Final instalment:

The Bobby Cade Story

E. C. ("BOBBY") CADE made many friends whilst he had charge of the Orphanage at the entrance to Nairobi National Park. At the time of his death, in 1967, he was writing a book and his notes were subsequently prepared for printing by his niece, SYLVIA STORY

I AM FORCED to the conclusion that there is something wrong with me and my outlook on animals. I like hyenas. It seems that nearly everyone else is prejudiced against them.

I wonder why? After all, they fill their niche in the balance of nature, just as well as lions do. And then, just think how little is known about them.

For hundreds of years, there has been an idea that they are hermaphrodites and, on this belief, they have been classed as unnatural animals. This, added to the fact that they feed on carrion, instead of doing all their own hunting, has damned them in the eyes of a lot of people.

As I have said, the belief that they are hermaphrodites is very old. I can remember when I was a schoolboy coming across a sentence in a Latin translation about 'the hyena that changes its sex every year.' I cannot remember if this occurred in Homer, Ovid, or elsewhere — but to remember it now shows that my schooling did leave something stuck in my mind!

The truth is that it is difficult to tell the sex of these animals without a somewhat detailed examination. And, as their skins are of no value, few people have ever touched their bodies.

My first real contact with them was in about 1936. Three small animals were brought to me in a box and, frankly, when I first saw them, I did not know what they were. They were rather like small puppies with stripes and the only animal I could think of was an Aardwolf. But these were too big to be baby Aardwolves, and it was some time before I realized that they were very young striped hyenas.

They were delightful creatures and grew up behaving more like dogs than any other wild animal I have ever had. Contrary to general opinion, they had practically no smell and were very clean in their habits. As they got bigger my small sons used to romp with them and they never made any attempt to bite — even if their tails were pulled.

I learned quite a lot from these young hyenas — in particular their method of dealing with the skin of an animal. Starting at one end, they would cut strips along the edge of the skin and swallow the strip as they progressed. This shows how efficient their teeth are for dealing with the leavings of lion kills even after vultures have had their share.

It is generally believed that the hyena has stronger jaws than any other animal. Certainly they can crunch up bones that would defeat a lion.

Since those days I have never had another striped hyena, but some months ago the Orphanage received a telegram asking if we would like two baby spotted ones. I accepted immediately, and, in due course, the two babies arrived.

I had hoped they would be really tiny. A tiny spotted hyena is one of the most attractive wild babies — jet black and looking just like a teddy bear, except for a little tail that looks more as if it should belong to a piglet.

BOBBY CADE, with lion cubs

These babies were certainly black, but they had very good teeth — as I well realized when I took one of them with me on a television programme. I had it in a basket and, when the time came to take it out, it let me know in no mean terms that it disapproved of the whole procedure.

Today, these are well grown youngsters. They now have their adult coats of black spots on a brown ground and they are more friendly now than when they were small. They come up to me and they like having their chins rubbed. I like hyenas.

Another animal that has a bad name with most people is the hunting dog, more usually called the wild dog.

I freely admit that if you happen to be a sheep farmer and a pack of these animals visits your farm, you have every reason to dislike them.

In a small way I experienced this a number of years ago. At that time I had a farm at Naro Moru and a small herd of Masai sheep. These were taken out grazing by an African woman each day and, one morning, I heard her screaming not very far from the house. I grabbed a gun and ran towards the noise.

It was not far away but, by the time I arrived, a small pack of dogs had raided my sheep; in the few minutes given to them, two had been eaten entirely. The head and leg bones were all that was left of another, while two more had been killed. Sheep are just too easy.

Normally, these packs of dogs kill antelope — usually the gazelles, but they can quite well cope with the bigger ones.

Wild dogs hunt by running down a selected animal. One or two of the mature dogs make the running, while the rest of the pack lope along behind.

If the buck changes direction, another dog or so will cut in and press forward. It is not usually long before a dog can get in a bite – and then the end comes fairly quickly, as a wild dog's teeth usually remove the piece they grip. At the kill, the pack piles in and, a very few minutes afterwards, little is left.

The dogs have insatiable appetites and, when they visit an area, a lot of buck are killed. But they do not usually stay in a district for long and quite possibly these visits do good in breaking up the antelope herds and so preventing too close in-breeding.

Having thoroughly stirred things up, the pack moves off and may not be seen in the area again for a long time. I believe that the only time a pack is tied to any definite area is during the few weeks while the bitches are suckling their pups.

It seems Nature has devised that this stay should be as short as possible by having the bitches whelp at more or less the same time. I do not know if this is always correct, but I do know of one case where three bitches whelped in the same hole. All the pups in this hole — about 14 of them — were about the same size. Of course, I have no proof that all pups were not the produce of one mother, or that the other two females had lost their own young and were acting as foster mothers; but the fact is that three females obviously in milk entered the hole in which the pups were found.

I remember once seeing a pack which had a number of puppies running with them all appearing to be the same size – about that of a fox terrier.

When people visit zoos, or places where wild animals are kept, they always want to see them fed. The feeding of lions in a zoo always draws a crowd. (I cannot think why — because having been presented with its hunk of meat, a lion just lies down and chews it!)

So I had always wanted to let people see wild dogs feeding. There is plenty of action here: the whole lot pile in; and each one, having grabbed a mouthful, pulls against the others until the mouthful comes away — when it is swallowed and another mouthful grabbed.

When, one day, I heard that some wild dog puppies had been found — and that, unless I took them away, they would be destroyed, as their parents were killing sheep — I was delighted and set off to collect them.

There were eight of them. They were quite small, but I was glad to see that they would be able to feed themselves. Eight bottle babies would have been a bit too much.

I had taken an adequate box and we put the pups into it.

Ordinarily, wild dogs have no more smell than have any other animals; but when they are frightened, the smell can almost be seen. Even after two or three washings, it remains on your hands. If you let the dogs touch your clothes, several washings are necessary before the garments can be worn again.

AT THE FIRST ORPHANAGE, school parties met animals, often for the first time.

Trailing a strong smell behind me, therefore, I arrived back at the Orphanage and put the pups into a pen!

They were about five or six weeks old, I estimated, and, at this age, their mother would have come back to the lair to regurgitate her last meal for the pups. The best I could do was to make up a large dish of minced meat and milk.

