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about, including impala, oryx, water-buck and dik-dik ; but I didn't shoot anything, though a rhino tempted me very hard. Indeed, his attentions became so pressing that I thought I should have to do so in self-preservation. He thought better of it, however, and trotted off just as I had come to the conclusion that I had had enough of his nonsense. In the afternoon I went out from the camp and tramped a long way through the soft red dust, till I got to the black lava rock again. In the midst of this rocky country I came across a Granti lying down, and stalked him till I came up behind a little bush, where I sat for a while hoping that he would get up. He did not move, however, and as he would not rise to my whistle I had eventually to shoot him lying down. By this time the sun was going down fast ; and as I was a good way from home, I turned back, none too soon, for it was dusk when I got back to the camp.

Wednesday, Dec. 3rd. We moved the camp across the river to-day to the northern bank. The water at the ford was about two feet high. The ground on the northern bank is hard and dry, very different from the soft sand or mud of the southern side. I saw some gerenuk here, and after a long and difficult stalk I managed to get one with a very good head, and returned to the camp at noon, very hot and thirsty. The camp here was at an altitude of only 1800 feet, and consequently the temperature was fairly high at noon. In the morning, at 6 A.M., I found it to be 74° F.

The next day I went out after dik-dik, of which there were many in the vicinity. These are the grass antelopes, no bigger than a hare ; they lie out in the grass, and when disturbed are off in a series of bounds that makes them amazingly difficult to shoot. I tried for them with the No. 6 shot I was using—No. 4 was the largest I had in camp. After several attempts I managed to bag six, and got a couple more in the afternoon. It must be understood that these were killed for the larder, and that an ordinary rifle bullet would have spoiled them for eating. A light rifle with solid bullet might do the trick well enough. The flesh is white and of a delicious flavour.

These were of two varieties : the one larger, with a notice-

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ably long nose just like a tiny trunk extending over the lower lip ; and the other smaller and much lighter in colour. The big-nosed one is Guenther's dik-dik, or, as the Somali call it, *Salaro*. It is the biggest of the species, none of which, however, are of any great size ; for they are the smallest of the African antelopes and often weigh only from five to seven pounds, although they stand much higher than this weight would suggest. Kirk's dik-dik has a less pointed nose and is redder in the flanks than the former. There are, however, two other varieties, Hinde's and Cavendish's. None of the dik-diks have any knee-pads, a thick growth of hair doing duty instead. They get their name from the quaint, whistling noise they make when alarmed. Their Swahili name is *paa*, but they use this word for practically all the little buck.

Thursday, Dec. 4th. This was a red-letter day in our trip, for we started on our return journey to Nairobi and home. I shot two dik-dik for supper, and we camped on the high ground above Chanler's Falls. In the afternoon I took my rifle and went out on the north-east slopes of Namanga Hill. Here I espied a gerenuk, or rather his horns, his body being carefully and completely hidden by the bush. I had to aim at an imaginary spot and fire at a venture ; but the shot came off, although it was fired through the bush at a distance of fifty yards, and there were, of course, any number of twigs capable of deflecting the bullet. A little later I got two dik-dik, or rather what was left of them, for the bullet, though a small one, had cut their little bodies to pieces, which confirmed my first opinion that with dik-dik there is nothing for it but a shot-gun.

We managed to run across three rhinos to-day and had quite an exciting time. One of them emerged from nowhere and came charging down full pelt on our line. Of course he had winded us, which is no great wonder, seeing that the safari consisted of about 240 men. For the same reason, blind or not, he could hardly miss the line. The porters who saw him come thundering down with his tail up in the air and his wicked little eyes gleaming, immediately threw down their boxes and bolted. Those who didn't see him saw what the

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others were doing, and, thinking their last hour had come, followed their example. There was a very pretty scene of confusion, and all the trees in the vicinity, thorny or otherwise, became popular, not to say populous. Meanwhile I moved round to the other side of the hill, and sent a bullet after that rhino just to hurry him up, so that we might get back to business again.

The other two, as might have been expected, were the cow and her calf. It is always a case of Papa, Mama and Baby when there are three rhinos together. Mama seemed a bit crusty but made no attempt to charge, so I left her alone and she eventually moved slowly off. Then the safari, having collected itself, collected its belongings, formed up, and we were off once more.

