

*Hunt*

# AFTER BIG GAME

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN HOLIDAY

BY

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AND

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not give me a particularly good target, and I concluded on the whole that it would be best to wait. I ran back about three hundred yards and got on the other side of the donga, thinking that he might perhaps come out there ; and then, turning round, saw him right out in the open plain, and a fine big fellow he was. Unluckily he saw me at the same time, and was off again before I could get in a certain shot. I determined, however, to try for him, and using my telescopic sights took very careful aim and fired. He gave a growl, but the hurt was not sufficient to stop him, and he kept going till he reached another small donga and disappeared. By this time it was dark, and I decided, much against the grain, that discretion was the better part of valour, and so returned to camp a safe but disappointed man. He was a really fine specimen, full-grown, with bushy mane. If he had only given me a decent shot I might have got him. But your lion is not a considerate beast. Of course, I can quite understand some critic at home remarking : " If you wanted the beast so badly, why didn't you follow him up after you had wounded him ? " To this I can only reply that it is much safer to follow up lions from the depths of an arm-chair than through the jungle in the dark ; and that, knowing a little about dangerous game from actual experience, I have come to the conclusion that a man who will follow up a wounded lion in the dark, through scrub into a dry donga, is a fool who deserves what he is extremely likely to get. In that opinion most of the real lion men are likely to agree. It sounds very nice to talk about playing a sporting game, but even in doing so it is not necessary to present your opponent with all the aces. You have to remember that whether cowardly or not under ordinary conditions, under these circumstances the beast is about as dangerous as anything can well be ; that he can hide somehow, I can't explain how, behind a clump of grass that you would imagine wouldn't afford cover for a cat ; that when he does charge he comes like a lightning flash ; that he can spring fifteen to twenty feet ; that he weighs round about 500 pounds ; and that he is far better equipped by nature for a rough and tumble than yourself. If, remembering all these things, you decide to go in and fetch

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him out—well, good luck to you! You will want it as certainly as anything can be certain in this world.

*Saturday, Oct. 11th.* We started out early this morning to look for the lion. From the blood spoor on both sides of the track the .360 bullet must have gone right through him. This is a testimonial, for what it is worth, to the ineffectiveness of a small high velocity bullet in stopping big game unless it strikes in a vital spot. If it does this the consequent shock is enough to stop anything. If not, the amount of damage to tissue is not great; and when, as in this case, the bullet goes right through the beast, much of its energy is wasted in carrying on the flight after emergence. Anyhow, this beast had strength enough to get away, and though I had a hundred men out the next day looking for his trail, we could find nothing of him. It is true that the ground here was baked very hard, and that, apart from the blood at first, there was little opportunity for spooring. The whole thing was exasperating, but it is a characteristic example of the chancy way in which one comes upon lions. One goes out with a light rifle looking for small game for the larder, and is suddenly face to face with his Majesty himself, with no adequate means of dealing with him. Another time one goes out fully equipped, and does not see so much as a hair of his mane. On my way back to camp, however, I shot a zebra, and left him lying, thinking that he might tempt the lion to remain in the neighbourhood.

*Sunday, Oct. 12th.* I went out before daylight to the kill and took up a suitable position to wait for the lion if he should visit the spot. I lay there till sunrise, but except for the vultures my zebra attracted nothing. To-day we moved a mile and a half farther down the creek to look for rhino in the swamp behind the old camp at Makindi. The altitude is 6250 feet.