There was no hesitation in accepting this and the puppies started their public exhibition — getting the largest amount of food inside them in the shortest possible time! To this day, they give the same show, except that now the meal is a joint instead of mince.

A day or so after I got them, I noticed that two pups were abnormal. One carried its head permanently on one side; the other had its tail screwed into a sort of knot. You would not think that these small deformities would have had any very serious effect; but, in spite of extra food, these two youngsters never grew like the normal ones. They became weaker and weaker, until I had to destroy them. Nature does not like freaks. If they had been in the wild, these two pups could never have kept up with the pack when the time came.

Wild dogs form a singular species, being precisely the same animal wherever they are found in Africa. They are not true canines and probably their nearest connection is with the hyena. They have one toe less on the front feet than have true dogs.

Their colouring is interesting: three colours – black brown and white. All specimens have similar heads — brown, with a black line running from between the ears into a black muzzle. And all tails are the same: brown at the base, black in the middle, and white at the end. Yet between the head and the tail, every dog is different. The three colours are always there, but the pattern is different in every case.

One of the most noticeable things about wild dogs is their large round ears. Hunting and living as they do, it is difficult to understand why the ears are so large — unless they are important as a cooling system. It may be so, I do not know.

I have certainly never seen mine hang their tongues out as an ordinary dog would, even on the hottest day. I wish I knew more about them. I think they are one of the most interesting animals in Africa.

IF I HAVE a favourite animal, I think it is the leopard. Certainly it is one of the most beautiful, its every movement an embodiment of grace and power.

Unfortunately for the animal, its colour and markings bring its skin into big demand – as coats and other accessories — by women all over the world.

Perhaps, somewhere, there are a few women beautiful enough to wear leopard skins; but, so far, I have not been fortunate enough to meet one.

I feel that if the proud owners of leopard skin coats could see the original owner moving through its natural habitat and would look at themselves honestly in a mirror, then most would recognise the odious comparison.

My dealings with leopards here in the Orphanage have mostly been with those animals which have been trapped and brought to the National Park to be released. When this happens, our custom is to anaesthetise the animal, weigh it, and fix a tag in one ear. The next day, when the leopard has fully recovered, we turn it loose in the Park.

Usually all this works smoothly and easily; but on occasions, plans go wrong.

I remember one occasion when we transported a leopard to be released into the forest. We had the cage, on the back of the lorry, covered with a tarpaulin to keep the animal quiet. Having reached our destination, we fixed a cable to the door of the cage and arranged it so that the door could be opened from inside the cab of the lorry.

All worked according to plan and the door opened – but the leopard did not come out! The idea of leaving his nice dark cage and jumping into the open did not appeal to him, so he just stayed where he was.

Now, of course, we were in a silly position. Our cable was arranged to open the door, not to shut it; and none of us thought it a good idea to get out of the cab, go round to the back and shut the door on our big male leopard. So there we all sat. Nothing happened.

Fortunately, after what seemed a long time, a man I know came along in his Land Rover. I was able to signal to him to come over to us – approaching the lorry from the front – and the situation was explained.

I then transferred into his Land Rover and we backed it against the door of the cage, so that the leopard could not get out. Then I was able to remove the tarpaulin from the cage, leaving the leopard fully exposed. I got back into the Land Rover and we moved away.

Now, the situation was different. The leopard was in the uncomfortable position of being in the open, with a nice patch of forest only a few yards away: it was only a few minutes before he slipped out of the door and disappeared into the forest.

At another time, a very large male was trapped some miles outside the Park, where he had been causing trouble by killing goats belonging to the local inhabitants. He was dealt with satisfactorily and released, wearing a nice new ear tag.

Some weeks later, the Game Warden of the area in which the original trapping had taken place again brought us a leopard in a trap to be released in the Park. When we came to deal with him we found he was the same animal we had ear-tagged earlier. He had returned to his original haunts and was trapped for the second time within a mile of the first trap. This time he was released in a distant Park – and for all we know he may still be plodding home again!

Then there was the case of the young female leopard who had been trapped and brought to us. There was no trouble in weighing her or fixing the ear tag and she was returned to her cage, to await release the next day. But, next morning, we found she had escaped and was free in the building. Just to make things more difficult, she had jumped over a wall into a store, built into one corner.

The easy way would have been to leave the door open, in the hope that during the night she would come out and disappear into the Park. But, to get into the Park, she would have to go in one certain direction – and any other direction would lead either into a military camp, or into the National Park Rangers' lines where wives and children live. In either place, someone was likely to get hurt.

Of course, we could have shot her; but that was not the idea. The only thing left was to fix on the outside of the main door a trap which would arrest anything that stepped on its platform.

This was easy; the door opened inwards, so we could get the trap all fixed up, with the two parties on opposite sides of the door. But unless we opened the door of the small store, there was no reason to believe the leopard would come over the wall into the main room. The small store door was shut with a bolt; to fix a piece of wire onto the bolt then pass the other end of the wire through a window seemed a good idea.

I admit that fixing the wire onto the bolt, and loosening the bolt enough for it to be pulled easily,

(Continued overleaf)

THE BOBBY CADE STORY

(Continued from previous page)

was an uncomfortable operation. It would have been very unpleasant if the leopard had appeared on top of the wall.

But all went peacefully and, during the night, the leopard walked into the trap, was later released in the Park, and I hope she settles down to a long and peaceful life.

Only two days after this, another female leopard was brought to us from another area. With this one, there were no troubles and she also went into the Park wearing an ear tag.

The truck which took her into the Park had only just returned, when another lorry arrived — with yet another leopard!

This time it was a fairly old male, in very poor condition with a nasty wound on his back. We dealt with him as usual and, while he was under the anaesthetic, we found that he had a number of obvious bites.

Clearly he had been fighting with another leopard; so, besides giving him an ear tag, we dressed his wounds and stitched two of the worst ones. I hope that, by doing this, we helped the wounds to heal more quickly. Life in the wild is not easy, even without the handicap of some nasty sores.

All this business of ear-tagging leopards may sound silly and rather cruel, but it has an object. This is to try to discover how leopards move about the country, how long they live, and other interesting things. It has the same object as bird ringing.

