

of the four rhino. We got very close but I couldn't shoot. I knew that a piece of grass was enough to deflect a dart, let alone a mass of acacia scrub.

We discussed another method of approach. Nick suggested rushing up to the animals in a Land-Rover and darting them on the run.

We drove straight to the Useme area of the Corridor and at two o'clock Bob Murray pointed out three black rhino browsing on *Acacia caffra* branches. Ox-peckers shrilly gave the alarm call as Norman Deane moved slowly forwards. The rhino were on the alert immediately and their bell-like ears turned towards us. Norman changed down and put the Rover into four-wheel drive low ratio. The vehicle shot forward. The horsemen took up their positions on either side and weaved through the bush, avoiding antbear holes and jumping fallen logs.

I saw Owen's horse rear as a warthog scuttled out of the grass. Norman closed the gap, driving fast and skilfully. A branch swiped me in the face and I fell back, but Maqubu steadied me. Thorns scraped against the doors of the Rover and stumps thumped the chassis. The noise had frightened the three rhino and they ran at a fast trot. Above the screaming engine and the scraping branches I could hear their high-pitched snorting. The ox-peckers that had been flying above the rhino, still calling, veered off. I waited a chance to dart a rhino in the buttocks. There was less chance of the dart falling out and it helped the horsemen follow the right rhino. I fired and the dart went in.

The darted rhino followed a cow and a calf which headed straight for the Hluhluwe Game Reserve. Rangers and guards spread on the hills shouted a commentary. It ran for two miles without any sign of the drug taking effect, then Bob Murray called out that it was near him, and it seemed dazed. We topped a rise and watched the rhino trotting and stopping, keeping up this erratic pattern until it stood under a tree with its back legs splayed. The horses' hooves striking the stones roused it but it soon stumbled to a halt.

The dart had broken off but the needle was still embedded. Two ox-peckers ran up and down the animal's back, looking

for ticks. The drug was having some effect but the rhino would not go down, so I shot 100 c.c. Largacil into its shoulder. It ran a hundred yards but Norman cut it off by driving the Rover next to it. The rhino stopped and got its horn under the front mudguard. I gave it more tranquillizer but it kept pushing, and if the Rover had not been there it would have walked away. Fifteen minutes later it was still active and horning the vehicle energetically. Someone jumped on its back to see if the weight would bring it down, but this had no effect. The black rhino, unlike the white, was fighting the drug every inch of the way.

The State Veterinarian took blood samples from the ear veins and Roddy Ward caught various species of biting flies. Bees were attracted by the sweat and *Stomoxys* flies gorged themselves on blood. The rhino had a heavy infestation of ticks, mainly the unpleasant-looking bont tick with the unpronounceable Latin name of *Amblyomma hebraeum*, as well as the rhino tick *A. rhinocerotis*. Sixteen different kinds of ticks were known to exist on the black rhino and six kinds on the white. One of the most remarkable parasites was the *Gyrostigma* which laid its eggs on the base of the horn.

Norman moved the Rover away slowly and we pushed the rhino on to its brisket where it breathed at eleven per minute and sweated heavily on the tail, forehead, chest, and hind-quarters. Then without warning, it stood up and greenish liquid poured from its mouth.

'Bile,' Roddy Ward said tersely.

The animal strained forward with fourteen Zulu labourers trying to hold it back. They had an immense struggle to pull it down. I noticed that the mouth was wide open while the animal was under stress.

It rolled over on to its side, looking as though its condition was deteriorating. I decided to give it the antidote but it took us minutes to raise a vein because they were so much smaller than the white rhino and our syringe needles were too thick. I gave it fourteen c.c. intravenously and seventeen c.c. intramuscularly and a minute later it was on its feet. We scattered and it charged Nick who pulled himself into a thin tree just in time.

## THE WHITE RHINO SAGA

Twenty minutes later we went close to it in the Land-Rover and I shook a book in its face. It made a short charge. Shortly afterwards, it walked into a tree and stood dazedly looking about, but ten minutes later it had recovered well. We left it and the next day the guards reported that it charged them on sight.

The following day we used the same tactics and rushed in on a group of four rhino lying up on Yidhle hill. They milled around taken by surprise and as I fired I realized I'd darted the wrong animal. It was a big cow and she moved slowly. I realized too late that she was pregnant.

The rhino trotted off towards Ugontshe forest. From a high point, we watched it run into a patch of bush and emerge at the other side minus the dart. The horsemen had it in view and followed it for nearly a mile, trying to prevent it from going into the forest.

'I'll mix another dart,' I told Norman and he and Bob Murray went after the rhino to try to stop it. The darted animal was moving strongly so I decided to give half a gramme of morphine.

Norman fetched me and we approached the cow. She turned and charged. I fired but it was too close. The dart burst and a stream of liquid poured out. Bob Murray drove alongside the animal and managed to stop her. She got her horn under the front mudguard and lifted and dragged the vehicle. One wheel was off the ground. Five minutes later she dropped, then struggled to rise while everyone held on to try to keep her down. I gave more drug with the syringe but already I had a sick feeling. Everything was going wrong with this capture.

I did not know how much drug the rhino had received. It was a very hot day, we were out in the open with no shade and the rhino sweated heavily. I injected penicillin. The tail rose and fell and the rhino shuddered periodically.

The bull appeared on the skyline and trotted to and fro making little mock charges. While the female was being headed off from the forest, the bull had kept nearby and had not charged. It seemed influenced by the passivity of the cow.



27. A rhino wallow

28. Building a rhino boma



Now it was alone and seemed very concerned. A white cattle egret fluttered near and the bull swung on it.

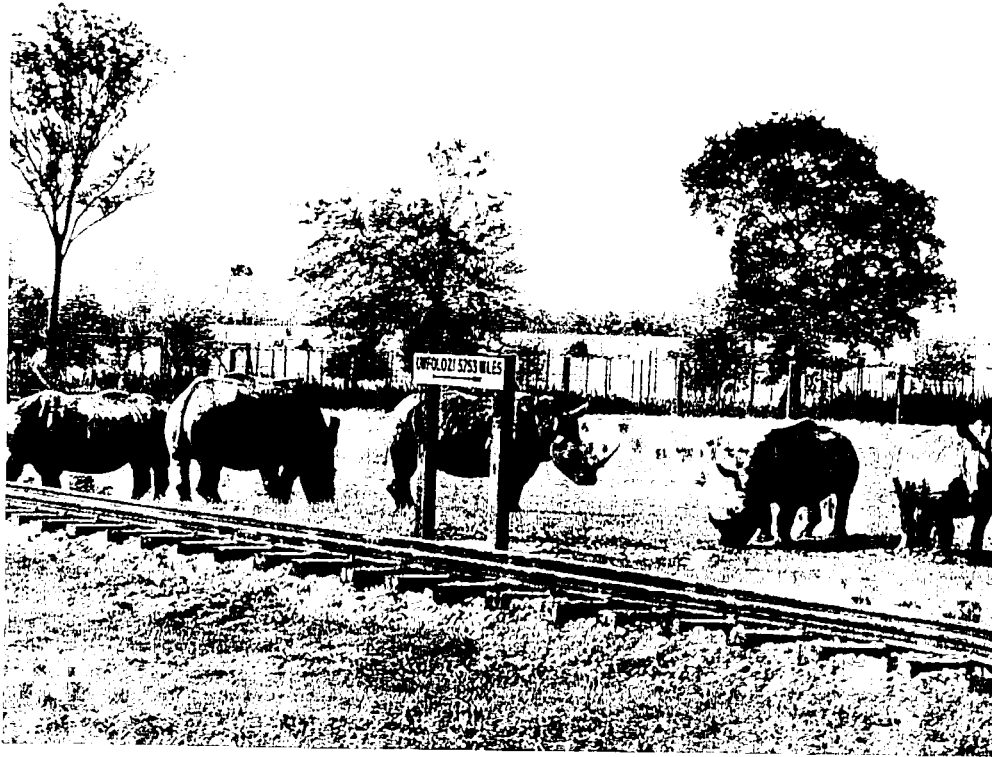
Roddy Ward checked the cow's eyes. They were still pink which was a good sign and I felt a little better and injected more Lethidrone. She reacted and tried to rise, but rolled on to her right side. From this moment, it became impossible to keep her on her brisket. More Lethidrone was injected and she rolled over, struggled a few feet forward on her knees and bashed her head repeatedly on the ground. This behaviour was most distressing and we placed mounds of grass to lessen the shock. At midday, we managed to roll her on to her other side. We tried to get her on to her brisket but she rolled back to her right side and lay with her legs jerking spasmodically. I was now extremely anxious about her condition and worked on the assumption that much of the dose in the second dart had been injected despite the bursting of the syringe. This added to the original dose was proving too much for her.

I injected more Lethidrone and she tried to rise, breathing heavily with mouth open and legs thrashing. She rose partly to her feet but staggered forward. She could not support her own weight. I waited a little then gave more antidote and she began to react favourably. She rolled over on to her brisket by herself and lay, breathing easily. Her recovery was marked. I checked her eye with difficulty as she was conscious of me when I went too close. It was a healthy pink.

Twenty minutes later the temperature dropped sharply and a heavy storm which had been threatening, came sweeping over the hills and broke over us. The change in temperature and the cold rain were too much for her. She raised and lowered her head while her front legs quivered as she tried to rise. At twenty past three she died suddenly.

It was a bad blow. We stood listlessly in the pouring rain looking at her carcass while the unhappy bull watched from the skyline.

In the gathering darkness we cut her open for a post mortem and found a foetus due for birth in about two months. It was a perfect miniature rhino and still pathetically warm. We examined the cow carefully. There was slight congestion in one lung, fluid in the trachea, and very little



29. White rhino in Whipsnade Zoo

30. White rhino inspecting cars at World of Animals, a 550-acre zoo near Dallas, Texas



blood in the heart. The eyes had turned dark blue, probably due to respiratory failure. The fluid in the small intestine was pale yellow, not the khaki or mustard colour of the black rhino which had been mysteriously dying. The weight of the cow excluding liquid was two thousand and twenty-three pounds. The foetus weighed fifty-four pounds. The only consolation was that we were able to compare her internal condition with those rhino that had been dying.

I wrote to Toni Harthoorn the evening I got back about our failure with the second black rhino. He advised us to wait for Sernyl to add to the morphine mixture. He commented: 'If one cannot get the black rhino onto its feet when it's coming round it will fracture its skull, as the Kenya Game Department experienced with several of their animals. The pregnant animal will, of course, die much more easily from shock or as a result of bumping or any other stress.'

In January 1962 he wrote to say he immobilized a black rhino in Kenya with three grammes Themalon and a quarter gm Sernyl. 'It went like clockwork and it only walked three hundred yards,' Toni said.

Later, with a better drug combination, we successfully immobilized more black rhino and took them to Ndumu Game Reserve.

### *Chapter 19*

## Mona

WE returned to white rhino capture because of the stream of complaints about white rhino in the Mona valley, an area of Tribal Reserve adjoining the Umfolozi Game Reserve.

Owen Letley and I rode across the Black Umfolozi river to meet the local Agricultural Officer and inspect the damage. The country from the main Hlabisa road to the Mona river had been badly overgrazed by cattle and harmed by Africans ploughing up the hillsides. Abandoned mining claims lent an air of depression. Derelict houses, lorries with

their engines out, and rusting mining machinery littered the country. But once we crossed the Mona river, just above its junction with the Black Umfolozi, we entered some lovely unoccupied country of tall redgrass, marula trees and small rocky outcrops. Here Cetewayo, the Zulu king, had hidden from the British after the Zulu War of 1879. I was amazed to see that apart from a few trees having been cut for hut poles, there were a good ten thousand acres of virgin land. There were tracks and dung of white rhino about and they had damaged a few mealie fields.

A month later Owen went into the Mona area to establish a paddock for the horses and to get to know the country intimately. He reported back a week later that there had been an influx of people since we had last been there. New fields had been ploughed across tracks we had hoped to use. White rhino had been chased by dogs and by people trying to drive them out of their bushy places. The fruitlessness of these efforts to drive them off was demonstrated by the four bulls who stayed in a relatively tiny patch of bush almost surrounded by ploughed land. They emerged in the early morning, late afternoons, and at night, or when chased by dogs, but they showed no inclination to change their area.

Other rhino along the Mona river found refuge in a big nthombothi forest, and signs of these animals could be found along the paths where they had made dunghills. Owen estimated that there were between ten to fifteen animals in the upper Mona area.

Owen's Mona valley investigation and report was invaluable. It allowed us to move in on 25 November 1961, ready to begin catching.

We set up camp at Owen's horse paddock, brewed tea, then left to catch the first Mona rhino. Owen was on leave so Nick took a good game guard, and while they saddled the horses and fitted the coronet guards and the chest aprons, which we had recently introduced to protect the horses, John Clark and I cleaned the Capchur gun, mixed the drugs and removed all unnecessary equipment from the Land-Rover. In an hour we were on our way, looking for white rhino.

Nick rode ahead of us to find a route. I was astounded at

the number of people who had moved into the area since August. They had established kraals and ploughed up fields where a few months ago there was veld, but there was a population-free belt of about a mile from the Black Umfolozi going north. This belt ran westwards for a good ten miles and it was here that the rhino had been compressed. Maqubu, who was standing on the back of the Land-Rover, spotted a cow and eighteen-month-old calf some four miles from our camp.

I followed the cow, determined to capture our first adult animal. A strong north-east wind blew my scent away but she walked into some thick scrub. I crept forward. I could hear her eating and the calf suckling and making whimpering noises, but even at fifteen yards they were obscured by the thick foliage. Maqubu pointed out her legs but there was no chance of a shot.