*Monday, Oct. 13th.* We were out at five this morning. There was plenty of rhino spoor, and we picked out the biggest and followed it right up to the forest line. There I found the brute apparently asleep, standing among some thick bush. I could not properly see his horn, but judged it to be about fifteen inches. I put in a .465 bullet behind his head, but

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I must have missed the vertebræ, for he gave one squeal and bolted off through the thick jungle, carrying everything before him. I followed as best I could, but he had the better of me at this game both as regards weight and toughness of hide, and it was more than I could do to come up with him. I could just barely see his bulk through the undergrowth, but it was quite impossible to get a head shot, and I finally had to give him up and return to camp, quite out of love with the events of the last two days. When I got back to the camp I found that the porters who had been sent to Nyeri for posho had returned. After a rest and some lunch I went out once more, climbing the ridge to the west of the camp. Again I found nothing, and turned back again, feeling somewhat sick with myself and everything else. Then, as luck would have it, I spied a fine eland bull standing about 300 yards away. He had seen me, but evidently concluded that I was not dangerous at that distance, so stood quietly gazing at me. I made up my mind that there should be no mistake this time, and, resting the rifle on the gun-bearer's shoulder, took very careful aim and fired. To my delight the beast gave one wild plunge and fell dead. The camp was not far off, so I sent over for my camera and took two photos of him. The messenger had, of course, told the camp all about it, and they turned out wild with excitement. Apparently the shooting of an eland was something of an event. Possibly this was because the flesh is very good eating, comparing very favourably with beef. Indeed I am told that, with the exception of the bongo, which I never had the luck to taste, it is the best of all the game meats of East Africa. Anyhow, after dinner the boys got up one of those symbolic dances which they reserve for great occasions, the safari bard improvising an account of the affair which, although I did not understand it, I somehow gathered was intended to be highly flattering to my skill as a shot and as a hunter generally. The whole company joined in as a chorus at the more effective bits, and finally capped the whole affair by carrying Duirs and myself shoulder high round the camp to the accompaniment of a chorus of "kavomo." I told them that they should have money in a few days, which was apparently what

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they were waiting for. At any rate it seemed to please them and, I am thankful to say, ended the evening's entertainment.

The eland was a fine specimen, standing about five feet at the withers, and must have weighed something round about half-a-ton. The tuft of hair covering the forehead was remarkably thick and long, but the horns were comparatively short though thick, a not uncommon characteristic of old bulls, which wear them down considerably. As shown by its colours, it was one of the northern variety, the body being marked by vertical white stripes. Curiously enough, the eland seems to be immune from the attentions of the ticks, and is also, I believe, proof against the fly.

*Tuesday, Oct. 14th.* I had intended going out early but felt rather tired, and so had a slack day in camp while Duirs had a talk with the Kikuyus. They had a long story to tell, and certainly did not go the shortest way round in telling it, so that the proceedings lasted nearly all the morning. It appears that Maji Moto, as they termed Mr Provincial Commissioner Lane, had interviewed my porters just before they returned from Nyeri, and among other things had told them to demand an increased rate of pay, and to go and see him on their return so as to tell him what I had done in the matter. I thought at first that he only wanted that they should be paid a little more, to which I should have had no objection, but it seemed, on going further into the question, as if he were trying to make trouble because these Kikuyu had not been engaged through him, but as the result of a direct bargain with the native chief of their tribe, by whom, as a matter of fact, the rate of payment was settled. However, to cut a long story short, I finally concluded that he conceived it his duty to insist upon a uniform rate of payment for all porters on safaris, on his own right to conduct all arrangements with the native chiefs, and to stand upon his dignity when any of these things was done outside his office. All of which surprised me very much, for I had found him extremely courteous and obliging.

The trouble was that the Kikuyu, who up to this point had been perfectly satisfied and contented, were now suffering

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under a strong sense of injustice. After being told by the great man of the district that they had a grievance, it wouldn't have been in human nature, certainly not in African nature, not to feel it. However, Duirs managed to talk them round without any increase of pay—an excellent testimonial to his powers of persuasion. Duirs has missed his vocation; he should have been a diplomat. That great question settled, we finished the day as we had begun it—by doing nothing.

Hutton was very far from being well, so I insisted on giving him a strong dose of Epsom salts. As this was the first physic he had ever taken in his life, and as he consequently had the strongest possible objection to beginning, this was another matter requiring diplomacy. This time I was the diplomat. He attributed his trouble to the posho which had replaced his native porridge, and which he declared “upset him.” I never noticed, however, any particular symptoms of dislike, or want of appetite, on his part.