Thousands of sheep and cattle suffer worse things every year — and a woman who has the fleshy lobe of her ear pierced in order that she may wear earrings suffers much more pain!

So far, only two of our marked leopards have been recovered: the one I have already mentioned and another which was again trapped some 30 miles from the point of release — but not in the direction from which it had originally come. Even these two cases interest us and, as we mark more leopards, we shall get more evidence.

I would very much like to be able to follow a leopard after release. I wonder what actually happens?

Our Park has some 7,000 acres of forest inhabited by all sorts of animals, including leopards. And over the years I imagine that each part of this forest is territorially occupied by leopards. So, when we release a male, I imagine that within a very short time the original owner of the territory finds an intruder.

Does a battle then take place? Or has the original occupant such moral supremacy that the stranger departs without a fight? If we release a female, is she welcomed? or is there another jealous female there already? Leopards are secretive creatures, so I do not suppose we shall ever know the answers.

The only leopard who is an actual resident of the Orphanage is a young female; she's nearly a year old. When she came in, she was beyond the bottle baby stage, so she has never been tame enough to handle.

You can go into her pen without any objection on her part. But if you go too close to her there is a rather half-hearted snarl — just a warning that she is an independent wild animal and not a domestic cat.

Some months ago, she developed a skin trouble and, under veterinary instruction, I had to give her a course of pills.

Obviously, you do not give pills to a leopard in the same way as you give them to your dog. The procedure was to bury the pill in a small piece of meat (small, so that it would be swallowed and not chewed), impale the meat on a small stick and offer it.

Usually, this was accepted and swallowed; but, on some occasions, the piece of meat was too big and, when she chewed it, the pill was discarded — or slipped out as she closed her mouth. In each case, the pill had to be retrieved and hidden in another piece of meat. In the end I became quite expert at this trick.

I am glad to say the leopard never got the idea that if she kept on discarding the pill, she might get quite a decent-sized meal — as I frantically continued to hide the pill in pieces of meat!

She has now recovered and is growing a new coat. It will not be long before she becomes as beautiful as she was before her illness.

WHEN I came to the Orphanage three young cheetahs were in one of the pens. They had been found as babies and reared by Mrs. Ellis, the Warden's wife. At that time, they were a little over half-grown, all three of them very tame with us, but one was unreliable with strangers.

I was told of a time when a visitor was taken into their pen to photograph them and this animal objected to the visitor's presence and scratched him slightly. But unfortunately I was not told this until after I had taken a schoolmaster, who was shortly leaving Kenya, into the pen so that he could get some good pictures.

We had hardly got inside, when one of the cheetahs ran at him and reared up, hooking one claw into his back and another into his chest, and sinking its teeth into the belt of his trousers.

It was utterly astonished and it took me several moments before I could detach the animal. Actually, little harm was done — a couple of scratches and a torn shirt.

But if I ever wore a hat, I would take it off to that schoolmaster for the way he accepted what must have been a very frightening experience.

In due course, the Kenya Government presented one of these cheetahs to the Emperor of Ethiopia, leaving us with the two which are brother and sister. As I do not allow strangers into the pen we have had no further trouble.

What does one say about cheetahs?

I imagine that, during my time at the Orphanage, a hundred people have asked where they could get a cheetah, or wished that they could have one.

TWO YOUNG CHEETAH, at the old Orphanage.

I suppose that, with the exception of my friend, Raymond Hook,* I have had as much to do with these animals as anyone else. I have dealt with adult wild ones, reared tiny babies on bottles, caught them — and for shorter or longer periods had a very considerable number in my care.

The more I see of them, the truer I find the statement made to me many years ago by Raymond Hook: "Cheetah are only interested in things that appertain to cheetah."

Wonderfully efficient animals, in their contact with humans they are self-centred and aloof. Humans do not appertain to cheetahs.

I know full well that I shall be unpopular with some people in saying this; but I feel it is true in most cases and, from my point of view, it is one of the greatest compliments I can pay to the cheetah. How much better to accept human advances with tolerance than to fawn on *homo sapiens*.

People often ask me: "Do cheetahs make good pets?" My reply is that I do not consider any wild animal makes a good pet — not as I understand the meaning of the word.

You can certainly keep all sorts of wild animals in captivity and you can be on friendly terms with them. But if you want a pet, get a dog or a guinea pig. These are man-made animals, bred for hundreds of generations to meet man's needs. But a wild animal is born to fulfil its life without having anything to do with Man.

There appears to be a false idea among a lot of people that cheetahs are partly dog. This is absolutely incorrect. They are cats; but highly specialized cats. Cats that have taken to hunting like greyhounds, instead of the usual stalk and pounce. And it is for this reason that their feet have developed with non-retractile claws, so that the claws can grip the ground when running.

But again there is a difference. With a dog, the dew claw — the equivalent of our thumb — is quite useless. With the cheetah, it is a powerful weapon. It is with this claw that it holds its prey, until the teeth can get a grip on the throat. And if you are unfortunate enough to tangle with an irate cheetah, it is this claw that will slash you.

Cheetahs are famous for their speed and over a short distance they are probably the fastest animal. But their speed is often greatly exaggerated. A good many years ago, cheetahs were raced after the electric hare on the Harringay greyhound track, and their timing was in the neighbourhood of 45 miles an hour. Possibly a wild one in its prime could do a bit better.

It is not the actual speed that is so wonderful, but the power of acceleration — full speed being reached from a crouch in a couple of jumps.

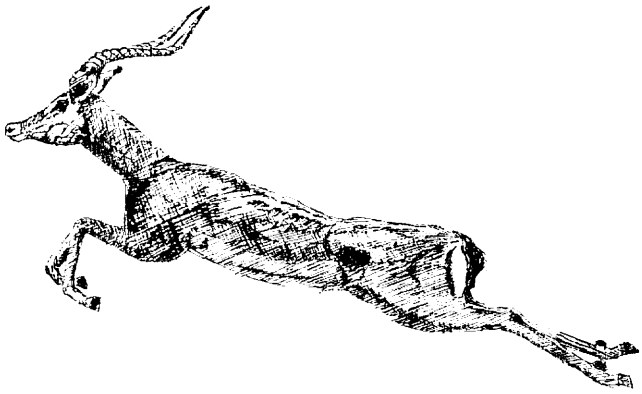
When a cheetah kills, it throws the animal — usually a Grant or Thomson's Gazelle — to the ground then grips the throat, locks its jaws and just lies there. Always the cheetah lies against the buck's back, so that the flailing legs with their sharp hooves can do no harm.

