

(Newspaper Clipping)

NAIROBI,
Tuesday, May 4, 1926

WHITE WOMAN CHARGED BY TWO RHINOS

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN RIFT VALLEY

Partially Scalped

Carried Four Miles by Camp Natives

Mrs. Bailey, wife of Mr. G. L. Bailey, of "Sterndale," Nai-vasha, is an inmate of Nairobi European Hospital after being the victim of an experience which comes within the lives of few women. She owes the fact that she is still alive to some miraculous intervention or accident of which she is quite unaware.

While hunting in Suswa, the mountain which rises above the great Rift Valley and is one of the breasts of the Queen of Sheba in the mythology and ancient history of Africa, she was charged by two rhinoceroses and very seriously injured.

This is the thrilling story of her adventure:

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were on safari and had established their camp near Suswa for a week. On the night before the accident they had been sitting up for lions, and Mrs. Bailey caught a chill. On the following day she decided that she would not go far and she intended to spend an uneventful day hunting around the camp for reedbuck with a small rifle. Mr. Bailey departed with a gun-bearer to seek game on the plains and Mrs. Bailey, with another bearer and a second native, decided to climb Suswa. She found no sign of reedbuck and set out to return to camp.

WITHIN FORTY YARDS

On the way home she discovered fresh tracks of rhino and suddenly came upon two of the animals lying down under a tree in more or less open ground. She hurried to camp and brought her husband's double .470 rifle and the natives back to the spot. When she arrived she found that the two animals had changed their position and were resting under a thick bush.

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Mrs. Bailey crept slowly forward until she was well within forty yards. The rhinos were in such a position that one was practically covering the outline of its companion, and she supposed they were an old rhino and a full-grown youngster. The latter was nearest to her and she fired at the rhino on the farther side, choosing as a mark an exposed shoulder to get a heart shot.

The next thing she knew was that they both rose to their feet and rushed through the bush at her, charging side by side. Mrs. Bailey's one and only thought was that the end of her life had arrived, and she had no time to turn about or fire a second time.

One of the animals caught her with its horn on her side; the horn traveled right up her body and tore away the whole of the scalp on that side. She was thrown high into the air among the trees, and when she came down the rhino trod upon her as she lay on the ground.

A RETURN ATTACK

Both native gun-bearers stood the strain well. They were experienced men, and they kept their ground. As soon as opportunity offered they lifted the injured woman up—her face streaming blood—and when she regained her feet, she discovered that one of the rhinos was rapidly returning. The natives dragged Mrs. Bailey into a dry water gully, and the gun-bearer drove the animal off with rifle fire. Then they set out to carry Mrs. Bailey four miles to camp and luckily met another party of the camp porters who had been in the same locality for the camp water supply. Among them they brought her down, quite unconscious, and one native hurried on ahead to inform Mr. Bailey who met the party bringing his injured wife about a mile from camp.

HURRIED TO HOSPITAL

Mr. Bailey immediately placed her in his car and took her to Naivasha where the District Commissioner called in a doctor. Mrs. Bailey was removed to the farm and given emergency attention, after which the doctor ordered her removal to Nairobi hospital.

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Dr. Jewell, on examination, found that the skull was intact, but Mrs. Bailey will require the most careful attention for some time before she regains strength after the terrifying experience. She is now progressing slowly but steadily.

It is believed that one of the rhinoceroses has been shot, and Mr. Bailey is returning to Suswa in search of the other.

MR. EASTMAN'S NOTE: This is the spot where we are going for a week's hunt before starting north.

SECOND NOTE: Mrs. Bailey recovered and resumed her hunting trip with her husband.

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enough to shoot we found the bull's tusks were not up to the thirty-pound minimum, a great disappointment of course. On the way home after lunch our trackers saw some fresh tracks in the grass and by a very clever piece of work finally brought us in sight of a couple of bulls, one of which was a big one. Unfortunately the wind was wrong, and while we were getting around on the right side they moved off a little way across a donga. We had to follow them to get a shot. In order to do that we had to take an elephant path through a patch of head high grass. These elephant paths are about eighteen inches wide (twice as wide as an elk trail), mostly perfectly flat and smooth and not very deep in the ground and very easy to walk in. Where the grass is deep as it was here you have to travel single file. Pat was ahead next to the tracker, then his gun-bearer, then Saasita, then I, Audley, his gun-bearer, Tsetse and his syee, and some porters. We were half way down the slope to the donga with the elephants in plain sight on the other side when I heard a coughing and barking sound behind me that was so much like a dog that for an instant I thought it was some native's dog. (There are no dogs in this locality on account of the fly). I turned impatiently, just in time to see a big rhino surging down alongside the path toward me. He swerved and went by within three or four feet without touching me, and was gone almost before I could realize what was happening. As a matter of fact he was probably asleep in the grass, and we did not wake him until we had almost got past him, then he jumped up confused and frightened, probably not getting our scent. If he had turned nasty, he would have had us at a disadvantage. Audley had slipped and was down in the grass, my gun-bearer had my gun and Pat could not shoot (he was the only one of the three who knew what the noise meant), because Audley and I were both in line with the rhino until he swerved off. After that he did not shoot, because it was unnecessary and would frighten the elephants. But the harm had been done, the elephants disappeared, and we could not find them again. The next day we started out again at daylight. After twenty minutes' walk we saw two rhinos ahead of us. As we did not want to have

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any trouble with them we went around them, and they did not see us. About half an hour later we saw three more. We were all in a patch of unburnt short grass. To the left was a slope from which the grass was burned, sparsely covered with trees. We changed our course down the slope. We were soon out of sight, but when we looked up we saw the rhinos ambling along on the ridge ahead of us as if they had seen us. Two of them went on out of sight, but the third, a cow with a yearling calf, got our scent at about 150 yards and suddenly turned down the slope and charged us full tilt. I got off Tsetse, grabbed my gun and we all stood ready. We thought at first we could frighten her off without making any shooting noise and all began to yell, but on she came with her calf following. At thirty-five yards (afterward measured) Pat thought she was near enough and gave her a shot from his 465. It grazed her front horn and entered her left shoulder. It did not stop her, however, and as I was next I put a 470 in the center of her right shoulder, and she dropped dead twenty-six yards from where we stood. The bullet had passed through her heart. In the meantime the calf had come up and stopped in front of its dead mother. It looked around and saw a lunch basket and one of my folding camp chairs that a couple of porters had dropped when they went up a tree. With a rush it caught the chair and gave it a vicious throw over its head. Then it started for Audley and me, and we each gave it a shot (joined by Saasita with the Mannlicher as he thought bwana Eastman was in for it), whereupon it ran off on three legs squealing. After examining the dead mother Pat took the Mannlicher and went off a couple of hundred yards and put out of its misery the young one, which had a broken shoulder and was bleeding at the mouth from a shot through the lungs. When it was all over we were more thankful than ever that the rhino of the day before had behaved like a gentleman. We saw no elephant that day, although we scoured the country for about nine hours, nor the next morning, although we hunted from daylight until eleven o'clock, so Pat concluded we had better move up near Meru where several herds of elephant had been reported by his scouts. That afternoon we moved out



Saasita and the rhino that charged with her calf