*Wednesday, Oct. 15th.* This morning Duirs and I started off early after lions, taking with us a couple of gun-bearers with our second rifles. Unfortunately we saw no lions, but after a long tramp through the scrub we came across a big rhino standing staring around him on the open plain. He was too far off for anything like a decent shot, so we walked straight towards him. As all sportsmen are aware, the rhinoceros has very poor sight. He looks straight in front of him and sees very little at that. I should say that at two hundred yards he is to all intents and purposes completely blind, and he might just as well be so at much shorter distances. So the common practice is to walk straight towards him. And this we did, taking care to keep the wind blowing a little away from him so that he should not get our scent. For the rhino's nose is as keen as his eyes are dull, and under ordinary circumstances the scent of a man, and particularly of a European, will send him scampering.

When he is wounded or in a tight corner it is quite another matter. Then it is time to look out, and a man soon discovers what his nerves are worth when he has to stand up to the charge of an angry rhino. At such a time the beast seems possessed of a sort of blind fury that makes him

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perfectly reckless of odds or of injury. He has been known to charge a train on the Uganda Railway. We got some way towards our rhino when the wind, which was very shifty, betrayed us, and our rhino turned tail, breaking into a sort of lunging lope which took him over the ground about as fast as a horse could trot, his tail sticking straight up into the air in the most comical fashion. We pelted after him on foot as fast as we could go, thinking every minute that he would stop. But he must have got a bad scare, for he gave us a fair two-mile burst before coming to a stop near a dry water-course about a quarter of a mile from us. By this time I was pretty well blown. He did not stop here, however, but made off once more, we following as before. This time, after a short run, he seemed to make up his mind to see the thing through, and turned suddenly, faced round towards us and seemed to be making futile efforts to see us. It was perfectly obvious that he could not see us, although we were quite in the open. But by this time my lungs were panting furiously, so I sat down on the ground to try and get the steadiest shot I could under the circumstances. It was all I could do to prevent the muzzle of the rifle from making a figure of eight on his hide. Successful shooting under these conditions was hardly to be anticipated; but I managed to bring the .465 to bear and fired. There was the usual squeal, and then Master Rhino began to spin round and round in a sort of circle. I couldn't for the life of me imagine what he was after, but I have since thought that, roused to exasperation by the sudden pain, he was making frantic efforts to get our wind and have his revenge on whatever it was that had hurt him. Duirs sent a .450 bullet into him, and that steadied him with a vengeance, for he came charging full pelt downhill on us, snorting like an engine letting off steam and looking particularly nasty. There is a business-like air about a charging rhinoceros which is most impressive. He weighs something more than a ton, his little eyes glare furiously and the tip of his horn looks very unpleasant. Duirs and I separated a little so that he might come down between us. I changed my .465 for the .360 Fraser, and put three solid bullets into his chest. Duirs gave him two more from a .450. By this

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time he had had quite enough of our artillery practice, and I finished him with two more shots from the .360. I was greatly pleased with the way in which this rifle checked the rush ; but it is astonishing how much stopping some of these big beasts require when the first shot has not been particularly well placed. When struck through a vital spot, such as the heart, both lungs or the brain, he is usually put out of action at once ; but even if desperately wounded anywhere else he will fight furiously or gallop off for miles. In these cases he may be hit again and again without apparent effect, until he finally collapses from exhaustion or the loss of blood. I imagine that if the first shot strikes a great nerve centre, the initial shock is a paralysing one. If he is hit anywhere else this effect is absent, and subsequent wounds, when he is under intense excitement or making supreme physical efforts, hardly count at all. I refer to this because there is a great deal of talk about the "shocking" powers of modern big-bore, high velocity rifles, and their phenomenal effectiveness in stopping big game. I do not know how much of this is due to manufacturers anxious for the reputation of their rifles. Of course any man who has felt the kick of one of these, say a .465 with its heavy charge of 75 grains of cordite and a bullet of nearly an ounce and a quarter, will be quite willing to believe any stories about shock. His shoulder ought to afford him all the evidence he wants. But I am sure that a light rifle, provided the shot only strikes in the proper spot, will give all the shock that the occasion requires ; it will be enough to stop anything. If the shot is a bad one the biggest bore in existence would not do it. So that after all we come back to "the man behind the gun." I suppose there are occasions when the big bore will prove the better. It unquestionably does more damage to tissue, and in the case of a doubtful shot this is an important matter. My lion is probably a case in point. I had evidently drilled him through and through with the .360 and yet he got clean away. It is at least possible that had I shot him in the same place with, say, the .465, I might have got him.

