

BIG GAME HUNTING AND COLLECTING IN EAST AFRICA

1903-1926

BY
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WITH 200 ILLUSTRATIONS



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A YOUNG RHINO, TWO DAYS AFTER CAPTURE.

Pennington

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I STARTED for my first African trip in December, 1902, sent by the Hungarian National Museum to collect zoological and especially ornithological material in German East Africa, round Kilimanjaro. The primitive nature of my outfit and my lack of ammunition were great hindrances, though I was treading on virgin soil and could have achieved splendid results with a good outfit. The Hungarian National Museum's payment for the collected skins came to very little, and I had to help myself out by selling my trophies.

In the summer of 1906 I had to return to Europe on account of my health, but started off again in December of the same year to continue collecting on behalf of the Hungarian National Museum. The work at first was very difficult, in the country of the fanatic Danakils, and when conditions had begun to improve, in autumn 1907, I had to return home, as I had been called up by the military authorities. After having taken the officers' examination, I started for my third trip in December, 1908, to German East Africa, on the eastern shores of Victoria Nyanza. I took most of my photographs and observations during this expedition, and these I managed to keep in safety, whereas the photographs and diaries of my first, second and fourth trips were partly or wholly lost.

I returned from Africa in May, 1912, bringing with me not only my museum specimens but also a large number of live animals for our new Zoo. During the expedition I had made a very valuable collection of East African great mammals, which could not be procured nowadays for a very large sum. Unfortunately this material has been lost owing to after-war conditions.

The outbreak of the first Balkan War prevented my starting on my fourth expedition, on behalf of the Hungarian National Museum until late in May, 1913. I headed for English territory

—Uganda—intending to cross to Eastern Congo, where I should find new collecting fields.

To this expedition I attached great hopes. I felt entitled to do so from all the painfully acquired experience and the much-improved outfit which were the results of my three previous trips.

I shall always think with the greatest sorrow of those painful days when my hopes were destroyed. Forests of Congo! Fairyland of my dreams! How many unknown specimens are still hidden in the darkness of your thickets in that damp gloom where the sun can never penetrate! How often I dreamt that there, in the home of anthropoids, I might be able to learn some more of nature's secrets, to understand her mysterious language. I was confident that my spirits would not be affected by the heavy atmosphere of those dark forests, which have killed so many white men or compelled them to a swift return. I wanted to spend years there, and felt immune enough against tropical diseases. Time should not count. I meant to devote my youth, my whole life to those forests, and I should then have obtained results that would have been the real expression of my African work.

The Great War swept away all my dreams. While I was in the Bugoma Forest in Uganda, I was suddenly summoned to Hoima, little realizing that the summons was to be the prelude to more than five years of captivity, most of which were spent in India. The loss of freedom and of the collections I had acquired with so much labour made those years a nightmare. I shall never forget the terrible feeling of uncertainty, the doubt as to how we should emerge from this madness, and the awful loneliness.

My African career seemed finished, and it was not until the end of 1919 that I returned home poor as a beggar. As our transport came through the Red Sea the sight of the sunlit African shore brought me painful memories. When should I see these lands again?

Six years later the chance came! One autumn evening in 1925 Mr. Eugene Horthy de Nagybánya, the great sportsman and big game hunter, said to me in his characteristic, laconic way: "Shall we go?" "Yes!" I answered before recovering from my stupefaction. And in November we started indeed. Count

Seilern, for whom this was a first trip to Africa, joined us in Vienna.

To tell the truth, Mr. Horthy had no need of me on this African trip at all, for he was quite at home in Africa, as the splendid results of his two previous visits clearly prove. But he found it a pleasure to help an old African hunter again. The chief results of this expedition, and a survey of the changed situation I found in East Africa, are included in this volume.

The illustrations are from my own photographs unless otherwise acknowledged.

KÁLMÁN KITTENBERGER.

swampy soil, and consequently it had not been scorched by the fires. We made a round of the grass and as no spoor going out could be found, we were sure the lions must be lying up in the middle of the patch where the grass was highest. But how could we induce them to leave their safe resting-place? On the opposite side to where they had entered, stood a straggling, half-dead mimosa tree. One of my trackers, the skilful Sindano (who had to leave my service a few months later because I noticed he had developed symptoms of leprosy), climbed to the top of this tree, taking a bagful of stones with him. After he was comfortably perched in the branches I made a big detour and returned to the place where the lions had gone in. My second headman, Pandasaro, stood behind me with the shot-gun. We were both partially hidden by a sickly little mimosa bush about as high as a man. Sindano then began to throw his stones into the grass patch, talking loudly all the time, probably in order to encourage himself, and kept mocking the cowardly lions which would not show themselves.

At last one of the stones must have gone very near, or perhaps even have hit the lioness, for she jumped out with an angry snarl. I missed, but immediately reloaded my Mannlicher-Schönauer, when suddenly two heads appeared, gazing at me stupidly, to the right and left of the lioness. As the lioness was the most serious adversary, I gave her another shot, which this time sped true, for I heard a roar of pain and a second later her death rattle. But by then I was already aiming at the bigger head of the two lions, for at times like this one works the magazine with astonishing rapidity. With ears set back and growling hideously he turned on me after my shot. Later I discovered that as I pulled the trigger he lifted his head, so that the first bullet grazed his jaw. My second stopped his charge and the third was only an act of mercy which killed him a few paces away.

The third lion—a manless one—frightened by the shots, ran a little distance off, and then suddenly turned straight on us. "*Piga, bana, piga!*" stammered the man behind me. At that instant I fired. After a second's hesitation on he came again, but my next shot in the neck killed him on the spot. But he was not more than six yards away. My first shot had broken

his left upper eye tooth, for his mouth was wide open as he charged me.

All three lions were breathing their last as I turned to see my man's terrified, ashen countenance, with eyes dilated in horror. I have never seen fright so visible on a human face. But the moment the rattle of the dying lions ceased his colour returned and his features relaxed. He put out his hand to me which I shook cordially. Then we went to fetch Sindano, who had by now crawled off the tree.

While Pandasaro ran back to camp for men and the camera, Sindano over and over again gave me lively illustrations of what had happened, as from his uncomfortable, but absolutely safe, retreat he had been an onlooker at a rare scene.

Soon the men arrived with great shouts of joy.

Next day we were occupied with the preserving of the skins, and it was not until late in the afternoon that I could visit the carcasses. Perched on all the trees round about were hundreds of overfed vultures and marabous squatting stupidly, while on the ground round the carcasses were the signs of the terrible combats these greedy birds had fought. The earth was fairly ploughed up and nothing was left of the three bodies but bones strewn about.

It was a nasty sight and made me think of human society. How often will those who should have every reason for gratitude, be the first to profit by the misfortunes of others.

How often had those winged gravediggers of the savannas fed on the morsels left from the feasts of their fallen lords!

On turning over the pages of my diary I think it is worth while giving an account of what happened on August 10th.

I was anxiously waiting for day to break, to hear how the latest recruit to our camp, a rhino calf, was feeling.

A short time before two mission boys, who were employed in the building works of the Adventists' mission house in Ikissu, had gone into the jungle at the foot of the Tyamriho Hills in search of timber and had been charged and badly mauled by rhinos. On August 8th, I got the bull, and while my men were still working on the enormous hide, I followed up the cow, shot her, and captured the young calf alive.

Next day the little pachyderm was already on friendly terms and followed me about like a dog, crying softly for a sucking bottle when it felt hungry.

With his little tail on end he trotted after his attendant all over the camp, took his four bottles of milk at a time and then retired, led again by his attendant to the bed prepared for him under a shady bush.

The usual camp life was in progress. Most of the men of the safari were occupied in scraping the rhino skin, which is tedious work, and sometimes takes nearly a week.

During my absence the white ants had badly damaged my grass hut and I spent the morning cleaning and tidying it up; but as I hated this occupation I soon gave it up and, shouldering my rifle, went for a stroll.

Before leaving camp I looked at my rhino calf. The little animal seemed fond of me, came to meet me, and sucked my naked knees with great pleasure, because the tropical sun, the sharp grasses and thorny bushes of the savannas had made the skin something like an old rhino's hide.

I was deep in thought when I left camp. The last two days had been so eventful, as more had happened in them than usually occurs in several months. I planned schemes for the future and rehearsed in my thoughts the adventures of the last few days. On the day on which I had caught the rhino calf I had received an order by special messenger, that I, as an ensign in the reserve, had to present myself at my regimental headquarters on April 10th (it was then August 8th). To be frank, I must admit that I did not worry very much.

What I wanted was to get to a part of the Tirina jungle where the bed of the Tirina broadened into a small lake, filled with water all the year round. It is here that I liked to be, when times were hard, as I could really enjoy the wonders of my nomadic life in such exquisite spots, being well content with an occasional slice of luck.

It was glorious to be undisturbed and to observe the lives of the various denizens of the small lake. Swarms of water-fowl, chattering in subdued tones, swam about between the large lotus leaves, and the splendid crested cranes displayed their finery as

they stepped their wedding dances. When I heard the loud conversation of monkeys up in the trees I could tell just what it was all about; whether they were giving vent to their curiosity, or abusing a cowardly crocodile, or were scared by the sight of a leopard. There are thousands of signs which only those who are true lovers of forests, plains, swamps and hills can understand.

On a barren waste outside the Tirina jungle a large herd of topis stood sunning themselves, and close to them a gang of baboons was rummaging about. Of course each group of animals had their outposts on duty. Those of the baboons were perched on the highest trees, while the outposts of the topis stood on the tops of ant-hills.

I was just thinking that the lions I had heard in the night must have gone very far away because these vigilant creatures seemed so peaceful and completely at ease, when suddenly a terrible growling, snarling, roaring and yelling broke out of the reed thicket behind my back. As quickly as possible, I put five cartridges into my Mannlicher-Schönauer, for my rifle was not even loaded, and then I tried to see through my field-glass what the noise was all about.

It was a little way off but still I could see the reeds swaying to and fro and then they suddenly parted to let a wonderful, powerful, black-maned lion dash out. I had never yet seen his equal, and close on his heels came another in pursuit; not so fine, nor so large, but taller and in better condition. And then, like lightning, the slim body of a lioness flashed past, coming and going through the reeds. So I knew that a fight for the possession of the female was in progress, which explained why they were so noisy and wideawake after nine o'clock in the morning.

The black-maned lion went straight in the direction of the camp, while the other one followed the lioness and soon disappeared in the reeds.

I was afraid that the vanquished lion might do some harm in camp, and was particularly worried on account of the rhino calf, for the black-maned "Lord" seemed in the worst of tempers. Accordingly I hurried after him, but had hardly gone 50 yards before the other two lions came dashing out of the reeds towards me, never ceasing their angry snarls. I went down on my knee

lucky, because this marabou had the finest feathers I have ever seen.

Matiko was duly rewarded and what was more, got the lion's fat, which is known by the natives of Africa as well as of India as a miraculous remedy against many ills.

But my good Matiko did not know how to make the most of this treasure like others of his race, who sell it and make a fortune. His comrades soon found him out and, pandering to his vanity, called him "munyampara." He would then give away his valuable property for the pleasure of getting a title.

I left the Ruvana Plains with a small safari in September, 1911, and crossing the vast, uninhabited Wandorobo wilderness, headed towards the steep walls of the East African Rift Valley for the purpose of catching rhino. Rhino were said to be numerous in the jungles covering the mountains of Oliondo and Ndassekera, but we had to return without the baby rhino of my dreams because I had too few porters for my continually expanding collection and some of them fell ill from lack of vegetable foods. Yet I shall never forget this trip through East Africa's most wonderful wilderness.

