

## SUMMER PEOPLE

By W. E. Hill

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Tea room party. These jolly girls are from the Mountain View Hotel, and they are arranging themselves for lunch at the near-by "Bide-a-Wee" tea room and gift shop. After which bridge (two tables) will be played.



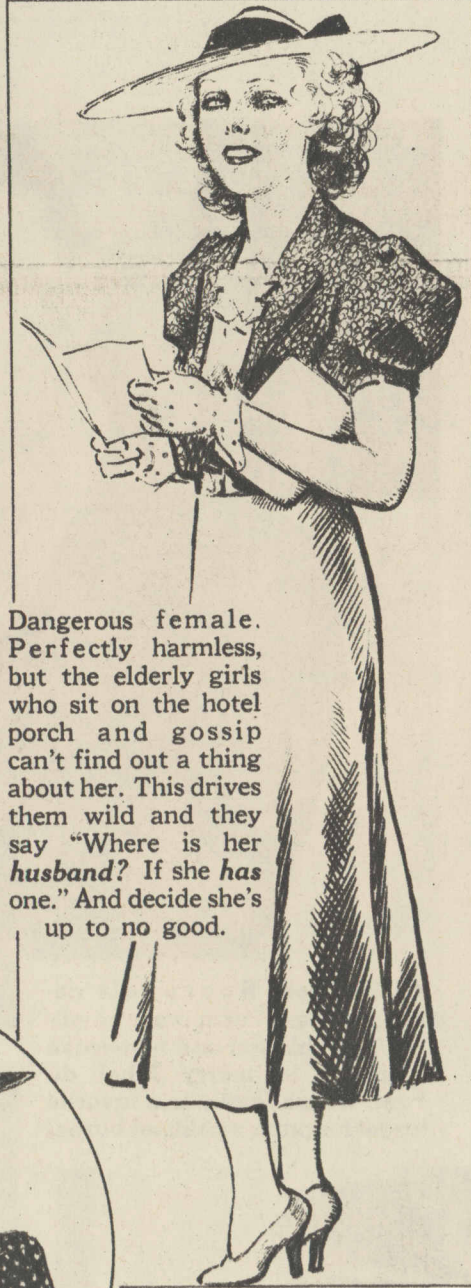
The leader of the hotel orchestra. Very personable. Has all the elderly girls aflutter most of the time. They ask for request numbers, such as "You Made Me What I Am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied" or "Oh, Promise Me." And he gives them the sweetest smile.



The Summer hotel child. Sees all, hears all, tells all. Gets harder and harder to manage. "What can you expect?" the elderly ladies say when she sasses them. "Her mother lets her run wild. If she were mine," etc., etc.



Sophisticated farm life. They bought an old farmhouse and fixed it up. Then they got the right outdoor clothes, some outdoor furniture, plenty of liquor, and they were all set for a Summer of simple life.



Dangerous female. Perfectly harmless, but the elderly girls who sit on the hotel porch and gossip can't find out a thing about her. This drives them wild and they say "Where is her husband? If she has one." And decide she's up to no good.



The city maid. She hates the country. It's so quiet at night she can't sleep. Blames her employers for bringing her out of the city under false pretenses. Thought it was going to be like Coney Island. Threatens to leave twice each week.

Buyer and store model. These two prefer the city in the Summer. A good floor show, swing music and dinner in an air conditioned restaurant.



Week-end outing. Harold and Lilyan go on excursions. The kind that advertise "Play train direct to Lake Kitchie Witchie and return" or "Pleasure Cruise from Saturday to Monday on S. S. Joyland to Cosey Bay, cruise director, dancing by artificial moonlight, pirate ball, treasure hunt," etc., etc.

## Clown of the Zoo!



Su-lin, the baby giant panda, saying good-bye to Mrs. William H. Harkness Jr., who brought her from China last November. Mrs. Harkness traded her to the Chicago Zoological park despite a German offer of \$16,000. (Tribune photo.)

On page one of the picture section of this issue appears a color photograph of the baby giant panda.

By GUY MURCHIE JR.

**A** FAT, woolly creature that flops about like a clown, looks like a surrealistic teddy bear, and is as bright and willful as a human child of 3—that is the baby giant panda now residing in the Chicago Zoological park at Brookfield.