However, the .360 did the rhino's business well enough. I took some photos of him, and after the boys had finished



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with the carcass we left it as a bait for lions. Hutton, who had heard the firing, now appeared on the scene, very excited and very warm. He had evidently been hurrying somewhat, and as he saw me remarked that he was too old for this sort of thing. I asked him how old he was, and he said: "Forty-five." "Well," said I, "I was born in July 1868"; whereupon he commented, with, I fancy, a suspicion of envy, that I was "gey supple." From head to tail this rhino measured 12 feet 4 inches; his front horn was  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches and the back one  $18\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

*Thursday, Oct. 16th.* We started out very early, at 4 A.M., for the spot where we had left the carcass of the rhino, hoping that we should find some lions there at their feeding-time. But there was no sign of anything, so we returned to the camp again at eleven. I wrote some letters and arranged to send the Kikuyu to Meru in the morning for a fresh supply of posho. Then I packed a box and settled to start out in the morning after kudu. These are very scarce here, though there are plenty in the lower areas near Voi and Tsavo.

*Friday, Oct. 17th.* The boys got ready early for the march to Meru. We had one sick man in camp and I wanted them to take him along with them, thinking he would be better attended to there than in camp. But they refused; I then supposed, because of the trouble. Afterwards I found out that the native has a great objection to having any dealings with anyone who is sick, especially if there is reason to anticipate that he will die. As they were quite obstinate and I had made up my mind too, there was something like a deadlock. This is one of the occasions when a safari requires careful handling. One cannot force the men to do what they are firmly determined they will not do. Even the kiboko is useless unless one is prepared to kiboko the whole crowd, which is scarcely a practicable proceeding. Finally I took away the two days' provisions with which they had been furnished for the march to Meru, and told them to clear out altogether. This seemed to give them some food for thought. They held a palaver among themselves and at last came to the conclusion that they would give in. So we got the sick man comfortably settled for the journey, and all was well



Rhinoceros.



Greater Kudu.



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again ; though we did not get them started until nine. As soon as they were fairly under way, Duirs and I went after our kudu, taking the route over the ridge to a large open valley surrounded by mountains. A shower of rain had fallen in the night, so that there was enough water for us at least for the one day, and we determined to make this our camping ground for the night. Having settled the spot, Duirs went off in one direction and I took the other. Neither of us, however, found any traces of kudu, but I came across fresh buffalo and rhino spoor and managed to shoot a water-buck. Then, quite unexpectedly, when I was thinking of anything else in the world, I walked straight into a rhino in the midst of the thick bush. Of course, coming across a rhino, however unexpectedly, in the African wilds, doesn't give one quite the same kind of shock as if one had turned a corner and run up against him in, say, Princes Street, Edinburgh. But it is quite exciting to meet him anywhere. He is so apt to make a fool of himself, to get into a flurry and to do extraordinary things. The first of these is to snort and the next is to rush. If he has happened to wind you the rush is certain to be in your direction, for all wild animals charge up wind. Should he catch sight of you, as when close he might very well do, it is as well to look out for trouble. If he does not, he is as likely to go for anything else in the neighbourhood as for yourself. This is not necessarily because he is in a specially bad temper, but just on general principles. He has scented danger, and anything in his path, as, for example, a tree or a bush, is likely to have a bad time. If in the midst of it he should happen to connect you with his cause of annoyance, you are likely to have a bad time as well. These purposeless rushes are largely responsible for the rhino's reputation for ferocity, and for many travellers' tales of hairbreadth escapes from his charge. In the Guaso Nyiro district, so far as my experience went, the rhinoceros showed himself on the whole a beast of peaceable disposition, and with one overpowering desire to get away, which is exactly what this one managed to do. On this occasion I was a pacifist too. It is not desirable to take liberties with a rhino in the bush, or to thwart any attempt on his part to