I had pitched camp by a clear, fresh mountain spring—what a treat after the thick, yellowish puddles of the Ruvana Plains, full of frogs' spawn!—and hid our tents in the Wandorobo hunter's fashion. As I had my best men with me, our camp was very quiet, and all spoke in subdued voices, never raising them above a whisper, because they realized that human voices would be even more disturbing in this quiet solitude than the report of a rifle. Game would take the latter for thunder or the crash of a falling tree; but the sound of voices would frighten them right away.

Moreover, the unaccustomed scenery had greatly impressed my men. They came from the plains, and had never seen hills, while a passing cloud would suddenly envelop us in a dense fog, and every night clouds heavy with rain settled down like the Masai parrots which came to roost in the woods.

It was after I had stayed here a few days that an incident befell which few hunters can have experienced. An extract from my diary will be the shortest means of describing it, as well

as the most reliable, for I wrote it down at the time for my own private benefit.

September 26th. It was very chilly in the morning, and I hated getting out from under my ragged blankets, but we started at an early hour while the sun was still sleeping somewhere near the Natron Lake. We had literally to wade through the ice-cold dewy grass which reached to our shoulders, and went as fast as we could.

The birds were singing everywhere. The noisy Touraco (*Turacus*), clown of the jungle, is the first to welcome the breaking dawn; then follow the Masai parrots and the Nectarinias with their cheerful greetings.

We were climbing towards the spot where two years ago the well-known Hungarian hunter, Balint Fernbach, got his first buffalo bull, and were just crossing a jungle path when the chirrup of a rhino bird and the sudden start of Magambo—who is now my favourite gunbearer—warned me that something was near. I took my cordite rifle and at the same instant I saw a big greyish mass.

I thought it was the record bull, which snorted, turned and charged, but I then saw that it was a "faru" (rhinoceros). My bullet knocked it down at once. Hardly had I regained my balance, from which I had been pushed by the heavy recoil of the elephant gun, when a second rhino came puffing at me, and the bullet from the left barrel killed it also.

Prepared for all possibilities, I went up to investigate my quarry. First the bigger one—which, to my dismay, I saw was a cow about to calve. Fortunately she had fallen on her back with her four legs sticking up, but even in this position it was hard work to make the Cæsarean section and cut open the thick hide. The solid bullet propelled by the 75 grains of cordite proved a very effective anæsthetic both during the operation and even after! At last we got the calf out. Magambo's knife had cut it slightly under the eye and by the ear. During the operation it showed no signs of life, but its heart was beating feebly. After its entry into this world it opened its mouth and began to breathe. We cut the umbilical cord, bandaged its wounds, and began to give it the necessary massage, just as a skilled maternity nurse would have done. Magambo, true to the Washashi tra-

in the crevasses of the granite blocks find few insects after the "ntama" (millet) fields are cropped, and so have to seek food on the swamps at night.

The day after Malioba had told me the story of the elephants' ears, I at last had the luck to arrive in time before the elephants retired. They were not quite in the open any longer, but had not gone farther in than the boundaries of the swamp and were still standing about in the high grass, and it was not so hard to follow them. I climbed on to the shoulders of my tall gunbearer, and from there I killed a middle-sized tusker, which, nevertheless, seemed to be the leader, with two shoulder-shots. The herd then lost its temper and turned on us. I scrambled off my boy's back in no time, and we sped away in the direction of the burnt grass. There I had to give up running, because the grass was tangled and matted, and so I turned and shot the leading cow with two quick shots in the head from my .475 cordite Express. She carried one tusk of extraordinary size. The others all rushed up to her and tried to lift her, while some stood around with trunks raised, searching for the enemy. In the meantime we had reached the mimosa wood which bordered the swamps and from a projecting rock could calmly observe the elephants. They were still trying to lift their leader. I had a splendid view and made sure that there was not a shootable bull amongst them. One or two would have struck the limit, which was only 11 lbs. at that time (in the English colonies it was already 30 lbs.), but naturally I did not feel very keen. It would have been quite easy to shoot one or two, or even the whole troop of twelve elephants, for they were so intent on helping their companion, that even the few alarm shots I fired to see what would happen, only caused some of them to run in our direction; but not getting our wind, they returned to their dead leader. I waited an hour thus and was very impatient to investigate my quarry, but they showed no intention whatever of leaving.

Meanwhile a native honey hunter ran up to me, led by the reports of my rifle, and told me that while he had been following a honey-guide an enormous rhino had chased him away. I left one of my men on the rock to watch, and following his directions, got my rhino in a few hours. It was the heaviest rhino horn I ever got.

I had shot the elephant at about half-past six in the morning, and when I returned at four in the afternoon the troop was still standing round the carcass, and only three of them had moved a little farther. The man I had left on watch said that they strode round the dead one in large circles, trumpeting furiously and seeking for the enemy, and then would again try to rouse her with their trunks.

In fact, they only left when the sun was low and, while I risked a few snaps with my camera, I was still afraid of being disturbed by a group of elephants standing about 150 yards away.

This was the only occasion on which I have known such determination on the part of elephants in standing round the dead. I have seen them try to help their mate when wounded several times, both before and after the incident just described.

Next day the men who had cut out the tusks brought in the two left ears, to Malioba's great pleasure—"Ho, oho," said he—and truly there was a round symmetrical hole in the tip of each. Further questioning was quite useless as he only repeated, "Nizimu yao!"

I cannot say whether all the elephants of the Mara Swamps have got this totem, for I did not shoot any more.

The tusk of the old cow was comparatively big, weighing 28 lbs., but the other one was broken, and only weighed 18 lbs.

The German game laws were still very primitive when I was in German East Africa. One was still allowed to hire "fundis" who, with their ancient muzzle-loaders, were a regular scourge to both elephants and rhinos.

These professional native elephant hunters called themselves "makuas," because the best hunters came from a Portugal East African tribe, called the Makuas. So all the fundis from any other tribe felt entitled to bear the name of Makuas.

These men were certainly interesting. With their long, smooth muzzle-loaders, powder-horns and caps, leather bags containing iron bullets, in which they also kept the "cheti" or the game licence, cautiously wrapped into a tanned skin. This cheti was often out of date; sometimes it was only some piece of paper written all over, and I am certain many of the Makuas thought that there was some sort of "dawa," or spell, in it.

J. Horthy got his licence for the white rhino on payment of £25. The Uganda Government only grant two or three licences a year for white rhino, and even then only in exceptional cases.

The Provincial Commissioner spoke in warm terms of one of our Hungarian sportsmen, the late Mr. Oscar Vojnich. He told us that Vojnich met the late President Roosevelt and was very surprised to find that Roosevelt knew so much about Hungarian history and Hungarian conditions. I knew Masindi in pre-war days and it had not changed. Only the mouldering elephant skulls which bordered the roads leading to official buildings had been removed. The neighbourhood of Masindi was formerly perhaps the best elephant country in Uganda, and even now there are vast herds—sometimes consisting of some hundreds of elephants—but for this very reason it is hard to shoot a good tusker.

It is worth mentioning that Masindi was discovered by Sir Samuel Baker in 1864 when he was looking for the Albert Nyanza. His heroic wife, Flora Sass, of Hungarian origin, was also there with him. Sir S. Baker had great difficulties in Masindi and could not get away for a long time, but the Wanyoros were very afraid of the "Muleju" ("the bearded one") and finally asked their king, Kam-rasi, to let the "Muleju" go.

Lady Baker's memory still lives among the Wanyoros, who called her the "Morning star." The English also honour her memory; they called her an Austrian lady, which was a great mistake, and I always pointed out to my English friends that she was Hungarian.

From Masindi we went on to Butiaba the same day. This is a port on Lake Albert Nyanza where we took up our quarters in the rest-camp to wait for our ship, the *Samuel Baker*, to start. The country around Butiaba is excellent hunting ground, and buffalo were plentiful, while we found some good elephant tracks too.

I was tempted to fish in the renowned Albert Nyanza, but my efforts met with no result. This lake is an El Dorado for anglers, as it holds the Nile Perch and the handsome tiger-fish. The largest Nile Perch caught at Butiaba with rod and line weighed 197 lbs. Both fish are said to be good fighters and to give grand sport, so I made up my mind to get some lessons in angling from an expert after my return home.

On February 10th we shipped our belongings on board the *Samuel Baker* and started north after midnight. The small boat was overcrowded with passengers, and there was not much accommodation on it for Europeans. Our travelling companions were very interesting people; among them was our old friend Captain S., who is known all over Uganda under the name of "Bwana Samaki" (Mister Fish). Captain S. is a well-known elephant hunter and now a game ranger. Once a wounded elephant caught him round the neck and flung him away, but somehow or other he escaped with only some scars on his neck.

Mr. B. was also on the steamer. He is one of the men who know the West Nile Province most thoroughly and he gave us some very useful information. He seemed rather doubtful of our success in shooting elephants. We had only fourteen days to spare and still had five elephants to shoot, Horthy having shot one near Lake George. Mr. B. warned us not to waste too much time in picking out big ones as anybody would be glad nowadays to get a 40- or 50-pounder. Thank goodness, we not only shot our elephants, but got fairly good ones.

Taking Mr. B.'s advice we asked the captain of the ship to put us out at Relli, a place in the danger area on the left bank of the Nile (lat. 3° 23' N.) at which ships only occasionally stop, and to pick us up again when coming back in a fortnight's time on his return journey. The captain consented willingly.

The steerage was crowded with natives. It is wonderful how they can squeeze up into such a small area, and they even seemed to enjoy the pleasures of travelling. Natives are very fond of society and take delight in it even when obtained in such a floating hell as an overcrowded Nile boat. The native contingent on the boat was composed of various tribes, yet they always understood each other in that East African esperanto, the Swahili tongue, which was here of course very mixed up with the Kiganda dialect and Arabic. It is sometimes very interesting to get behind them unnoticed and listen to the stories of a "safiri" (much-travelled man), or to watch them imitating a white man, sometimes the listener himself, with the most perfect mimicry, causing the bystanders to roar with laughter.

The voyage was rather monotonous. We did not see any

I engaged some of the crowd of onlookers to carry our belongings to the rest-camp, which was about two miles away, so that when the sun rose we could pitch our tents. The rest-camp was well built and clean. There were two large airy sheds built to shelter our tents against the sun and wind, but I wanted them for a different purpose, intending to keep one for working on the white rhino's skin, while in the other I thought of drying the skin after it had been thinned, stretched and preserved with alum and salts. This shed was really a wonderfully useful addition to our camp, for a skin ought to be dried in a shady place and then any skilled taxidermist will be able to set it up afterwards in an artistic way.

Mr. Horthy had decided to give the white rhino's skin to the Hungarian National Museum, thus renouncing a most beautiful trophy, the well-set-up head of a white rhino. It was a magnificent gift.

While our men were pitching the tents I was making up to the "sultani," distributing cheap cigarettes amongst his councillors, and shaking hands with everybody. The Swahili language was of little help here, so I had to put in a few half-forgotten words of Arabic. In a word I adopted the tactics of politicians at home during election times when they want to secure the votes of influential peasants.

I sent two long-legged boys—who were in hopes of getting good baksheesh—to a place eight miles away to fetch a man named Langa-Langa, who was said to be a very good tracker. Then we tried to get information about elephants. I was told that there were plenty and the measures they indicated with their sticks were so large that we should have been well contented to see animals half the size. Of course these reports had to be taken "cum grano salis." The natives also knew of many white rhinos and said one "anassa" (white rhino) could often be seen quite near camp, especially in the dry season.

