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SHARKS: Wolves of the Sea

By NATHANIEL T. KENNEY

North Carolina State University

RUBING RAZOR-SHARP TEETH, a nine-foot great hammerhead preys off Key Largo, Florida. Placement of eyes and nostrils on the ends of lobes, coupled with the head's swiveling movements, enables this shark's food-seeking search through the sea. The flattened head, like an airplane's wing, aids maneuverability (continuing, page 272).

Illustration by GARY HANCOCK

IN DARK AND STORRIEL, I was diving in 12 feet of water off the water's edge of North Hinkley Key, Bahamas Island. A pair of sand-colored bandfish lies on the bottom sands at this point, among those dwell the majority of brightly colored small fishes.

One moment I was surrounded by these school jostle of the same fish. In the next I was alone, a shark. For my small bandfish had slid back for shelter into crevices in the rocks or to some hiding jumble of grass and sea fans. I became someone to chase or eat. I had entered a shark's territory. I was a shadow on the white sand into an eight-foot-long, ten-inch-banded hammerhead.

It was pulled away in turn. I was visible. An eye the size

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impersonal level, the shark's inroads on commercial and sport fisheries, and you have a manufacturer of some consequence. But it was not until fairly recently that science organized to study sharks and seek ways of controlling them.

Diseases at Sea Spur Shark Research

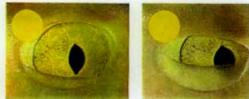
Blood-chilling mass attacks on survivors of torpedoed ships and crashed airplanes in World War II gave the initial impetus to the search. After the war, interest in sharks not only increased but broadened. We not only wanted to know how to protect swimmers and divers; we also sought an insight into the undeniably large part sharks play in the ecology of the seas.

The postwar human population explosion spurred this interest in sharks. One day, we realized, earth's soil might no longer support

us all, and we must exploit the waters—71 percent of the world's surface—our perish. However, in unprepared members began searching the depths for oil and metals and ways to farm the oceans, in which are locked vast quantities of protein yet to be tapped; some worked from self-contained sea bottom communities pioneered by Edwin A. Link, the U.S. Navy, and Jacques-Yves Cousteau.*

Encounters with sharks became everyday occurrences. Plainly, more knowledge of the fish was needed. In 1958, the American Institute of Biological Sciences, Washington, D.C., agreed to meet the challenge. It offered to serve as an international clearinghouse and repository for shark knowledge, and formed

*"In the Oceanography," "Warning for Wrecks on the Sea," "I Saw," April 1961, and "At Home in the Sea," April, Link, both by Cousteau, in speech by Cousteau and "Out Post Under the Ocean," April, 1961, by Edwin A. Link.



With a blink—the upward movement of a nictitating membrane that serves as an eyelid—the lemon shark responds to a shaft of light. Infrared detector enables scientists to observe each "blink" during the experiment in a darkened testing room at the Institute. As the shark's eyes gradually become adapted to the darkness, its pupils begin to expand again.

How sensitive is a shark to sound? It can hear smaller objects in the water at a greater distance than it can see them, but—on young lemon sharks, reveal, and its ability to locate the source of the sound is highly developed—ital as a predator (diagram, pages 270-271). A scientist at the Institute prepares to place a live specimen in a water-filled tub into which sounds will be projected from the electronic equipment in the ground. Conditioning the sharks with electric shocks, the researchers learn what frequencies the fish can hear and its degree of sensitivity to sound.

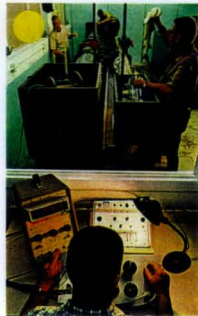


Illustration by GARY HANCOCK

Testing the vision of a young lemon shark, research assistant Samuel Grober of the University of Miami's Institute of Marine Sciences employs an instrument apparatus that he devised. The shark is lashed down in a tank of circulating water, to keep floating into a Plexiglas hemisphere. As intervals the lamp at right flashes filtered light of varying color and intensity; at the same time a mild electric shock, causes the fish to blink. Eventually, the shark becomes so conditioned that it blinks when only the light is flashed, an indication that it can see that particular color or level of light. Utilizing this approach, scientists hope to determine whether sharks distinguish colors. The knowledge would be invaluable in designing garments and gear for use in the open sea.

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1962, when a surfer suffered a minor laceration on one thigh. Attacks on surfers, incidentally, appear to be on the increase.