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clear out. He is so amazingly quick on his feet, and there is such a lot of him to stop. I have heard it said that if a rhinoceros does charge, all that one has to do is to stand quite still, which is not so easy as it sounds, till he is within a few yards, say five or six, and then to step quietly aside. The brute will pass straight on without noticing. I have never tried this experiment, and I don't want to. Twenty-five yards is my limit for charging rhinos. If he should pass that, I do my best to stop him from getting any nearer. However, this one bolted, and as I have said, I was by no means sorry. I am bound to say that the rhino is one of the minor plagues of Africa. When you first see one you are mightily pleased. When you have been a week or two in scrub infested with the brutes you begin to regard them as more than a nuisance. You are for ever either running up against them or else imagining that you may do so. It is very trying work for the nerves. The safari doesn't like him either. The line is such a long one that, however blind the beast may be, he is bound to hit it somewhere. Then down go the loads, and off go the boys full pelt for the nearest shelter. Unfortunately, in Central Africa, the only available place of refuge is a thorn-tree. And a thorn-tree has thorns all over, and neither ascent nor descent is to be managed without much tribulation and a good deal of damage to both skin and temper.

*Saturday, Oct. 18.* We left camp at 6 A.M., striking westward. At 9.30 we mounted the crest of the ridge and began a gradual descent into another valley charmingly situated among the hills. But we could see no water, and as the prospect of finding any seemed to be at least uncertain, I decided to send one of the gun-bearers with a small party back to our last night's camping place to bring along what little we had left. Meanwhile the safari proceeded down the valley, and I went off alone to look for kudu. This is typical kudu country. The orthodox method is to choose a commanding position on the hill, whence, yourself invisible, you have a good view of the opposite slope of a valley, and then search that slope minutely by the aid of the glasses. For some reason or other, kudu are most often found on a slope. In

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this case I was rewarded by the sight of a fine bull, and determined to stalk him. Stalking, by the way, is not so easy as it sounds. To get a reasonably safe shot under East African conditions one must get within, say, about 200 yards. But what with the heat shimmer and the deceptive distances, it is not always easy to judge your 200 yards; and fifty yards too much or too little in your estimate will result in your bullet going over or under the beast, or at least in hitting it anywhere but where you want to. If you could only stand up you would be in a better position to get the range. But as it is, you are hardly able to move any part of your body except your eyes. Then you have to consider how the wind blows in relation to the lie of the country, and make up your mind whether you will attempt to approach the quarry where he is, or whether you will wait a bit until he moves into a better position. In this case I got a fairly good line and began to stalk him very carefully, taking advantage of every bit of cover, such as rises, thickets, bushes, tufts of grass and the like. It was a ticklish bit of work, for the wind was not really favourable and was decidedly shifty, but I finally managed to get within about 80 yards. Then the wind veered a bit and he got a whiff of my scent, and went off at full pelt with his herd, appearing for a second on the crest of the rise in the most tantalising way and sinking again into a hollow before one could aim. The ground was so rocky and uneven that although I watched with the closest attention, I could not get a shot until they were about 400 yards away, a distance far too great for my liking. However, it was the only chance he had given me, so I put three bullets from the .360 into him and dropped him. Then, marking down the place where he fell, I went back to meet Duirs and send off for the mules. To my excessive annoyance, we could not find the boys. This was quite a serious matter, as they carried our food and cold tea; and whoever has done a day's journey in a thirsty land will readily understand our feelings. There was nothing for it but to push back to the water-hole. By the time we got there my thirst had grown to such a pitch that the draught of lukewarm and more or less muddy water was the finest drink I have had in my life. The syces turned

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up with the mules at 5 A.M., their excuse being that they became frightened, and having lit fires to protect the mules, they had themselves taken refuge in a tree.