Hearing this, I at once sent trackers by twos and threes in all directions, promising them a handsome reward should they bring me reports of a white rhino. The youngsters ran away in the best of spirits, which showed that there were real possibilities, but I never dreamt that they would return so soon with good tidings.

Hardly two hours later one of them returned, quite out of



MY SECOND WEST NILE ELEPHANT HILL.

breath, saying that the "anassa was ready" and not even far away. In reply to my question whether the horn was big he said it was, but later admitted that he had not seen it, but "his body was enormous." I knew this and ran at once to Mr. Horthy's tent and in a few moments we were on our way after the white rhino which was said to be quite close.

Count Seilern did not come with us, but he asked to be informed at once if we succeeded in shooting the rhino. We took along our gunbearers and our half-witted skinner, whom I made carry my camera. The tracker had reported that the "anassa" was grazing in an open spot and so I thought that I might get close enough to take a good photo, while Mr. Horthy—in whose sureness of aim I had full confidence—would protect me in case of danger.

I told the guides to invite the men of the neighbouring huts to follow us at a distance and in case they heard a shot, to come up and help to skin the animal and carry home the great hide. I promised them the meat and sixpence each, while those who brought along a sharp knife would get a few cents more. I must admit that my promise had no great effect. At first only children tried to come and it was hard work to drive them home. Later I found out that only few of the Madis¹ eat anassa meat and nothing but heaps of meat would induce them to work.

Our guides advanced quickly. First they led us through cut durra fields, then through burned savannas and a bushy mimosa forest. Tracks of game were everywhere. A herd of Uganda kob and one or two good bushbuck bolted out of the jungle, while old elephant spoor were all over the place. From these we were delighted to see that there were still some big bulls about. Rhino spoor only were conspicuous by their absence, although we had already been pursuing this supposedly "near" rhino for a long time. At last, after two hours, we found the old spoor of a rhino, and beside a small bush we saw the soil was dug up and there was quite dry dung lying close by, from which fact we concluded that the white rhino also digs in the earth while busy, just like his smaller relative, the black rhinoceros.

¹ The Madis who inhabit the neighbourhood of Relli are negroes of Nilotic appearance. Their language is quite different from the languages of their neighbours and there was no European yet who could speak the language of the "Madis."

I asked the man who had brought us the news to tell us where he had seen the rhino and he assured us we would soon reach the spot where he had left his companion. This "soon" proved more than a good half-hour, and when we did reach the place we did not find the man. Probably the rhino had got his wind and gone on. We looked at each other. Perhaps the rhino had been badly frightened, in which case we should be sure not to see it again on that day. But I knew it would really be best to shoot the white rhino as soon as possible so as to get on with the preparation of the hide and be free to go after elephants, for our time was strictly limited.

It was very hard to find spoor on the dry ground, but luckily, after whistling for the man for some time, we got an answer. But it was not the watcher who answered, it was Langa-Langa himself, who came after us with the two men I had sent for him. He at once showed us a few certificates of which he seemed very proud, but even without these it was obvious that he was a man who knew his business. The impression his brand-new khaki suit made was less favourable, for Langa-Langa seemed to have been badly spoilt by some sportsmen. Luckily, he did not stay with us, but entered the service of an American sportsman, who had travelled with us on the boat and in whose safari he had spotted a few boxes containing cash. Later on we got hold of some very good guides and trackers, who had smaller pretensions.

Langa-Langa at once took charge and very soon the watcher turned up also and said that the rhino had gone into a darker and thicker part of the mimosa jungle. We then noted the direction of the wind and sent even our gunbearers back. My hero was of course rather frightened, though the white rhino is not particularly dangerous. We then set out under the guidance of Langa-Langa and the watcher.

I had already perceived that my hopes of photographing the rhino could not be realized, so I left the camera with the men who stayed behind. I was just giving up hope of our ever overtaking the rhino, when our watcher stopped short, then getting behind me, said that the rhino was standing before us. I could not make it out and even Langa-Langa looked in vain in all directions, until at last he pointed and said he had now spotted the animal standing

under a leafless mimosa tree. But by then I had seen it myself and if I had not known that it was a white rhino I should have mistaken it for an elephant, so much taller was he than an ordinary black rhino.

I beckoned to Mr. Horthy, who had also detected the beast and stood with the .465 Holland & Holland rifle raised to his shoulder. We could not as yet see the horn, so I got a few paces nearer and saw that it was a bull and saw the rear horn, but could not get a glimpse of the front one. So I tried to get still closer in order to get a good view, but at that moment Mr. Horthy took aim and fired. With a snort the animal bolted away, but he at once got the contents of the left barrel. Both shots hit him in the shoulder, so he only advanced a few steps and then rolled over with all four legs in the air. It turned out that Mr. Horthy, who was standing a little to my left, had made out the horns of a mighty bull, and so he did not wait longer.

We ran up to the carcass and stood over it in deep emotion. The rhino had a very strong, thick horn, 28 inches in length, so I congratulated Mr. Horthy most heartily, all the more because I believe he was the first Hungarian ever to have shot a white rhino.

The men came up and the work of skinning began. First of all I had all the ground in front of the rhino cleared, because I wanted to take a few photos and because I was afraid that the big bushes and stones would be in our way during the work of skinning. While I was taking my photographs I asked the gunbearers, who had never seen a white rhino, what they thought of its size. They admitted that it was very large, but declared that they had seen equally large ones round the Kenya, Kilimanjaro, and other parts. Of course we laughed at their fibs, and when I showed them that the white rhino had a square mouth, whereas the upper lip of the black rhino curls up into a kind of a short trunk, they understood that this kind was not the same as they had seen in East Africa.

After I had taken some photos we took measurements and then we cut the skin open and began work. I longed for the men who had worked with me for years on the Ruvana Plains. How well they had learned the art of skinning! With them it would not have been a hard task, but with these "war-volunteers"

—as Mr. Horthy called them—crowding around, it proved very heavy work cutting the huge skin off the heavy body. But we got through it at last, although Langa-Langa was very fussy about the men going to drink. Happily I did not let him influence me, or I should never have seen them again, as those who were sent to fetch water never returned. At last I succeeded in bribing a few old men and little boys to bring some water and without it I doubt if the skinning ever would have been completed.

And then came the task of transporting the hide into camp. It weighed some hundredweights. Long poles had already been cut beforehand, on which the hide was laid; then some men went ahead and cut a way with bush-knives through the undergrowth. I must confess that I was very relieved when we arrived at last in camp, late at night, with the hide undamaged.

Just before we started our homeward journey one of the men who had gone into the jungle to fetch some bark for ropes came running back with the news that he had seen another rhino lying up not far away. The idea of taking some photographs appealed to me, but Johanna, who was now no longer frightened, stopped me by saying in an ironical way: "Wapi?" (Whither?) "If you leave, sir, the hide will never reach camp!" so I had to give up my plan, as he was undoubtedly right.

As we emerged on to the road I was tempted once again. In the Nile swamps below us I saw two elephants, and it was assuredly the devil who whispered, "Perhaps one is a record tusker!" But I continued my way.

Next day I engaged as many men as I could to scrape and thin the hide and I am thankful to be able to relate that I succeeded in bringing it home undamaged. The skull and leg bones also arrived safely in Budapest, but I must mention that the total costs of transport were about £100.

Seldom have I got into my bed under the mosquito nets with feelings of greater satisfaction than I did on the night of February 13th! For I had never dared to hope that we should get a white rhino on our first day in the West Nile Province, and succeed in bringing the hide into camp on the same day.

I had put quantities of salt all over the hide (alum should not be used at first), folded it up and had it laid in the airy shed. The

"fundi"—our skinner was so called by our other men—had to sleep by the hide and the leg bones to protect them against hyenas. These brutes could do little damage to the skull.

I did not get to sleep for a long time. The humming of mosquitoes all around me, which developed into a regular roar, did not trouble me; on the contrary, I derived a certain fiendish joy from hearing their unavailing song, and felt as if I were sitting in a warm and cosy room while the wind howled outside, beating snowflakes against the windows.

Everybody was astir early next morning. All the gunbearers had to work on the skin and even the boys, after they had finished their work in camp, were set at it too, while the natives who swarmed around in curiosity got sixpence if they took their turn. So every one scraped away at the skin, for it had to be made quite thin and flexible in order to let the solution of salts, alum and arsenic work well into the pores. The fundi had the hardest task, as he had to work at the skin of the head, while the gunbearers had to take the bones out of the feet, which was also a difficult job. The others sat in a row and, under my guidance, scraped away at the skin which was about two fingers thick. The "sultani" also turned up and promised to have bars fixed along the rafters on the sides of the barn so as to enable us to use them to lay the hide on and keep the air circulating underneath.

In the forenoon we got news of elephant. Natives had seen six elephants, one or two being good tuskers, on the plains of Bahr-el-Jebel.

So Mr. Horthy left his gunbearer, who proved to be a much better skinner than gunbearer, behind, and set out with the natives who had brought the news. We waited anxiously for the report of the "mzinga" ("cannon," as the natives call heavy cordite rifles), and the men of the Madi tribe were especially keen, for it meant a heap of meat for them; and I am sure that, had we heard it, they would have left off work at once. Mr. Horthy returned in the afternoon soaking wet and muddy all over. The elephants had gone into the papyrus swamps and he could not get a glimpse of their tusks, so he had had his trouble for nothing.

When it was nearly sunset I stopped the work of scraping and rubbed the skin with the preserving solutions. Every part

had to be well rubbed, more especially those where it was not quite clear of flesh and fat, such as the parts round the mouth and ears and the feet. After this was done, we folded it up again and laid it on the drying table. We could have scraped it down still more, but I was afraid it might begin to decompose.

As there was still half an hour left before dark I strolled down to the Nile for a walk.

Here and there Uganda kobs were grazing on the scorched soil; then oribi were startled by my approach and took to flight in ones and twos. I would gladly have shot one of these succulent little antelopes for the pot, but the proximity of elephants made this impossible. Even a lion with a fair mane would not have tempted me to fire.

To my delight we came upon the comparatively fresh tracks—about two days old—of an enormous bull, which was decidedly reassuring.

It was dark when I returned and in the high grass near camp some animal sprang away; I could not see anything, but it was probably a leopard.

During supper we made our plans, as usual, for the following day and decided that Mr. Horthy and myself would start off in a northerly direction before sunrise with the new kirongozi, who had been out with Mr. Horthy that day and had shown much jungle craft and knowledge and was not half so fastidious as Langa-Langa.

It was still dark next morning when the new man, Masuramke, presented himself with his followers at my tent. We started immediately, Mr. Horthy carried his .465 cordite Holland & Holland, while I had my 9.5-mm. Mannlicher-Schönauer.

Only Mr. Horthy's gunbearer was with us as mine was left behind to help the fundi in the further preparation of the skin, so Masuramke had to carry my rifle too.

Our guide had long legs and we had to step out at our best to keep up with him. He explained that we should hurry because later on in the day the elephants would go into the papyrus swamps.

After almost running for an hour and a half we came to Masuramke's cotton-shamba and his huts. He had sent trackers

the wounded beast an hour's interval, and in the meantime we caught a waterbuck calf hardly a day old, which I sent back to my tent with a man. The waterbuck calf is the prettiest of all the antelope calves. An hour later we were again on the track of the buffaloes through both scattered and dense bush. We followed them in this way for two more hours, but zebra and waterbuck always kept coming between us and frightening the buffaloes more and more. Again I tried dashing after them, but through the broken and bent branches only succeeded in seeing in which direction they had gone on. At length I returned with Sindano to the spot where the three bulls had been lying up, in order to investigate the blood spoor more closely, when Sindano stepped back suddenly and whispered 'buffalo.'

