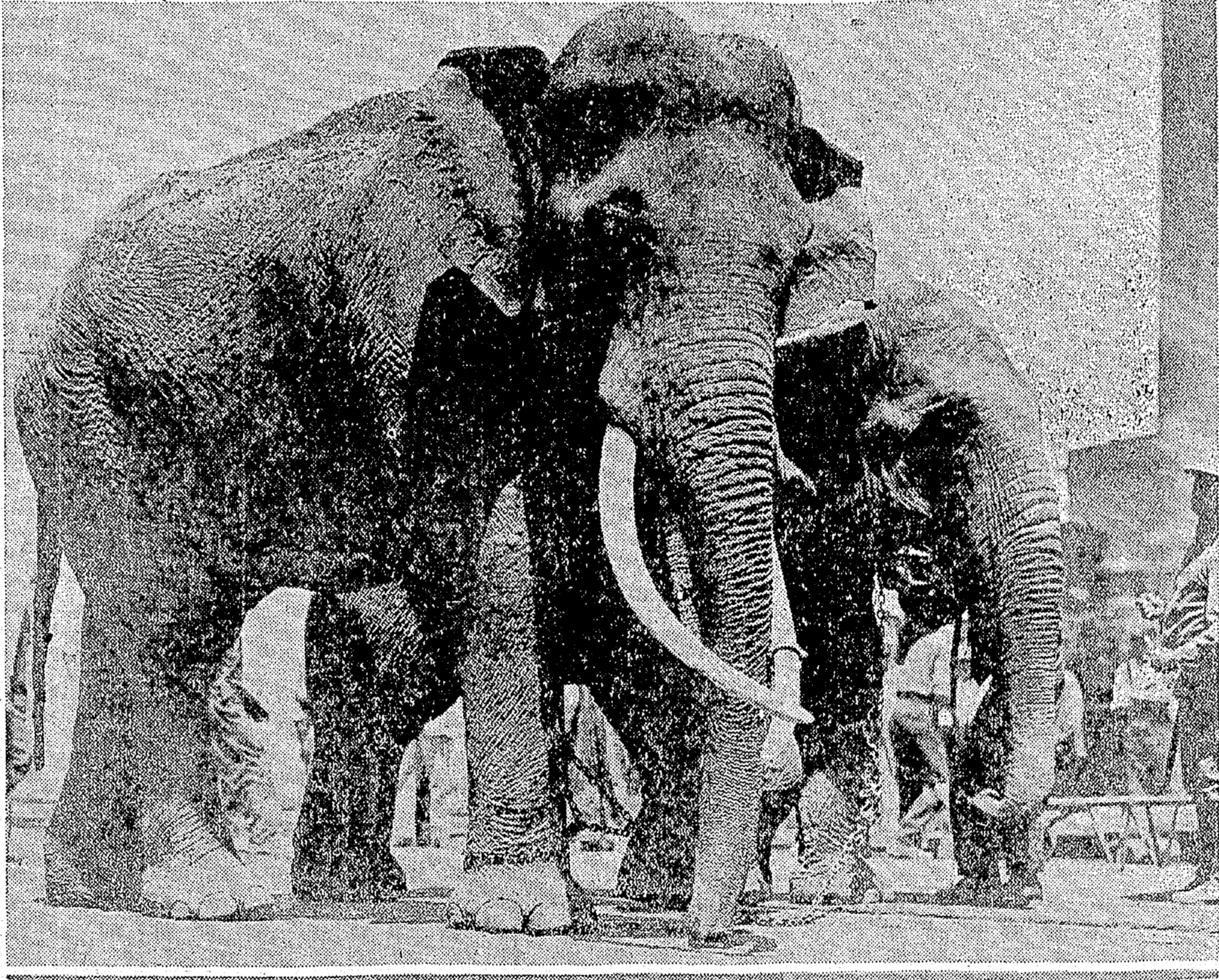


SIX-TON TUSKO'S CAREER COLORFUL, LIVELY

Big Elephant, Naughty at Times, Enjoys a Joke and Sees Lots of Life in 32 Years a-Trouping Around Country



BY LAWRENCE BARBER.

