villagers until she was led back to her pond. On another occasion Rene Haller found her a mile-and-a-half away, as he described it, like a pancake, scared to death, both eyes fast closed, surrounded by hundreds of frightened and delighted people. Rene spoke to Sally until she opened one eye, saw who it was and then stood up, took a bucket of ranch cubes and followed Rene home, a walk taking an hour and a half.

Sally wanted a companion and just at that time Jonathan Leakey at Baringo had a young lady hippo named Suzie. She was two years old and weighed 750 kilos. Suzie was sent from Baringo in a lorry, a crane lifted the crate from the vehicle and Sally and Suzie met eyeball to eyeball, grass-chopper to grass-chopper and tooth to tooth. And everything worked. Grunt and fang, head on like two trains on a collision course.

At the beginning Suzie held her own, but sheer weight defeated her. Soon she was covered with scratches. To separate the ladies Rene used an electric cattle prod, a dangerous enough procedure with two fighting hippos. Then he built Suzie a pond of her own. But this was no good. Sally would come out of her own pond at night, eat her fill and then look for Suzie, breaking down wooden and electric fences on the way. Nowhere was Suzie safe.

A month-and-a-half elapsed and Rene spoke to Jonathan on the radio. Anyone listening in to the conversation would have thought that a terrible domestic upheaval was taking place. "The two girls fight whenever they meet. Sally by her bullying tactics is a real menace. Suzie is covered with scratches and off her food." Jonathan offered much advice, none of which Sally would take. Later Rene asked Jonathan if another home could be found for Suzie.

And so Jonathan took Suzie back to her original habitat. That night Sally searched everywhere for Suzie. All in vain. Back at Baringo Suzie no doubt, on her home ground chivvies hippos smaller than herself and tries to forget the open jaws of the fat girl of Bamburi, who by the way has now found a new friend, a bush pig. They grunt at one another in perfect accord.

In Mandarin Chinese the symbol for trouble is a house in which live two women. The symbol for happiness is the same house containing one woman. We have learned the lesson by changing the women into hippo and the house into a fishpond. And we have found too, that under the skin animals and humans are not as different as they appear to be.

• *Article re-printed by courtesy of "Habari ya Baobab," the in-house publication of the Baobab cement company at Bamburi, Mombasa.*

POSTSCRIPT: In fact, Suzie never got back home to Baringo. Jonathan Leakey thought it would be too dangerous for her there, blundering around the lakeside farms where she might be ultimately "controlled" by a Game Department rifle. So he called Don Hunt at the Mt. Kenya Game Ranch and asked him if he could take over the problem. Don said he could and Suzie was duly crated and sent off in a truck up the Mombasa Road.

That was the last heard of her for twenty-four hours. And then, just as Don was about to set off with a search party, someone called the ranch. "Were you expecting a hippo?" the man asked. "Well I'm baby-sitting it at Mtito Andei. The truck's broken down."

What had happened was that a Mr. Brian Granville-Ross, a KSPCA man, happened to be driving up from the Coast, saw the breakdown and stopped to enquire what had happened. He then drove on to Nairobi, thought better of it, turned round and drove the 150 miles back to Mtito to help feed and look after Suzie until rescue arrived.

Finally, the hippo got to the ranch where she was resuscitated with a meal of cream and glucose. Her cuts and scratches needed doctoring, but she insisted on waiting for the love of her life, Jonathan Leakey. So he had to fly up and down from Baringo to inject anti-biotics.

Suzie was given a range at the dam below Don Hunt's house, but decided to extend it to the Mt. Kenya Safari Club and once to the Hunt's bedroom. "Not so easy," says Don, "trying to back a ton of hippo through a two-foot-six doorway."

For this reason, general nuisance and possibly a danger to humanity on the ranch, Suzie has to go. But to where?

The giants fight...

ONE night recently, at about midnight, a herd of about 16 elephants arrived at the waterhole of "The Ark" game lodge in Kenya's Aberdares National Park. They immediately took a dislike to a lone male rhino they met there and chased him away.

Then they settled down to drink, only to be disturbed by the arrival of a cow rhino with her calf.

One elephant calf started to play with the young rhino, but mother elephant showed her disapproval by tossing the calf rhino and trying to impale it.

It took mother rhino a moment to realise what was happening, but then she charged the elephant cow, giving her young calf a chance to recover. They both ran off to safety.

Everyone settled down again peacefully, when 45 minutes later the male rhino reappeared and all went haywire.

The still furious cow elephant bore down on the rhino with great speed and power. She tossed him, 10 feet in the air and as he landed, knelt on him and drew her tusk into his chest. She then bulldozed him into the pool and stood over him screaming until death ended his agony.

Next morning it took one tractor and twenty men to get the dead rhino out of the pool.



AFTERMATH at "The Ark".

Chimps just like humans —murderous!

THE good news for students of evolution is that chimps appear to behave more like humans than was previously thought. Unfortunately, that's also the bad news.

"I always thought that chimps were rather nice, more gentle (than humans)," says Jane Goodall Bryceson, who has been observing and popularising ape behaviour for nearly two decades. "Now we know there is a strong similarity to humans."

Jane spoke not of food-gathering, work habits or child-rearing — although she did reveal the first observed in-the-wild birth of twin chimps — but of killing. Calculated, premeditated murder, for no apparent survival-related reason, had never been nor even hinted at since she began studying chimpanzees in Tanzania's Gombe Stream Reserve in 1960. But at a recent news conference in the US National Geographic Society offices, she described gangland-style chimp attacks, brutal and savage enough to be considered human-like.

"It seems that we have had the dubious privilege of watching a phenomenon rarely recorded in field studies, the gradual extermination of a social group by a stronger neighbouring group," she says. The chimps had been living in one coherent colony until 1970, when the group began to split up "because there were too many males . . . too much tension."

By 1972, a band, of seven males and three females had left the original group and formed their own community to the south; that's when Jane and her colleagues observed a noticeable cooling of relations between the two colonies.

The first attack came in 1974 — several of the 11 males in the original community attacked a single male from the splinter colony. Ordinarily, when chimps have fought in the past, attacks lasted for only about one minute. "But this lasted for 20 minutes," she recounts. "It was very

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A TON of calf-love for Don Hunt at the Mt. Kenya Game Ranch.