



# HEMINGWAY ON SAFARI

Photographed by EARL THEISEN

After twenty years Ernest Hemingway returns to the scene of 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro' and 'Green Hills of Africa.' Here, in his own words, he begins the story—which was nearly the last he ever wrote—of his 2,000-mile safari by truck, hunting car, jeep and on foot, through the wild Masai country of southern Kenya. With him were his fourth wife Mary, a Cuban friend, a white hunter, a game ranger and a photographer.

THE never-ending monsoon was breaking the sea of white over the reef outside Mombasa as we came in through the channel. The hills rose green beyond the harbour and the white town, and that night the rain beat on the roof of the hotel, and there were pools of water in the streets. The next day we started out in the morning for the upper country.

But when the hunting car had climbed the red road through the green of the coastal hills we were in a thorn scrub desert, and after a mile or two we saw a plain where the rains had failed for two years. This had been a green, or tawny, land when I had known it in the old days. Now it was grey, or red, with dust that dragged in clouds behind the cars and trucks that moved along the road, and our faces were masked out in the monsoon.

"I know how you feel, Pop," Philip Percival said. "I'll find a place where we can stop."

"I think it's lovely," Mary said. "It's rather like the Bible, in the part where Lot's wife looked behind her, and they turned her into a pillar of salt."

"Don't think about Mombasa," Philip said, "nor about Paris, nor Gomorrah."

"Look," Mary said, "look at that odd formation. It looks exactly like a giraffe."

"It's a giraffe," Philip said.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Mary, "but I'm new here."

"Dust gets in your eyes," Mister P. said. "Remember that, Mary."

It was not all dust, although there was dust every day. There was Nairobi, with certain bars as self-consciously heroic as Tombstone, Arizona. There was a war on upcountry where it was necessary to bear arms. Often it was necessary

## DEATH OF A RHINO

for people to be armed in Nairobi. But in Nairobi many people were bearing arms at high noon in bars which seemed highly defensible, and whose occupants appeared to be immune to the competent authority. You go to prison for six months, quite properly, if you lose a pistol or have it stolen. So it is an excellent idea to keep your weapon firmly attached to your person. There is no law, however, as far as I know, against carrying a revolver, and I saw one very well turned out lady, definitely the very social type, who was prominently displaying on her person two pistols of the type which was designed to be worn up your sleeve, and



*As we came down the dusty road to the first camp of the trip we met the Game Ranger, who said cheerily, "Would you like to kill a rhino? If you don't, I'll have to." I was so surprised I said, "I'm not interested." "I'm just interested," he said. "Where is he?" "Just down the road." He came at a trot that turned into a gallop. I let him come much farther than was good for either of us, in order to be truly sure. As the S77 fired, he whirled with the shot, and you could not see him in the rising of the red dust.*

only displayed in the event of the production of five aces or some other such error of taste.

No visitor need bring a pistol to Nairobi. In spite of anything you have read, it is still not good form to shoot your wife into, or out of, the back of the head in the street. It is not even frowned upon in Woolworth's, and it might be misinterpreted in Barclay's Bank.

Someone asked me why we were not applying the same rules to the animals. I answered that something might happen to the animals, but that I believed the Maus might be going on for a considerable time. I hoped, I said, to return to study them. If I were unable

to return I would entrust their study to my second eldest son, who is a settler in the country.

Nairobi, and the basic long-term problem of the Kikuyu War, the upcountry war, and war in the north, the settlers and the natives are not part of the picture. The war which is being fought each day is a long, complicated, and ugly story, and we know something of it. You may be sure that it will continue for a long time. It is a war that no one comes to Africa who is interested in the kingdom of the animals need worry about it personally, except as it affects the Bongo, Giant Forest Hog, and the big Forest Rhino and Buffalo of the north where

*Continued overleaf*





## CAMP LIFE: MARY KEPT A DIARY AND A NEWBORN GAZELLE

*When Mary found Baa he was still wet from where his mother had dropped him. He was about the size of a jack rabbit, and he could not stand. She found him in the morning, in high grass, where the herd of Grant Gazelle had been frightened by the lions. By noon, he could stand shakily, and was nursing from a bottle. In the afternoon he was butting Kibo, the dog, if he came close.*

the Mau Mau have gone into the hills. Nairobi, for a foreigner, with no one with a grudge against him, is safer than New York, five times safer than parts of Memphis, West Memphis or Jacksonville, infinitely safer than many parts of Chicago, and most certainly safer than Brooklyn, the Bronx, Central Park at night, or Cooke City, Montana on the date of the celebration of the Old Timers Fish Fry.

The bush is perfectly safe with a 'white hunter.' He has to belong to the White Hunters' Association, and, after being apprenticed and qualified, he is licensed and disciplined by them. After that he must present himself, personally, to the Game Department, who can issue him a licence, or refuse it, without explanation. If he ever had anything happen to you he'd never work again. (Interruption by Mary, "This seems to be excessive emphasis on safety—a fickle friend.")

If you should ever hunt without a white hunter you are just as safe as the degree in which your knowledge, your experience, your speed, when it is needed, your ability to track, to size up a bad situation, and your absolute ability to shoot cold when the chips are down protects

you. I do not advise hunting without a white hunter. To photograph dangerous game at close range without a white hunter is doubly dangerous.

The pictures in these pages show where Philip Percival, our white hunter, took us when the country was blowing away in the drought, and he said, "Don't worry, Pop. We'll find something better." We found it; and this is a small part of the oases we found in the different deserts, and a little about the animals and people who had the right to live there.

Philip Percival took us to the dry sand river camp, where the elephant came every second night to drink at the Masai watering-hole. You could lie in bed and hear them blowing water with their trunks. Mary said that when they came through camp they sounded like men walking very softly in rubber waders.

There was a flock of more than six thousand guinea fowl, and we shot only what we needed for meat. The sand-grouse came to drink at the water in the mornings in pairs, singly, and in scattered bunches. They also came in flocks that were dense as the passenger pigeons around Petoskey before Michigan ever was a state.

He and our best friend, a Game Ranger, who, according to the traditions of that service, does not wish his name used, took us to the swamp camp where a hundred and fifty counted buffalo lived in the papyrus and fed out at night. It was there that Mary saw them all looking at us in a most unfriendly way, when it was too late to take pictures, and heard the Ranger, whom we call GC, say, "Don't let them cut us off from the river, Pop."

People have written that herds of a hundred and fifty buffalo can stampede over you with no risk at all. Neither to you nor to them. But I do not think these people ever stood on their own two feet and looked at the buffalo head-on when the tick birds have flown, and thought that truly. It is a very beautiful theory, though, and photographers who fake or photograph from armoured trucks in national parks love to state it.

After the swamp camp, we worked the wonderful country under the escarpment beyond Magadi. I hope the pictures are better than the words.

### NEXT WEEK:

#### ON THE TRAIL OF THE ELEPHANTS

All text copyright 1954 by Ernest Hemingway. All photographs copyright 1954 by Coules Magazine Inc. World Rights reserved. No part of this article (photographs or text) may be reproduced in any language or in any media of communication without prior written permission.