WHO is this six-ton Tusko of whom Don McLeod writes? Don calls him a pachyderm. Pachyderm, according to Webster's, is a thick-skinned animal, but Don doesn't mean to be disrespectful. The term is often applied to Tusko's kind.

But Tusko is more than thick-skinned. He is one of the wonders of the circus world, the largest elephant in captivity, gentle as a babe one day, adventurous and unruly the next. He is emotional as a human being, contented when he receives all the attention he craves, happy as he can be in the show ring, restless when the season ends and the show returns to winter quarters.

Bound with chains, his legs hobbled, his broken tusks tied down close to his fore feet, heavy chains holding him securely to deadmen placed several yards away at all points of the compass, Tusko is spending the winter in a weather-beaten brick barn on the east side Portland waterfront. His keepers know him well and distrust him.

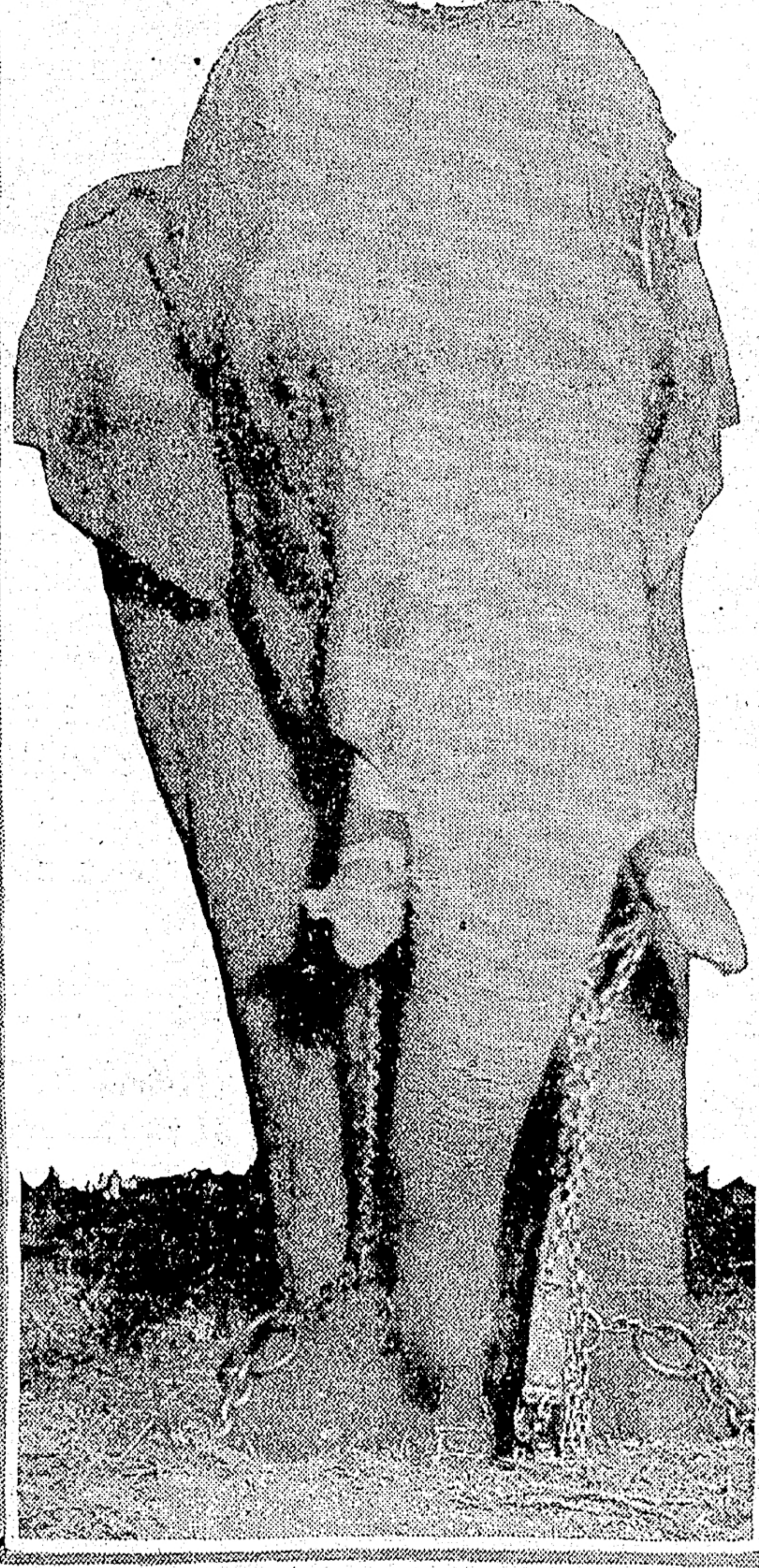
He is yet a young fellow—only 42 and still growing—but he has seen life at its best and worst. He has been heralded as monarch of great circuses, carted from coast to coast in a special railroad car to be displayed before 50,000,000 people, and only recently he went on the auction block, a pauper so to speak, to be sold for a paltry \$200, hardly enough to buy feed for a few weeks.