The next day we moved on to a point near Namanga Hill. I shot some more dik-dik ; it was getting a bit monotonous as regards both sport and diet, but there was little else to be seen.

Next morning we started out early, and after a short stalk I managed to bag a very nice gerenuk. Then, on our way over a rocky hill, we spied a rhino across a narrow valley. We had shot our two, but the licence doesn't prevent one from snap-shotting as many as one pleases. So Duirs went after him to try and get a photograph, while I remained on the crest of the hill, watching through my glasses and signalling the direction in which he was to go. Buried as he was in the thick bush, it was, of course, quite impossible for him to see the animal. I did my best and so did he ; but the beast unfortunately turned off into some thick bush which it was impossible for anything without a rhino's hide to penetrate, and so Duirs had to give up without getting his photograph. The road over Namanga Hill was very difficult going, rocky and stony in the extreme. We camped finally on the river about three miles beyond the hill.

Sunday, Dec. 7th. We started at 5.50 for a long march into Archer's Post. There were two rhino just on the other side of the river, and I took photos of them. We got in to Archer's Post at 1.30. There I found Nicolas, very much upset over the disappearance of one of his men, who had

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charge of the store at Meru. We knew something of this ; for a party of police mounted on camels had been exploring the country round the river in the hope of getting some news of him, and had stayed with us in one of our camps. From what they could gather a party of Borans from Abyssinia had come to the store demanding provisions. As they had no money to pay for them, he of course refused, saying he must first have a letter from the headman. This they promised to get but did not, and later in the evening gathered round the store in considerable numbers, threatening to help themselves. They were warned that if they attempted to use force the agent would certainly not hesitate to use his rifle. They paid no attention whatever, but began tearing away the branches surrounding the camp. First writing a letter explaining the circumstances, the agent started to shoot, with what effect is not known, though many traces of blood were subsequently found. He kept them off until darkness fell, and then escaped through a small hole in the fence at the back of the camp. So far so good. But the Borans, noticing that the firing had ceased, rushed the camp, only to find that he was no longer there. But he had left his two dogs tethered in his camp, and the Borans liberated these and set them on their master's trail. They followed it up delightedly, and so betrayed him to the enemy, who came swiftly after. His body was found hacked almost to pieces some eight miles up the river.

Monday, Dec. 8th. We spent the whole of this day getting our heads and skins put into proper order, and in making arrangements for the return journey. In Nairobi there are many people who will see to the preserving and packing of the trophies for the home journey, but unless one is careful they may be ruined before they get to Nairobi. The chief danger, provided they have been properly dried, is that of attacks from beetles, and against this some kind of dip is essential. An arsenical dip is usually employed.

Tuesday, Dec. 9th. We left Archer's Post at seven in the morning, after saying good-bye to our friends there. I did not want to go too far, however, as I had set my mind on getting a photograph of a lion charging. And as I could only

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make certain of getting in touch with one at night-time, I had brought along a flashlight apparatus. As the Ngara Mara seemed a likely spot for lion, we determined to make our experiment there, so pitched camp at an elevation of 3200 feet. It was already getting cooler, the temperature being only 62° F. at 6 A.M. I shot two zebra for bait and left them to get nice and flavoured by the next night; and this, judging by the smell, they did. We had, of course, to see that they were protected from the jackals and hyænas during the night, and against the carrion birds by day.