"Almost immediately I recognized the animal as a rhino, which had got our scent and was charging with loud snorts. I at once fired, and hitting it behind the ear, dropped it on the spot. Then we realized that it was not alone, for its mate stood near at hand in the bush and on the report of my rifle dashed past us snorting and puffing. I sent a bullet after it, which it acknowledged with a squeal but without stopping. We pursued at once, and soon we came out of the bush and saw our rhino in the open. As it was wounded and the wind was wrong, I had to risk a long shot (about 200 yards) and felt that my bullet hit too far back, whereon he came at us squealing and snorting like a motor-car gone mad. We were lying flat in the scanty grass of the plain, and as I tried to reload my Mannlicher-Schönauer I found that the magazine had jammed.

"Then came some thrilling moments. The rhino was charging with a terrific noise and I was tugging away at my rifle in feverish anxiety. I hoped that Sindano would jump up and run away and turn the rhino's attention from me. It was not an altruistic wish, I admit, but he would have had more chance than I had. But Sindano had sense enough not to stir and lay flat twenty paces behind me. Suddenly the rhino swerved, slid forwards and collapsed, not to move any more. How relieved I felt! A few moments later I managed to free the bolt and my rifle was all right again.

"The horns of the two rhinos were good ones, especially those

of the cow, and when they had been taken off we returned to our buffaloes. Half an hour later they again made off through the bush without my having seen them. We followed them till late in the evening, but in vain. To-morrow if we can still find the tracks, we will continue."

The second day of tracking also passed without bringing success, but a few months later we got the bull that had been wounded.

I was then hunting buffalo again on the Ushangi. In the early morning I saw three solitary bulls on an open plain, right among some herds of wildebeest and zebra.

I knew that I should not get the buffaloes while the herds of wily zebra and wildebeest were near them. Zebras are not very shy animals and they are easy to approach, but if one of them gets suspicious, they will start their barklike neighing and alarm the whole countryside. At length the herds of game began to move slowly, the zebras and wildebeests heading towards the open plain, while the three old bulls made for the mimosa forest.

We were hiding in a fold of the ground and waiting for the herds to retire and leave the buffaloes alone. While I was watching them through my field-glasses I saw two cheetahs lying in wait for a troop of Peters' gazelle. I could have shot one, but of course did not do so on account of the buffaloes. We waited a long time and at last the wide plain was cleared of all game and we tried to cut off the line of the buffaloes, making use of even the smallest shrubs as cover.

Unfortunately, a rainstorm took us by surprise and interfered with my getting a good aim. I tried, therefore, to get still nearer to the buffaloes, but they spotted something and dashed off very noisily. For some hours we followed the spoor, and in the meantime the storm cleared and a light favourable breeze blew in our faces.

The buffalo eventually returned to the place where I had first met them. They were going slowly now, so I made sure that they would settle down in the acacia forest. The tracks showed that they stopped frequently in search of a convenient resting-place. But what was that? The footmarks were impressed deeper into

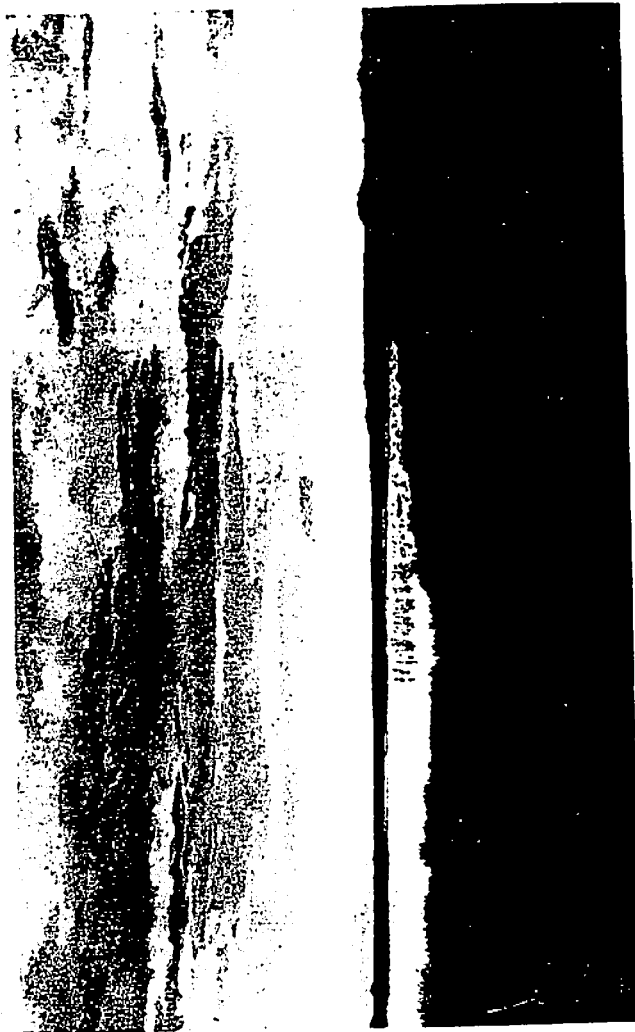
the ground. They seemed to have been startled by something, and had suddenly dashed away at a great pace towards the Ushangi scrub jungle. Soon we found the reason for this, for we had not gone many steps farther when we met one of my men who had been left at home and had come out to look for honey! This evil-smelling wretch had frightened the buffaloes away! I will leave our conversation after this meeting to the reader's imagination!

After reaching the scrub, the buffaloes separated. We followed the largest of the spoors which led into a dense patch of jungle, something like wild holyhocks about ten feet high. I knew this spot well, and knew that it would be useless to follow. A drive was the only hope of success. I told my men to go round the patch so as to get up wind and scare the buffalo out of the thicket on my side, and waited in a small clearing where the buffalo had entered.

The drive began. My seven natives shouted and yelled and threw stones and branches down from the surrounding trees into the thicket, but for a long time nothing could be heard. Then one or two braver fellows—thinking that the buffalo had already gone out—penetrated into the thicket. Suddenly the great bull broke out not very far from where I stood and as he crossed the 25 yards of the clearing I sent five bullets into his shoulder. When he reached the edge of the forest he stopped for a moment, to get two more bullets, and then collapsed.

I was very glad to get one of the three at least. He was a very fine bull, and his horns were large also, by far the best of all I had shot on the Ushangi. The distance from tip to tip measured 3 feet 6 inches. When my men had cleaned the skull I saw that the bull was an old acquaintance, for behind the horny mass of the root of the horn, and in the forehead, I found my deformed 8-mm. Mannlicher-Schönauer bullet.

On October 10th, 1910, three days after I had shot two rhinos instead of a buffalo, I had another experience with rhinos while following buffalo tracks. The day before had been a quinine day and I awoke in the morning in a heavily drugged condition. The effects of quinine are the most unpleasant of all similar types of



FLAMINGOS ON A LAKE OF THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY

dizziness, and when your ears are singing and hands trembling, a fair amount of fatalism is needed in order to make one follow a solitary bull into thick jungle.

Although I sent the usual trackers out in the morning, I had a sneaking hope that they would not find anything, and I myself set off for that part of the Ushangi forest where the evening before I had heard the "rrow-rrow-rrow" of some colobus monkeys, as I wanted to get some specimens of these monkeys, with the wonderful fur, for my collection. In these parts the natives hunt them with poisoned arrows, because their fur is used in their war dresses, and consequently the monkeys are very wily. I shot two big males and one female, and had the good luck to secure a baby monkey as well. Curiously enough, the young ones of these black and white monkeys are quite white, only the face being black.

I was just about to turn homewards when a man rushed up with the tidings that he had found fresh buffalo tracks. Of course I set out immediately, and after finding the spoor I examined my rifle and while doing so I had a curious presentiment that something was going to go wrong.

The spoor led through reeds to an area covered with elephant grass where we also came upon a fresh rhino track. I made a detour round this area covered with elephant grass, as I knew that if the bull got my wind, he would probably break out towards me. I was a good prophet, for that is what happened. I had hardly taken cover behind a small mimosa tree when the tall grass parted and a huge bull buffalo dashed out and then turned towards me. When hardly six paces off he got my bullet in the neck. He stopped short, staggered and turned slowly away, showing his shoulder as he went. I should have had ample time for at least ten shots, but again a cartridge jammed, and while I was working away at my rifle in nervous haste I saw his strength returning rapidly. At last I succeeded in getting my rifle into working order and, almost beside myself, I ran after the retreating bull. I saw him standing 400 yards away in the open, but I foolishly enough did not fire but ran up in the hopes of getting nearer. The bull began to move, at first slowly but then faster, until at length he disappeared in the bush. At first we found plenty of blood, but then none at all. My hopes of getting the



BAAMBIA MAN IN HIS CLUB CHAIR



BAAMBIA WOMAN POTTER. ON THE LEFT THE CLUB CHAIR, UNOCCUPIED

buffalo began to fade, and he was a very fine bull. Never before nor after have I seen his like, and I cannot describe the anguish I suffered at losing him; it was physical pain.

I continued following the bull in the scrub in this state of mind. My rifle was loaded and the magazine charged with soft-nosed bullets. I actually thought of changing them, for I realized the possibility of meeting a rhino. Once a waterbuck started up noisily. I had an idea that it was the wounded bull and ran in its direction. On one side the jungle was nearly impenetrable, but ahead, where I heard the buck running, it was quite passable. Suddenly an inner voice seemed to whisper, "Look to your left!" And there, hardly four paces away, was a bull rhino, his head thrown down, snorting furiously. As is usual in moments of danger many ideas flashed through my brain. I realized that the soft-nosed bullet would not penetrate the skull, but also that there was no time to change; so I aimed and fired into his forehead. The beast collapsed as if struck by lightning, and as he tried to get up, I slipped a solid bullet into the chamber and shot him behind the ear. His horn was a very good one and weighed $14\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., but it was a very poor substitute for the wounded buffalo.

I left a few men at the carcase to cut off the horn and legs and parts of the skin out of which sticks and whips are made, and we continued on the trail of the wounded buffalo. The bull went round and round in large circles, but always very slowly. After the shot he seemed to have redoubled his pace, but kept to the thickest jungle, so that sometimes we could hardly follow. When night fell I had to give up, but intended to continue the tracking the next morning.

At daybreak we did indeed follow the track of the wounded bull, but lost it at seven o'clock. Meanwhile we were attracted to a rhino's resting-place by the rhino birds fluttering up and down, but it was in the middle of such a repulsive thicket, that it would have been foolhardy to approach, as every advantage was on the rhino's side, and the birds would have given us away at once. I tried to drive the rhino out by sending my men up trees so as to give it their wind and telling them to throw down stones; but it was useless. It acknowledged every stone with a furious snort and ran to where it fell, but would not leave the thicket.

Sindano, who was sitting on a tree, made signs to me that he could see the animal from where he was, so at last I made up my mind and climbed up to him. I hated doing so, because the tree was covered with red ants and thorns. I saw very little of the rhino, and the swaying of the grass alone showed where it was. "Wait a bit," thought I, "I shall frighten you out!" So I fired a shot in its direction to frighten it which made it come towards us, but although I only saw it for an instant, I realized that my shot had wounded it slightly. It began to emit piercing shrieks and ran out of the thicket into the open, when I noticed that the shrieks came from somewhere else.