I have heard it said that the cheetah is at this time sucking its victim's blood; but recently I have had the opportunity of examining some cheetah kills immediately after the kill had been made, and the cheetah driven off. In no case could I see any external mark on the victim. It was not until I had skinned the throat that I could see where the four canine teeth had gripped. Each animal had, in fact, been strangled.

Many years ago when I was a young man and Indian Princes were real princes, one of the Maharajahs used to send to Kenya his head cheetah keeper to buy new animals for the royal stable of hunting cheetahs. I remember Ishmael well — a small grey man with a grey beard who spoke a language none of us could understand. But he knew cheetahs. The only ones interesting to him were adults — not too old, but used to hunting and killing on their own. He had absolute contempt for tame, hand-reared animals.

In those days, we hunted cheetahs on horseback. I remember someone saying that you must ride 300 miles to see one cheetah, and you should be able to catch the third cheetah you see.

**Famous naturalist and long-time resident of Kenya who died shortly after Bobby Cade.*



GAZELLE STUDY, by Michael de la Mare

The most amusing capture I remember was when my brother-in-law and I were on the Naro Moru river with some dogs, which found a cheetah and put it to flight across the river. As we were on foot that seemed the end of it until a short time later, we heard one of our dogs barking, so we crossed over the river to see what it was all about — and there was the cheetah, in the fork of a large tree about six feet above ground level.

This was too good to miss! My brother-in-law stood some distance away so as not to frighten the cheetah, but in plain view to keep its attention, while I circled round and crept up behind it, grabbed its tail and hung on.

The cheetah tried to jump out of the tree, of course, but I hung on. My brother-in-law joined me and while I continued to grip the animal's tail, he took our two handkerchiefs, knotted them together, and tied the animal's hind legs with them.

This cheetah, which we named Gussie, was tamed; in due course, it went to England with five others and was raced on greyhound tracks.

In actual fact, racing the animals does not work. Cheetahs do not race against each other — they are too intelligent. If one is making the running, the other just sits down and awaits results. If a kill is made, number two joins in the meal.

So, on the tracks, the only kind of race that took place was cheetah against greyhound, and this meant a handicap race which was not very satisfactory — so the whole idea was not a success.

But I am getting away from cheetahs in the Orphanage. As I have said, we have a pair of adults, and then there are three young ones. One of them is about six months old: he was caught at an age when he was independent of milk, had good teeth and claws, and was not to be handled with impunity.

It is a peculiar thing that cheetahs caught at such an age are practically impossible to tame. I have known many over the years — and I have known many people who have spent a lot of time trying to tame them, but rarely with success. Adult cheetahs will accept people on equal terms after a time, and of course tiny babies brought up by hand are as tame as dogs; but those of intermediate age are difficult.

We also have two small babies, who were brought to the Orphanage when they were about 10 days old. I know nothing about how they were found, beyond the fact that a young couple travelling through Kenya were offered them by an African who said they were leopards, and that they were very bad animals as they killed goats, and therefore they themselves should be killed.

I do not know how long it was between the time they were found and the time they were given milk from a bottle. They were terribly thin and suffering from bad stomach trouble.

Quite truthfully I did not see much hope in rearing them, but careful feeding did the trick: they are now thriving and putting on weight. When they came into my care they weighed less than one pound each; they now weigh over seven pounds each and, bar accidents should grow into healthy animals.

At present I am recognised as mother; but I know that in a few months a gap will grow between us. They will be aloof cheetahs, and I shall be a human whom they will quite like, but that is all.

If they had been in good condition when I got them I would have tried to find a healthy bitch to act as foster mother. In the past I have reared cheetah babies fostered onto a bitch with great success. This is much more natural than rearing them on a bottle.

So, after all this we come back to: "Do cheetahs make good pets?" My answer is an emphatic NO! I have too great a respect for them, and I dislike intensely seeing them degraded to the position of a domestic dog or cat.

WHAT CAN I SAY about all the small antelope we have in the Orphanage? The main thing is that most of them are not orphans.

Too frequently people arrive, bringing a baby duiker, or steinbok, and tell me that they found it deserted somewhere. They just do not realize that if they had left it where it was, its mother would have come back in the evening and looked after it.

All the smaller antelope leave their very young babies during the day, only returning to suckle them after dark. But so many people — with the best intent — believe that they have found a deserted baby if the mother is not actually standing over it.

We take them in and do our best to rear them. With some we succeed. We do reasonably well, but I regret we do not rear them all.

For some unknown reason, many people believe that cow's milk must be diluted before being fed to a baby buck. The result is that they give too large meals, too frequently, of too watery milk. I have always worked on the rather hit-and-miss basis that if a baby animal is left by its mother for long intervals, it needs milk high in fat; whereas if it runs with its mother from birth, as do foals, then the milk should be low in fat and high in sugar content.

Very unscientific — but I believe it to be basically correct!

At present, we have six species of the smaller antelope in the Orphanage. They were not all reared by us. A number of them have been brought in by people leaving the country, who realize that if they just turn their pet loose, it will have very little chance of survival. Small buck have so many enemies — dogs, wild animals, humans. One that has been reared without the fear of these, cannot survive long.

One of our antelope is the fiercest inmate of the Orphanage. He is a male red duiker, a small animal about the size of a bull terrier, with quite short but thick-set horns — the most pugnacious animal we have. Sometimes when you go into the large pen which he shares with several other buck, he puts his head down and charges really seriously. If you jump quickly and he misses, he turns in a flash and comes back; and you end up in a sort of ridiculous dance trying to avoid him. Once he caught me unawares and I still bear the marks where his horns pierced my leg.

Nearly all male buck become pugnacious when they reach maturity and the bigger species are truly dangerous animals. The females, on the other hand, remain friendly all their lives — and in any case the females of most species do not carry horns.

So the little foundlings come to us and grow up and — because we realize that we have removed from them the instincts and fears that they need in order to survive in the wild — they stay. Now I am awaiting the birth of both baby steinbok and duiker to two of our orphans. In due course we shall have antelopes with flourishing parents in the Orphanage — which somehow makes our name seem wrong.