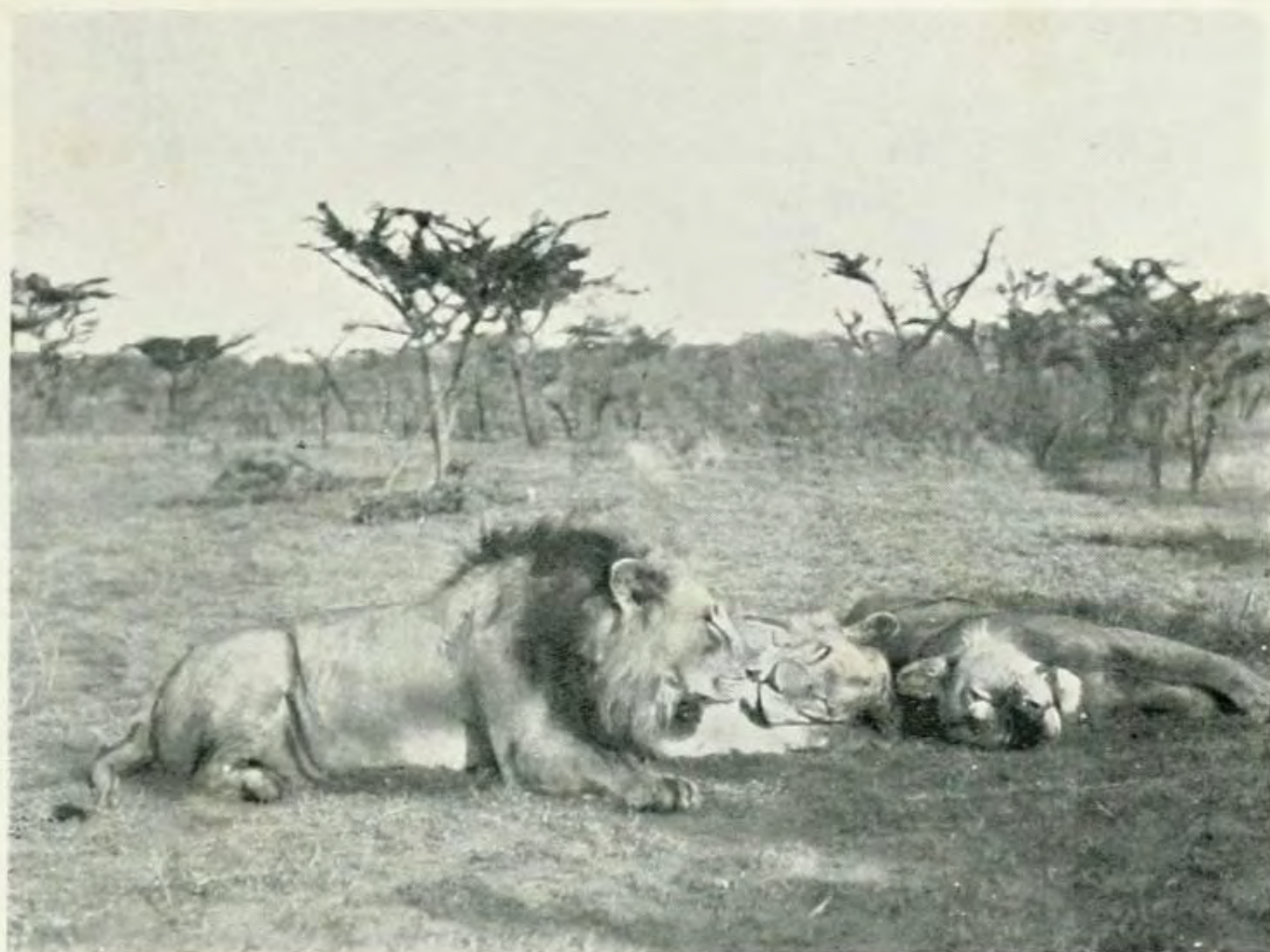
Wednesday, Dec. 10th. We made a thorn boma for our sitting up. In spite of the thorns we had surrounded it with, we found that one of our zebra had been almost entirely eaten up by hyænas. But the other was intact, and its odour was sufficiently powerful to attract any lion within a mile or so. Duirs and I went to the boma at 4 P.M. and started to set up the flashlight camera, which took us until it was dark. Then we sent the porters back to camp, keeping only our three gun-bearers. Our dinner, which had been cooking while we were setting up the camera, was still in the pots, and we took these into the boma with us. It was a cheerful meal. We had to use our hands to feel what we were eating, for knives and forks were quite out of the question, squatted as we were on the ground in pitch dark. We finished our hand-to-mouth dinner without incident. A couple of hyænas came near and gave us a cheering howl or so, a herd of zebra was feeding quite close and kept neighing for some considerable time, and in the distance we could hear lion growling. There was nothing for it but to wait. It was a good sign that the hyænas kept off, and we hoped for the best. We waited until eleven o'clock, and then I saw a big lion zig-zagging up to the bait in the usual casual way. The moon was nearly full and I could see him quite clearly. A few paces forward and then sit down. Then a few more stealthy paces and crouch again. At last he suddenly made up his mind, sprang on to the zebra, and gave it a heavy blow with his paw. The moment he sprang I pulled the string of the camera. We were all blinded with the flash, and the lion roared and bolted.