We sat watching for about an hour, hoping she would move into a suitable position. Natal robins sang down in the riverine forest and a scarlet sunbird flew about in the blood red flowers of the *Schotia* tree near us. A troop of banded mongoose passed a few feet away but a monkey spotted us and chattered excitedly. The rhino calf became suspicious. It stopped suckling and came towards us. We sat dead still and the calf returned to the cow and continued suckling. I decided to dart the cow first, then the calf.

A quarter of an hour later the drug had coagulated and I had to go back to the Land-Rover for another dose. Nick was waiting at the edge of the thicket sweating heavily in his canvas jacket, for it was a hot day and we were in a valley.

I explained what was going on as I mixed more drug. Maqubu picked up the spoor and we followed the pair into the bush. We had barely found them when the wind swung round and the cow got our scent. She went berserk and hammered a log that was in her way. I had never seen a white rhino behave so viciously. It was obvious that we would have to take care with these Mona rhino; they would not hesitate to kill.

We kept after her for another two hours and just before

midday found the two of them lying behind a single bush in an open glade. She had chosen the one place in the whole Mona valley which made stalking impossible. Maqubu went back for the Land-Rover and when it arrived I climbed aboard and pointed out the rhino. The camouflage was so good that neither John Clark nor Nick could see her. We decided to charge up in the Land-Rover and dart her as she ran.

It was the beginning of a long driver-darter partnership between John and me. I pointed out the general direction and John drove forward over the rough veld at thirty-five miles an hour.

The cow heard us coming, got up, turned indecisively once, then ran for the thick bush with the calf just ahead. John caught her up and as I aimed she swerved, John swerved too and I nearly fell off but managed to dart her at thirty miles an hour when we straightened out again, just in time, for ten yards on they disappeared into the bush. Nick and the game guard followed her for three miles as she kept to the fringe of the bush. Then she vanished into almost impenetrable nthombothi forest. Nick lost sight of her. He sent the guard back for us and started cross country in the thick bush to pick up the trail. Leading his horse and following the tracks he found the cow lying in a mealie field.

He came back for us and I saw the calf trying to climb on top of the female. It was a sad sight. We were very short of reinforced needles so I fired a dart with a weaker needle but it bounced off the calf. Normally a calf will not leave the female but this one charged us twice and ran off. I hurriedly prepared another dart. We chased it in the Land-Rover but it escaped us by running into an nthombothi forest.

We returned to the cow at the same time as a bull appeared. It walked out from the bush into a mealie field a hundred yards away. It was clearly aggressive and we took evasive action. These rhino, living among and being so much troubled by human beings, were not only much more alert, their whole behaviour was different. A bond seemed to link them together, as though they had ganged up to fight humanity.

The bull moved off at his leisure and we examined the

cow. She had just been served which no doubt accounted for much of the bull's interest in her.

The lorry and crate reached us an hour later and we found the crate was too small. We had made a sled for this exercise which the lorry fetched and we rolled her on to it. But it stuck in the rollers going up and Mona (pronounced Mawna) as she was named by Maqubu, hung upside down for minutes while we tore around trying to get the sled off. We wrenched it free with crowbars, took Mona off and winched her up the rollers straight on to the back of the lorry, trapper style. We put heaps of sacks under her head, made her as comfortable as possible and left for Mpila camp forty miles away.

I decided against antidote as the lorry had to travel over broken country and if Mona struggled, she would do herself a lot of harm. There was no room to load the big rollers on to the lorry so we took the small pair on the back of the Land-Rover.

She only tried to stand up once on the way, and John and the labourers held her down and tightened the ropes. Pressure on the heart and lungs was only noticed on the long upgrades to the Hlabisa hills. Her breathing became laboured and the veins in her car were rock hard. Africans on the roadside stared incredulously at the huge live beast held down by a few men and some ropes.

It was half past ten as we reached the bomas and a golden moon came up over the horizon. We dragged the rollers off the Land-Rover, got the block and tackle ready and were about to pull Mona off when she stood up. She swayed alarmingly on the back of the lorry, which had no sides. In the dim moonlight we watched, waiting for her to fall. Both her front and back legs were tied and she had only to go a few inches to either side to fall off the truck and kill herself.

'We will have to grab her,' I whispered to John and Nick.

We moved up quietly and led her by her twenty-three-inch horn from the truck. No one knew how far she had recovered from the drugs. The ropes on her legs allowed her to move only a few inches at a time, and she shuffled slowly forward as we gripped her horn and guided her towards the boma.

Her long shadow wavered on the ground as she moved forwards.

A nightjar called, and we spun round in alarm, nerves and muscles taut. The labourers stood well back, only Maqubu came forward to help. We communicated by signals, afraid to speak in case she came to. The ten yards to the boma entrance stretched ahead like eternity and I sweated even though the night air was chilly. Her toes clinked against the stones on the loading ramp and a bush baby screamed down in the valley. I saw Nick and John's strained profiles in the pale moonlight. John held up two fingers: two yards to go.

She stopped a yard from the boma gate and breathed deeply, then sighed with a long exhalation of breath. My mouth went dry. We pulled again and she stumbled the last few feet. As her head went into the boma, sheath knives flashed in the moonlight as we slashed at the ropes binding her feet. I grabbed a syringe and injected twenty c.c. of antidote into her rump. No one spoke until the last gate pole had been wired.

John stayed awake most of the night to make sure she did not wake up, wedge her horn and fight the bomas, but she slept peacefully. The following morning she drank copiously and enlarged her wallow. After watching her wallowing movements we realized she was suffering from swollen udders and was wallowing to try to relieve herself of milk. Two days later she was attacking the pen and the poles creaked and groaned under the strain.

'I'll have to repeat my spider web act,' John said cheerfully. 'But she's using tactics new to me. She lifts herself as high as she can by bracing her nose against the side of the pen, then she starts to batter the poles with her front feet.'

The individual poles held but the whole side would slowly bulge outwards. I went down on the fourth day and John complained of her habit of wallowing in her drinking water. Her pen was turning into one big wallow and the water was mud. John made a shallow concrete water trough in the next pen, then stripped the four feet of dividing wall to make a gate. The sawing, cutting and banging had little effect on her. She kept walking round the boma squelching in the mud.

When the gate was complete she refused to move until late that night when she wandered through the gap, enjoyed her first drink of clear water in nine days and ate a heap of freshly cut *Panicum* grass. The dart wound on her rump turned into an abscess but John lanced it at the right time and she quietened down to a routine life and moved readily from pen to pen.

By the twelfth day, her udders were no longer inflamed or swollen and during the day she became very tame. But at night she walked from boma to boma calling loudly to other rhino below Dengezeni hill. They seemed to be aware of her condition and in the darkness they would come close to her boma. They grew so bold that the labourers had to throw stones at them. They would run off a few yards then come back sniffing and hiccuping as Mona called more loudly. In the early morning John surprised one big bull sniffing at Mona's pen as she stood on her hind legs battering the gate poles, trying to get out.

When two and a half weeks had passed, she was very tame and allowed John to rub her ears and scratch her head, and she would call to him when he came in with a load of grass. They became very attached to each other. We had decided that when a big crate arrived, we would transport her to Ndumu Game Reserve where Boy Hancock, the ranger in charge, was building a boma and a paddock.

John had decided to level out the pen she had turned into a wallow and to build a concrete water trough. Loads of river sand were brought from the White Umfolozi and dumped in readiness. To get the sand into the dirty pen, John had to open the main gate. So Mona was ushered into the adjoining pen, given a feed of green *Panicum* grass, and the main gate was quietly opened and sand moved in with wheelbarrows.

The pen was about three-quarters levelled when I took some visitors down. I did not know what John was doing, and he was so busy he did not see us come. We walked up to the bomas and one man said loudly, 'Good Lord, what a big rhino!'

This brought Mona to her feet. She headed straight for

her normal pen in which John had been working. The loose poles were little hindrance and she was in her pen, but the unfamiliar smell of river sand stopped her. John rushed out and tried to replace the gate poles. He had three in place when she saw the movement of the fourth pole. John shouted 'Run' and we all took cover as Mona charged the gate. The poles snapped and Mona was out on the loading ramp.

John described the scene. 'She played football for a minute or two with an empty forty-four gallon drum and knocked it around. Then she looked around to find out what all the excitement was about. Not a human being in sight. Me and my gang of boys were safely imitating crows on the boma walls and the visitors were back in their cars.'

Mona left the drum, turned and sniffed at the broken gate poles, lowered her head and lumbered off into the veld. I saw her grey body moving through the trees then she disappeared. The labourers clambered down from the bomas laughing and chattering about her strength and the way she had broken the poles. John stood with his hands on his hips and philosophically said, 'Well, anyway, I can now finish the pens.'

### Chapter 20

## Troubles in the Bomas

IN December 1961 we went to the Mona valley again. Our plan was first to catch a medium-sized female rhino and keep her in the bomas for two weeks, then to capture a fully mature male and drive non-stop to Ndumu Game Reserve, two hundred miles away.

We searched for miles in the stifling heat along the Black Umfolozi river. It was a cloudless summer day with heat waves shimmering above the grass. The rocks were burning hot to touch and the glare was blinding. Trees wilted, their green leaves twisted into strange dry shapes. The land ached for rain.

I walked along a path next to the river, knowing that on

days like this the rhino would lie up near water. The sun beat down on my back and the ubiquitous pepper ticks crawled all over me, prickling in the sweat. The horsemen plodded along, the horses shaking their heads to stop the flies biting at the moisture round their eyes. Owen sat his horse easily and the mounted Game Guard, Khonamangele – Maqubu's son – drooped wearily in the saddle. The rattle of a bridle chain disturbed five rhino in the reeds. They trotted out and made for shade.

I stalked a female but two calves kept trotting towards me, then turning and prancing away. Their eyesight was much better than a mature animal and it took me an hour to stalk a hundred yards. The female was curious too and came towards me. I shot her at fifteen yards but as I fired she turned and the dart entered her ribs. She ran snorting and vanished into the trees. The horsemen followed.

Rib shots seldom worked, but this time I was using a small explosive cartridge, one of a packet given to me by Red Palmer. The cartridge forced the drug in rapidly, unlike the slow movement of the plunger with the acetic acid and carbonate tablet principle.

At two o'clock Khonamangele returned and reported he had found the rhino but it had not gone down. We came upon the animal standing dozily amongst some bushes in the middle of a footpath. The dart needle was bent but she had had just enough drug.

Mbizane (The Caller) was loaded on to a lorry and taken to Mpila and we released her in the boma just before midnight. She was feeding from the hand after a few days and was one of the quietest animals we had.

When we opened the gate from one pen to another, she walked in backwards. She also wallowed far less frequently than the others. The only time she became excited was in the late evening when the wild rhino called from the surrounding bush. As it got darker, Mbizane became frantic and tried to climb her gate. The wild rhino hurmped, hiccoughed and bellowed in the darkness. Their noises set other animals off and jackal and hyena scavenging on old carcasses began screaming and cackling in the night. But

Mbizane settled down after John Clark cured her constipation by adding two pounds of Epsom salts to her drinking water.

Mpandhlana (The Bald One) was a four-thousand-pound, fully mature bull. I had seen him many times when we worked in the area. I badly wanted to catch him and get him to Ndumu Game Reserve. He would be the biggest rhino we moved successfully.

On 8 December the guards spotted him lying up in the shade of a marula. We rushed him in the Land-Rover and I fired as he stood up, but the needle broke and Mpandhlana ran off. I went after him on foot and darted him in the neck. This second needle broke before he had run twenty feet, but the explosive cartridge had injected the contents of the dart. Half an hour later, the horsemen returned to say he was standing back to back with another rhino. The other bull was reluctant to leave his mate and charged us when we were near. We scattered to the trees, shouting at him, then getting down and throwing stones. He pushed home a charge with Owen and nearly hooked him from the horse. Owen was unperturbed and guided his horse in and out of the trees.

Mpandhlana stood listlessly swaying from side to side. The other rhino returned making soft noises in its throat. It defied us for over an hour until Maqubu fired shots which ricocheted along the ground. The sudden loud bangs scared the rhino and we ran forward yelling until it trotted away, swinging its head violently. It turned and came back once more, but we stood our ground, waving our arms and banging on the vehicle doors. It was sad to separate such good friends and I regretted not being able to catch them both.

At six o'clock in the evening we were still trying to get the crate on the lorry. The big winch would not pull the crate the last fifteen feet so we got out the block and tackle. Then local Zulus arrived and kept the crate in position while we rigged up the block and tackle over the cab of the lorry. We greased a pole and pulled the rhino up. The springs sagged as Mpandhlana moved and the planks in the crate creaked under his immense weight. It was dark when we left.



We drove through the night to Ndumu Game Reserve, stopping once among the knob-thorn trees in the Swaziland lowveld to put in sandbags to keep the cold off the rhino. We turned where the Ingwavuma river plunges through the Lebombo mountains, and climbed in low gear up Cecil Mac's pass to the cold plateau. Not a light showed in the tiny Ingwavuma village as our small convoy passed through and down the winding road on the other side of the mountain. We sped along the sandy flats as dawn lit up the sky. Soon the whole Tongaland treecveld sparkled in the early morning sunlight. Spider webs covered in dew glittered amongst grey *Terminalia* trees.

We crossed the rickety bridge over the Ingwavuma river and I smelt the swamps, the heady yellow fever tree flowers, and the crushed figs of the sycamore. Brown water gurgled past on its way to the Pongolo river and the calls of bush francolin, purple-crested louries and fork-tailed drongoes echoed through the forest. Memories of canoeing down the rivers, being chased by hippo and crocodile in the swamps, came flooding back.

I had once been ranger in charge of Ndumu Game Reserve and spent some of the happiest days of my life building it up. The summer was hell except in the coolness of the dense fig forest but the winters were a delight, when birds of every description thronged the pans, when fever trees were yellow, matching the crocodiles lying on pale gold sandbanks.