Escapades Are Legion.

Circus people tell stories of Tusko's escapades, of his various moods and adventures. His surprise appearance in the streets of Sedro-Woolley, Wash., frightening people, overturning automobiles, crushing houses like parchment, his moonlight dance on the newly-laid asphaltic pavement in Wilkes Barre, Pa., his fight with a Nubian lion in the circus tent, and his absolute refusal to combat 20 vicious bulls in a Mexican bull ring across the border from El Paso, Tex., are only a few.

It was 32 years ago that Tusko came to America from his native Siam. He was, according to George Rulle, the animal shipper, 10 years old and stood five feet high at the time. Colonel N. L. Clark bought the elephant and put him to work with the Clark wagon show, playing through the small towns of the south, with Lee Clarke, the colonel's son, as Tusko's first trainer.

Tusko was not the animal's name at that time. He was known as Ned, and by that name he is yet known to animal trainers in the show world. Take Jack O'Grady and Sleepy-Gray, who now own Tusko, for instance: They



Six-ton Tusko has been a circus trouper for 32 years, seeing life at its best and worst. He has been displayed before 50,000,000 Americans, heralded as the biggest single attraction of big circuses, and when times changed he recently went on the auction block to be sold, a pauper of showdom, for \$200, hardly enough to feed him. Above he is shown in his heyday with a fellow trouper. Below he is shown bound by chains in winter quarters on Portland's east side waterfront, awaiting the opening of the spring show season.

cannot get used to the name Tusko, for they knew him years ago as Ned and continue to address him by that name.

It was about 1922, according to his keepers, that Al G. Barnes purchased Ned and renamed him Tusko, to become a feature attraction in the Al G. Barnes circus. Tusko then had grown to about seven feet high and weighed five tons. He trouped for two years with the show, then became mean and sought to vent his displeasure on his keepers.

Tusko Loser One-Time.

Like an unruly human, Tusko was condemned to prison. A pen was constructed of 80-pound steel rails at the Barnes' circus winter quarters and Tusko went into solitary confinement for a period of three years, returning to the show ring in 1927.

He remained with the circus until last spring, when the circus sold him to Al Painter to be used as a side-show attraction at Lotus Isle amusement park, Portland. He remained at the park until the middle of July, when he was shipped to Seattle for exhibition. Then he came back to Portland, remained until the Oregon state fair opened and went to Salem for exhibition.

But Tusko was an expensive plaything for his new owner, and when bill collectors gathered around the big

elephant was abandoned at the fair grounds. The sheriff took charge and sold him at auction to Harry Plant, Salem boxing matchmaker, for \$200, to satisfy a judgment for \$500.

Again Tusko changed owners within this week when O'Grady and Gray, who had remained with him off and on during his troubles, took possession. He was returned to Portland, placed in the barn at East Main and Water streets for the winter, and is now awaiting a return to the show ring next April, when O'Grady and Gray plan to start out on a town-to-town jaunt across the country, with the Chicago world's fair in 1933 as their ultimate goal.

The Sedro Woolley incident was probably the highlight among Tusko's adventures, for the damage he did cost his owner a small fortune and brought the elephant widespread publicity. O'Grady and Gray grin when the widely circulated story published in a national magazine last summer is mentioned.