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Shortly after midnight, however, he came back, approaching as cautiously as before, and I got a good shot at him with my .465. He went off with a roar ; but in a few seconds I could hear coughing groans from some 60 or 70 yards away, so I concluded that he was all right for the morning. This moonlight shooting is very tricky. I have found that one has a tendency to "overlook" an animal ; so that it is best to take him fairly low, particularly as it is not easy to get a line on him because of the difficulty in seeing the foresight.

After a little a jackal came up, and when he saw the lion he started and barked just as a dog might do, and kept it up for quite a considerable time. Other lions came around, quite close to the boma. We could hear them snuffing and grunting, but they did not come to eat. Either they were not hungry or the smell of the powder or some other unusual feature kept them off. Some may imagine that sitting up in a boma is not a particularly romantic or risky way of dealing with lions. Apart from the fact that it is the surest way of getting into touch with lions, there is quite danger and uncertainty enough about it to give it a zest. Further, there is the long, silent watch ; the strain of listening for their stealthy tread ; the distant growling through the hushed stillness of the night ; the savage snarling and roaring as they worry their prey only a few yards away. Especially when it is dark, and you hear all this close by you, and can only see a dark mass when the beast gets up against the skyline, and when for all you know some extra suspicious brute may at any moment take it into his head to charge through your peephole, you will get quite as much excitement as is good for you during a night's vigil in a boma.

In the morning we found the lion dead ; and a magnificent specimen he was, 9 feet 2 inches over all, with a very fine long black mane. While skinning the carcass we found several B.B. shot in him, and although he was a large lion he was very thin. The wounds did not look very old, and the rump of his tail had also been damaged, apparently by a bullet. As no other white hunter had been shooting in this neighbourhood for some three years, we took this to be the beast that had badly mauled a partner of Mr Nicolas about five weeks



One Night's Kill.



Lionesses and Boma.

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the great Laikipia plains around. The new camp is nearly a thousand feet lower than the last one, and the difference in temperature is very noticeable. We dined without our top-coats, and Monie and I sat over the camp fire until eleven o'clock, long after the others had gone to rest. The new camp is charmingly situated among trees and shrubs near good water. We had scarcely settled down before Duirs spied a huge warthog staring across at us out of the shrubs, but the beast had disappeared before he could get his rifle. There are many traces of game to be seen here, and of buffalo and rhino in particular, so that something exciting may occur at any moment. Just before alighting we saw a large troop of baboons, and a few moments later a great swarm of bees flew over my head. The donkey who attached himself to our safari still continues to accompany us. To-day he has had to pay the penalty of returning to civilisation by being made to carry his share of posho. The poor beast looks as though it took him all his time to hang together, but he seems contented enough with his present company.

After tea Monie and I strolled down to the stream to look around. There were seven little green parrots on a cedar-tree; they took flight and came swiftly past us, so close that I could not resist throwing my stick at them. Of course I missed them, and worse still, lost my stick, which stuck up a tree. It was rather nervous work, walking along rhino and buffalo tracks, so we retraced our steps. We were fated, however, to get a shock, for suddenly I saw something red and black move in the long grass. I clutched Monie's arm, but it turned out after all to be nothing more than one of our boys in a red fez, who had lain down in the grass while his companion was drawing water from the stream.

Monday, Feb. 23rd. Duirs went out to look for buffalo, and found fresh spoor, which he followed for hours without success. He brought back lumps of mud full of buffalo hairs, picked up where the beasts had been rubbing themselves against the trees. He also saw two large rhino covered with red mud.