We drove up the road to where Tonga women in their bright shawls lined up at the store with baskets and basins to buy mealie meal. Others sat under a lone thorn tree selling finger bananas and paw-paws. Young men, lighter skinned than the Zulus, strummed home-made guitars. Their long hair was plastered in white soap and bleached, and they constantly patted it. One small child picked her nose and stared with open mouth at the lorry and the crate on the back. Boy Hancock was troubled by squatters in his reserve too, and he had spread the word about the arrival of a rhino which ate at least one person for breakfast each day.

The big rhino stirred uneasily in the back. It was seven o'clock and he was coming round from the drugs.

We entered the game reserve and I saw Nyamithi pan among the trees and the fig forest at the junction of the Usutu and Pongolo rivers. A single nyala bull with sleek black coat, white ridge and yellow tipped horns leapt across the road and ran, head swept back, into the trees, a lovely sight to greet us after a weary night of driving.

We pulled up at the rough stockade. It had taken fifteen hours to do under a hundred miles.

As we began off-loading, Mpandhlana came to life and viciously put his horn through the top of the heavy crate. There was no chance of giving him an intravenous injection so I rammed the needle into his muscular rump. We intended to keep him in the boma for a week then release him into a ten acre paddock.

Boy Hancock said this rhino reacted differently to Europeans and to Africans. It would tolerate Europeans standing on top of the pen, putting gentian violet on abrasions received during the journey, but as soon as an African climbed up it would charge the gate. This happened several times, and was probably because it had been disturbed and chased by Africans in its former home in the Mona valley.

Mpandhlana was released into the paddock on the fifteenth and after leaving the pen he ate ravenously. He escaped from the paddock on the same day by breaking barbed wire strands then climbing over the top of a two-foot-six-inch cable. He walked thirty miles inside the game reserve, following the roads, and settled down in the dense Mahemane bush (the name meaning 'I don't know where I am'). It was country not unlike the Mona valley.

We learned much from the translocation of Mpandhlana. It proved that for journeys of a hundred miles it was not necessary to precondition the animal in the boma. By small additions of drugs and tranquillizers we knew it would be possible to transport them even further. The distance was not important; it was the length of time it took to cover the distance that counted.

I phoned Colonel Vincent at our Pietermaritzburg headquarters to say I was confident we could send rhino direct to the Orange Free State under drugs. I told Nick that with the

experience we had, I could see that rhino capture would be divided into two categories: rhino to various parks in South Africa, taken there directly from the field under drugs; and rhino tamed in our bomas and sent overseas to zoos or parks too distant for direct translocation. The former had been proved but the latter was problematical and was to cause us much grief before the technique was successful.

The publicity about our success resulted in many requests. George Speidel from Milwaukee cabled asking about the possibilities of getting three rhino. Other zoos from all over the world wrote or cabled, wanting to know the selling price and were not dismayed at paying R6000 a pair.

The Kruger National Park authorities asked for twelve, Rhodesia for eight and the Orange Free State for another four.

We had to increase our staff to cope with the demands. John Tinley, the tall, soft-speaking young brother of my old companion, Ken Tinley, was transferred from Lake St Lucia and took over the Thobothini outpost from Owen Letley. Gordon Bailey, an athletically built young man with a pleasant manner, was recruited and went to Nick Steele at Gome for training. He came to Umfolozi on the day I had darted a crocodile on Lake St Lucia and was bringing it back to put in the Mpafa waterhole at Umfolozi. He was still wearing city clothes when I told him to help me carry the twelve-foot croc out of the Land-Rover. He showed no alarm. Brian Stevens, another recruit, who was a fluent Zulu linguist and an ex-cane farm manager, moved into new quarters at Mpila. He had the unenviable job of relieving me of mounting clerical work. Before long, these three men were working on rhino capture as well as doing their other work.

John Clark continued at the bomas, improving and altering the pens and looking after Mbizane, who tamed down well and gave us hope for the future. When she was ready we decided to move her to Ndumu too.

So she was darted in the buttock with Largactil and an hour later she was quietly roped and pulled into the crate by

ten labourers. At first she was baffled and annoyed by the obstruction, and when the door was slid into position, she began hammering the crate. A sideplank was ripped out in one movement and John had to release her from the medium crate into a larger one. She was loaded on to a lorry and started for Ndumu.

By the time John reached Hluhlwe Game Reserve she had made gaping holes in the top of the crate and she was restless to the Umsindusi bridge, then she calmed down and the rest of the journey was peaceful. John arrived at Ndumu Game Reserve in the middle of the night and Mbizane was left dozing until morning. When the crate was off-loaded, she walked out backwards and after a few parting lunges at the crate she began grazing, had a long drink then a luxurious roll in the mud.

We were all pleased at the delivery of the second rhino and John gaily remarked, 'I feel I've won the first major battle and what remains is only a mopping-up process.' He later added, 'In my enthusiasm I had forgotten that no rhino could be shipped overseas on a diet of green grass.'

We all thought the answer was simple: use lucerne. We had overlooked the difficulties John had had getting them to eat indigenous grasses.

While we repaired crates, John Tinley was moved to Thobothi camp to locate more rhino in the Mona valley. Part of his equipment was taken to the Mona-Black Umfolozi junction and carried across by game guards. One guard forded the river when the others were already across. He was about ten yards in the river when a crocodile surfaced close to him. The guard moved back, hitting the water with his sticks, but as he reached the bank the crocodile rushed at him and he only drove it off by beating it on the nose with his knobstick. This was the second drama in a few days.

Khonamangele was stabbed in the leg with an assegai by a poacher at Thobothi camp. We expected trouble and rushed guards to the area, but the show of force soon quietened everything down. Khonamangele was lucky. The blade passed through his leg without damaging any vital part.

Game Guard Jeyi Butulezi was not so fortunate. He was stabbed to death near Mhlanganweni guard camp the following week. One of the Africans caught with the murderer turned State evidence and what he had to say in court was sufficient to have the murderer sentenced to death. We thought this would have a salutary effect, but to our astonishment this same man was caught poaching in the same area a week later.

Poaching was an incessant problem and drained money and manpower. If we relaxed for a week the game reserve would have been overrun and the game wiped out. To the tribal people the game was meat, but it was encouraging to see the interest the urban Africans were taking in wild life.

In late January we crossed the Black Umfolozi into the Mona country and darted a young bull calf. It was badly wounded and in poor condition, but we recognized it as Mona's calf. The Zulus named him 'Msuzi' because he was so filled with stomach gases. He was loaded without a crate and taken straight to the bomas and given antibiotics. The next day he drank two gallons of water and a mixture of milk and mealie meal. In a few days he was eating grass from John's hand.

We returned to the Mona area and I darted a rhino, one of a group of nine. Before the drug could work it ran into dense bush and the guards lost the spoor after four hours tracking.

I wrote to Toni Harthorn about the problem of the drugs not stopping a rhino quickly.

He replied, 'To get a quick knock-down effect with less drug, add hyalondarase to your solution. Best added in powder form from a folded paper.'

It cut down chasing time appreciably.

A large cow, Magqayisa, named after the area we found her in, was captured in early February, and another cow, Masinyana (The One Who Hurries) two days later. Masinyana had just been served and was still on heat. A young bull, named Mtondotondo because of the size of his penis, was caught within a day of Masinyana and John Clark had his hands full. I often used to wake in the early morning to hear

his faint shouts and the bellow of bewildered rhino coming round from the drugs, or hear pitiful squealing from the rhino with bad dart wounds.

Each rhino had to be carefully watched while coming round from the drugs; it was too easy for them to wedge their heads in a corner and suffocate. John was intent on taming the rhino, and it was his voice that primarily won them over. He spoke about them as though they were people he knew - visitors could find this disconcerting.

After the cow Masinyana had been at the bomas for three days John approached me wearily one morning and said we would have to move her.

'Last night four rhino arrived at the bomas - all of them bulls. Masinyana is still on heat and she is driving them crazy. It's bad enough having her trying to break out, now the other rhino are helping her, too. She's too large for the pens, all three thousand pounds of her,' he said.

I said we would take her to Ndumu.

She had to be pulled into a crate, and for a quarter of an hour she cunningly knocked the rope away from her head before John lassoed her. She had a tranquillizer to calm her for the journey. It was an easy journey to Ndumu if you overlooked two and a half tons of rhino and crate, and a ton of rollers to assist in off-loading, all on a registered three-ton truck. Fortunately Zululand was still short of traffic inspectors.

Sven Persson was still gathering material for his documentary 'To Catch a Rhino', and he travelled with us.

We waited for daylight to off-load Masinyana. All went smoothly until the moment of opening the crate door. Sven, weighed down by his 35 mm Ariflex, was reluctant to enter the paddock.

'Come in,' I urged him. 'You'll get a good shot of her coming out. It's perfectly safe.'

And to prove it I stood in front of the crate with my own camera. The crate door swung open and she lay quietly inside. I took my photograph then flung a clod of earth to get some action. She was on her feet in a flash and came out snorting. I ran for a Land-Rover. Fortunately she followed

me and ignored Sven, for he could never have got out of the way. I dived over the back of the Land Rover just in time to avoid her curved horn. She turned, put her horn under the bumper and jerked the vehicle about. Then she went back to the crate, sniffed all round it and disappeared into the tall grass in the paddock.

Sven had filmed the whole scene then retreated to the cable fence. It was a close shave and he cursed me.

'You nearly had me blady killed,' he snarled. 'And you said it was safe.'

It was a long time before he forgave me.

Masinyana did not stay in the paddock long. Mpandhlana got her scent, smashed the cable fence, and led her out like a happy bride. Boy Hancock later saw the pair grazing peacefully together on the Usutu river flood plain. Two years later she had a calf.

I had just returned to Umfolozi Game Reserve when John Clark radioed me to report that the young Msuza was paralysed in the hindquarters. The dart wound had turned septic. He was unable to even drink water put under his nose.

John mixed glucose, hake liver oil, salt and yeast tablets, which he administered through the anus. Msuza recovered enough to walk round the boma. The next day John gave him more, but Msuza protested feebly. That evening he began whimpering distress calls at a high pitch and seemed to be gaining strength. Twenty minutes later he stiffened, trembled, relaxed, and died.

I looked into his pen and saw him lying there, his eyes wide open and blank, belly beginning to swell. A crow gave its rattling call and an emerald-spotted wood pigeon droned mournfully, 'My mother's dead, my father's dead, all my brothers and sisters are dead, and my heart goes do, do do do.' I walked away sick and demoralized, wondering whether we would ever find a way of stopping infection in dart wounds.

Magqayisa sickened soon afterwards so she was loaded and sent to Ndumu in the hope that freedom would cure her.

The journey was a nightmare. She was weak and fell over and wedged herself in the crate. She had to be dragged out and put back upright, but she attacked the crate and ripped planks off. John injected a tranquillizer and she collapsed on to her side and could not be righted. Her breathing became slow and irregular, a very bad sign. She was dehydrated too. By the time John reached Ndumu she was paralysed in the hind legs. John bathed her eyes and gave her water with a pipe through the anus. This revived her and at midday she drank water unaided and sweated freely. Suddenly she stiffened, cried the plaintive distress calls, shook violently, and died. John had a post mortem and found a bruise extending for six inches on either side of the spine up the sacral hump. This was probably the cause of death.

At the beginning of March 1962 the Madhlozi game guards reported seeing a badly limping mature bull in the country above the Mpafa waterhole.

We darted it, cleaned the wound out, pumped it full of antibiotics, and released it. The guards kept watch for a fortnight and reported that it had fully recovered and was walking normally. An operation such as this, once a dream, had now become a reality, and many rhino were saved. This was some compensation for the deaths of Msuza, Magqayisa and the loss of other rhino down at the bomas.

Later in the month two white rhino, Ondini, a male, and Amatsheni (Amongst the Rocks), a female, were caught in the Corridor and taken to the Willem Pretorius Game Reserve in the Orange Free State. It was an important occasion for us because the Administrator of the Free State, Mr Sand du Plessis, and a member of the Executive Committee, as well as other officials, came to watch the capture. Our Director, Colonel Vincent, was present too.

After a two-hour search for suitable rhino Ondini was darted at eleven o'clock, and crated by one o'clock. Amatsheni was darted after a rough ride across the veld. We were among eight rhino all running at twenty-five miles an hour. Branches were slamming against the capture vehicle and we bumped over warthog and antbear holes. I was screaming at John Clark to turn left, he was trying to avoid crashing into a

bull which was swiping at us with its huge head. The Administrator was sitting in front, and being badly thrown about, but he was enjoying every minute of the wild ride. John Clark eventually heard my repeated yells and turned left, so that I could fire the dart into the rhino's fast-moving rump.

We had to wait nearly two hours before a horseman came galloping back to report that Amatsheni had climbed the rocky slope of Neebe, tumbled and slid down a forty-five degree krantz, and was on the banks of the Black Umfolozi river. When we saw her lying at the bottom of the cliff I thought she was dead, but she only had a few minor scratches.

The problem was how were we going to get her up the hill. There was only one thing to do: walk her up. Mr du Plessis looked at me wonderingly when I explained what we were going to do. Outwardly I tried to spread an air of confidence, but inwardly I wondered if it would turn into a fiasco.

I picked a path amongst the rocky outcrops on the long line of the hill. There was little choice, boulders and trees were everywhere. I mixed a bottle of antidote and injected a small amount into a vein. Amatsheni stood up and everyone unfamiliar with the capture of rhino scattered. We slipped a rope over her head, pulled her tail and she walked forward a few paces. The Zulus chanted and pulled, chanted and pulled, while we pushed from behind. Slowly she moved up the hill, the bass voices of the Zulus echoing downriver. Three or four prancing, singing labourers would leave the main group to push aside boulders and send them crashing down the hillside.