And Monkeys. How I wish people would not keep monkeys as pets!

I agree that as babies they are the most appealing little creatures, but they grow up — and trouble starts. Either they become vicious and bite their owners, or they start taking their owners' possessions to pieces. Anyway, for one reason or another they end up with us, and I am always sorry for them. The abrupt change from being a pampered pet seems a little hard. All I can do is put them into a large enclosure and feed them well — and they do look so unhappy for the first few days.

The first one to come in after I took over the Orphanage was a female baboon called Jane. For a long time she had been the pet of an R.A.F. squadron and, just before this unit left Kenya, Jane came to us. I was made to understand that she had an addiction to petrol and engine oil; and that her best joke was to smash peoples' spectacles and destroy packets of cigarettes.

It struck me that Jane was going to have a rather dull time with us, for the chances of a drink of petrol would not be nearly as good as around an aerodrome. Certainly I wasn't going to pander to such unnatural tastes. But Jane settled in and seems to be thriving on the more austere rations we give her.

Not long after Jane's arrival, the Royal Army Medical Corps brought us another baboon. Again it was a case of the owners leaving Kenya, so now the two baboons share a cage.

I wonder if any ship of the Royal Navy have a baboon wanting a home. It would be nice to have one from all three services.

Then the vervets. These are all small brownish-yellow monkeys with black faces, by far the commonest variety in Kenya. I admit that when I first came to Kenya I also fell for them.

I particularly remember one that I rescued from some Africans who were protecting their crops from a troop of raiding monkeys. His mother had been killed and I happened to ride by just as the small baby was found clinging to her fur. Quite naturally, the Africans saw him only as a future pest which would be much better dead. But if a mad European wanted him, that was all right as long as he was taken away from their gardens.

I tucked the tiny creature into my shirt and rode home, where I presented him to my wife.

My wife was also quite new to the country, and had recently acquired a young female vervet which she called Micky. We found that the new baby had lost an eye. This gave him a most piratical look; so the obvious name was Dead-Eyed-Dick — shortened to Dicky Boy.

At first, all was well. Micky was under control and, as is usual with monkeys, had a strongly-developed maternal instinct. She was delighted with the new arrival, cuddled him to her breast, and at night carried him into her box.

Dicky Boy quickly learned to come over to the house for rations and, having had a meal, he would scamper back to Micky; so all was peace — until, alas, one day Micky was found dead and our troubles started.

Dicky was utterly miserable for several days, but not for long. He soon got over it and then spent his time being a nuisance. Every open door or window presented an irresistible temptation for a raid — on the basis of what you can't eat, break! There were no regrets when an acquaintance living a long way away said he would like to have Dead-Eyed-Dick!

Monkeys are like measles. You get them, get over them — and are immune for life! And it is the

(Contd. overleaf)

THE BOBBY CADE STORY

(Contd. from previous page)

monkeys that people have, so to speak, "got over" that come to our Orphanage.

As I take them in, I always tell the owners that when they have reached a suitable size I shall turn them loose in the National Park. I wait until I have some half dozen of an age that should be able to look after themselves — and off they go into the forest.

I truly think there is every chance that they will be able to take care of themselves. Anyway, what alternative is there? Vervets by the dozen, wanting bigger and bigger cages — and then baby vervets. All the responsibility of someone who has monkey immunity? NO! The forest is the only answer!

We have also given asylum to two chimpanzees: a fairly large male named Sebastian, and a small female named Si Si.

I am not sure that I like having them because they so often make me feel that we ought to change places. They are too intelligent in a human way, and it makes me uncomfortable.

Sebastian came to us because he was getting too big and strong to be a reasonable thing to have around. He is a complete extrovert and there is not the slightest doubt that, the larger and noisier his audience, the more he enjoys himself.

Quite often, members of the public bring him presents. I particularly remember the tricycle. This was received with great interest. I tried to get across the idea that the machine was meant to be ridden, but was unable to get the necessary footwork going.

Satisfaction was reached when one of the wheels came off with the axle attached! This was a source of pleasure for days -- the idea being to drive the axle well into the ground and then spin round on the wheel.

Sebastian has a butterfly brain. He will concentrate deeply on something, but only for a short time; and this is what worries me as I find it impossible to keep him fully occupied. It does not seem to worry him much — but it worries me!

Naturally, with his brain and strength, he frequently escapes from custody. Once, when setting off down the road that leads to Nairobi, he came face to face with a certain doctor who had had considerable experience with a zoo in Germany. This was very fortunate and the doctor arrived at the Orphanage leading Sebastian by the hand.

When I asked him how he managed this, he said that on meeting Sebastian and realizing where he had come from, he started to dance like a chimpanzee. Sebastian had joined in the dance and they had returned to the Orphanage as partners. I wish I had seen it!

On another occasion, Sebastian set off for the club. I got in my car to overtake him, drew up alongside, and opened the door. Sebastian got in, sat down in the passenger seat and obviously prepared himself for a drive. So, while his cage was being repaired yet again, I took him for a drive round the National Park.

We saw zebra, impala, wildebeeste and various gazelles — only slight interest on Sebastian's part. Then we came upon a troop of baboons and I waited with interest for the reaction. Sebastian ignored them completely!

The highlight was a giraffe, standing beside the road. This was something really worthwhile and Sebastian hung out of the window shouting: "HOO! HOO!"

I don't think the giraffe really approved of the noise. He turned away and ambled into some trees.

Another time I wished I had a camera handy was when I met Sebastian coming down the path leading from our store — a carton of milk in one hand, a cup in the other and a second carton in his mouth. I was surprised at the cup. Two cartons of milk were reasonable and if he had not brought the cup he could have carried three cartons. But I am always underrating our Sebastian. It is not done to drink milk out of a carton.

He opened the cartons and poured the milk into the cup before drinking it. I am a long way from being sure of the respective positions which he and I hold.

Si Si came to us as the result of a telephone call from a veterinary surgeon in Nairobi. He first asked if I would like a young female chimpanzee. Frankly I hesitated; but he went on to say that if I did not take her he was going to destroy her. This altered the picture and I said: "Bring her."