*Sunday, Oct. 19th.* After last night's experiences, I felt somewhat tired and did not go far from camp. I shot two klipspringers, which came in very useful for food. We also saw a number of kudu cows but no bulls.

*Monday, Oct. 20th.* I started at 6 A.M. to go back to the camp, and shot three Granti on the way. We met two Somalis with two mules and a horse; they had come down from the border with a herd of 500 cows and were pushing on to Nyeri. They said that they had had no food for days, so we supplied them. Before they left I bought one of their mules for 300 rupees, and was very pleased at having got a bargain until I remembered, too late, that they had come through the fly country, and then I began to doubt. My apprehensions, unfortunately, proved correct, for the wretched mule speedily showed the symptoms of fly sickness and died a short time afterward.

*Tuesday, Oct. 21st.* I started off by myself, taking the small tent and a little food. I crossed the ridge, camped in a dry water-course, and sent the porters back to the main camp. In the evening I went through the forest, over the hills. The bush had been recently burned and I could find nothing. The next morning, however, I had scarcely started out before I ran across an old rhino, who seemed disposed to dispute my right-of-way. I didn't want to interfere with him as he was not quite the kind of beast I wanted, the horn being rather short; however, as he proved aggressive, coming within twenty-five yards, which, as I have said, is my limit of safety, and showing an evident disposition to come farther, I landed him an ounce ball in the shoulder and another below the eye. There was a very pretty rumpus for a few seconds, snorting, squealing, stamping and crashing of bushes, but in the end he made off, only to drop about 150 yards farther on. He was a very old fellow, with an exceptionally thick hide. The horn was 17 inches. His height was 5 feet 4 inches at the shoulder, 8 feet 3 inches in girth, while from the nose to the tip of the tail he measured 11 feet 6 inches in a straight

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line, and along the curve 12 feet 7 inches. His forearm was 3 feet 3 inches. On the whole he was a little larger than the first rhino, though his horn was smaller. As I have said, I wish he had left me alone. My game licence included only two rhino, and I would have preferred this patriarch to die of a green old age. But your rhino is an impossible beast. He is a survival from prehistoric times, when life meant eating and drinking and sleeping, and anything that disturbed either of these had to be fought. They say that when the rhino has eaten and drunk his fill, he will stand motionless for hours. Sometimes he hides behind a bush, and sometimes, with the aid of the surrounding country, gives his celebrated imitation of an ant-hill. This is his day's work, and when disturbed in it he is naturally resentful. Let him wind you, and he is head down in a minute, charging madly in fright or in sheer cussedness. I think there is more fright than ferocity in it, but that doesn't make the danger any the less. He may start in an instinctive blind desire to follow your scent, but when he gets, as this one did, within twenty-five yards or so, and can see you plainly, the flurry is apt to become a vicious charge. Then it is time to take steps, for a charging rhino is surprisingly nimble and decidedly dangerous. At any rate I never felt inclined to let one come any nearer, whether it was charging me or merely making a wild dash. Even if his first intentions are harmless, there is no certainty that he might not change his mind. And he does not look particularly reassuring. "A horn on his nose, piggy eyes and few manners"—thus Kipling describes him; and that about hits the mark. All of which is an apology for downing a beast I didn't want to kill.