As the hill grew steeper so the singing grew louder and the songs more militant. Maqubu pushed on her flank and made up a song of all our exploits. The others took up the refrain and Zulu and white man pushed and pulled the reluctant Amatsheni. I left a needle in her ear and as soon as there were signs of her slowing down, I injected more Lethidrone from the syringe. Maqubu added this to his song. At the halfway stage I knew, with a surge of pride in these men, that we had won.

There was a roar and a shout when we reached the top and the Zulus collapsed, puffed out.

By six o'clock we had loaded her and the two lorries left for the Free State. The wind had changed to south and storm clouds scudded overhead as the lorries made their way down the eroded road leading from Neebe to the Tjevu crossing. Lightning forked across the sky and thunder rumbled on the Hlabisa hills. Nick must have read my thoughts, for he said, 'I hope this isn't going to be another Amber episode.'

The following morning I accompanied Colonel Vincent and Peter Potter to the Orange Free State. We had been invited to an official reception honouring the re-introduction of white rhino after an absence of over a hundred years. To our astonishment we met the lorries near the top of van Reenen's pass, a mere hundred and fifty miles away. It was bitterly cold with a highveld wind howling up the mountain sides. Mist swirled up the valleys and covered the red krantzes.

We stopped the leading truck to look at the rhino. I pulled the canvas sail back and warm air, heavy with the familiar rhino smell, drifted out. Ondini lay on his brisket breathing normally. I administered a penicillin injection against infection and the driver told us of rain and mud beyond Non-goma, lorries skidding in the darkness on the twisting narrow roads, and rain and cold. Amatsheni had knocked her horn off. It looked bad but this was a common hazard. Stockholm tar prevented further bleeding or infection and in time another horn would grow, with a stronger base.

We reached Willem Pretorious Game Reserve early in the morning and the last rhino was off-loaded just before dawn. It was 13 March, two days before my birthday, and I could not have asked for a better present. Ondini had been drugged for a record thirty hours, proof that we could send rhino to the Kruger National Park directly from the field.

Peter Potter and I slept for two hours before the Colonel woke us. He was shaved and dressed and looked as though he had had eight hours sleep. He was never off balance and at our official reception he spoke brilliantly about conservation. The Administrator in his reply complimented the Natal

Parks Board. We then went out to release the rhino into their paddock. Ondini disgraced himself by charging the Administrator who was pulled to safety just in time.

Two more rhino, Rooinek and Boeremeisie, were sent at the end of the month and all four soon settled down in a habitat in which the white rhino had not roamed for a hundred and two years.

*Chapter 21*

## Preparing for Export

By the end of March 1962 I was able to write to Toni Harthoorn and say we had captured eighteen white rhino. I said that as far as morphine was concerned we had probably been overdosing the animals, while the opposite was true of Themalon; but despite all this, the latitude allowed with the drugs enabled us to take all sorts of chances we could never have taken with gallamine triethiodide (Flaxedil).

I explained some of our earlier problems with darts and needles, and how much more efficient we found it to dart from a vehicle instead of on foot. I mentioned too, how we had developed a technique of direct translocation to other reserves. In conclusion I mentioned that 'One of the greatest advantages of the drugs is that you can literally get a rhino out of all sorts of dangerous situations. Had we known what we know now, we would have been able to save even Jonah's life.'

A month later I was able to tell Toni that we had caught another five rhino and had found Sernyl to have a bad effect on white rhino, but a most beneficial one on black rhino. We would also be supplying at least nine zoos with rhino.

With orders for more rhino coming in from Bronx, San Diego and Berlin Zoos, John Clark had to make more bomas. We had trouble with rhino catching their horns in the corners of square bomas and suffocating, so John built round ones.

Gum poles were painted with strong-smelling carbolinum

and set in furrows. A tank stand was completed and pipes laid to each boma. Each pen had three gates, one in front and another on either side. An extra holding pen for cleaning purposes was added which proved useful when we attended to injured animals. Land-Rover NPA 733, our darting vehicle, was overhauled and a metal grid with a reinforced bumper added. This gave protection when we had to drive over trees.

We received another order for a pair of rhino from John Seago, the East African game dealer, who asked that the Milwaukee and Chester Zoo rhino be ready for shipment by the end of May. The weather was bad, we were all tired, but I insisted we went out catching again. John Clark kept notes of this particular occasion and when I came to write this book he sent them to me. Here is part of his description.

'Madageni walked into her pen at one in the morning after a terrible fight with the lorry through mud and rain. The two Zulus who had remained at the boma to feed Mtondono then informed me that he was getting clever and had given up trying to climb over the boma sides and gates. They were about to explain his new tactics when I got a demonstration. He had found out that if he put his horn in between the two horizontal poles then lifted he could slide it sideways and out. This meant all the gates had to be roped before I could get some sleep.

'Madageni was not much of a fighter. She resorted to more frightening tactics. She refused to eat and got thinner as the days went by. I was on the point of releasing her when I tried one more idea. I gave her the run of three pens with Mtondono in the fourth. Twenty-four hours later she started eating, a small amount at first but slowly increasing her intake. During this period nobody was allowed to go near her pens. After a week, I put a little Epsom salts in her water and increased the daily amount of coarse salt. I was afraid that if she became constipated or stopped feeding for any reason, she would never eat again in the pen. Two weeks passed and she was eating extremely well and I began to believe she was on the road to recovery. She confirmed this by trying to climb the gates and battering the walls.'

Madageni was one of the first white rhino ever exported from South Africa. She still graces Chester Zoo in the United Kingdom today.

The following week I darted a rhino the Zulus named Nqabeni (The Refuser) because of his reluctance to succumb to the drugs. We loaded and took him back to the bomas. John Clark complained about what the four-thousand-pound animal was likely to do to the new pens when he came round.

'Those are your worries,' Nick said as he climbed on to his horse.

I travelled with John and Nqabeni to the bomas. Nqabeni staggered out of the crate and charged the gate as the last pole was slipped in. The whole boma shook. John gave me a despairing look as I got into my Land-Rover. A few days later he sent me a report describing his trials with Nqabeni.

'That evening I woke to hear the familiar boma orchestra – creaking of poles, one rhino bellowing and fighting with the other rhino pacing up and down roaring encouragement. This time there was a note of near triumph in the fighting rhino's bellow. I leapt from my stretcher without my trousers but grabbed a khaki shirt which I didn't have time to button and ran to the pens. When I rounded the corner I was just in time to see Nqabeni pop out of his pen like a champagne cork. He saw me and his direction changed. I executed a right about turn at full speed and ran for the nearest rhino crate. Fortunately the door was open and I just made it when he hit the side with such momentum that the two-ton crate moved a full nine inches sideways. I shot up the inspection hatch and got to the top of the crate just in time to wave him a fond farewell as he was swallowed up by the dark bushes. Only then did I realize how close I had come to running full tilt into the horn of an infuriated rhino.'

John showed me the mark where Nqabeni had thumped the crate; even the steel plate was dented.

Rhino No. 21 was a lovely young female I darted after a hair-raising drive through country one would hesitate to take a motorbike through, let alone a Land-Rover. The horse-men took over and roped her after a long and tiring chase.

She fought frenziedly as we dragged her into the crate. As we pulled the crate up with the rollers, she rolled over, jammed her horn, and three minutes later was stone dead.

We took her to the bomas, chopped off her small horns and put her in a donga in the open where the other dead rhino had been left. The hyena and jackal soon found her and we heard them howling all night. Not long after dawn the vultures were gliding down and hopping forward to feed. It was part of nature's inexorable law that nothing must be wasted.

This setback depressed us and we rested for a day, but we had orders for far more rhino than we could handle and the bomas had to be filled.

At midday on 18 April I darted another young female in the rump as she ran into the bush below the old nagana airfield in the Corridor. The horsemen took off after her as the dart was brushed off by another rhino. A jet of blood spurted out and ran down her leg. She ran with seven others and as they passed through the bush other rhino lying up in the shade joined them until there were sixteen running together. They all plunged into a ravine in a chaos of squealing calves and clouds of dust. The horsemen were absorbed into a sea of grey animals and occasionally a white helmet and a brown horse appeared in the mêlée. Eighteen minutes later the horsemen had her roped to a tree.

This had been the most impressive chase I had seen, and how the horsemen had come out of it alive was a mystery. The first thing Nick said was, 'Thank God the horses are fit, a tired horse in among those sixteen rhino – all running with us – could have been disastrous.'

The horses had become extraordinarily fit and when well fed could travel thirty or forty miles a day, but a straight run of seven miles through dongas and up hills did tire them out. The long trek back to camp at night finished them off. It was obvious we needed more horses and trained men who could take over and give Nick and Owen a well-deserved break.

We named the young rhino Malusa (The Herded One) because the horsemen had cut her away from the sixteen

rhino and kept going round in smaller and smaller circles until she dropped.

Malusa turned out to be a model rhino. She would lie for hours in her pen uttering a low squeaky call. John swore she was a famous singer reincarnated, until he found she had been stabbed by another rhino in the folds of her hind leg and an abscess had formed. The abscess was difficult to lance but finally it burst. Malusa stopped 'singing' and in three days had doubled her grass consumption.

By the end of May there was nine bomas completed and a trench for a further five dug. Water had been laid on. The perpetual carting of water was a drain on our transport so we ran a plastic pipe from Hugh Dent's house on Mpila down to the boma. This was help to John who could wash out the pens every day and give the rhino a spray on the hot days.

Sometimes a rhino would refuse to move out of its pen at cleaning time and no amount of coaxing helped. John Clark perched on a log above the pen, talking and pleading with the recalcitrant rhino to 'move over'. Then he discovered that the rhino would hesitantly charge a piece of cloth or paper dangled from a stick. A shout from John and the labourers would slip the poles in behind the rhino. Occasionally the rhino panicked and backed, poles snapped resoundingly and cries of pain would rise from all directions as the labourers extricated their bruised fingers. This was our greatest casualty. Someone was always getting his fingers jammed, either by poles, rhino, rollers, or in the loading. My right index finger was permanently disfigured after a rhino moved its foot at the wrong time and crushed my hand against a rock. John was seldom without a soiled bandage on his hand and it was incredible that none of us got tetanus.

There was so much work at the bomas that John Tinley had to be drafted in to help. He was an outstanding ranger, with immense strength. One afternoon while four of us struggled to topple a half-grown rhino bull, John Tinley ran in and bowled the rhino over with his shoulder. He soon had an understanding of the rhino and became an invaluable member of the team.

Work continued steadily at the bomas as more rhino were brought in. Mpugwana (The Fly) was darted in the base of the tail after a thirty-mile-an-hour chase through the bush. She stopped fifty yards from the main road, and a carload of tourists stared at the horsemen trying to tie a rope on to the hind legs of an apparently wild rhino.

Mpugwana was an endearing rhino and John Clark said she soon learned that little tricks, like mock charges at her grass then a short canter with the grass in her mouth, would keep one's attention. If John was not there, or no one paid her any attention for three or four days, she would sulk and go off her food. When John reappeared and scolded her she would perk up and eat double rations.

It was during the capture of Mpugwana that I first got the drug combination in my eyes. In our chases through the bush we had to get so close to the rhino that it was impossible to avoid the spray of the drug as the dart smacked home. The hyoscine opened the pupils and in the bright sunlight the pain was excruciating. Sometimes I was blinded and had to be led to the nearest water – frequently a scum covered wallow – to bathe my eyes. Goggles were no use. They hampered vision and at thirty miles an hour in bush failure to duck at the right moment could mean a broken neck. Eventually we carried a can of clean water on the Land-Rover. Immediately the rhino was darted, John Clark would leap out and pour half a gallon on my upturned face.

When I got the full contents of two darts in my eyes my pupils were twice normal size and I couldn't see very far. I wrote to Toni Harthoorn and asked if he could suggest a remedy. Toni said, 'There is nothing one can do except frequent bathing with water or a solution such as Optrex. The treatment besides washing is dark glasses and rest.' I got the dark glasses but rest was practically impossible.

Mashobeni (The Tail) named because it was a near surgical operation to get the dart out of its tail, tamed very quickly. Mschaurte, a young male, was named after Dr Werner Schaurte, a German who has done much for Umfolozi and the white rhino. Mschaurte suffered a severe dart



wound but constant handling tamed him down more quickly than normal. He went to Brookfield Zoo in Chicago.

Meva was a temperamental rhino. John Clark described her as a typical example of the opposite sex. 'She changes from day to day,' he said. 'One morning she will only eat if I hold the grass in my hand and offer it through the gate poles. The next day she will not feed if anyone is within sixty yards of her. It was the same with getting her from pen to pen,' he said. 'One morning she would go into her cleaning pen without hesitation, the following day nothing would move her. I always had to be on my toes as far as she was concerned.

'Once I remember trying to get her to go back to her pen after it had been cleaned, but she wouldn't move. Then in sheer desperation I called her a few choice names. The results were startling, she stormed into the pen and was annoyed for the rest of the day, mock charging every time I went near. I would not like to say whether this was coincidence, or the inflection in my voice,' John said.

Inadvertently some old stocks of lucerne were fed to the rhino. In two days, three rhino started scouring badly. They became listless, lost weight, and lay whining in the corner of their pens. Watery faeces bubbled out of the anus and dribbled in a green stream down the legs. This attracted tormenting flies which settled in a black mass round the eyes and on the mouths of the sick animals. Even the ox-peckers which flocked to the bomas and had become so tame, avoided these rhino. Constant attention and injections of terramycin pulled them through, but later in the year we lost other animals.

Norman Deane phoned me one morning from Hluhluwe; he asked me to bring the rhino capture team to catch another black rhino.

'It's a very old male with a badly damaged hind leg,' said Norman. 'It's probably spent the whole of its life outside the game reserve in tribal reserve number three. For eight years we've been periodically driving the old beast into the Hluhluwe Game Reserve, but the following day it's always back in the Zulu Reserve.'