When I crept down to examine the spoor, I saw that it was an old cow with a young calf not more than six or eight months old trotting behind her. Now I understood why she was so reluctant to leave the thicket.

After taking their full ration of water for the use of those who were still to accompany me, I sent back some of the men to my tent to bring help, water and food after us and, with the few I had selected, we hurried after the rhino mother and baby.

A wounded rhino will travel far; and this one certainly did. We ran across the open bits where the spoor was easily read. Only two of my men followed me, the others went to seek water or else were too exhausted. I could not overtake the rhinos before sundown, and as the rhino birds betrayed me again, I had to take two shots at long range. The cow seemed severely wounded but still went on, while I followed as fast as possible. But we could not get up with her again that evening. We found water in the bed of the Ushangi and stopped there for the night. My little .22 Winchester-Automatic again proved its use, as with it I shot a Thomson's gazelle for supper without disturbing the silence of the veldt. I may add that I missed salt and other cooking ingredients very much.

Early in the morning we were on the tracks again. Great herds of gazelles and wildebeest had crossed over the spoor, so we often lost them, but one of us always found them again. Finally all traces disappeared and we separated to search for them, when I saw a dark grey mass on the river-bank and recognized my rhino at once. I fired instantly. The rhino was mortally

wounded, but turned on me. I stepped aside and gave her three shots in the shoulder, when she fell close to my men who had taken refuge in trees.

I laid down my rifle and field-glasses and so did my two men, and at a given sign we fell on the calf which was standing near the dead cow. It was already a strong animal, but we very soon overcame it, and we tied it to a tree with strong cords made out of sanseverin fibre. We cut off the old cow's horn, which was 2 feet 3 inches long, and then my other men came up, and finally Najsebwa appeared, leading those I had left at my tent. We built a cage out of creepers for the little rhino and carried it back to camp.

Next day we were heading towards the Ruvana Plains without the record bull's head, but with the baby rhino, which was an even better acquisition. But my pleasure was short, for hardly did we undo the cords and open the cage than the little animal began to tremble, breathe heavily, and in a few moments it was dead. This is often the fate of older animals, which can only be caught after a strenuous resistance.

At the end of October, 1910, I returned again to the Ushangi to hunt buffalo and, if possible, catch a young rhino. I had shot three buffaloes already during this trip. The two last I shot in one day; but it was a wild chase, and I had worked hard to get them. I could not return to my tent, but had to pass the night in the open. Of course, that night there was a heavy storm, which put out our fire, and we had to wait for dawn, wet to the skin and trembling with cold. The disagreeable results soon showed themselves. I had another bad go of fever and my old dysentery broke out again. On October 30th I woke in a bad state of health. I had passed an almost sleepless night, very sick, and when I did fall asleep bad dreams pursued me, and I was glad to wake again. A feeling of horrid fright—of growing terror—overwhelmed me, and I doubt if the greatest coward has ever felt such pangs of fear as are induced by fever-wrought dreams.

At dawn I did not even think of leaving my bed. But then one of my men ran to me saying that he had seen a big buffalo bull quite close to camp. So I staggered to my feet and started with my men after the buffalo. I certainly did not go with much

enjoyment, but I hated the idea of appearing as a "goy-goy" (weakling in Swahili) to my men.

The bull meanwhile had gone into a thicket of "buffalo grass" which was growing over an area of about 50 or 60 acres not 600 yards from my tent. The wind was wrong, so I could not follow it into this thicket, and my men advised me to wait on the side opposite to where the bull had entered and to let them drive the grass. I did not like the idea, and was sure it would have a bad end, but I took my stand on an ant-hill, which was covered with bushes. The drive began. From where I stood I could see all my men as they approached. I heard a noise in the grass and lifted my rifle. But it was only a fine wart-hog which dashed past me, and not the bull for which I was waiting.

I was relieved when my men closed up, and I then called them together and told them to set fire to the grass at noon, for this seemed the only way to get the shrewd old fellow out. My boys did not think it a good plan, for they did not want to wait until noon, and said that the bull might leave the thicket before then. They begged to be allowed to follow the tracks into the thicket, for they thought it very probable that the bull was no longer there.

As we had not had any trouble with Ushangi buffaloes hitherto my men regarded the bull in a somewhat light-hearted manner. I did not want to spoil their humour, so I let them do as they pleased, stipulating only that they were to keep together, for a crowd is in less danger of being attacked than a solitary man. Once more I took my stand on the ant-hill, but soon had to retire again, not feeling at all well. I waited for the beginning of the drive, which would be signalled with a bugle, and the shouting and yelling that ought to follow, for in this case I had expressly told them to make as much noise as possible and keep together; but instead of this I heard cries of terror and pain.

Running back to the ant-hill I saw, not 300 yards away, my men scattering, and in their midst the bull with one of them on his horns and about to trample on him.

I fired and heard the bullet strike and saw the buffalo stagger. He left his victim and strode towards the river. Again I fired and again I heard the clap of the bullet. I could have given him still a few more shots if one of my men, the silly Tchandaró, had

CHAPTER XV

The African Rhinoceros

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in his book *African Game Trails*, wrote some words below the photograph of a rhinoceros standing in the open plain which well characterized the individuality of this curious animal: "Lost in prehistoric thoughts." Anyone who sees a rhino for the first time must surely derive the impression that it has been left behind from an earlier age.

The black rhino is not at all rare either in Tanganyika or in Kenya Colony. The northern parts of Tanganyika used to be very prolific in rhinos, but in the south of former German East Africa they were not so common. In Kenya—except in the coastal areas—it is ubiquitous, especially so in the northern regions near Lake Rudolf.

In Uganda there are no rhino at all, and the Victoria Nile is the western limit of their habitat. There are various types of the so-called black rhino in different parts of the country. In the mountain forests its horn is thin, long and flattened on both sides like a sword, while those found on the plains have short and thick horns. In the north round Lake Rudolf and in Somaliland they are smaller in body. Formerly all mountain rhinos carried horns of nearly the same shape, and for this reason scientists called them "*Rhinoceros bicornis holmwoodi*." Nowadays, however, the forest rhino often seems to cross with the rhino of the plains, as the spread of civilization drives the latter into the forests on the mountains.

The black rhino is no more black than the white rhino is white. Its upper lip protrudes and it only feeds on twigs and leaves, which fact explains why it dwells in thick bush. In very dry weather great numbers collect in the subugos of the mountains. The white rhino is much larger than his so-called black relation and is the largest land animal with the exception of the Indian elephant. In

colour it is grey, slightly lighter in shade than the black rhino. Besides this difference the white rhino has a straight cut upper lip without any protrusion and so it ought to be called the wide-mouthed rhino, and as a matter of fact many hunters do so call it. It does not feed on twigs, but entirely on grass. In South Africa the white rhino has been extinct for all practical purposes since the middle of last century, but in North-Eastern Mashonaland there are one or two protected specimens and perhaps a dozen more in the swamps round the junction of the Black and White Umvolosi Rivers.

Sir Samuel Baker was the first to realize the possibility of the white rhino's existence in the north, and he drew his conclusions from a few rhino horns he saw in the Lado, for the white rhino of the Lado hardly differs from the extinct species of South Africa.

I only made the acquaintance of the white rhino during our last trip to Africa and I have already given my experiences with it in Chapter X. In Uganda, the Sudan and the Belgian Congo laws have been made to protect the white rhino and this will probably save them from extermination for many years yet. During my first, and more frequently during my third expedition, I saw innumerable black rhino and shot a good many. But I would not do so to-day, even if the shooting of rhino was unlimited, as it used to be in those days. To shoot them now would give me no pleasure, and I would only do so in special cases when one was needed for museum purposes or if I were trying to catch a baby rhino.

When I established my camp under Kilimanjaro in 1903, one or two Europeans living there who were not hunters, described the rhino as being one of the most dangerous kinds of big game and warned me to be very careful when I met a "kifaru." They spoke of the elephant as quite a harmless animal in comparison.

The reason of their great respect for the kifaru was that a European had been killed by a rhino not long ago, and that the noise of the safaris crossing from the coast to the Kilimanjaro district would often disturb a sleeping rhino which would at once scatter them in sheer fright and blind rage.

To be truthful, I must admit that I believed the rhino was a dangerous animal for a long time, chiefly because I happened to

see and shoot my first few rhinos from a distance of but a few yards in the thickest thorn scrub. I had either followed them or run against them in the thorny bush. Later on I learned that by no means every rhino which I thought dangerous was so in reality, but when a large-bodied animal charges down on one, snorting and puffing, at close range, one hardly has the time to appreciate its real intentions or to judge the danger of the situation.

The rhino has a peevish, sullen temper and avoids the society of other animals. I have never seen any feeding with other animals but have often noticed one about a 100 yards away from herds of antelopes and zebras, and when the latter became aware of my presence and fled, the rhino would notice it too and dash away. Rhinos are usually found alone or in pairs, and once I saw three together, but I have been told that where they are very numerous, troops of five have been recorded. A troop of three will generally be composed of a bull, cow and a calf; but sometimes of a cow with a nearly full-grown calf and a new baby of a few months.

In unfrequented districts rhino will be on the move until eight or nine o'clock in the morning; then they rest in thickets or under the shade of trees on the plains, and do not move again until late in the afternoon. Whether it is asleep or on the move the faithful rhino-birds (*Buphaga*) will never leave it, and the cry of these birds warn it of the approach of an enemy. The rhino-bird will also accompany other animals to pick the ticks and other parasites off them, but such coalitions are never so common as in the case of the rhino. When these faithful and vigilant attendants are not present it is very easy to approach either a resting or grazing rhino and to get up within a few yards of the animal, provided the wind is favourable, for the kifarú has very poor eyesight. His powers of scent, on the other hand, are excellent and the faintest breath of air blowing it towards him is enough to rouse him from his deepest sleep. Then he tries with snorts and puffs to find out the whereabouts of the enemy and finally dashes away with tail uplifted. In most cases he dashes straight for the human scent, though possibly intending no harm whatever and perhaps only driven by curiosity. And very often this stupid habit is his undoing.

He will behave similarly when the rhino-birds fly up with scared

cries, but lies down again the very moment the birds seem reassured and settle on him once more. I have noticed that the birds only give alarm at the approach of man; they take no notice of antelopes or other animals.

Rhinos do not do much harm to the shambas of natives in general, and only once or twice did I hear complaints of a few kifarús which had taken to the ntama plantations and done a lot of damage.

We often found the spoor of rhino far away from water-holes in the waterless savannas, and we often came upon water when following their tracks. Rhinos visit water-holes soon after sundown, so they often have to start in that direction in the early afternoon, grazing on their way; but if they are a very long way off they will march along without stopping for a moment.

In the daytime the rhino is of a quiet and silent disposition, but round the water-hole at night he becomes a very noisy customer. Our night's repose was often disturbed by rhinos drinking from the water-hole near our camp, and it is not advisable to pitch camp on old rhino tracks, for the rhino may return at night and give the safari a few anxious moments. This happened to me once, but as we heard him approach in time a few alarm shots had their effect and made our unbidden guest change his direction.

He will keep to his well-trodden paths and return to the spots where he leaves his droppings. These latter are usually under a bush or tree and, as the kifarú throws earth over his excrements with his hind-legs, in time he digs a deep hole. My Masai friends told me an interesting fable explaining why the kifarú (or in Masai language, the "amuny") digs up earth after this act of his which is, I think, worth recording.