I left the carcass to the boys to take off the trophy, and went off through the hills again, but saw nothing save a reedbuck, which I shot. I returned to camp about 5 P.M., and having a touch of fever went straight to bed, after the usual rest and dose of quinine. Next day I felt much better but concluded that I should be none the worse for a rest, and so remained in camp. Hutton, however, went out for a stroll to look for a rhino which one of the boys was supposed to have seen. Finally, as he did not return, Duirs went out to





Grant's Gazelle—*Granti Notata*.



Near Archer's Post.



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This was becoming monotonous, and the more so as I had got the two to which I was entitled under my licence. So I bolted again. It wasn't dignified, but there wasn't really anything else to do. Our camp here was at an elevation of 2800 feet. Next day we stayed in camp, the headman being still very weak. I managed, however, to get out and shoot another gerenuk.

*Friday, Nov. 28th.* We struck camp very early and moved off at 6.30 A.M. for the Wycollia swamp, Nubi still being unfit for anything. On the way we met three rhino, an old bull with a very large body but a small horn, a cow with a good horn, and a half-grown calf without a tail. There was immense excitement for a few moments, until we found out what they were going to do. A safari covers such a lot of ground that a charging rhinoceros is bound to hit it somewhere, however blind he may be. And in that case, down go the boxes and off go the boys to the nearest trees, and it takes an hour or so to get things straight again, even supposing there are no accidents. However, these trotted calmly away down one side of the safari and made no attempt to charge. Whether this was the result of short sight, or whether it was because the rhino is essentially a peaceful animal and does not attack until he is molested or frightened, I cannot attempt to settle. They went off and we were satisfied to let them go. There were numbers of rhinos here. I watched one big bull from the camp. He stood still in one place all the afternoon, and as he was still there in the evening I went over and photographed him. Even that didn't move him. There were the usual three black birds on his back, and I knew he would not move as long as they sat there. However, they soon saw me and flew off, and then up went his tail and he was away too. But I had got my photo. He was a fine big fellow, but his horns were not more than a foot in length.

Our camp here was 3700 feet above sea-level. In the morning we moved down three miles opposite to Mount Mamoula, and while we were having breakfast could see four lions on the other side of the swamp. I had my glasses on the table and watched them at intervals for a long time.

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They evidently saw us too and went to cover among the long grass. A herd of Granti was grazing there, and I suppose the lions were after them; but they were evidently too far off for the lions to spring upon them. Later I went out with my gun and Ginger, my dog, who put up a water-buck, which I promptly shot. In the evening I went up the river to look for hippo. The going here is terrible, over black lava rock, the roughest of rough country.

*Sunday, Nov. 30th.* It rained heavily through the night and we did not get away until 7 A.M., the tents being wet and thus heavy and difficult to handle. We determined to cut down across the east of Wycollia Hill, and to strike the river again about three miles beyond Chanler's Falls. The heavy rain had made the cross-country going frightfully heavy. The plains, which are normally covered with thick red dust, were just one sheet of liquid mud, into which the mules sank from six to eighteen inches at every step. We were all very glad to find firmer ground nearer the river, although it was the lava rock which we had objected to. Chanler's Falls take their name from the American sportsman and traveller who first visited the region in 1892-1893, and was the first white man to explore the course of the Guaso Nyiro and determine the mystery of its outlet in the Lorian Swamp. The falls must present a very fine spectacle when the river is full. There are two channels. The southern one, which I was able to photograph, must at times be 150 yards across. I could not manage a photograph of the northern fall until I got across the river. The elevation here is 2300 feet and the temperature at 6 A.M. was 72° F.

I shot a crocodile from the top of the cliff and probably killed him outright, for he turned on his back and went floating away down stream. We pitched our tent upon the higher ground over the falls. There is a deep, still pool below the rapids which abounds in crocodiles and probably contains some hippos. We could hear them blowing at night, but didn't see them.

*Monday, Dec. 1st.* We moved about a dozen miles down stream to where the cliffs open out. Most of the way was through thick bush by the river. There was plenty of game