The recent increase in the human population had reduced the size of its habitat and the black rhino had taken to feeding on pumpkins. The local Zulus were now demanding its removal. When Norman pointed it out to me, I knew there was little chance of it surviving the capture. It was too old.

To get near the rhino, which was in a thicket near an old pumpkin field, Norman had to drive over the veld and along narrow footpaths with steep drops on either side. It heard the Land-Rover and with typical black rhino courage came snorting out to charge the vehicle. It bashed the bumper and knocked the mudguard in, hooked its horn under the springs and rocked us. It was too close to fire so I darted it in the rump as it turned.

Nick and Owen followed it into the Hluhluwe Game Reserve and it collapsed half a mile from the boundary fence. It stumbled about very badly, dragging its leg. The old animal was covered in wounds from fights and from assegais. Both hind legs were scarred by cable snares, and it was blind in one eye. We gave big injections of antibiotics then loaded it up and took it to a specially made boma near the Hluhluwe rest camp. I injected Lethidrone and its condition looked satisfactory.

It tried to rise during the night but could not support itself on its forelegs. Everything was done to keep the animal alive and on the second day after a branch of *Acacia karroo* had been forced into the side of its mouth, it began feeding, eating a variety of plants, mpafa, *Dombeya*, nthombothi, *Rhus natalensis* and *Solanum*. In a few days it had become surprisingly tame, could be hand-fed and enjoyed being scratched around the mouth, ears, and eyes. A harness was made to raise it off its brisket so the front legs could be massaged and exercised to stimulate circulation. Several times it tried to use its legs but could not support itself properly. There was no hope for it and Norman was forced to shoot it.

A post mortem showed severe bruising and a smelly fluid in the joints and tendon sheath. The animal weighed one thousand nine hundred and fifty-three pounds, probably

two to three hundred pounds less than it would have weighed in its prime.

Owen Letley had been granted a transfer to the scientific staff just before this black rhino capture and was going to work under Roddy Ward, the finest plant ecologist in Africa. He rode with Nick as a sentimental gesture to the old team. We saw him periodically at Hluhluwe, immersed in his study of grasses.

On 22 May 1962 I was phoned from Durban by a parson who quietly told me that Owen Letley was dead. In a moment of overwhelming, black despair he had taken his own life. The shock stunned me: could so kind and gentle a person be dead? I stared out of the window of my office and one of Owen's horses came down the path. It stopped, looked at me and whinnied. It seemed to know.

It was a long time before we recovered from the impact of Owen's death and we worked harder at rhino capture to try to forget.

### *Chapter 22*

## America and Rhodesia

MORE rhino were caught for the Kruger National Park and were transported directly from the field. They arrived safely after a four hundred and fifty mile journey, the furthest they had so far been transported from the field.

To everyone's surprise Alpheus Ntuli, my personal servant, bored with domestic duties, volunteered to become one of the horsemen. On one of his first chases he and Nick were following a cow and a calf through thick bush in the Mcacaso stream area of the Corridor. They dismounted to follow on foot. The two rhino reached a krantz, could go no further and turned and charged. Alpheus managed to drag his horse out of the way but the rhino cow came for Hom-Hom, the horse Nick was riding, and as Nick climbed a tree the rhino

hooked the horse a good six feet into the air. Nick led a limping Hom-Hom out of the bush, his leg wounded but fortunately not broken. Alpheus was too shaken to speak.

Alpheus's horse, Insingisi, which did a splendid job on capture, became blasé after many chases and paid for it with his life. He was gored to death by an irate white rhino that resented his presence at a wallow near the Mpila game guard camp.

Our capture techniques had taken giant steps forward in only a year. In July 1962 I wrote to Toni Harthoorn: 'We have now caught our fifty-fifth rhino.'

But there was no room for complacency and I was delighted when Ken Rochat rejoined the Natal Parks Board. He had left us two years previously to join the Rhodesian police. A tall, powerfully built but taciturn man, Ken Rochat was one of the most efficient men I had known in the Board's service. Few people knew more about vehicles and mechanical matters and he was also a good horseman. But Ken's greatest virtue was his ability to stay calm under even the most desperate circumstances. He made a very welcome addition to the rhino capture team. John Clark had been offered the chance of taking the Milwaukee rhino to the United States and was due to go at the end of July.

Our equipment had improved out of all recognition. Colonel Vincent had seen that we were supplied with a five-ton Austin lorry with automatic winch, and one morning John Page phoned to say that the Postmaster General had consented to a licence for walkie-talkies. These two things changed rhino capture. The lorry meant we could load animals in formerly impossible positions while the walkie-talkies saved rhino lives; the horsemen could radio their position to us instead of having to gallop back, and we could be with the rhino in minutes.

The first time the walkie talkie was used by Alpheus Ntuli there had been a long silence and Nick and I were worried. Alpheus and another guard had gone after a rhino I had darted, and if the rhino was in trouble we would have to get to it quickly. On this occasion we had no idea in which direction the darted animal and the pursuing horsemen had run

and we waited anxiously for an indication of their position so we could race to the spot.

Nick called up over and over again: 'Portable one calling Portable two. Come in Portable two, come in Portable two.'

The radio hissed and crackled but there was no reply. We drove to a higher point and Nick tried again.

'Portable one calling Portable two - come in Portable two, come in Portable two, come in . . .'

I looked up into the sky, afraid that vultures would soon be circling and gliding to the mangled bodies of Alpheus and the other game guard.

Twenty minutes passed and still there was no reply. Nick's voice repeated urgently, 'Portable one calling Portable two - come in Portable two.'

At last Alpheus's stuttering voice came faintly over the air. 'Portable one er um I er a-a-a-am receiving you.'

Nick gripped the radio and shouted hoarsely, 'Alpheus, Alpheus, where are you?'

Back came the stuttering reply, 'I-I-I am here.'

'Where is "here" for God's sake,' Nick shouted.

'I-I-I beg your pardon?' Alpheus stuttered.

'Where is "here"?' Nick screamed.

'Here is in the Umfolozi Game Reserve,' Alpheus replied triumphantly.

There was nothing we could do but laugh.

In July John Clark sailed for America with three white rhino for Milwaukee and two for Chicago. With John away everyone had to work overtime at the bomas to tame the rhino. More were due to go overseas and eight were being collected by Rhodesian Parks personnel.

On 18 July we thought we had caught the last rhino for Rhodesia.

'This will give us nearly three weeks to tame them all down,' I said to Nick Steele.

But fate didn't agree.

The Rhodesians arrived at the end of the month, led by Ted Davison, former Warden of Wankie Game Reserve, Rupert Fothergill, hero of Kariba, and John Condy, a

veterinary officer. They intended leaving on 9 August but a series of misfortunes delayed them until the end of the month.

It was dry and hot and grass throughout the reserve wilted badly. Vehicles had to range out as much as thirty miles to find green grass to feed the rhino in the pens. By the tenth it was practically impossible to find any. A grey haze covered the land and the temperature climbed steadily to over 105°F.

Gordon Bailey, John Tinley and Ken Rochat were burnt dark brown as they worked at the bomas stripped to the waist in the enervating heat. One thing after another went wrong. We lost two rhino in quick succession before we realized the cause. It was a drought period and the rhino were in a weakened condition. This was worsened while they were recovering from the drugs and refused to eat. Their condition deteriorated so quickly there was little chance of saving them. The bomas had become a depressing place and no one liked being there.

More trouble started when an agent for a zoo refused one of his rhino which had a wound in the shoulder. We had to give him one of the Rhodesian rhino which left us one short, then one died and we were two short; another died and we were three short. All the others recently caught were in poor condition and needed attention day and night. The three men never left the bomas and slept outside the pens of the rhino they were looking after. Fourteen rhino had to be watched over constantly, so there was little rest for any one.

Horns were knocked off, and had to be treated with Stockholm tar; skin abrasions started when the rhino came round and charged the gate, scratching their flanks as they ran past the poles; noses bled from continually hammering the gate poles. But the dart wounds were the worst. Some cavities were so deep the pus had to be cleaned out by the hand.

There was a perpetual stench of iodoform powder, rotting wounds, mixed with the distinct smell of sickly rhino and drying urine. To dress the wounds on a wild rhino took hours

of work each day, and when there were as many as nine sick at one time, men worked till they staggered with fatigue. We used long poles, padded at the ends with cloth soaked in medications. The rhino were enticed into a holding pen, we would balance on a crossmember and jab at the wound with the pole and medicated pad. Some of the medicines like acriflavine had to be poured on. Gordon Bailey devised a method of attaching a condensed milk tin to a pole and pouring the liquid gently on. Everything required endless patience because a toss from a rhino's head, or a sudden movement backward would send the tin spinning and hours of work would be wasted. Ken Rochat, Gordon Bailey, and John Tinley never had a meal together, or even a cup of tea. They used to eat and drink as they worked.

Our most trying time was when the rhino would not eat, some for as long as a fortnight. We despaired as their condition worsened. Everything about the rhino changed, even its colour and smell. John Tinley, Gordon, or Ken would spend hours coaxing an animal to take a handful of grass. It would charge the gate in quick bursts, then snort as some one tried to push grass into its mouth. Within three days and in spite of injections of antibiotics, the tell-tale lump of a dart wound would appear. In a week this lump would be a gaping hole which no amount of antibiotics would begin to heal.

In the overall picture of capture the number of deaths in the boma was relatively low, but each sick animal was an individual to us and we watched its progress with ceaseless anxiety. The pitiful cries of an ill rhino wrenched one's stomach. I could never get used to seeing a rhino we had caught in the field with much hard labour, go down in condition and die. But August 1962 was the worst period we would ever experience at the bomas.

Madolo, a fully-grown bull, refused to eat and died, so did Qikiyane and Skebengo, two young females. The dead rhino were dragged out with a winch, loaded on to a lorry, and taken to the 'death donga' nearby. Vultures would circle in the sky, come gliding down to the tall trees and flap, cackling and squawking, to the emaciated carcass. We would hear their harsh shrill cries as they fought over scraps of meat.

Crows would circle, cawing ceaselessly, then the marabouts would arrive to dominate the scene.

There were times, when John Tinley radioed to report another rhino dead, that I wanted to give up. I couldn't bear the thought of another carcass being dragged out and given to the vultures.

We tried every possible remedy, and each bit of knowledge helped to overcome the problem. John Tinley suggested green cane tops might tempt the rhino. This was an outstanding success and rhino that had not eaten for weeks fed instantly. Other younger rhino were force fed with a mixture of porridge, salt, and milk.

The moment we lost sight of the individual differences of the rhino, we struck difficulties. Ngazana would only eat his porridge in the half hour following noon; Ngokotshane ate his in the late afternoon from half past four to half past six. Another rhino would only feed if the grass was rattled against a pole. This was probably because the first time it got grass into its mouth someone had rattled a pole.

There was always the problem of noise. Some rhino recovering from the drugs reacted violently to the inevitable racket around the bomas of dung and old grass being scraped out, hammers clanging, or vehicles driving up. Someone thought of playing a wireless in their pens all day. This soon got them used to sound and they settled down fast.

Gordon Bailey discovered other little tricks, such as putting a crate in front of the pen in the early stages, which allowed the rhino to concentrate on one person only as the box obscured most of its view. With one person attending to it all the time it tamed more quickly. Gordon found that once a rhino had been crated it was essential to replace the rear bottom door which was designed so that the dung could be scraped out, otherwise the animal was chafed on its back legs every time it lay down or stood up. The chaffing turned into open sores, which attracted flies which in turn infected the wound and within a few days the rhino would be hovering on the verge of death.

When I went down to the bomas, no one needed to come and report to me. I only had to look at their faces to know

that another rhino had died or others were going into a crisis. But the three rangers kept a twenty-four-hour watch over their charges. With diligence and innovation the difficulties were slowly overcome.

By 25 August all but three of the rhino for Rhodesia were in their crates. We had to rope some in but the others ran in when something was waved in front of them. By midday all the rhino were crated and plans were made to leave on the morning of the twenty-seventh. But fate had the last word.

The twenty-sixth was a blistering hot day and we had to cool the rhino down with hoses.

'Anyway there's one consolation,' Gordon Bailey said. 'They'll be able to travel over the dirt roads without worrying about getting stuck.'

That evening the wind changed to the south and by ten o'clock it was blowing a gale. I woke early in the morning to hear rain lashing against the windows and water running over the paving stones at the back of the house. I looked down to the bomas and saw lights in the pitch darkness. They were tying canvas sails over the crates to keep the rhino warm.

On the twenty-eighth it was still raining heavily and the weather was bitterly cold. Warthog crept out of their burrows and died of exposure. Game huddled wherever they could find warmth.

The eight rhino did not leave for Rhodesia until the thirtieth. Nick Steele rode over from Gome at noon and we watched the impressive eleven-vehicle convoy churn through the mud of the first leg of the fifteen-hundred-mile journey.

'Well,' Gordon Bailey said impassively, 'I can't say I am sorry to see that lot go.'

Snow was falling in the midlands of Natal when the convoy reached Pietermaritzburg and they spent a bitter night at the showgrounds. The journey ended on 3 September after the rhino had been in their crates for eight days. Some were released at Matopos National Park and others in the Kyle Dam Nature Reserve.

Four years later seventy-four white rhino were transported to Rhodesia in a period of seven months. Over a hundred thousand miles was covered by three trucks taking the rhino

straight from the Umfolozi Game Reserve to the Game Reserves of Kyle, Wankie, Victoria Falls, Matopos, and McIlwaine. Some of the journeys lasted forty hours. The only death en route was a cow and a post mortem showed she had been suffering from pneumonia as well as peritonitis.

Thirty-five of the rhino went to Wankie National Park where they were kept in pens and paddocks for a short while. Three wandered into southern Botswana and another was shot dead by a terrorist. By June 1967 over thirty of the thirty-five could still be accounted for in one of the most successful translocations ever undertaken, in spite of the shortage of spare parts and petrol following sanctions against Rhodesia by the United Nations and Great Britain.