In olden times the rhinos were of bad character, even worse than nowadays, and they attacked men and scattered their herds until at last the men got tired of it and went out to revenge themselves. But in those days men were very stupid—as my historian asserted, "even the Masai"—and always mistook the elephant spoor for those of the rhino, and in following them up they would often rouse the poor elephant out of his afternoon sleep. These continual molestations made the elephant beg the rhino to behave himself better and leave man alone; and if he could not bring himself to

do this, then at any rate he should leave some kind of sign which would enable man to recognize his spoor. Of course the wicked rhino did not heed these words and merely made a number of impertinent remarks; so the poor elephant had to suffer further molestation.

At last the elephant lost his temper and meeting the kifarú uprooted a young tree and gave him a sound beating with it, and since then the rhino has always covered his dung and scratched the earth away all around it; and also since then he has kept out of the way of the elephant. . . .

The natives believe that the rhino avoids the elephant and is also on bad terms with the hippotamus. I cannot say whether this is true or not, but the bodies of many rhinos I shot were covered with scars, and my boys declared that these scars were the results of fights with hippos; but personally I think that they were caused by fights between themselves.

Once I shot an old bull rhino whose ears and tail were missing, and feel sure that these injuries were inflicted by a lion, in which case he had probably got them in early youth, because it seems hardly possible that lions would attack a full-grown rhino.

The rhino is unpopular because in his blind fury he will often charge safaris. If the porters save themselves in time by climbing up trees or hiding behind bushes they come to no harm, but a lot of damage is always done to the loads they carry, for everything is thrown away at such a moment. The consequences of a rhino charging a safari are worse when the loads are carried by animals, as the terror-stricken beasts will stampede in all directions and it is hard to catch them again; much time will be lost and even more damage will be done to the loads. During my absence my safari was dispersed twice in this manner. The first time only a few bottles of alcohol containing some specimens were broken, but on the second occasion the breaking of my last two bottles of whisky affected me more deeply. And besides, I was so far from civilization that I could not replace them for a long time—I was then on the Ngare Dowash near the British frontier. I happened to see the last act of this tragi-comical play—the porters flinging away their loads and the dust kicked up by the two vanishing rhinos. On that morning I had gone on ahead, starting well before camp

was broken up, taking a guide and gunbearer with me in the hopes of meeting some worthy game, but especially rhino, for in the country through which we were travelling numerous mouldering skulls showed that the Wandorobos had killed many.

My round in the early morning gave no result; we saw nothing worth mentioning, not even a rhino spoor. At seven o'clock, while waiting for the safari to join us, I sat down under a shady tree on top of a hill and soon fell asleep. My guide awoke me after an hour to tell me that the safari was coming up. I was very glad to hear this because I had not had breakfast yet, when suddenly a terrible noise broke out from the direction of the safari, and I then saw the scene which I described above. Curiously enough, we had passed by the very bush behind which the rhinos had been sleeping, but they did not notice us and we did not catch sight of them. Of course I felt very inclined to take my revenge and, making my safari pitch camp, I followed the spoor; but it led over rocky soil and I soon lost it.

Meeting kifarús often brought about comical situations. On the Ruvana Plains I once shot for the pot a male dik-dik, which is a tiny little animal hardly bigger than a hare, and one of my men asked for one of the little horns, because he wanted to put into it a recently acquired "dawa," which would keep him safe from the rhinos. I granted him his request, gave him the skull and let him pull off one of the horns, hardly two inches long, and he hid his new treasure in it.

Next day while we were looking for buffalo spoor in the jungles on the banks of a river-bed a rhino got our wind and charged us in the most unexpected manner. The man with the "dawa" was the only one who was in danger and he only escaped because the snap shot which I made at the last moment hit the rhino in the neck and killed him on the spot.

At night my men sat round the fire, living again through the adventures of the day, and pulling the thorns and thistles out of the soles of their feet after they had been softened by the heat of the blazing fire. I went up to them and, amidst peals of laughter from the others, I told the man with the magic charm to claim back what he had given for the "dawa" and to give the "nganga" (magician, physician) a good flogging for having sold him such a

useless "dawa." But he seemed quite offended and said with conviction: "No, sir. Who can tell what might have happened to me without this 'dawa'?"

A similar comic episode occurred on the Ushangi River. One day just before an early start the man who usually carried my camera, came to my tent wrapped in a blanket, and leaning on a stick and said that his leg hurt him. It is interesting to note that if a native ever reports sick, he always has a blanket to cover himself and a stick to hold himself upright, whatever his ailment may be. A blanket and stick are the insignia of the sick just as a hurricane lamp in the hand denotes the boy (private servant) and the tea kettle indicates the pishi (cook).

I examined my man and found that he was malingering, so I hung my camera round his neck and he had to come along with us, which he did sadly enough, never forgetting his limp.

We had been tramping along for nearly an hour when we came to that part of the watercourse where our guide had seen buffalo spoor the day before. The more open places were covered with high buffalo grass and on the banks of the river stood a dense forest interlaced through and through with great creepers.

Tensely we examined every footprint and noted every sign, and so we did not keep an eye on our limping companion, who tried to slip away unnoticed, for he did not like the idea of having to play up to his part all day long.

Suddenly we heard shrieks of terror and calls for help and the enraged snorts and grunts of a rhino. As we looked in the direction of the noise, my gunbearer handed me my .465 double cordite Express and then we saw our poor lame friend dashing towards us as if on wings, and not far behind him came the thundering giant in full pursuit. Happily he had taken our direction and my bullet brought the beast to a stop just as he had nearly caught the man up. The grass was high and this interfered with my aim, so my first bullet was rather too far back, but anyhow it made the rhino swerve. I seized the chance he then gave me and shot him in the shoulder and killed him. The terrified man did not stop, but sped on until he found a mimosa tree and fled up it with great agility, and it needed much persuasion before he would come down again.

After he had recovered from his fright he regained his voice, and using it to good effect, told us that having loitered behind he tried to catch up by taking a short cut when suddenly a rhino stepped out from behind a bush and charged him. The rhino's horn was good; my camera in its strong case came to no harm; and my man's bad leg was healed; so this little incident had a lucky ending in every respect.

When in the open, and especially if his truthful companions, the rhino-birds, are not with him, it is not hard to stalk and shoot a rhino—in fact, this affords little sport. Following him in the bush, on the contrary, will always be dangerous and exciting. There was a time when my nerves were very badly shaken by rhinos, but it must be remembered that I shot about 80 per cent. of my rhinos in the thickest bush or in the dense undergrowth of the riverine forests; and also that in that part of the country there were many rhinos which had been wounded and infuriated by the poisoned arrows of the natives. Such harassed beasts have, of course, a worse temper than those which have been left alone. I often found points of arrows in the bodies of my rhinos or else very nasty wounds full of pus. I have stated that the rhino is one of the most irritable of animals, but experience proves that nothing can be more easily checked than a rhino's even most serious attack. It is nothing compared to a lion's or buffalo's vicious charge, and either of these animals will follow his enemy like a bloodhound. An alarm shot or even a loud shout will often be enough to turn the rhino off his course.

It is also my experience that a rhino is very easily killed, though this fact seems quite inexplicable. A shoulder-shot, even if not very well placed, will finish him. If the bullet does not touch his heart he will give a shrill squeal, just like a pig when it is stuck with a knife; he will then run on for about 100 paces and collapse. No other animal leaves such an abundant blood spoor as the rhino in the event of a shot in the lungs.

I have also tried head and neck shots with good result. The head-shot can be difficult at times, because the spot nearest the brain is partially covered by the horn. I had a very thrilling adventure with a rhino once which taught me how hard the horny parts are to penetrate. Under the Ngurumini Mountains the

natives had seen a rhino cow and calf in some thorn scrub, so the next day found me on their tracks, although I could not make out from the spoor, which was on dry, stony soil, whether the rhino calf was worth catching or not. I had already covered quite a nice distance through the "wait-a-bit" thorns, when suddenly the rhinos started up quite near us and dashed away with the usual grunts. Just at the moment of their escape I was on all fours getting through a tunnel in the thick bush, and as I heard that they had stopped not far away, I did my best to reach a clearing where I hoped to see something. When at last I could stand up the kifarus started off again, but now moved parallel to us. I ran a few steps forward to get a better view and a chance of a shot, when a silly accident occurred, for a branch tipped my wide-brimmed felt hat over my eyes, so for a moment I could not see anything. The rhinos passed close by me, but I could not shoot, much to my men's surprise.

After various explanations we then found out that the kirongozi who had brought news of the rhinos had not seen a cow and a calf but two full-grown animals. But we continued to follow the tracks, as one of my boys said that one of the rhinos had a very long horn.

The tracks of the alarmed rhinos led through quite an open space into a big area of bush. In this bush we found a clearing where we rested and had lunch, during which I read a Hungarian daily paper a few months old which had been used to wrap up the food. It contained an instalment of a novel by Stacpoole about Africa called *Pools of Silence*. The translation was indifferent and "buck" was always translated as "roebuck," although the scene was laid in the Congo. On the subject of rhino the writer explained to the tyro, that a rhino must be shot in the neck. "Not bad advice," thought I, but at that moment I had to jump to my feet, for a snorting rhino thundered down on us at full speed. After we had sat down to rest the wind had begun to veer about in every direction. As a matter of fact this was one of the reasons why we thought it would be a good time for lunch, but when the wind grew stronger it brought the rhinos with it.

Fortunately my rifle, an 8-mm. Mannlicher-Schönauer, was at hand, and I shot the rhino galloping for me in the head. I felt

that my shot had gone home and so I was rather surprised when the beast did not collapse, but only swerved slightly and then turned round quickly and went off with its mate. I just had time to send a snap shot after it into its shoulder, which it acknowledged with a loud squeal. It left a profuse blood trail which we followed for about 100 yards and then found it lying dead.

We easily found the shot in the shoulder, for frothy blood was oozing from it, but we did not find the head-shot until much later, although it ought to have been on the forehead. But at last, right in the middle of the front horn, we saw a trace of the first bullet. The horn had stopped the bullet, which was intended for the brain, and it is interesting to know that the solid bullet failed to penetrate the horn, although at this spot the horn was not more than four inches thick. On the opposite side of the horn a slight bulge and a few splinters were all that showed the effect of the bullet.

A few months later I had an interesting experience almost in the same place with a three-parts-grown rhino. I had killed the cow, but this calf did not want to leave the body and with uplifted nose tried to catch our wind, anxious to wreak vengeance. We shouted at him, but the only effect of this was to make him come for us, whereupon my men fled up some trees on either side, and as I did not want to use my rifle I, too, climbed up a small tree. The young rhino vented his rage on the fresh spoor of my men and dug them up; then taking one of the smaller ant-heaps for his antagonist he attacked that. It was very interesting to watch the kifaru's charge. His head was bent down low and on reaching the heap, he butted his horn into it, while his tail, which was held straight up, went down and then up again. This movement was somewhat like the left hand of a fencer who makes a point, but the usual exclamation "La" being replaced by a furious snort. As I sat in the top of a miserable acacia tree not 7 feet high, I could see all this very plainly.

My men, who were all perched on surrounding trees, saw a good opportunity for a bit of fun, a thing which the native will never miss—he would rather lose a dish of pombe, which means a lot. One of them, the quickest and cleverest of the lot, began the game. When the rhino turned away, he crawled down from his tree, picked up a lot of stones and then quickly climbed up again.

All the others followed his example and very soon the young rhino became a target for a regular fusillade. Every stone that fell made him turn against it and he kept dashing from one to another, puffing and snorting wildly. This gave the playful boys a new idea. They began to throw stones at each other, which made the kifarú dash at the occupied tree and the man on it had to climb a few branches higher up for safety. This amused me at first, but I soon began to dislike the game because the kifarú came very close to my tree sometimes and little was wanted to shake me off it! So I seized a favourable opportunity to jump down and shot him through the ear. This, coupled with an alarm shot sent after him, made him go at last and we could approach our quarry.