"Because a shark can swim over or past a net, it was a mystery at first how meshing protected bathers," said Beulah Davis of Natal Province's Anti-Shark Measures Board. "One reason may be that our sharks mostly belong to a local, nonmigratory population, and the nets caught just about all of them."

Sharks off Hawaiian beaches also appear to be nonmigratory. Last year, under Dr. Tester's direction, the 50th state opened a three-year campaign to eradicate them as far as possible, using set lines with hooks at 60-foot intervals. One of the first results was a noticeable decrease in a concentration of large tigers off Honolulu harbor.

Some 40 miles north of Durban, the golden sands of Zinkwaai Beach used to be honeycombed because sharks swarmed in the creaming surf. Now they are mellow, and holiday-seekers come in increasing numbers.

Len Flowers, a professional fisherman, tends the nets. I went with Len to overhaul

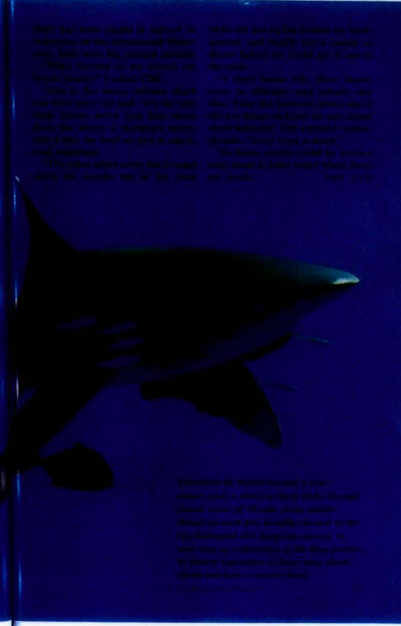
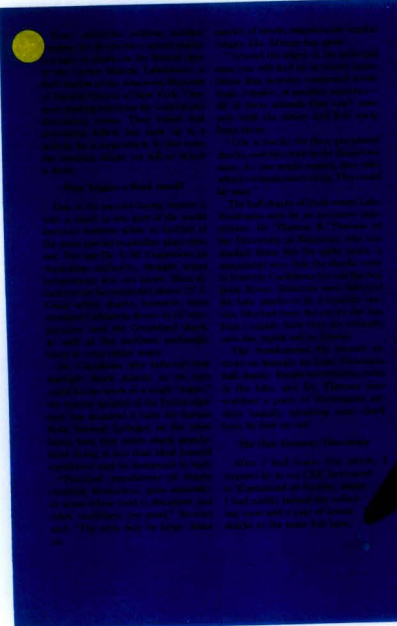
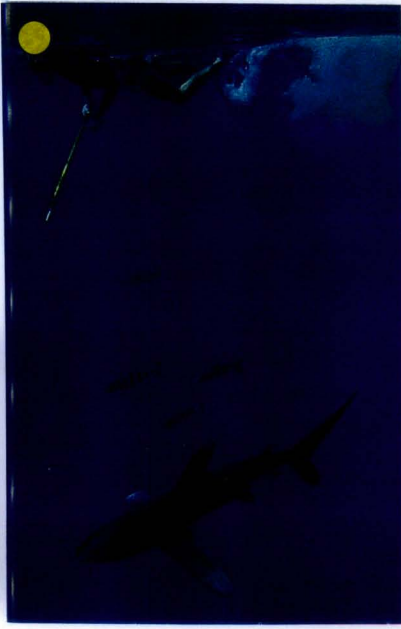
them. They held only a small cow-sole fish. "I don't believe you have sharks around," I remarked.

"No!" said Len. "Hang on." With that he heeled the boat seaward. Choosing a spot over a reef a mile offshore, he dropped the anchor, and we began fishing. Immediately we caught several five-pound Cape admons, or meahls. We stumped them and tossed them overboard. Within seconds the sea bulled with sharks, some six feet and more long.

"Here are our friends," said Len. "We'll be lucky now to catch a single whole admon." We scarcely had a chance to try before the ravenous sharks began banging against the boat. Fear gripped me. Even Len continued to some nervousness.

To get through the surf without swamping, the boat had been decked over. We sat on it, not in it. Handholds were few. The sea that day was high. An eight-foot shark struck at the outboard propeller, although we had taken the precaution of fitting the motor to bring the propeller out of water.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN COLEMAN © W.A.S.



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