

W. BUCKLEY, Big game hunting in  
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## CHAPTER XIV

### AN EXPERIENCE AMONG THE LUGWARA

**F**OLLOWING elephant tracks, rhino paths, and occasionally native footpaths, I was making my way to the east to strike the Nile between Wadelai and Dufile when I had an unpleasant experience among the Lugwara. The period, by the way, I remember well, as during our marches we saw Halley's comet, which was very brilliant in that part of the country, my boy first calling my attention to it by saying, *tazama taa, bwana*—"look at the lamp, sir."

While camped in an open glade surrounded by the forest, I was visited by two white rhinos who came within a couple of yards of the camp fire, the man on guard awaking me so that I had a very fine view of them, particularly as it was bright moonlight. They had magnificent heads, but I refrained from shooting, as I was unable to carry another load, having already discarded chop boxes of provisions to make room for ivory.

The next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, I came on a village where the greatest amount of excitement was apparent amongst the natives. They began by making an awful din, blowing trumpets about five feet in length which caused the natives from the neighbouring villages to assemble. The

small guide I had with me—he had been captured by an interior tribe and escaped—whispered that we had stumbled on the dreaded Lugwara. I at once saw that we were in a bad fix, as this tribe had only recently attacked and murdered an Italian named Bucheri. Had I been aware that the direction I had taken would have brought me in contact with this tribe I would have altered my direction farther to the south, which would have enabled me to skirt their country. However, there I was, and had to make the best of it.

The chief told me that his name was Auzor. He had with him as lieutenant an enormous man who must have stood seven feet high in his naked feet. I shook hands with the chief and gave him to understand that I was very pleased to meet him, whereupon we parted on terms of apparent friendship, I to look for a place to camp.

A little farther along I spotted an eminence in quite open country, with the exception of a large wild fig tree—a species, by the way, which grows to a great size and bears a fruit similar in appearance to a small guava full of seeds and quite unlike the cultivated variety of fig, the fruit, too, being packed with small black ants which are evidently very fond of it. There I decided to pitch my camp, which seemed to me a strategic position, as it gave me a view of the surrounding country.

While busy on the camp I found these people unduly friendly—from my experience a distinctly bad sign—and pestering me as to what things they could bring me for a present. Incidentally, again, it is customary when travelling amongst uncivilized tribes to take and receive presents, the natives receiving

native hunter, the animal having perhaps received a nasty wound which would make him bad tempered on encountering the scent of a human being. However, I have noticed that lone bulls seem to have the fighting spirit when one comes on them, and they are aware of one's presence. In the case of the few chargers I have had they have invariably charged with their heads up and their eyes wide open, which, if the term may be used, makes them doubly dangerous. Their nose, like a bullock's, is very tender, and I know of a case in which a native, attacked by a buffalo which charged out of the bush while he was harmlessly walking along the footpath, eventually beat the animal off by striking him repeatedly on the nose with a knobkerrie.

I met a Belgian prospector in the Congo who told me that on firing at buffalo he was invariably charged. He admitted that he was a rotten shot, and could not depend on where the bullet went, so on firing he always saw that a tree was handy and made for it, his men doing the same. On one occasion, he went on to say, there was no room for him up the tree, it being fully occupied by his porters. He was left strap-hanging on one of the lower boughs, the buffalo charging up to the tree and grazing the lower portion of his back as he was trying to get as far away from the ground and the buffalo as possible. He therefore made it a rule afterwards, when shooting buffalo, to mark out his own private tree, and would tell his men that that was his tree, and nobody else allowed on it. That system, he averred, worked very well, and he had not been caught by a buffalo since.

## RHINO

I have found with rhino that if the wind is right one can go practically right up to them, and also, as with all dangerous game, that the closer one can get to them the better and safer it is, as one can then be more sure of one's shot. I call to mind a rather peculiar instance concerning rhino, which happened whilst manœuvring to get a shot at a bull elephant who was amongst a herd of others. A very inquisitive rhino would come close up and stare at us, and as I could not get out of the beast's way, and not wanting to shoot him, having my eye on the tusker in the herd, I motioned to one of the shenzi trackers who usually accompanied me on my hunting to pick up a large stick about as thick as one's wrist, conveying that I wanted him to hit the rhino while I covered it with my rifle.

The native, tumbling to the idea, gave the rhino a tremendous blow with the stick, which had the effect of so startling the animal that it went off at full lick for about a hundred yards, when it stopped, staring at the place it had come from and no doubt very puzzled. This gave me my chance, and I was able to get the elephant.

Another day, with the aid of the shenzis, I caught a young white rhino, but not having the wherewithal to feed it, I afterwards let it go.

## LEOPARDS

Leopards, if they have turned man-eaters, can be more dangerous at night than lions. For instance,