I only once had a man of my safari seriously wounded by a rhino. This accident occurred on the Ruvana Plains. I had taken out my newly recruited Wagayan porters for their first essay in hunting and we were marching along unconcernedly and not heeding the wind, because we had never seen rhino tracks near the little acacia forest through which we were travelling. I had left my gunbearer at home to superintend the preparation of a cheetah skin and untrained men were carrying my rifles. When the rhino charged us I threw back my .22 Winchester and reached out for the double cordite Express, but in vain, for the "msenzi" who had been carrying it had bolted. So I ran towards the thorny thicket to get one of my rifles and avoid giving the rhino my scent. The inexperienced Wagayas sped across the open plain right into the wind, while the brass rings they wore on their arms and necks jingled and rattled. I had warned them to leave these at home because they might prove troublesome in the "pori" (wilderness), but they thought it bad "dawa" to take the rings off, and as I did not want to appear too strict at first, especially as it was very hard to get men at that time, I let them come out with all their dangling finery.

The man carrying my Mannlicher-Schönauer got caught in the thorns and I overtook him, but at that same moment I saw that one of the others had been overtaken and trampled on by the rhino. The Mannlicher-Schönauer was loaded with soft-nosed bullets, but of course there was not time to change them, only to send five



EUPHORBIA COPPICE NEAR LAKE GEORGE



ELEPHANT SKULLS BLEACHING IN THE SUN



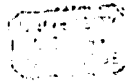
MY SECOND OLD BUFFALO BULL SHOT NEAR LAKE GEORGE



HEAD OF BLACK RHINOCEROS
Notice the trunk-like protruding upper lip



HEAD OF WHITE RHINO
Notice the broad upper lip and straight tusk





MR. HOBBS'S WHITE RHINO

bullets as quick as possible into the rhino's side. The rhino squealed at the two last shots and disappeared into the thicket.

Reloading my rifle I ran up to the man feeling quite certain that he would be lying mangled and quite dead. Great therefore was my joy at seeing him stagger to his feet. His head was covered with blood, but experience had taught me that at first sight such injuries very often seem worse than they actually are. And this was the case again. The rhino had split the calf of his leg open, but as he only butted at him while passing him on one side, the wound was not very deep. It was this blow that knocked the man down.

It was the man's extraordinary good luck that the back parts of a rhino's legs are like pneumatic tyres and that the soil was damp and soft from the previous night's rain, so the rhino's legs slipped off the man's head. No other part of his body had been touched. There was a big gaping wound on his scalp, but the Wagayan "club-proof" skull will stand much. The man soon recovered and only a large scar remained to remind him of his adventures for the rest of his life. Next day when we found the old bull rhino he got the best parts of the meat, and I can vouch that he seemed to like it very much.

One should use solid bullets for shooting rhino, and the bore of the rifle is a question of individual taste. Personally I do not think big bore necessary, for, as I have already stated, the rhino is not tough, and I have always found that a shoulder-shot with a small-bore rifle is sufficient.

The native hunters, the Wandorobos and the Wakambas, regard the rhino as an easy quarry, for if the rhino-birds are not about, they can steal up to the drowsy beast and shoot their poisoned arrows into him from very close quarters. The Wandorobos use also poisoned spears for rhino hunting.

The Wakamba hunters sometimes cut down euphorbias, because kifarus are very fond of the soft, fresh sprouts of these trees, and when they are feeding on them at night they shoot them from ambush with their arrows.

The Wandorobos have been killing many rhinos lately, for the horn is now a popular article of trade. Formerly they hunted rhino on account of the meat and did not care much for the horns,

only snuff-boxes and clubs being made out of them. During my first trip I saw many such articles made out of rhino horns by the Wandorobos and Masai.

But even then rhinoceros horns were of very fair value, and if one was over 32 inches long it was even more valuable than ivory. At the last ivory and rhinoceros horn auction in London the latter were sold at a higher price than the ivory.

Rowland Ward states that the record black rhino horn is $53\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the southern white rhino record is $62\frac{1}{4}$ inches, while the northern white rhino is only 41 inches. These measurements are of course those of the front horns, for as a rule the rear horn is much shorter, although it does happen in some parts of the country that both horns are of the same length and occasionally the rear one is the longer. Nowadays a horn over 30 inches is rare. Generally a cow's horn is longer, but thinner, than a bull's. Better sticks and whips are made from rhino hide than from hippo hide. The belly of the rhino and the back of the hippo are the choicest portions of hide used for making these articles.

CHAPTER XVI

The Leopard

IN order to complete the list of African big and dangerous game we must include the leopard, which is the smallest in size but has the most handsome skin, and is to be found all over Africa. The leopard is more common than the lion and it undoubtedly has the most extended habitat of any of the cat tribe. In Africa—except the coastal parts of Northern Africa—one can still find leopards everywhere, even where the last roar of the lion was heard a hundred years ago.

The leopard's distribution through East Africa is very general, and there is no part of the country where its tracks would not be found: in the great dark forests, in the riverine jungles and the arid plains, high up in the mountains—even up to the snow-line—and on rocky hills or in swampy plains. Human habitations will not disturb him and he will even break into East African towns, for one can often read in the local papers that a leopard snatched a dog away from the centre of some town.

Differences have been established between leopards of different countries. Those found in the mountain or riverine forests are larger in body, their skin is darker and the spots are bigger; while the leopards of the plains are of a lighter colour and smaller in body. Melanism in Africa is rare and in East Africa only one or two black leopards have ever been shot. In Abyssinia it is a more common occurrence.

There is but little difference between the African and Asiatic leopards. In Asia—with the exception of Tibet—leopards are known all over the continent from Asia Minor to Manchuria. The larger ones are called "panther" and the smaller ones "leopard" by Indian sportsmen, but zoologists do not distinguish two varieties and classify both leopard and panther as one species. Their

sometimes one and sometimes another kind of animal will seem the most dangerous. This is why the opinions of the best known and most reliable African hunters are so different, even if they have hunted in the same parts of the continent.

F. C. Selous, who is probably the most famous of all African hunters and is known to have been an excellent observer, places the lion first as the most dangerous animal and after it he puts the buffalo and elephant equal, while the rhino only comes in the last place.

Judging by his writings C. H. Stigand must also have been a very good observer, and he places them in the following order: first the elephant, the hunting of which cannot be compared to any other; then the lion, the rhino and last the buffalo.

Sir Samuel Baker also gives the elephant the first place, and next the rhino, while he puts the lion last.

Sir F. Jackson, a former Governor of Uganda and a wonderful observer of nature also, regards the buffalo as the most dangerous; elephant second; lion third, and rhino last on the list. It should be noted, however, that Sir F. Jackson shot considerably less than the others I have mentioned, and he had only killed ninety in all of the four species.

Personally I have shot about 200 head of the five dangerous animals, so I think I am entitled to give my opinion for what it is worth. In districts where elephants are often disturbed and the hunter has to pick out the largest tusker of the herd, on account of the limits imposed, elephant hunting is undoubtedly the most dangerous sport. In districts where elephants have been undisturbed—and they are now few—the danger is much less. I give the lion the second place; then the buffalo, and last the rhino and leopard. I must admit that I have only decided on this order quite recently, as there was a time when the list began with the rhino. This was in the days when I always tracked rhinos in the densest jungle, as I have already recounted in the chapter on that animal, and was so often in tight corners. At that time I thought the elephant far less dangerous than any other animal. I am convinced that a long experience will convince a hunter that the buffalo is less dangerous than one would imagine, and to-day I am of the decided opinion that hunting buffalo is not on a par with hunting elephant or lion.

CHAPTER XVII

Lucky Experiences with Leopards

DURING the first part of my third trip I had pitched camp on the Ngare Dowash River (Mara) on the frontier of British East Africa. At that time hardly any white men other than the officers of the Boundary Commission had travelled through these regions and they gave me very interesting reports of the fauna of this part of the country.

From the hunter's point of view the upper reaches of the Ngare Dowash were also reputed to be rich and interesting, and we heard of many herds of elephants between the Ngare Dowash and the Kisi forests. So it sounded an ideal hunting-ground.

The animal world, especially the world of birds, was extremely well represented. As a collector I was very successful, but less so as a hunter. I never even saw the spoor of elephants, although there was ample evidence that they must have been numerous some years before. And I had counted on elephants! When the sad truth became clear I called my camp on the Ngare Dowash "Camp Disappointment."

I had suffered many hardships while getting there. The last villages were in the Ngurumini Hills and here I had to provide food (dhurra flour) for my men, and engage headmen. The inhabitants of these hills were rather unfriendly, and so it was a long time before I could get what I wanted.

At last we started at the end of May, 1909. The almost uninhabited Wandorobo Plains begin under the Ngurumini Mountains and extend nearly to the Great Rift Valley and thence towards Mount Meru. Nomadic Wandorobo tribes of hunters wander about in this vast wilderness, and when white men approach, they instantly move into the wildest parts which are only known by



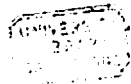
RHINO COW SHOT IN THE BUKST AGACIA FOREST
On the left is a dropped Ostrich egg



RHINO BULL KILLED IN A "GOOD" THICKET



THE THICKETS WERE USUALLY OF THIS TYPE



the hunting expedition we had planned was over, but I immediately forwarded my application for the licence necessary for capturing game.

Although my outfit was entirely lacking in the most essential items, containing nothing else but two cases of tins of condensed milk for baby animals, beginner's luck smiled upon me, and the first animal I caught was the most valuable I could have hoped for in the neighbourhood of the Ruvana Plains.

At the beginning of August I received information that a few rhinos had been observed in the thick bush-covered slopes of the Tyamriho Mountains, three hours' march from our camp, and I heard later that these rhinos had actually knocked over a couple of men who were marking out trees for the building of an Adventist mission.

So I set out with the idea of shooting rhinos which could then be prepared for museums, not even dreaming of catching one alive.

After pitching our tents I had a quick lunch, as I wanted to do some scouting, but was still drinking coffee when Pandasaro came rushing up. Snatching up my rifle I ran to meet him, for I was certain that a rhino had been seen. While we ran along together, he whispered that while he was putting up a leopard trap he had heard the sound of a rhino feeding.

Very cautiously we stole up to the spot he indicated, when I, too, heard the loud chewing and masticating of a rhino feeding. A dry branch cracked under the weight of my foot and I heard its angry growling snort. Pandasaro, as quick and clever as a monkey, fled backwards to hide behind the trunk of a tree, holding the lowest branch within reach with one hand, so as to be able to swing himself up at the first sign of danger.

I pointed my rifle in the direction of the snort but without being able to see anything. So I waited in suspense, but as the rhino did not get our wind, it was reassured and went on breaking off branches and eating them.

I crept up unobserved and was not more than 2 or 3 yards from him when he saw me, and would have gone for me; but as I had seen his head a solid bullet did its duty.

The report of the rifle and the crash with which the enormous



OLD WILDBEEST BULL CAUGHT IN A LOOP-NET
The native on the right is holding a captured Jackal

body came down was followed by the frightened shrieks of monkeys and the red-feathered turacos, which uproar was followed again by the great quiet of the jungle. Only the rhino's head twitched from one side to the other with convulsive movements: this was all that could be heard.

The men I had called up at once began to skin it with great skill, and went on working late into the night. The heavy hide could only be brought to camp next morning, where they continued scraping it. After a week's hard work it was prepared so well that it could be made life-like again for any museum at any time.