On 9 September a four-thousand-pound male rhino, Malaleni, was sent directly from the field to the Kruger National Park. Andrew Brynhard wrote to me that Malaleni was involved in a fight shortly afterwards. He was gashed, and muscles in the right hind leg were severed. He was immobilized and put into a boma for treatment, but his condition deteriorated and he had to be put out. Andrew mentioned building another paddock but I suggested the release of a fully mature bull and cow in a suitable area of the park, and this was agreed to after October 1962.

Between June 1962 and September 1964, ninety-two white rhino were translocated to the Kruger Park. One adult male was attacked by lions and was so badly injured it had to be destroyed. Another won a fight with a lion. Andrew Brynhard told me about a white rhino killed by an elephant at a crater hole near Shingwidzi. A game ranger reconstructed the fight from the surrounding spoor. The rhino had refused to give way, and both animals had fallen down a hundred-foot embankment. The elephant gored the rhino with both tusks on one side and inflicted two deep wounds with single tusk stabs.

## The Fruits of Experience

1962 ended as 1963 began. Badly. Scrawny cattle from the adjacent tribal areas streamed into the western area of the game reserve. All through the day I received reports from game guard and ranger outposts. I was terribly depressed and despondent about everything. Everywhere I went there was something to worry about. I felt I did not have the guts to continue, to fight on.

We had started to build a forty-five mile rhino-proof fence but only a few miles were complete. During one weekend more than a thousand head of cattle were driven into the game reserve and some ranged to within a few miles of the rest camp. Appeals to local officials fell on deaf ears. One senior official in Pretoria even denied that there were any cattle in the game reserve, until Dr Brand, Director of the National Zoological Gardens, published a story in a Transvaal newspaper with photographs of white rhino and cattle together. He re-iterated the danger to the game reserve and asked for the immediate removal of the cattle. There were no more official denials but no preventive measures were taken either, so we decided to take action ourselves and rounded up the cattle to drive them to the Nongoma pound. It was a provocative move. Immediately we were threatened with actions of stock theft. I had wordy battles over the phone with local magistrates and policemen. Mr Douglas Mitchell, the deputy chairman, took up the cudgels and made a strong statement in a national Sunday newspaper.

The lone lion killed a few head of cattle and daily we had rangers and game guards rounding the animals up and driving them over the border. A few months later they were removed but not before depleting the rhino range of much of its lush grass.

We had just recovered from this lengthy and depressing fight when I had news that Colonel Vincent was resigning from the Board's service. It was a dreadful shock to lose this leader. In 1949 Mr Douglas Mitchell offered Jack Vincent the job of Secretary to the Natal Parks Board because he wanted a man who would fight for conservation.

Colonel Vincent was a born naturalist and as a young man had accompanied Rear-Admiral Lynnes on ornithological expeditions. He later worked for the British Museum, and had walked from Nyasaland down into Portuguese territory collecting birds, many of which had not previously been recorded. He had been on expeditions into Angola, Ethiopia, and Kenya and had become one of Africa's leading ornithologists. At the outbreak of war he rejoined his old regiment, the Natal Carbineers, became adjutant and fought with them in the campaign against the Italians in Abyssynia and Somaliland, where his knowledge of the country was of great value. His brilliance made him a natural choice for the British Staff College in the Lebanon where he became an instructor. He was the only South African to win the P.S.C. Dagger. As an instructor he excelled in tank tactics and astro navigation and because of his all-round ability was nicknamed 'The Pundit'. At the end of the 1939-45 War he held the highest military degrees in South Africa. He was offered a senior post in the British Army but declined and returned to his farm in the Mooi River district of Natal.

When Colonel Vincent became Secretary the total staff of the Natal Parks Board was eight. By 1963 there were a hundred and sixty staff members. Under Colonel Vincent's expert direction the nineteen fifties and sixties became an era of expansion as young energetic men were recruited. Norman Deane, Jim Feely, Ken Tinley, John Page, Nick Steele, John Clark, Ken Rochat, Owen Letley, Nick van Niekerk, Boy Hancock, Adriaan Erasmus, Gordon Bailey, John Forrest, John Tinley, Paul Dutton, David Wearne, and Jan Oelofse were a few of these men. Each one brought skills and enthusiasm to the cause and the Board became recognized as one of the best conservation authorities in the world.

The Colonel - as he was always called by his staff - left

in May for Switzerland. He became liaison officer for the International Union for Bird Protection and Secretary of the Survival Service Commission, where he soon made his presence felt. But he left behind a gap which it took many years to fill.

Rhino capture continued and at the end of May I wrote to Toni Harthoorn telling him we had caught our hundredth rhino. He replied jokingly asking whether we intended to retire on reaching our century, but he also had very important news.

'I have been working on a new drug that could be good for the rhino,' he wrote. 'You should catch your rhino with one thousandth part of the morphine dose and so reduce dart trauma.'

This was M99, the drug that changed game capture. It did away with most dart wounds and the rhino began eating far more quickly. It also eliminated the cumbersome twenty c.c. dart.

One of the first people to see M99 in use was a new recruit named John Forrest, sent to Umfolozi Game Reserve for training. A fair haired, blue eyed, fine looking young man, he showed immediate promise of being a good ranger. He understood discipline and got on well with the Zulu game guards and the white officers.

Sir Edward Hallstrom, Director of the Taronga Zoo in Australia, had asked for a pair of white rhino. So we left early one morning for the Umfulumkulu flats and its salty pools, carrying with us the new M99 and small darts. We topped a rise to see fifteen white rhino grazing below Nqoloti. We careered over boulders and old stumps and I was forced to take a snap shot. The dart sailed between the legs of the rhino and the animal ran off in a cloud of dust, the ox-peckers screeching. It was only the third time I had missed since we began shooting from the Land-Rover.

John Clark grabbed the second dart, filled it with acetic acid and we chased another rhino. I fired again as we bumped over a heap of stones and saw the dart hit the rhino in the tail. Ken Rochat and John Forrest disappeared over the

brow of the hill, the horses' hooves clattering on the loose stones. Maqubu jumped down from the truck and walked off with his familiar bandy-legged gait to look for the dart.

'He's got no chance of finding it,' John said confidently.

Three minutes later Maqubu returned, holding the dart and smiling.

'Lucky I didn't bet,' John laughed.

I called Ken up on the walkie talkie.

'The rhino has stopped,' he reported.

At that moment two rhino burst out of the bush and ran westwards. I told Ken to leave John Forrest with the rhino, and come back. In the meantime the darted rhino was moving slowly towards the thick bush. I saw John Forrest dismount and carefully tether his horse. The day was still with dazzling bright sunshine and his white helmet reflected light every time he moved his head. The dark grey form of the rhino heavy with sweat kept walking towards thicker bush. I heard John Forrest talking to it soothingly and saw him briefly as he unrolled a hank of nylon rope. Then he vanished and all I could hear was the rhino stumbling amongst trees as it continued forward. Frightened calls of hadedah ibis, guinea fowls taking off and a grey duiker antelope going at great speed marked the progress of man and animal. A helmet glistened for a moment in a dense patch of dark green *Euclea* scrub. I was worried about John. He was still so raw.

'Better prepare another dart,' I told John Clark.

We waited a while, afraid to go forward in case the rhino was not properly drugged and we disturbed it, but at last the strain was too much and we went towards the spot where we had last seen John Forrest.

A rhino burst out of the bush dragging John Forrest at the end of the rope. The rhino ran within a yard of us, obviously doped but still very strong. John Forrest tipped his crash helmet as he passed and said calmly, though a little hurriedly, 'The rhino won't stop, Mr Player.'

We watched speechless as he ran behind the rhino and was drawn into the bush. A minute later we heard a triumphant shout of, 'I've got it, I've got it!'

After all the hard work and excitement John Forrest deserved to see this rhino go to Australia but their Quarantine Department refused permission, so the rhino went to the bomas.

On the morning of 3 July the south wind blew up and by seven o'clock it was gale force, with the trees bending low before it. The wind kept up an unnerving shrieking round the house. It began raining, slowly at first, and gusts splattered against the walls, the windows, and the brown thatch. Then it rained harder and in an hour there were pools of water on all the roads.

I had an appointment in Empangeni and returned that afternoon through Mtubatuba where I met Ranger David Wearne. We drove down to the river where the bridge into the reserve should have been, but there were waves fifteen feet high. The gigantic sycamore figs on the north bank were snapping like twigs and being swept into the swirling water.

We made radio contact with Mpila, and John Clark reported that water had been rushing two feet deep through the pens and that five rhino had died. He was so exhausted and overcome that he could hardly talk, but in a few vivid words he described how he had worked all night trying to get the rhino, some caught only a few days before, into crates – a job normally tackled after the rhino had been six weeks in the boma. With twelve rhino to work with he was attempting the impossible, but he persisted in spite of a strike of his labour. The rhino for Berlin and for Oklahoma were saved, as well as some others, but it was the howling, bitterly cold south wind that quickly sapped the energy of the other rhino and they died one after another.

I crossed into the game reserve by canoe two days later and went to the bomas. It was no wonder rhino had died in that devastation. Water had swirled through the pens more than two feet deep. Red mud lay everywhere. The lucerne and teff grass was soaked through and was already green with mould.

The whole of August 1963 was spent with Ivan Tors of Hollywood, the man who produced the Flipper series. He brought a cast to make the film 'Rhino', including Bob Culp,

Harry Guardino, and Shirley Eaton. I acted as technical adviser with the animal shots. Sven Persson, creator of 'To Catch a Rhino', was the cameraman, so our side of the work went relatively smoothly. Rhino capture went ahead as usual which gave the film people many opportunities of unique footage.

Mgg, the new drug sent by Toni Harthoorn, was used with continued success and I was able to write and tell him we had captured twelve white rhino without loss. Black rhino, blue wildebeest, and zebra were also caught. White rhino were going down in five to ten minutes, instead of twenty minutes to half an hour. This meant we could catch rhino in thicker bush and it saved the horsemen work.

On 12 August I promised Ivan Tors I would catch him a buffalo he needed for a sequence. We left Mpila early on the thirteenth accompanied by Dr Ditman and Dr Wood, two American medical men attached to the film unit. I had had a premonition of disaster two days before so I took extra care.

The guards located a big herd of buffalo near the Tegwan pan and we went straight to the area. We moved through the bush, setting up a herd of zebra. They ran towards the buffalo, which thundered off in alarm. Ken Rochat, who was driving, raced after them and we were amongst the herd in a minute. I aimed and fired at a male, and the dart smacked into the left flank. Ken thought I had missed and he swung the steering wheel. I had just relaxed my grip and had nothing to hold on to. The Land-Rover was going at thirty miles an hour as I flew off. The fear of being run over was uppermost; I remembered letting the gun go then I hit the ground and rolled.

I saw Nick's horse come galloping towards me and as I tried to crawl out of the way it seemed as though I had seen it all before. I yelled to Nick to keep after the buffalo, then groaned and cursed to myself, angry at having fallen off. I felt no real pain until I tried to stand up. My collar bone cracked and I knew it was broken, but what worried me more was the pain in my back when I moved my leg.

The two doctors fixed me up with a bush timber and



sweater splint. They gave me a shot of tranquillizer and spoke of using the narcotic. I protested and saw Maqubu grip his rifle – he was not going to let anyone mistake me for a rhino. A little later I felt the shock. I was nauseous and began sweating and shivering, my limbs shaking. It made me appreciate how the rhino go into a state of shock after coming to a standstill when they have been darted. My symptoms were the same.

I was taken to Empangeni hospital and lay there for four days. Nick Steele came down to see me and said that a black rhino was running about Mkuze Game Reserve with a cable snare around its neck. For the hour he was at the hospital I was happy. It took me back to a world I knew, away from the public ward of sick and dying patients, the coughing and spitting, and nurses trundling bottles and bedpans; the smell of ether, methylated spirits, and other disinfectants. It was a relief to get out on the fifth day, even though my back was still painful.

By the time I returned to Umfolozi Game Reserve the snared black rhino had been caught at Mkuze and brought to Umfolozi. It was a female and the Zulus named her Ngozi (Danger). She was given enormous quantities of antibiotics because the cable had buried itself five inches in her neck and had consequently left a deep wound. Fortunately the wire had slipped partially over her forehead, or she would have been strangled. John Clark sat up with her all night and three days later she was feeding from his hands.

There is a marked difference in behaviour between the two species. In the wild the white rhino is very timid, the black rhino generally aggressive. Once the white rhino is caught and taken into the pens it becomes very wild and it takes about six weeks before it is tamed down. With careful handling the black rhino can be tamed in a week.

Ngozi soon learnt about the medicines and she would come forward and lift her head while John Clark poured on the acriflavine or the sulphur dusting powder. She closed her eyes and nuzzled his leg as he scratched her ears and examined the terrible wound. But Ngozi became very restless. She was of course a browser and had been given all

the thorns she could eat, but still she was disturbed and walked round the pen, whining softly. John accidentally gave her some grass, which she immediately ate, and we realized what the trouble was; she needed grass. We had always believed that the black rhino was entirely a browser.

When Ngozi had completely recovered we sent her to Ndumu and released her into the wild again. Not very long ago we would have had to shoot animals in her condition, now we could save them.

In September Toni Harthoorn visited us at Umfolozi. He was delighted at the progress we had made, and we drove round the game reserve, reliving the trials and troubles of the early period of rhino capture.

'Do you remember,' Nick Steele said, 'how in the early stages no one ever took food or cigarettes, not even tea. Then tea became a vital part of the capture and the moment a rhino went down water was put on the fire.'

Toni laughed and said, 'Yes, but as soon as the rhino was put in the crate, we forgot about the tea and pushed on.'

'Then there were the drugs,' said Nick. 'It was only at the end, when I stopped riding, that I fathomed the drug box.'