Her name is Su-lin, which means in Chinese "sweetheart" or "precious little darling." She is a native of China, having been found in the high, bleak interior country of southwestern China last October by Mrs. William H. Harkness Jr. of New York. She weighs about forty-six pounds and is about nine months old. But the greatest quality about this woolly bundle of life is that she has a personality, a personality so instantly arresting that a large crowd is constantly gathered around her cage and kept in almost endless fits of laughter. Her limbs seem to be made of soft rubber and bend in unpredictable ways as she waddles. Her running gait resembles an old woman trying to catch a train, and her facial expression the while is that of a drowning kitten going down for the third time.

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Although she is a nocturnal animal, being of the raccoon family, she doesn't find the night life in Brookfield half so entertaining as what goes on by day, with the result that she now has grown used to sleeping at night and staying wide awake during the hours when people and food are around. Her food, incidentally, consists mainly of pabulum, a mixture of cereal and chopped alfalfa, a couple of quarts of milk a day, and celery, apples, and other fibrous fruits about any time she wants them. The natural food of the giant pandas is said to be bamboo, which is about the only plentiful vegetation in Su-lin's native plateau country. But this child scoffs at orthodoxy and stoutly refuses to be a bamboo baby. Celery, however, is very similar to bamboo in taste and nutritional value, so Su-lin gets along nicely, gaining about two pounds every week and daily stuffing down stalks of celery like a human tot with a bag of popcorn at the circus. Su-lin is not famous for her neatness at table, but rather prefers to play with her food and dabble in her milk like many another spoiled child. She is a model of neatness in saritary matters, though, and in spite of never having been told about such things by her mother or anybody else she is as nearly house-broken as it is possible for her to be and never would think of soiling her sleeping place.

Many persons think of this giant panda baby as being delicate. They get that impression by seeing her trained nurse in constant attendance and by hearing of her frequent visits by a doctor. Actually the child is unusually hardy and, being covered with a dense wool, can stand almost any temperature. She hasn't yet shown the least signs of sickness. The reason for her nurse and doctor is simply that she is an extremely rare animal, being the only one of her kind ever taken alive, and

## Panda's Antics Keep Crowd in Stitches

there is very little known about giant pandas. For this reason, and for the reason that Mr. Bean, the zoo's director, is unwilling to take any chances with a ward that is worth some \$10,000, Su-lin is watched constantly. This close attention is not unpleasant for the youngster, either, and she has come to depend on it, for she now climbs about with reckless abandon



(Photo by Murchie.)

Which shall Miss Su-lin eat first—a glove or a piece of celery?

and often finds herself in hair-raising position from which she has to cry for assistance. The only thing that really bothers Su-lin is the dampness of the air on warm, sultry days. Her native land being high and dry, she sometimes gets quite out of breath in the Great Lakes humidity, but an air-conditioned den is being prepared for her, so that she soon will be in perfect comfort in even the muggiest weather.

The little girl's voice, by the way,

is a surprise to almost everyone. On the rare occasions when she decides to say something it is either in a puppy's whine or an excited bark like a dog that wants his dinner.

Su-lin's origin is rather mysterious. No one knows who or where her mother is, unless it be a couple of Chinese highland guides who accompanied Mrs. Harkness on her 1936 expedition to the little-known region around the border of Tibet and Szechwan province, China, the only place on earth where giant pandas are found. One morning last October Mrs. Harkness was roused in her tent by the excited jabbering of the guides arriving with Su-lin, who was then only as big as a kitten and apparently but a few days old. The story the Chinese told was that they came upon the mother giant panda climbing about a hollow tree trunk with the baby; that they fired one shot over the mother's head, with the result that she fled in a panic, leaving the baby behind. This does not sound like a very heroic mother, especially in a lonely country where animals would have little likelihood of developing a fear of man.

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Su-lin's own actions completely discredit this story. Neither people nor other animals cause her the least worry, and she takes all in her rubery stride. She is bright, too, and Mr. Bean says she is at least the equal of the most intelligent monkeys and other primates in the zoo. When she wants to reach something high she quickly pulls up a chair to stand on, and she can undo any kind of simple lock, even one that would stump a chimpanzee.

In a month or two Su-lin is going to be moved to a big pen (eighty by fifty feet) near the western edge of the zoo grounds, where her air-conditioned room, ten feet long and eight feet wide, is to be. She will also be given a bear cub or two for playmates as soon as the infant bears grow old enough to cope with her irresponsible antics.



(Field Museum photo.)

Giant pandas look like this in the bamboo highlands of China. Although they weigh more than 200 pounds, they are more raccoon than bear. These are mounted specimens.