Robert went out but only shot one dourie; this is another name for the touraco or "plantain eater," as he is familiarly

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known. Monie sketched, and I watched the boys making a stick and thatched shelter for us to dine in. Afterwards I made them wash our table linen ; but as the wagons had not come up we had no soap, so I gave them a cake of dog soap and showed them how to boil and bleach the things. They were very interested, or pretended to be so, for like children they are excellent actors and will pretend anything they think will please. After tea Monie and I went across the stream. We stood a moment to admire the view, and then turned to retrace our steps. There in our path, about 100 yards away, was a great kongoni staring at us. He was certainly not there a moment or so before, and we had heard nothing move. He seemed to have materialised out of the air. However, he soon turned and galloped off, and we felt thankful that it had not been worse. It would certainly have been awkward if, say, a rhino had taken a fancy to appear in the same mysterious fashion. After dinner I heard a curious sound, a sort of long wail which at first I thought was made by one of the boys in joke, especially as it was followed by a burst of laughter from the others. But it turned out to be a hyæna, the first I had heard. The howl was repeated just before I went to bed. It appears that the natives always laugh when a hyæna howls near the camp, just as they begin to make noises and talk in their sleep when a lion roars in the night. Both are evidently the result of some instinct acquired during the early history of the race.

Tuesday, Feb. 24th. Duirs started off at 4 A.M. to try to find the buffalo. He found a lone bull spoor, and followed it up for hours. The beast had lain down two or three times, and the last time he must have gone to sleep, for Duirs got within twelve feet of him before seeing him lying behind a thick bush in the scrub. The beast gave a snort, sprang to his feet and crashed off into the forest. Duirs ran round the bush and just got one glimpse of him in the open, but had no time to fire. He also saw two rhino right out in the open. He walked up wind to within 200 yards of them without their paying the slightest attention, and then marched right past them, still keeping the same distance of about 200 yards. Still the beasts took no

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notice. But when he had got fully a quarter of a mile past them he purposely took a position from which his scent would be carried by the breeze to the animals. He had been there only a few seconds before they both pricked up their ears, set up their tails, and dashed off into the forest—an ample testimony to their keenness of scent. He might easily have had a shot at either, but had set his mind on the buffalo bull and did not want to disturb him. Later on he shot a kongoni for the larder but could not find him; so Monie and I, who had gone out for a canter, did our best to assist. Some Somalis came into camp to-day with two lanky camels and begged for food; they had come right across the desert from the north.

Wednesday, Feb. 25th. Duirs was out early looking after the wagons and stores. After breakfast Monie and I went with him, hoping to get some meat for the camp. We started a couple of steinbuck, but could not get near enough to them to try a shot. We saw some lovely blue and black and yellow and black butterflies. Robert did not go out to-day save for a stroll round the camp, during which he shot a jackal and a great groined hornbill—a large bird, black, with white-tipped wings and red hackles, like a turkey. I think he is getting to feel that he has had enough shooting. He has been doing it continuously now, except for the break caused by his illness, from September 22—close on five months. After tea I strolled down to the stream and crawled underneath the bushes. I brought back a number of ferns and orchids. There are many varieties of both around here. I was very pleased to see my parrots again, and watched them until the sun set.

Thursday, Feb. 26th. Robert made up his mind to go out with Duirs after the old buffalo, and started out at 4 A.M. I give the story in his own words: “It was a very cold, damp morning, and we had to ride about four miles. Then we left our mules on the side of a hill and forced our way through thick forest for about a mile, until we got pretty close to the place where Duirs had lost the beast two days before. We found fresh spoor and began to follow it up, and kept on doing so until we were sick and tired of it. Spooring

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buffalo is a very tedious and tricky business. The brute is one of the keenest scented of all the big-game animals, being only surpassed, if at all, by the elephant. Among the bush, too, it manages to hide with surprising success ; and as you have only your eyes to pit against the beast's eyes and nose, it is necessary to proceed so cautiously that it often takes the best part of a day to cover a few miles. Our quarry had clearly been travelling through the scrub during the night. We found four places where he had lain down, but do what we would, we could not come across him. The sun got directly overhead, and we ate our lunch and rested until 3 P.M., then started on the spoor again. Here the ground was baked hard and dry, and the trackers had to go on all-fours, so it may easily be understood that we did not get on any faster than in the morning. However, towards the close of the afternoon we tracked him across an open glade and into a patch of forest only a few acres in extent. We thought we had got him at last, and sent the trackers in on his trail while Duirs and I went round to the other side of the wood to choose the best place for a shot when he should come out, as we expected he would do. But we were again doomed to disappointment. He winded the trackers, and instead of dashing out on our side where we were ready to receive him, he crashed out to the right and back again along the self-same path we had tracked him by in the morning. When he came out into the open he saw our mules, which were standing where we had left them. Then, as the syces told us afterwards, he threw back his horns and swerved off to the left, heading for another valley at a sharp trot, while we turned homeward weary and disappointed."

