he dashed forward.

The infuriated Turk crashed into his foe. The big, old elephant felt a stab from the other's tusks. He backed, his trunk raised, eyes blood-shot, and Turk pressed him half across the crowded market-place of the town, while people fled hither and thither to escape the peril.

Turk was dancing with fury, his blood up, his memory keen. The old feud of the swamps in the back years had got to be fought to a finish now. Quango should see the truth at last !

The two elephants closed, broke apart, then crashed together again. The air was rent with frightened cries. A woman seized up a youngster and, with another clinging to her skirts, gained the momentary safety of a doorway ; but there was really no safety anywhere with two angry elephants trampling amidst the booths and side shows.

The fête at Whitepool was a tremendous affair, while, in addition, it was the day of the weekly market. Cabbages, coconuts, and furniture and clothing were strewn all over the place. It was a perfect pandemonium, the disorder made worse by the smash of an empty tramcar.

This vehicle was being piloted into its depot. Turk cannoned it, and the tram went reeling on its side, every pane of glass in shivers, the trolley-arm torn down with the wires.

Quango was meeting the brisk charges of his antagonist with firmness, but his temper rose as Turk got in another thrust. Turk shook his head. To him the contest was only beginning, and he impatiently kicked away a thick rope which suddenly got entangled in his legs.

The posse of keepers who had thrown the rope drew back a bit, temporarily baffled, and Turk lurched into a lorry full of brewer's barrels. The lorry was badly damaged, two of its wheels giving, with the result that the barrels descended in a heavy shower, rolling this way and that.

With a gesture of extreme annoyance and contempt, Turk kicked aside one of the barrels. It was adding insult to injury to pester him with such trifles. Of course, the barrel burst, and the beer ran down the roadway. The keepers were puzzled to know what to do, for in a trice the two scrapping elephants were at it again, hammer and tongs.

"Did you ever!" panted a keeper, skipping for safety with the coil of rope he was carrying.

Quango retreated strategically till his broad back bumped against the big doors of a huge warehouse. He was not afraid of Turk, but his sounder

sense told him that a street row could not lead anywhere good.

Turk was differently minded. He began to think of the old times in the swamps. Maybe he could sweep Quango out of the road and then get clear away back to freedom.

Turk scornfully swung away from a keeper who was advancing upon him, and decided to have another "go" at his old foe.

Quango let out a little squeal, not of fear, but of derision. He received Turk's charge with indifference, but it caused him to bump into the warehouse door, which sank backwards, its hinges smashed. It was at this minute that one of the keepers caught sight of a big beer barrel rolling about the road, and the man gave it a shove in the direction of Turk. The bellicose elephant was not thinking of beer barrels. But the sensation of having the round object rolling against his legs annoyed him. Turk tried to get hold of the ugly article, but failed. He had another shot, and then—well, it was actually the big trundling barrel which gave the watching keepers their chance to rope Turk at last, for the wildly excited animal trod on it and stumbled. For a second he was off his guard, and that moment saved all that was left of a painful situation.

Turk was hobbled and hauled away to repent his hasty temper. Quango gave no trouble at all, but merely shrugged with a gesture of indifference when he was relieved of the attentions of his opponent.

Turk stood facing the scene of disorder, moving his massive head from side to side, far from satisfied. Quango was his enemy still.

For an elephant never forgets!