In fact, it was not he who brought her, but a lady and her husband. The lady had heard that Si Si needed a home and had taken her. But sick baby chimps need comfort and nursing: Si Si had at once clutched onto this friend and refused to let go. As a result, the good lady found herself permanently attached to a fairly strong chimp with a will of its own and good teeth to back up the will. Twenty four hours had been enough, so she arrived with Si Si attached.

Quite truthfully, it was a real struggle to separate them, but at last I was able to inspect our new arrival. What a pathetic creature she was! Hardly any hair, nasty sores on her face, neck and wrists. If the original owners had been present, I could have spent a pleasant time voicing my opinions loudly and emphatically. How I dislike people who acquire baby chimps, then amuse themselves by seeing what human antics they can be taught, and by feeding them all sorts of things they were never designed to eat!

My first job was obviously to start her on a strict diet and to rehabilitate Si Si as a chimpanzee. She had to learn that life held other things besides being carried round by humans. It was difficult at first, but today I am sure Si Si is a happier animal. She lives in a large cage with all sorts of swings and branches to exercise on. Shs has a full coat of glossy black hair and a good appetite for the things that I think she should eat!

When I go in to visit her, she comes into my arms and gives me a kiss, but I am always glad when, having done this, she leaves me and goes swinging across her cage as a proper chimpanzee should do.

I feel that I have rehabilitated Si Si.

WITH CHEETAH CUBS, Bobby Cade was happy.

I HAD INTENDED to tell about the happenings at the Orphanage during my first year there; but, as I am writing this, a new orphan has arrived and I feel I must include him, although I cannot possibly tell yet if he will be counted amongst our failures or successes.

He is a reticulated giraffe baby. I received a telephone call from the Game Department telling me that a three-day-old giraffe was being sent me from a place called Maralal, some 200 miles north of Nairobi. Apparently, his mother had been killed, and the Game Warden at Maralal had rescued the baby and was sending it down the next day.

I am still appalled by such happenings. After over a year of them I ought to be immune — but I am not.

Of course, I've seen lots of little giraffe with their mothers in the wild and have looked after a number of juveniles — but a three-day-old baby was quite a different matter. What is the composition of giraffe milk? How much does a female giraffe produce in a day? How often does the baby suckle and how much does it take at a meal?

These and several other questions needed answering and, in spite of numerous telephone calls, the best I could find out was that a certain lady, who had since left Kenya, had successfully reared one. So, it could be done — but I was on my own.

The next day, at about 5 p.m., the baby arrived and was put into the stall I had prepared. He was unsteady on his legs, but then he was only a few days old and Nature never intended such legs to undertake hundred-mile journeys in a Land Rover. Yet here he was. I was not encouraged to notice that he was suffering from a bad tummy upset, so I decided that a night's rest was the best thing and, if he was alive the next day, we would start work on him.

The Game Department had asked me to obtain a sample of blood from him if he died, in order that they could have full information on reticulated giraffe blood — as this would help them in their campaign against poachers.

At about midday, I really thought the baby giraffe was about to die so I telephoned Mr. Ellis Monks (who has a business in Nairobi dealing with all sorts of veterinary supplies and to whom I turn in all sorts of troubles). Ellis agreed to come to the Orphanage during the lunch hour and, when he arrived, the baby was on its feet; but as he had refused to take any sort of food or drink during the day, it was obvious that liquid of some sort was essential. He was showing signs of dehydration.

Mr. Monks had come to take a blood sample from the dying animal, but seeing this charming creature he said: "Let's try to save it if we can!" He rushed downtown again in his car, to return shortly with a necessary apparatus to give a two-pint glucose transfusion.

We tied the plastic bag of glucose to a rafter and, with a certain amount of difficulty, inserted a needle under the skin of the giraffe's tummy. It was surprising how tough even a small giraffe's skin is. The baby also got an injection in his behind and I was left to see that everything was kept in place so that the liquid would trickle slowly down a tube, through the needle, and into the animal.

It takes a long time for two pints to drip into a giraffe and I had to spend this time seeing that he did not move about too much. But at last the plastic bag emptied and a bulge on the side of the giraffe's tummy showed where the contents had gone.

While I was removing the needle, a visitor appeared and the baby giraffe started to nuzzle at his fingers; as soon as the needle was out, I offered a bottle of milk mixture and this was sucked down with approval. So there was hope!

The next day numerous bottles were accepted and the fear of dehydration, at least, had been overcome. This was a big step in the right direction. I had still not found anyone who could give me any help regarding quality or quantity of milk required, but I went home feeling reasonably optimistic.

SAID MR. CADE, in his notes: "I like hyenas."

This was a mistake, because the next day the bottle was refused and nothing I could think of caused the baby to show the slightest interest in any form of food or drink. As the day wore on, I became more and more depressed. So long as a baby animal shows interest in food there is hope, as drugs and medicine can be added if necessary: but against a refusal, I know of nothing that can be done.

That day, two bushbabies had arrived to board with me while their owner went on holiday and the owner had left a bag of all sorts of things that her pets liked — chocolate biscuits, baby foods, green peas and a box of marshmallows.

I was sorting through these articles in the presence of a friend and moaning about the giraffe refusing his food, when the friend said: "Perhaps marshmallows are the things for reticulated giraffes!"

He picked a pink one out of the box and offered it to the giraffe baby lying in his stall and, to our mutual surprise, the little giraffe smelt the sweet and at once started to suck at it.

At once, I mixed up a bottle of milk mixture, rubbed the sticky marshmallow on the teat — and two full bottles went down without any trouble.

Now I must emphasise that I am not stating that marshmallows are essential in rearing baby giraffe (for all I know, another one might prefer sardines!) but on the strength of this episode, my giraffe has been named "Marsh".

As I write this, another day has gone by. Today, the baby has taken every bottle offered to him and when he was let out of his stall this morning, he actually gambolled like a very clumsy lamb. Better still, he showed intelligent interest in some leafy branches that are relished by all proper giraffe. I am not saying that he ate them — but he certainly recognised that they were edible!

This story is only starting and I have had sufficient experience to know that even a promising start with a baby wild animal is a long, long way from a healthy adult. We know so little about their needs, and as with human babies there is no real substitute for mother.

OUR ORPHANAGE is open to the public and we have a large number of visitors who pay a small entrance fee. This helps to pay for the animals' food.