"That was right in part," they say, "but some of it was wrong. The story that Tusko missed Al G. Barnes and set out to find his old friend is not correct; nor is the claim that the elephant became intoxicated on whiskey mash and went to sleep, permitting his keepers to catch him. We were there; we know." The whole escapade started, say

O'Grady and Gray, when Tusko resisted a beating he was given by "High Pockets," a trainer, who wanted Tusko to stand still while his canopied howdah and blanket were being strapped on. "High Pockets" jumped to the ground to complete his task, when Tusko reached around, picked up the trainer and tossed him, none too gently, 20 feet. Then Tusko started out.

He cantered through town, upset about 20 automobiles, attempted to push between two houses which stood too close together, crushed in the side of one like so much cardboard, ripped out 40 feet of fence along the railroad, and played with two railroad men in a switchman's shanty like a kitten playing with mice. When the switchmen started to push open the door, according to O'Grady, Tusko would push it shut again, rocking the little building far back from its foundation. This happened several times, with the frightened men inside frantic. Tiring of the stunt, Tusko trotted away with a dozen circus people trailing him.

But the inquisitive elephant finally cornered himself when he attempted to wedge between two railroad box cars which stood at an angle to each other, the keepers said. He could not go ahead or back and could not get leverage enough to push one of the cars over. Bill Denny, a circus man, found one of the cars contained potatoes, so he began feeding the big elephant "spuds," and elephants like "spuds." Then O'Grady and Gray and others crawled under the cars and quietly slipped on Tusko's steel chains before he was aware of what was up. Big Jewel and Ruth, two huge female elephants, were brought up and securely chained to Tusko and the three marched side by side back to the circus train, more than a mile away.

Tusko Trims Own Ivories.

It was in November, 1924, while Tusko was incarcerated in his prison, according to Gray, that he broke off his two nine-foot tusks, pride of the Al G. Barnes circus. It seems that George Emerson, a manicurist for elephants, entered the steel pen to trim Tusko's toe nails. But Tusko was angry about something and slapped at Emerson with his great tusks. Emerson dove out between two bars and Tusko slapped his tusks against the steel, breaking off one of the big ivories. The next morning the keepers found the other tusk broken, apparently twisted off in the steel bars.

There are numerous stories told by circus press agents about Tusko and his adventures. One is that two drunken lumberjacks in Michigan threatened to whip Al G. Barnes, but big Tusko, standing nearby, swung his

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TUSKO'S CAREER LIVELY

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powerful trunk around, picked the hat off the nearest man and swallowed it. The men fled and Tusko's eyes gleamed with merriment, according to the press agent.

Then came the encounter with the lion in the winter quarters at Los Angeles. The lion, it was said, attacked Tusko, who wrapped his great trunk around the beast, slapping him to the ground and trod on him with all feet, finally tossing the lifeless body aside.

And there's the Mexican incident. It seems that when Colonel Clark was Tusko's owner, the colonel was offered \$2000 by bullfight promoters for the use of Tusko and Mena, another elephant, in a "fight to death" with 20 wild bulls. Cowmen came from far and near and filled the stands and betting was spirited over the outcome of the encounter. But when the bulls were turned into the arena they became frightened at the elephants and huddled in a corner, refusing to fight. Big Tusko and his partner looked upon the bulls with contempt. Joe Metcalf, Tusko's trainer, led the elephants toward the bulls, but the bulls refused to charge, instead running for their lives. At least, that is the story of the press agents.

the long grown some so the wind will not switch the bushes and loosing out surface of the soil, and the cutting out of any dead or weak growth of canes,

RS' FOOTBALL BEAUTIFUL GAME

Escapades and Silks and Gently Kick About Small Court.

bleachers, no blatant bands, only the sound of silken slippers crunching the sanded court. There are no great grandstands with their thousands of colorful humanity, only an exclusive number from the peer's club, gravely observing this game, whose outstanding characteristics are dignity, beauty, agility, courtesy and restraint. These are strange words to associate with any game bearing the same name as our sport. Here are a few special points of Japanese football that should make our own players take notice. In manners as in kicking, these Japanese players act with extreme politeness, and never offend each other. The American football player who bears marks of an enemy's spiked shoe; who glares murderously across the line of scrimmage into the equally fierce face of his opponent, could see little thrill in a game where the players wait politely for the opposing side to kick the ball, smiling courteously all the while!

There is no long football field with

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