While the men were out after the elusive buffalo, Monie and I had a quiet day in camp, wrote letters, read, and watched one of the boys playing a weird, one-stringed instrument rather like a prehistoric fiddle. Another had a rattle, a short stick with two round seed pods fixed on top, the seeds inside rattling loudly when the thing was shaken. Many of the boys were making crook-handled sticks, others sandals of hide, while others again were doing native embroidery work.

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After tea we went off for a ride, saw and chased two jackals, and came across a herd of zebra and two kongoni. Shortly afterward we met Robert and Duirs returning, and told them of our herd of zebras. Duirs immediately stalked them, and wounded one. Monie and I followed up, and must have ridden hard for nearly an hour before we found the zebra in the forest, with Ginger hanging on to him, and killed him. The boys who had run beside our mules cut his throat, as, being Mohammedans, they were forbidden to eat any meat that had not been previously bled or "halelled," as they call it. They chopped off his tail to make a switch, and then carved him, not by any means artistically, into pieces which they carried home for the camp supper. Coming back we saw a hyæna, the first I had yet seen, although I had heard them howling at night. I thought at first he was a pig, and then a jackal, and by the time I had determined what he really was, and tried to get a careful view of him, he had disappeared among the long grass. Duirs, however, had seen him distinctly. Here Ginger, probably excited by his performance in following up the zebra, started off after another. Whistling and shouting proved of no avail, and as it was getting late we started off for camp, never dreaming but that he would follow as usual. It was dark before we got home, but the mules trotted along quite safely over anthills and hollows, and never stumbled among the huge pig-holes that are to be found everywhere in this country.

After dinner we discovered that poor old Ginger had not returned. As we sat round the fire we could hear barking in the distance. We thought it might be the dog, but it turned out to be zebra. Later there was very loud and continuous barking behind our tents, but Duirs called out to us that it was only jackals. All these noises in the dark, combined with the disappearance of the dog, made me feel rather "creepy." There was an exquisite new moon this evening, and it seemed to have attracted all sorts of beasts to our camp.

Friday, Feb. 27th. Robert and Duirs went off once more to look for buffalo. We were told that a herd had been seen recently in the neighbourhood. One never knows

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exactly what amount of faith to put in any story that one hears from a native. He happens to learn from a passer-by that someone had said he saw buffalo spoor about a fortnight ago, and he will come hot-foot with a story of a whole herd feeding half-a-mile away. His imagination is equal to any emergency. This unfortunately proved one of the usual false reports; the spoor was old and there was nothing else to be seen. The boys were out looking for traces of poor old Ginger most of the day, but could find nothing to throw any light upon his fate. We were all greatly upset by his loss. He was a nice dog and a great help in bringing down the wounded game. Duirs was particularly fond of him. Many a good dog, however, has disappeared in the same way, the prey of a leopard or panther.

I had to-day my first taste of zebra, a steak with fried onions, which Monie and I ate and found excellent. It reminded me of a good mutton chop. No wonder the boys are fond of zebra meat. Yet I have heard people say that it is coarse and tough. The boys are busy cooking their portions before the fire. Each has a stick with pieces of meat threaded on it stuck in the ground close to the blaze. They cook and smoke it until it looks quite hard and black, and certainly seems anything but appetising or digestible. However, there can be no doubt that it appeals to their taste, for they cook all their meat in the same way.

After tea Monie and I went off on our mules past the spot where poor Ginger left us, but we saw no trace of any game until we came abreast of our wagons, which were on the opposite side of the stream. Then we put up a jackal and immediately gave chase. Shortly afterward another came in sight and tried to sneak away, but we turned and galloped madly after him. It was most exhilarating and delightful; but as the sun was setting, and sunset here means almost immediate darkness, we gave up the chase and returned to the camp, passing on the way a number of Somalis with a herd of cattle, cows and calves. They were engaged in making a nice shelter for a cow and her newly born calf. This day our larder was enriched by one kongoni.

Saturday, Feb. 28th. We were up at six this morning, as



Zebra near Rumuruti.



Our Wagons near Rumuruti.