The children, in particular, find pleasure in coming to see the animals and are interested in following the growth of the various babies that come to us. Many parents have told me that the children would far rather visit the Orphanage than go for a drive round the National Park.

We try to keep as close a contact between the animals and visitors as possible, so we do not have any barriers between the public and the cages as is usual in most zoos. This is an excellent idea, but it can produce difficulties.

Although nearly all our animals are tame, some of them are too tame and therefore come up to the wire mesh to be stroked and petted by the small hands that can easily be put through the wires. Usually, this passes off very pleasantly for all parties, but occasionally I have to bandage a bitten or scratched finger.

Once, a small boy was brought to me with a bleeding finger and I found that he had been bitten by a very tame steinbok. Now to be bitten by a lion or some other carnivore is reasonable; but to be bitten by an antelope is surely unusual! So far, I am glad to say, none of the bites has been too bad to be cured by a piece of plaster and a bar of chocolate!

I was forced to put a barrier round the cage occupied by the small chimpanzee, Si Si, because she developed a passion for spectacles. She could easily put her arm through the mesh that made her cage and this was fine when it was a matter of shaking hands or some similar action.

But Si Si soon realized that if she only put her hand through, the visitor would come closer. Then the whole arm shot out and, if the person was wearing glasses, these were snatched off and pulled into the cage. Usually I was able to retrieve them before much damage was done, but not always: and one day,

(Continued overleaf)

SEBASTIAN, the chimpanzee given into the care of the Orphanage, sometimes dec[ei]ves [w]hich

THE BOBBY CADE STORY

(Continued from previous page)

after having to rescue three pairs of spectacles within an hour, I decided that something must be done. I must create a gap between the visitor and the chimp.

So a barrier was built. Now, before Si Si can get a pair of spectacles the wearer has to lean well over the barrier in an uncomfortable position — and all is peace!

Visitors come in a number of different species: those who are genuinely interested in animals and want to learn as much as possible about them; those who have special favourites among our animals and come frequently to bring their friends little luxuries; those who just walk round quickly (I suppose they are the same people who try to visit as many countries as possible in the shortest possible time!), there are also those who come and tell me that one of their pet aversions is seeing animals in cages. I do not know why they come if this is so, but their entrance fees help to buy food!

It is always a pleasure to talk to the first variety, because very often in discussing some animal they will tell me something they have seen elsewhere regarding that particular animal which helps me to learn more about it. And I am always pleased to see those people who come with bags of extras for their favourites, as I know that they bring only wholesome things which must be a nice supplement to the standard ration.

The Orphanage is of great interest to our African visitors.

Kenya is a large country inhabited by many different tribes and, in each tribal area, there are some animals which do not live elsewhere in the country. As a result, certain tribes do not even have a name for animals inhabiting other districts.

We are able to give Kenya's human residents a greater knowledge of their own animals and I believe this to be of very great importance if the wildlife of the country is to be preserved.

It is all very well to give lectures on the value of preserving such things as cheetah, and wildebeeste, for example. But of what use is it, if most members of the audience have never seen these animals? I know that personally I would want to see the animal that I was being asked to recognise as a national asset and I think, from talks that I have had with a number of African visitors, that we are helping in a small way.

We do not have much contact with tourists, but sometimes they leave behind little stories worth remembering. For instance, when a tourist party once visited us, in three enclosures adjoining one another there were three small leopard cubs, two well-grown cheetah and two nearly full-grown lions — in that order.

The party leader explained to his following that all lion cubs were

war on visitors with cameras and is seen breaking up a piece of photographic apparatus within his grasp.

spotted when small; that as they got bigger they started to lose their spots — until, as they could see, when full grown they had no spots at all! Of course, he was right and I had not the heart to point out that he was now looking at three different varieties of animal!

Although we are not a zoo, I imagine our visitors are the same sort of people who do visit zoos and that similar questions are asked.

I find the first question about an animal is: "How old is it?" I must have been asked this question about all our animals dozens of times — so much so that I have thought people would rather have a notice on the cage giving the animal's age than its species. The difficulty would be to keep the notice up to date.

I have tried notices stating that the particular animal was brought in on such and such a day at an estimated age of so and so, yet still the first question seems to be: "How old is it?"

Then there are the people who completely stump me. For instance, the lady who was watching the wild dogs playing about in their pen and suddenly asked me: "Why are they wild?"

And the man who, watching me giving a bottle of milk to a very small buffalo calf, asked if it was a young one. When I said that it was about three weeks old, he asked: "Is it weaned yet?"

But the real classic was heard by a friend of mine down at the hippo pools in the National Park. A lady and a small boy were watching the hippo in the pool. The small boy asked his mother why the hippo did not come out the water. Her reply was: "Don't be silly, dear, they can't. They haven't got any legs!"

I shall never again see a hippo without imagining it as an inland whale, swimming about and using its tail as a propeller!

But perhaps I am being unfair. I know that my wife has a photograph in one of her albums taken a number of years ago of me holding a fairly large python and under this she has written: "The more I see of people, the more I like snakes!"

I am not sure that I accept this — and anyhow she has put up with me for well over thirty years!

Looking back over these years, I must admit that only a direct descendent of Mrs. Noah would have expected to share her home with the animals that have at times lived in ours. For example, the lion cub which usually slept on our youngest son's bed and woke him up by sucking his ears when hungry. (Worse still, spent pennies on the bed!)

Then there was the baby antbear, with the only possible name of "Stinker", who liked to sleep in front of the electric fire in the sitting room; the little rock hyrax that lived in the roof and screamed at night (and ultimately grew so heavy that it came through the ceiling!); the boubou shrike that needed constant attention, even travelling with us when we went out.

Cheetahs, leopards, lions, and many lesser animals and birds . . . . it must have taken a lot of putting up with!

The Nairobi Orphanage Today

THE ORPHANAGE at the entrance to Nairobi National Park just grew like Topsy – and, as each new crisis offer of an animal in need of care was made to the Park authorities, so it increased the need for adaptation and invention.

Bobby Cade was no sentimentalist about animals; his writing proves that. But he was a man who had full appreciation of the vital drive towards survival inherent in most species and he realised that, given even the most meagre help and encouragement, the will to live can overcome vast disadvantages.