Toni recalled the first lesson he had given on drugs and the look of dismay on everyone's face. He described how irritated he felt when every time he started to talk, no matter where he was, the rangers surrounding him immediately pulled out notebooks and pens.

We stopped at a good view point of the grassy plains in the west. White rhino grazed peacefully and the scars of squatters' kraals were healing. We spoke of the excitement and hardships of the very first rhino captured; of Amber and the way she died; of Daisy and the feeling of elation when the new drug combination worked. Our companionship had been forged in the common love of the rhino, worry, and hard work. We all instinctively knew that for the rest of our lives there would be a bond between us.

In a reverie I saw Owen Letley, bare chested and sunburnt, galloping towards us with a smile and a cry of 'It's down!';

of Nick Steele on Zoom with the white mane, fording the ochre-coloured water of the White Umfolozi; of Maqubu striding bandy-legged, his rifle slung across his shoulder as we left the isivivane where the mamba came for me; of tall John Tinley carefully pouring acriflavine on the gaping dart wound in a rhino's buttock. I saw Ken Rochat, quiet and efficient, driving the rhino lorry with incredible skill out of situations where no one else would go. There was John Clark, shoeless and hatless, racing across the veld with a rope in his hands to stop a rhino that had recovered too quickly from the drugs. I could hear the sound of John Kinloch's calm voice on the radio as I passed the message asking for police reinforcements when we were about to be attacked. Umfolozi was the spiritual home of us all.

The first phase of rhino capture was over. The small team of dedicated men it had been my privilege to lead, had achieved miracles. We could look back with justifiable pride over the last three years and say to the world, we have saved the white rhino for you; we have made our contribution to the next generation.

Nick Steele and I were to leave the team but the rhino capture would go on. New men were being trained. John Daniel, Mike Keep, and Graham Root would continue the work we had begun. As long as there was a country or a park that wanted white rhino there would be a Natal Parks Board team to catch the animals.

In 1964 I was promoted to Chief Conservator, Zululand, and was transferred to Hluhluwe Game Reserve. In April I left for a three-month tour of the United States as a guest of MGM and Ivan Tors. I was able to see the beautiful National Parks of the United States and speak to many wild life conservationists. It was a most instructive time and I admired the way the United States led the world in conservation. During my many television and radio appearances I cited our rhino capture as an example of international co-operation: an American invented the gun, an Englishman worked out the drug, and South Africans developed the practical techniques of capture.

In 1966 I returned to America for a short while to read a

paper entitled 'The Translocation of the White Rhinoceros: a success in wild life conservation in South Africa'. I was able to report that sixty-three white rhino had been translocated to zoos throughout the world, and two hundred and eighty-two had been sent to other game areas in Southern Africa. Even while I was speaking rhino were on their way to Rhodesia direct from the field, a thousand-mile journey under drugs.

By the end of 1970 a total of eight hundred white rhino had been captured. Of these, four hundred we reintroduced into former white rhino habitats and one hundred and fifty we sold to zoos. The annual aerial count of Umfolozi and Hluhluwe Game Reserves revealed that there were still over a thousand in the two reserves. We needed to continue to reduce this number. I went to Lourenco Marques with David Wearne, who spoke Portuguese, to see Dr de Sousa Diaz and my former colleague Ken Tinley, now biologist in the Gorongosa Game Reserve. The Portuguese authorities agreed to take another fifty-six rhino, thirty for the Maputa Reserve and twenty-six for Gorongosa. We had already put forty in the Maputa Reserve and some had calved. Although the reserve was unfenced, very few had strayed beyond the boundaries. The only trouble maker was an old bull that wandered south to the Oro Point lighthouse and charged the building, a rhino Don Quixote.

Of all the areas we reintroduced rhino to, the greatest thrill was seeing a group of white rhino grazing on the undulating grass dunes of Maputa Elephant Reserve. Beyond them was the dark blue of the Indian ocean and I could hear the breakers pounding on the reefs. It was over the long golden beaches that survivors from wrecks walked to Lourenco Marques. I imagined they would have seen the white rhino in similar surroundings. We had brought back life to this paradise that had slept for so long.

Our rhino capture was unique in wild life conservation. Other threatened species had first been taken to zoos, and as they bred they were reintroduced into their original habitats. The white rhino were first reintroduced into their former range in large numbers, then sent to zoological gardens as

#### THE WHITE RHINO SAGA

added precaution. Thanks to the dedication of a few men the gloomy predictions of F. C. Selous in 1898 had been proved wrong. It could be said that the species had been saved for posterity.

#### *Epilogue*

They blazed the trails for legions following after,  
And bared new treasures to the hungry years.  
*The Pathfinders* – Vance Palmer.

*The White Rhino Saga* tells the story of the years 1960 to 1963 in the Umfolozi Game Reserve. It was the beginning of a great triumph for wild life conservation and for those who dedicated their lives to it.

In the history of wild animals the pendulum of progress has taken many to a point of extinction and beyond. The White Rhino Saga represents one of those unique exceptions where the momentum has carried on to ever and ever safer levels of status. Just how far it can be allowed to ascend is a question of population management and it was this advanced aspect of the situation which prompted the Natal Parks Board decision to send me overseas on a white rhino sales campaign. No one realized at the time that the trip was to take me across a vital new frontier in conservation – the moral boundary separating the ultra non-commercial world of conservation and the cold sphere of big business. We had a hard-won product to sell and it was soon shown to have a definite place in the burgeoning development of Safari Parks all over the world. This demand for white rhino, unlike the requirements of the conventional zoo, called for spectacular group exhibition under semi-natural conditions. This concept promised two potentials, enhanced breeding possibilities and a financially rewarding outlet for our excess rhino.

In December 1969 I left on an extended journey to the United Kingdom, Europe and America. My objective was to sell groups of twenty white rhino at a time. Allen Payne, an old friend, had made contact with the London Zoological Society and after protracted negotiations with Colin

Rawlins, Aubrey Buxton, Lord Zuckerman and Edmund de Rothschild, they were the first to place an order for twenty animals for Whipsnade.

From the United Kingdom I flew to the United States. In San Diego Dr Charles Schroeder, Director of the Zoo, Mr Andy Borthwick and Mr Sheldon Campbell, trustees, agreed to purchase twenty white rhino for the new San Pasqual Wild Animal Park. In Los Angeles Mrs Reese Hale Taylor gave me valuable introductions and Harry Shuster of Lion Country Safari ordered twenty rhino. At Forth Worth, Texas, Harry Tension, President of Game Conservation International, introduced me to the Hunt brothers of International Animal Exchange, and they bought ten white rhino.

It was a pleasure to be able to report back to the board that leading zoological and commercial institutions of the world were taking the biggest groups yet kept in captivity. I was absolutely confident too that the rhino would breed in the spacious surroundings. Enquiries came from Peking and Moscow. The race to breed the first white rhino out of Africa had begun.

All this required a complete revision of our approach to export, because until now our procedure was geared to shipment of at the most two pairs. David Cook, a close friend and colleague, took over the task of organizing shipping, crates, food for the journey and all the other complications. The result was a greater degree of involvement, a change over from the old and convenient ex-Umfolozi Reserve sales basis to F. O. B. Durban and the introduction of a rhinocare service to buyers. This not only reduced the buyers' risk but more important, ensured a high standard of welfare for the travelling animals.

Our debut into this essentially business-like arena was not without its problems but suffice to say that the export operation has become a streamlined routine.

During the first year (1970), 58 white rhino were exported; in 1971 the figure rose to 78; in 1972 our target is an ambitious 180 rhino, half of which had been exported by mid-year. Worth almost £250,000, the trade since 1970 shows no

sign of faltering and recent negotiations with Safari Park interests dispel fears of a saturated market.

Proven beyond any doubt is the fact that an investment in the conservation of a rare species can reap handsome dividends and is not merely a cultural obligation. As a precedent the White Rhino Saga may well represent an enlightened turning point in conservation ethics and a forerunner of similar projects throughout the world.

That the conservation/economic value of the white rhino should alone be mentioned is to completely overlook the side benefits it has won in international goodwill and other, less apparent, spheres. Natal Parks Board rangers have travelled the world as escorts to consignments, forging new links with their overseas counterparts and adding considerable depth to their personal knowledge and experience. In Natal game reserves the white rhino has helped enrich the fauna through a series of exchange agreements involving the introduction of cheetah and red hartebeeste, for decades extinct in Natal. One can go on and on.

Far from being played out this White Rhino Saga continues to bare its treasures and whatever the hungry years may hold this is one conservation exercise which looks to better and better horizons.

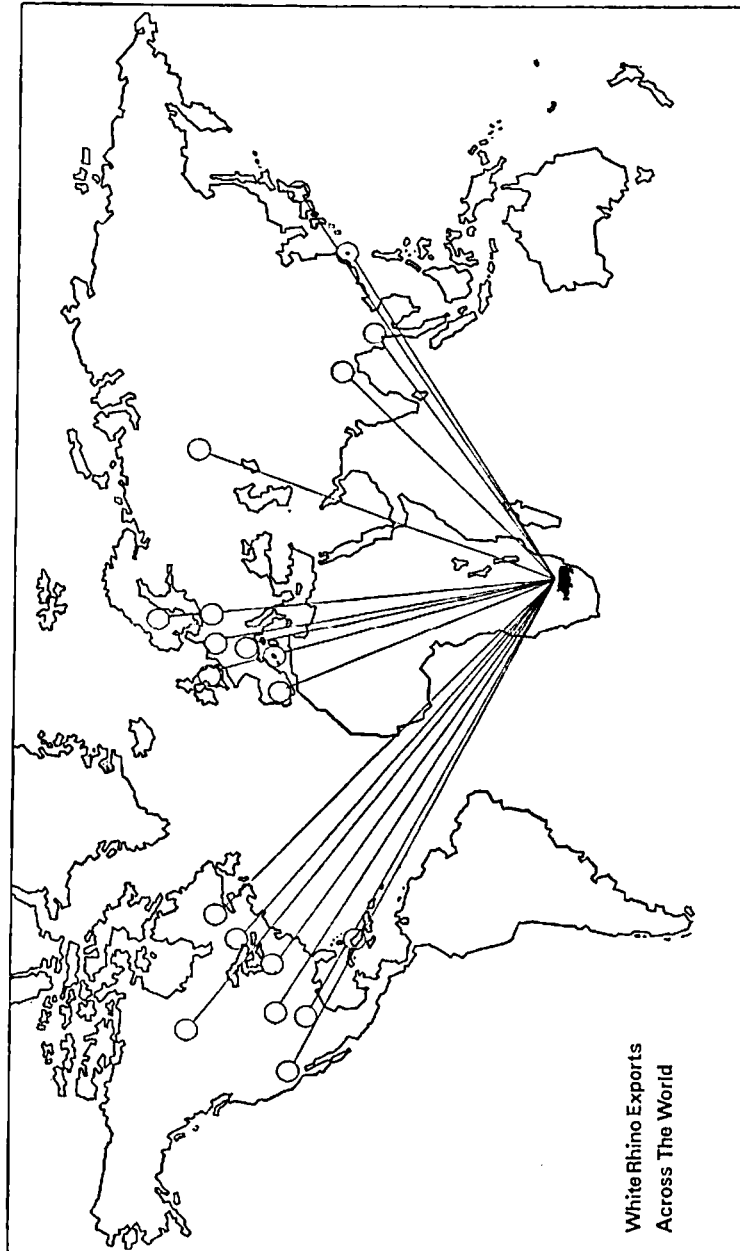
## Appendix

### Movement of White Rhino from 1 January 1961:

COUNTRY	PARK OR RESERVE	MALE	FEMALE	TOTAL
<b>Africa</b>				
Angola (10)*	Quiscama National Park	5	5	10
Swaziland (16)	Mlilwane	3	3	6
	Hlane Game Reserve	2	2	4
Botswana (4)	Ephvondvo Game Ranch	3	3	6
	Chobe Game Reserve	2	2	4
Kenya (6)	Meru Game Reserve	3	3	6
Mozambique (85)	Lourenco Marques Zoo	1	1	2
	Maputo Game Reserve	32	39	71
	Gorongosa National Park	4	8	12
Rhodesia (92)	Kyle Dam Game Reserve	13	14	27
	Matopos National Park	6	7	13
	McIllwaine National Park	1	2	3
	Victoria Falls National Park	2	2	4
	Wankie Game Reserve	15	20	35
Zambia (4)	Henderson Bros. Doddiburn	5	5	10
	Livingstone Game Park	2	2	4
Transvaal (479)	Hemlock	1	1	2
	Iscor	3	3	6
	Johannesburg Zoo	2	2	4
	Kruger National Park	116	87	203
	Krugersdorp Nature Reserve	2	2	4

\* Indicates total number of rhino received.