In the afternoon I strolled towards the other part of the forest, although without the slightest hope of seeing anything. But I had hardly advanced more than a few hundred yards when a furious snort from the burnt buffalo grass made us jump.

The wind was wrong, so I made a big detour and tried to crawl up to the spot from which the snort had come. It was not easy because we could find no tracks. The rhino had come in from the plain, and this being down wind, we could not take advantage of the spoor. While my men were dispersed and looking for the tracks, I heard some scuffling in their direction, and running up to them, found Pandasaro perched on a thorny mimosa tree, while the cool-headed Sindano was scraping the thorns off another mimosa tree with his knife, so as to have a more comfortable retreat in case of danger.

The man on the tree signalled that the rhino was quite close. When I made it out I advanced a few steps towards it, but it moved on also and then stopped again. In vain did I search in every direction, but could not see it, although by this time I knew I must have been quite near it. First Sindano and then Pandasaro followed me in the belief that the rhino had gone. Then suddenly Pandasaro spotted it and pointed in the direction of a large grey mass, which I had taken for an ant-hill.

I raised my rifle, while my men took refuge behind all kinds of bushes in every direction. At the shot the rhino swung round in a flash and disappeared in a thick cloud of dust. As we heard nothing further, I concluded that it had rolled over and was lying dead.



IN THE FOREST. WILDERNESS AND AN ELAND CUB

But as we cautiously followed up, a furious snorting made us stop. My two men vanished from my side and I was ready to fire when—Good gracious!—instead of the mighty rhino I was expecting, a wee rhino baby dashed out of the reedbank! The next moment I had put my rifle to "safe" and thrown it down, and as the youngster passed by me I pounced on it, closing my arms round its neck, and our struggle began. The little rhino fought a desperate fight. I could never have imagined that this creature, hardly two months old and weighing but about 150 lbs., could exert itself to such a degree. Very soon I was on the ground, and as I hung desperately to it, it dragged me about over the sharp buffalo grass. I was covered with bruises and scratches and my clothes were torn, but I knew I was holding a treasure and I did not want to lose it. The little rhino was squealing, while I shouted to my men for help. At last they appeared and fell on the little beast with such determination that they rolled it over and then held it down. We had no rope with which to bind it (later, when I was a real animal catcher, I made every man carry a few yards of rope on his body), but I held on with one hand and took my putties off with the other. We then succeeded in binding the little pachyderm, but when we tried to lift it on our shoulders and carry it to the tents, we could not, because the moment it began to kick we were scattered all around. So we had to undo the knots fastening its legs and twisted the putties round its neck like a collar. Two men clung to it right and left, while I took hold of its tail, and in this manner we managed to take it to our camp.

On reaching the camp, we bound it to a tree and put rugs over it, for the poor little animal was quite exhausted by excitement and fright, and was panting and trembling all over.

But what did we look like? Our clothes—I mean mine, because the others had none—were torn; we were smeared all over with blood, dust, and the sticky, slimy perspiration of the rhino. We were in a disgusting state. The carcass of the old rhino cow was already cold and stiff, but we could pay no attention to it, and I consider I was very lucky to find the horn next day.

The baby cried for a few hours, but by nightfall it seemed

much happier and lay down next to the man who was put in charge of it. Next morning it followed us like a dog. A photograph of it was taken on the second day of his imprisonment while I was giving him his bottle. By that time he was so tame that tying him up for the night was an unnecessary precaution.

He never left his nurse, and when the men hid from him in fun he would call them in peculiar shrieking tones. It was great fun to watch him play, frisking about in a grotesque way. Every one of his movements had the same grotesque character as the movements of a grown rhinoceros. Every unfamiliar object roused his wrath and without deliberation he would attack it.

A week or two after I caught him I gave him a playfellow in the form of a young waterbuck, and they were soon inseparable friends.

But it is just as hard to bring up a pachyderm as to catch him. At first we gave him pure milk; later on oats in milk, feeding him with a spoon. And still later he was taught to eat alone out of a pot.

This little rhino was afterwards sent to India.

But catching rhino will not always have such lucky results as in the case here related. An older rhino will usually die from exhaustion and distress at having lost its freedom. Unfortunately I have had some experience of this. We had come upon the tracks of a rhino cow and calf in a dense thicket. The latter was already half-grown, but I thought that I should not have many more chances of getting one, so I followed up the tracks. I was accompanied by twelve brave boys, who believed in success. I don't know how they got it, but they had drunk rather too much "pombe" and were in a most joyful frame of mind. The rhino cow charged the moment she saw us, and nothing but a shot in the head could have saved me from being trampled upon. The calf did not leave its dead mother, and although he offered great resistance we made him a prisoner. True, none of us came out of this adventure unwounded. We caught him in the morning, but the necessary help for moving him only came late in the afternoon when half a village helped to convey him to camp. Every one was overjoyed when at last we succeeded in doing so, and I had an exceptional pleasure that same evening, for on

my return to camp I met a fellow-countryman who stayed for a day or two.

The young rhino only lived one day. He died from over-exhaustion, while my wounds made me remember the difficulties of catching him for a long time afterwards. We had equally bitter experience in a third case, which I have told of in the chapter on "Tracking Buffaloes."

After my first lucky capture I made serious preparations for the systematic work of catching wild animals alive. We built paddocks round our camp and then I had to get milch cows. I had to buy a large herd of them, because the African zebu gives very little milk and stops having it altogether when their calves stop sucking. If the calf dies the native has a curious way of helping himself. He preserves its hide with salt and holds it under the cow while milking. But the cow will soon discover treachery, and then there is no more milk to be had from her until the next calving.

I got cows from the Wagayas in exchange for buffalo hides. Fortunately there was no competition and I was able to get very good young material for my herd, getting two pregnant cows for one buffalo hide. I could have bought cows with their calves, that is, cows which were already giving milk, but previous experience warned me of the unwisdom of doing so. Good herdsmen will only try to get rid of a milking cow if something is wrong with her, for they would not part with her under any circumstances if she was a good milker. Of course it was a long time before I had all the cattle I wanted for my zoological garden in the wilderness, and it was the lack of milk that made me sell the first baby rhino as soon as possible. The money I got for it came just in time and helped me greatly in improving my outfit.

The Ruvana Plains would have been an ideal site for catching game, for many varieties are plentiful, but on account of the tsetse-fly horses cannot be kept, and in the Sudan giraffes and antelopes are generally lassoed from horseback.

In German East Africa vast areas were scoured officially and the zebras and antelopes forced into huge enclosures; but such methods were always far beyond my means, for they necessitate great numbers of men and costly equipment.

My quick-footed and intrepid natives could run down a young or weak animal which had been left behind by the rest of the herd, but such specimens would not usually live long, because they were often already naturally feeble and were further over-exhausted by the chase.

During my collecting expedition I caught animals with loop-nets, a method which I had learned from the tribes living east of the Victoria Nyanza. These nets are made out of the strong fibres of a plant called sansevieria and consists of a row of loops hanging loose on a cord, which is then stretched out and hoisted up upon forked poles. About eight to ten parallel rows of these nets are put up in places where game is known to pass. When the trap is ready, the beaters divide into two parties and drive the game from a distance into the system of hanging loop-nets.

Naturally many beaters are needed for this work, and it will really only be successful if a sufficient number of men can be obtained.

When the game comes close to the traps the excitement begins. Suspecting danger, they will try to turn back. The beaters, who until then have crept up slowly, will jump up with shrieks and yells, brandishing their spears, and pursue the escaping animals, which, scared to death, leap into the rows of nets. If they succeed in getting through the first few lines they will be caught in the subsequent nets almost to a certainty. This was the time when I had to be very quick and firm with my men, for the wild man's murderous instincts are aroused in times of excitement, and they might easily have stabbed the kicking animals with their spears.

It is dangerous to approach a grown animal caught in the net, nevertheless we always cut the loops open and let them escape. These grown animals would not live more than a few hours in captivity after such a chase.

The young ones were conveyed to camp and turned loose in paddocks as soon as possible. The new-comer in his boma would be received with great curiosity by his fellow-captives and soon all would be friends.

When an animal came of its own accord to take its bottle we could regard it as tamed. But we lost a good many even

a giraffe's, need a week's work at them—the skin must be liberally covered with salt, folded up and put into some "hyena proof" place. Next day the work can be continued.

When the skins were scraped enough I made my men rub in a mixture of three-quarters of salt and one-quarter of alum, and in very damp weather I put in more alum. The parts round ears, nose and mouth must be very carefully salted. I used to prick these parts with a bunch of needles bound together so as to ensure the salt getting well into the thicker parts of the skin. When this was done I painted the skin with a 5 per cent. solution of natrium arsenicum. Skins thus prepared should be placed if possible under a shed or a shady tree to dry—and never under any circumstances in the sun. The skin should be well stretched on a stretcher and the edge pegged all round with pegs about 8 inches long.

The more slowly a skin dries the better.

Lions' skins especially must be treated very carefully and not pegged down on the ground in the sun after the natives' usual custom. The majority of lion skins which are brought to Europe need the taxidermist's greatest skill, for when these skins are unpacked they look as if they had been attacked by white ants.

Speaking of white ants, I should warn the inexperienced that they often give one very disagreeable surprises. For instance, it is quite possible to wake up in one's hut one morning to find that one's best pair of boots has been eaten up during the night. It may also happen that when one throws a mackintosh over one's shoulder, half of it is missing and only ribbons hemmed with clay left. Once when the weather was fine I did not use my mackintosh for some days and by then it was gone.

If the trophies have not had a sufficient treatment with poisonous solutions they will certainly be attacked by white ants and so must be kept in a place which is not only immune against hyenas, but against white ants.

If we only want to mount the head and neck of some animal, we should make our cuts very low down in the back and chest, as the taxidermist will only then be able to mount it artistically.

The scraping and drying is carried out in the same way as already described.

If no salt and alum are available, clean ashes make a good substitute for the mixture described. If the necessary poisons (natrium arsenicum or arsenic soap) are not available one must take special care to prevent termites from getting into the skin.

One should never cut the horns of buffaloes or antelopes off the skull, because the trophies would then lose much of their value and appearance. The best way of preserving them is to scrape off the flesh, scratch out the brains and dry them in the sun. It is not advisable to boil them. If they are overboiled the bones will get loose on some parts such as the nose and fall away from each other. It is better to do the boiling at home in Europe.

These skulls drying make a dreadful smell and ought to be kept far away from the tents, but again care must be taken to prevent hyenas getting hold of them, for these fine smelling trophies will attract hyenas from miles around.

The horns should also be smeared with natrium arsenicum after being dried, and if this is not available, paraffin will do almost as well. If this is not done some kind of insect will get into the horns and bore holes, in which case the trophy will be ruined after a few months.

The foot of an elephant or rhino can be mounted and makes an interesting trophy. To do this the leg must be cut off and the flesh and bones taken out. This is a very hard and tedious work, but native skimmers are well suited for such monotonous work, and if closely watched, will prove very useful and able. The complete cleaning out of an elephant's foot will take two or three days.

When it has been properly cleaned out it must be treated with salt and alum; then with poison, and finally it must be filled with wood ashes to prevent it from losing its original shape. It dries slowly and I usually left them in the hut of some native acquaintance and fetched them weeks later whenever I could do so without having to make too big a detour.

If one wants to make sticks and whips (kibokos) out of rhino and hippo hides, the best method is as follows: The underneath parts of the rhino and the back skin of the hippo only ought to be used. The skin must be cut in strips three fingers thick, and