Bobby Cade realised, too, that the role of the Animal Orphanage was not that of a Zoo. Its task was to take in any non-domestic animal, sick or orphaned. If the animal had been the pet of a human family, had been incapacitated or inadequately educated for survival in the wild as a result of its seclusion, the job of the Orphanage was to endeavour to fit that animal for its "free" life and get it back into circulation with its own kind.

Even with the restricted finances and space available to the original Orphanage, this was no "scruffy animal slum", as Desmond Morris would castigate the old-time zoo. Yet it was not possible to make it a free-range area, either, for the animals needed more than the Parks could provide, at the time.

A small animal hospital was set up and a few devoted veterinarians made themselves available, on call when crises developed. Some brought medicines with them; others took sick animals away to their homes in order to provide specialised care and attention.

But the diversity of "patients" being brought to the Orphanage taxed the knowledge of everyone connected with the Parks, for these were sometimes wild animals about whom minimal knowledge of habit and psychology was available, anywhere on earth. They were sometimes lonely animals, whose whole lifetime habits had been disrupted when their "owners" had left East Africa and who had experienced no family life other than that provided in the artificial conditions of a human family circle.

Mr. Cade – like so many other enthusiasts of vision and determination — was a secretive worker. He would discuss much, but plan a great deal more than he put on paper. Most of the arrangements he had devised for the New Animal Orphanage died with him. In a radio tribute immediately after Mr. Cade's death, Kenya National Parks' director Perez Olindo appealed to businessmen in Nairobi to come forward and reveal what they had agreed, following Bobby's approaches to them for financial assistance.

The gift of £5,000 ($15,000) from schoolchildren of Holland had set the New Orphanage up as a possibility; the National Parks organisation was able to make a 30-acre site available and to dispense with the crowded, financially-restricted conditions under which the original Orphanage had evolved, at the side entrance of the Park.

But more assistance — much, much more – was needed if the New Orphanage was to take its place fully in the Parks' organisation.

Its management costs mounted with every new animal introduced. Currently, the monthly bill adds up to £700 in meat supplies and vegetables, labour costs, vehicles and the hidden things of such an establishment against an equivalent income of around £300, received in the minute entrance fees charged to Africans and others who either cannot afford to tour the Park itself, or who want to seize this opportunity to make a closer study of some of the animals they've seen in the Park.

In addition, the Orphanage needs another £5,000 ($15,000) for capital development, in order to provide surroundings which (as nearly as possible) duplicate the National Park conditions just across the moats and the low wire restriction areas.

Orphaned and sick plainsgame find, in their five-acre paddocks, that they can sample some of the growing grasses they would get if they were free, just a hundred yards or so away – for this *is* National Parks land.

Lions lie in the shade of the same kind of trees and bushes that their free-ranging relatives rest under, a mile or so away. The even more critical category of wild dogs are thriving in big pens, evolving as social groups and being encouraged to breed in comparatively luxurious captivity, for their species was depleted dangerously in East Africa when they were considered "vermin" and Bobby Cade was almost their only defender.

Even Sebastian, the chimp who was gifted to the Orphanage when his strength became formidable as a pet, has his future outlined if he will accept a mate planned to come to him from Entebbe Zoo, in Uganda. The chances are that — whilst he himself might not be possible of rehabilitation – his progeny can find a new home in the wilds on Rubondo Island Sanctuary, in Tanzania.

Cheetah introduced to the Orphanage find themselves in an enclosure where there is room to practise their fast sprints when they are fit and well. (Bobby Cade had wanted to introduce some form of "electric Hare", as at a greyhound track as part of the rehabilitation process, Ted Goss thinks).

Above all, Warden Goss wants to ensure that, wherever possible, wire is replaced by moats and he needs £1,400 for cementing the faces of the soft red-soil moated excavations which will put human visitors to the Orphanage more naturally in contact with the animals than fencing can do.

A living area is being created, not a zoo, the Park authorities have emphasized, and although not every animal in the Orphanage will make it to ultimate freedom — conditions must duplicate, as far as possible, those which the Parks will provide for the others.

The rhino called "Shorty", for instance, will be safer inside the Orphanage than he would be in the Park where lions would quickly haul him down; his deformed stature and his lack of the safety equipment provided by a horn would make him easy prey.

A vervet monkey freak — albino and sick when the Orphanage took him might not survive integration with one of the free-ranging Parks' vervet troops; the Orphanage lions which were reared as pets in human households are sometimes terrified by Parks baboons and are unable — physically or psychologically to deal with them; Orphanage leopards, some of the swiftest and deadliest of predators in the wild, had their claws drawn (as it were) when humans petted away their predator habits and forbade them the right to learn hunting.

Even if these individual animals can't leave the social group of the Orphanage, their progeny will find every attempt made to re-introduce them to the society of free-ranging species in the Parks later on.

It is one of the world's most encouraging experiments and the progress so far achieved is already adequate memorial to Bobby Cade. Yet the restrictions of finance prevent a major breakthrough.

Can *you* help? WILL you help? The contributions of individual schoolchildren in Holland were small, but the £5,000 they raised collectively enabled the concept of the Orphanage to take shape. Your contribution might mean the difference between life and death to some animals who – sick, orphaned or maimed in the wild — can be nursed back to health and rehabilitated to take their places in rightful habitats amongst their own kind.

If you send a donation (in any kind of money, by cheque or money order) to the East African Wild Life Society, Box 20110, Nairobi, marked "Orphanage Fund", it will be forwarded to the National Parks Organisation and will be used as you would wish in this vital-role establishment at the Nairobi National Park gates.

Do it now, if you can, before your busy day intrudes; even the smallest sum helps.

What is needed here is that — backing the voluntary efforts of a small group of professionally-qualified people in Kenya — a wider circle be created, friends of these animals in easy restriction being fitted again for the "free" life. In the meanwhile, the Orphanage can act as a wildlife educational medium.

Youngsters of the African towns are growing up — like the citizens of others of the world's cities — out of contact with wildlife. For many of them, a visit to the Orphanage is the nearest they get to wild animals; but it represents a chance to convince them (by showing them) what a wondrous thing is the wildlife of their country and it may be the factor which helps the National Parks' wildlife sanctuaries survive into the future.