## APPENDIX



COUNTRY	PARK OR RESERVE	MALE	FEMALE	TOTAL
<i>Africa (continued)</i>				
	Loskop Nature Reserve	7	9	16
	Mala Mala	25	18	43
	Nelspruit	1	1	2
	Manyaleti Game Reserve	3	3	6
	Pietersburg Nature Reserve	3	2	5
	Pretoria Zoo	2	3	5
	Rondalia Game Reserve	2	2	4
	Rob Ferreira Nature Reserve	1	1	2
	Springs Municipality	1	1	2
	Pontdrift	1	1	2
	Rasinta Farm	1	1	2
	Timbavati Nature Reserve	3	5	8
	Vanderbijl Park Nature Reserve	4	3	7
	Waterpoort	1	1	2
	Komatipoort	2	4	6
	Naboomspruit	2	2	4
	Vaalwater	2	3	5
	Roodtan	1	1	2
Cape (6)	Thomas Baines Nature Reserve	1	0	1
	Grahamstown Nature Reserve	1	2	3
	Tygerberg Zoo Park	1	1	2
O.F.S. (12)	Willem Pretorious Game Reserve	4	4	8
	Bloemfontein Zoo	3	1	4
Natal (85)	Hluhluwe Game Reserve	4	2	6
	Mkuzi Game Reserve	6	5	11
	Ndumu Game Reserve	8	10+	24
			6 calves	
	Nyala Game Ranch	1	1	2
	Queen Elizabeth Park	6	4	10
	Ubizane Game Ranch	7	9	16
	Vernon Crookes Game Reserve	3	3	6

## APPENDIX

COUNTRY	PARK OR RESERVE	MALE	FEMALE	TOTAL
	Midmar	3	3	6
	Subizi Game Ranch	2	2	4
South West Africa (12)	Otjiwarongo	6	6	12
<b>West Germany</b> (7)	Bremen Zoo	1	1	2
	Hanover	1	0	1
	Leipzig	1	1	2
	Gelsenkirchen	1	1	2
<b>East Germany</b> (7)	Berlin	1	1	2
	Dresden	1	1	2
	East Berlin Zoo	0	2	3
<b>Denmark</b> (5)	Copenhagen	2	3	5
<b>Sweden</b> (2)	Kolmarden	1	1	2
<b>Switzerland</b> (4)	Rapperswil	1	1	2
	Zurich	1	1	2
<b>Holland</b> (4)	Rotterdam	1	1	2
	Arnhem Zoo	1	1	2
<b>Japan</b> (4)	Tokyo	1	1	2
	Sindai Zoo	1	1	2
<b>India</b> (3)	Mysore Zoo	1	1	2
	Calcutta Zoo	1	0	1
<b>Cuba</b> (2)	Havana Zoo	1	1	2
<b>Czecho-slovakia</b> (10)	Dvur Kralove	3	7	10
<b>Taiwan</b> (4)	Taipei Zoo	2	2	4
<b>Spain</b> (6)	Majorca Zoo	1	1	2
	Barcelona Zoo	1	1	2
	Toledo Zoo	1	1	2
<b>Portugal</b> (2)	Lisbon Zoo	1	1	2
<b>Burma</b> (4)	Rangoon	2	2	4

## APPENDIX

COUNTRY	PARK OR RESERVE	MALE	FEMALE	TOTAL
<b>Canada</b> (6)	Calgary	1	1	2
	Edmonton	1	1	2
	Toronto	1	1	2
<b>United Kingdom</b> (51)	Whipsnade	8	14	22
	Woburn Park	3	3	6
	Longleat	3	3	6
	Regents Park	1	1	2
	Chester	1	1	2
	Windsor Park	3	4	7
	Colchester	2	4	6
<b>United States</b> (138)	Bronx, New York	1	1	2
	Catskill, New York	1	1	2
	Chicago	1	1	2
	Detroit	1	1	2
	Fort Worth	3	6	9
	San Diego	7	15	22?
	Albuquerque	1	1	2?
	San Antonio	1	1	2
	Los Angeles	1	1	2
	Louisville	1	1	2
	Memphis	2	2	4
	Milwaukee	1	2	3
	New Orleans	1	1	2
	Oklahoma City	1	1	2
	Omaha, Nebraska	1	1	2
	Phoenix, Arizona	1	1	2
	San Francisco	1	1	2
	Tampa, Florida	1	1	2
	World Animal Park, Dallas	4	4	8
	Gladys Porter Zoo, Brownsville	1	1	2
	Lion County Safari	12	28	40
	International Animal Exchange	6	14	20
	Fresno Zoo	1	1	2
<b>Europe</b> (39)	Destination unknown	16	23	39
<b>Grand total as at end of March 1972: 1109</b>				

## Index

- Anaesthetic gun *see* Capchur gun, Drugs  
Andersson, C. J., 31  
Anderson, Jimmy, 88, 119, 174, 180  
Anias, Corporal, 151-2  
Anthrax, 86, 88, 159  
  
Badenorst, Boet, 162, 166  
Bailey, Gordon, 188, 206, 225ff., 231  
Baldwin, William, 23, 28  
Bantu Affairs Department, 154f., 157, 160, 168f.  
Brynhard, Andrew, 176, 180ff., 229f.  
Burchell, 30  
Butulezi, Jeyi, 208  
  
Capchur gun, 55-9, 67, 89, 126  
Carpenter, Garth, 54, 57, 69, 72, 82f., 161, 187  
*Ceratotherium simum simum* *see* rhino, white  
*Chlorpromazine hydrochloride* *see* *Largactil*  
Clark, John, 54, 59, 69, 74, 77, 87ff., 97ff., 101ff., 105f., 108f., 111, 113ff., 121, 124ff., 161, 172f., 175ff., 195, 197ff., 203, 206ff., 214ff., 223f., 231ff., 236f.  
Corridor, 18, 27, 35, 43, 52, 75, 78, 83, 87, 89, 119, 142, 190, 222  
Coryndon, R. T., 32  
  
Counts, aerial, 36-7, 238  
Crown lands, 18, 52, 169  
Cummings, Roualeyn Gordon, 28  
  
Daniel, John, 238  
D.D.T., 20, 35f.  
Deane, Norman, 54, 57f., 60f., 68f., 72f., 77, 79f., 82f., 89ff., 118, 121ff., 127, 159, 186ff., 220f., 231  
Delegorgue, A., 31  
Dent, Hugh, 21, 143f., 161, 163, 165, 168, 218  
Denyer, Singie, 111-12, 115, 118f.  
Dingiswayo, 40f.  
Drugs, use of, 53, 56-60, 67, 76, 80f., 85f., 95, 126, 187f., 194, 232; *see also* *gallamine triethiodide*, *hyalondarase*, *hyoscine*, *Largactil*, *Lethidrone*, *morphine*, *Scoline*, *Sernyl*, *Succinylcholine chloride*, *Themalon*  
Drummond, Henry, 24-9  
Dutton, Paul, 21, 151ff., 231  
  
Erasmus, Adriann, 97, 163, 172, 231  
Export, 214-29, 238  
Eyre, Arthur, 32-3  
  
Feely, Jim, 21, 48, 53-4, 55, 231  
*Flaxedil* *see* *gallamine triethiodide*  
Forrest, John, 232f.



- Foster, Will, 35-42, 149
- Callamine triethiodide*, 56, 58ff., 76, 85f., 183, 214
- Gome, 36, 43, 52, 57, 206
- Guise, C. D., 33-4
- Hancock, Boy, 200, 204f., 210, 231
- Harris, Captain William Cornwallis, 31
- Harthoorn, Dr Toni, 53-86, 87-111, 112-28, 160, 182f., 194, 208, 214, 219, 223, 231-232, 234, 236
- Hely-Hutchinson, Sir Walter Francis, 33-4
- Hluhluwe Reserve, 18, 27, 34f., 43, 45, 52, 57, 75, 84, 89, 112, 118, 123, 159, 186ff., 207, 220ff., 238
- Hlungwana river, 20, 47, 154f.
- Horn, rhino, 28, 30, 71, 125
- Hunting, 20, 23-9, 31-3, 45, 142, 155; *see also* poaching
- Hyalondarasc, 208
- Hyoscine, 89, 97, 128, 131, 177, 187, 189, 219
- Keep, Mike, 238
- Kinloch, John, 102, 107, 110, 116, 164, 237
- Kruger National Park, 132, 171-2, 182, 206, 213, 222, 229f.
- Kymdell, John, 114f.
- Labuschagne, Lappies, 176, 181
- Lands Delimitation Commission (1902-4), 34
- Lang, Dr Herbert, 95, 131, 171
- Largactil, 60, 121, 127f., 131, 187, 189, 191, 206
- Lethidrone, 92, 97, 106, 108, 121, 127, 130, 193, 212, 221
- Lelley, Owen, 62ff., 68, 74, 76ff., 87, 90ff., 96, 100, 102, 105f., 108, 122ff., 129ff., 158ff., 161, 163, 168, 173ff., 176, 183ff., 190, 194f., 202ff., 206, 217, 222, 231, 237
- Mandhlagazi footpath, 34, 42, 47, 156, 173
- Masimba, 39, 112, 145
- Mhilopeni caves, 23, 47
- Mitchell, Douglas, 157, 160, 230
- Mkuze Game Reserve, 57, 103, 110, 111-19, 121, 127, 131, 188
- Mona valley, 194-7, 205, 207f.
- Morphine, 53, 87, 97, 131, 187, 189, 214, 222
- Mpande, 23f., 42
- Mpila, 40f., 43, 45, 54f., 63, 81, 88, 94f., 102, 108, 145, 149, 158f., 162, 164, 186, 198, 202, 206, 218, 223, 234f.
- Mpunyane, 26
- Mtetwa tribe, 40ff., 46f.
- Mtetwa, Philip, 148, 149-54
- Mtunzini hills, 20, 43, 47, 55, 61, 63, 67, 106f., 154f., 157, 169, 173, 186
- Murray, Bob, 161, 163, 187, 189f., 192
- Natal Parks Board, 18, 22, 49f., 53f., 57, 114, 132, 213, 223, 238f.

- Necbe, 43, 73f., 77, 89, 96ff., 122, 212f.
- Ndumu Game Reserve, 21, 194, 200f., 203f., 206f., 209f., 236
- Ndwandwe tribe, 42f.
- Nel, Dr Hans, 52-3
- Nthombela, Gqakaza, 162, 165
- Nthombela, Khonamangele, 143-4, 203, 207
- Nthombela, Maqubu, 36, 45-50, 55, 61ff., 72ff., 84, 87, 89f., 92, 95f., 98ff., 103ff., 122f., 129f., 132, 136f., 142-146, 163f., 168, 172f., 188ff., 196ff., 203, 212, 232, 237
- Ntoyana, game guard, 146-9
- Ntuli, Alpheus, 20, 39-42, 222f., 223-4
- Nyawo, Arthur, 110ff.
- Oswell, 31
- Page, John, 57, 59ff., 66f., 78f., 82, 99f., 105ff., 115, 174, 177, 183, 223
- Palmer Chemical Company, 126
- Palmer, Red, 53, 202
- Pans, 133-6
- Persson, Sven, 88, 119ff., 174, 180, 209-10, 234
- Pienaar, Thol, 182
- Plessis, du, Sand, 211ff.
- Poaching, 20-1, 46, 52, 142-53, 160-9, 207-8
- Potter, Peter, 35, 114, 161f., 164ff., 213
- Procaine, 173
- Prostigmin, 69, 77, 79f., 118f., 178
- Rhinoceros bicornis* (black rhino), 24, 28, 37, 43, 67, 78, 85, 124, 131, 134f., 138f., 147, 186ff., 214, 220-1, 236
- Rhinoceros keiltoa*, 25
- Rhinoceros kulumane*, 25
- Rhinoceros simum*, 25, 27
- Rhinoceros, white: counts, 36-37, 238; distribution, 30-3, 43; export, 214-31, 238; fighting, 100-1, 137-9, 183-186; reaction to drugs, 65, 68-9, 77-8, 80f., 85f., 107, 121-2, 187; threat of extinction to, 29-33; translocation, 108-27, 172-83, 198-207; weight, 55, 71-4
- Rochat, Ken, 146, 223ff., 231f., 235, 237
- Root, Graham, 239
- Saunders, Sir Charles, 34, 131
- Scoline, 59f.
- Selous, F. C., 31-3, 239
- Sernyl, 89, 97, 128, 131, 187, 194, 214
- Smith, Sir Andrew, 31
- Sodium penicillin, 173
- Sokwezela, 55, 64, 68, 70, 144, 166, 186
- Spammer, Sergeant, 167
- Spraying, aerial, 17, 20, 35
- Squatters, 61, 63, 154-70, 186
- St Lucia, Lake, 21, 34f., 53, 159, 206
- Steele, Nick, 48, 52, 59f., 67f., 71, 78f., 87, 90ff., 96, 99, 102f., 105f., 108, 111ff., 116, 121, 124, 127, 129, 143ff., 158ff., 166, 168, 170, 173ff., 178ff., 186, 190, 195ff., 205, 216f., 222, 228, 231, 235ff.

INDEX

- Stevens, Brian, 206  
*Succinylcholine chloride*, 56, 58ff.  
*Terramycin*, 220  
*Themalon*, 89, 128, 131, 187, 194  
 Thobothi, 45, 55, 61, 64f., 68, 161, 183, 207  
 Thomson, Graham, 162f., 166, 168  
 Tinley, John, 143ff., 161, 163, 206f., 218, 225ff., 231, 237  
 Tinley, Ken, 21, 231, 239  
 Tranquillisers *see* Drugs  
 Tsetse fly, 17ff., 20, 24, 29, 35, 40-1, 55, 86  
 Tshaka, 23, 43  
 Umfolozi Game Reserve, 39-42 *and passim*  
 Umfolozi river, Black, 23f., 33f., 39, 45, 75, 89, 112, 140, 150, 162, 167, 172, 194, 196, 201, 207f.; White, 23f., 31, 33f., 39, 43-5, 47f., 81, 89, 110, 140, 146, 151, 158, 172, 188, 200  
 Umkombe tovote, 25, 37  
 Umkombe wogobo, 25  
 Upetyane, 25, 28  
 Van Schoor, Hendrik, 36  
 Van Zyl, 163ff., 168  
 Varndell, C. R., 33  
 Vardon, 31  
 Vincent, Colonel Jack, 18, 53ff., 57, 81, 87, 102, 132, 143, 153f., 159f., 169, 205, 211, 213, 223, 229-31  
 Von Keyserlingk, Lieutenant Colonel Curt, 152, 159, 168f.  
 Ward, Roddy, 188, 191, 193, 222  
 Wearne, David, 233f., 239  
 Wilderness trails, 45-51, 188  
 Wolhuter, Henry, 182

17. [?], 194. Many copies of the white book.

Umkombe tovote, 25, 37

[?]